THE

STORY-TELLER;

OR,

TABLE-BOOK OF POPULAR LITERATU

A COLLECTION OF ROMANCES, SHORT STANDARD T
TRADITIONS, AND POETICAL LEGENDS

OF

ALL NATIONS;

EMBRACING THE CHOICEST PRODUCTIONS, AND FORMING A CHEAP AND COMPREHENSIVE

LIBRARY OF MINOR FICTION.

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIVES OF THE POETS," "MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS."

WITH INCIDENTAL NOTES, CRITICAL AN

VOL. I

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PREFACE.

THE first volume of the STORY-TELLER is now before the public. W[illegible] will be found to realize, as far as it goes, the promises of our Prospectus; we are led to entertain by the reception the work has met from all classes of [illegible] Few publications of its kind have been so favourably accepted. Nobody s[illegible] have brought any serious objections against it; and wise critics, in commo[illegible] people of less judgment and more imagination, have agreed in applauding the [illegible]

But we beg of our readers to remember that we are as yet only o[illegible] threshold of our undertaking; and that if they be content with our labours [illegible] this time, they shall have still better reason to be satisfied hereafter. Each new volume will add fresh features of interest to a work which proposes to accomplish a scheme so varied and extensive. There are many remote Literatures to be explored, old Customs and Manners to be unveiled, and Traditions to be gathered; in addition to that reflex of the spirit of contemporary Fiction, abroad and at home, which forms a distinct and prominent part of our plan. All these purposes require time and room for their development. They cannot be fairly represented in a single volume, which, whatever amount of amusement it may yield, must present a very inadequate expression of our means and ends.

To bring the current reader into a more intimate acquaintance with our Elder English Poetry than he is likely to be drawn by any formal collections, is one of our objects which we have yet scarcely touched upon. But as a slight earnest of our intentions in this direction, we have not failed to fill every spare nook in our columns with gems drawn direct from that rich and inexhaustible mine. Continuing to occupy all our idle corners in this way, we shall also, from

time to time, ascend into more elaborate specimens, and with the help of a sprinkling of criticism, we hope to make much that is now little known as familiar to our readers "as household words."

Amongst the papers in this First Volume are several original pieces and translations of popular Continental Tales, now rendered into English for the first time.. We have not thought it necessary to distinguish these articles from the rest by the adoption of a different type; but we may here refer generally to the contributions of that ripe scholar, Mr. Buller of Brazen-Nose, the startling story of Colomba, one of the most original and vivid fictions of modern times, the Secret Mission from the German, and numerous specimens from Paul de Kock, Scribe, Chamisso, Goethe, and others. Upon the whole, we may venture to add, there is no lack of variety in our table of Contents, since it includes specimens from almost every available source—Chinese, Spanish, Russian, German, Italian, French, Scotch, Irish, English; and. without having the least desire to exaggerate the value of the book, we must say that we know not where so much pleasant matter is to be discovered packed up in so convenient a compass at so small a charge.

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THE STORY-TELLER;

OR,

TABLE-BOOK OF POPULAR LITERATURE.

FESTIVALS OF THE STORY-TELLERS.

GATHERING THE FIRST.

SCENE—*Our Nook.*

TIME.—*A sumptuous Breguet, inserted in a bronze tower on the mantelpiece, indicates* NO TIME, *the hands being gone, although the pulsation within is audible. On the dial is inscribed the following*

LEGEND.

Tyme wysely employed
  needes no warnynge from Arte:
Awaye with the Handes!
  let us count by the Hearte!

PRESENT—MR. MARMADUKE HUMPHREY, of Paule's Walk; MR. BUTLER of Brazen Nose; SIR ERNEST M'DERMOTT; MR. DIDYMUS MARVELL; and half a dozen others scattered round the table, which is strewn over with glasses and cigars. The centre is occupied by a vast basin of mulled claret, over which a ponderous silver ladle keeps watch and ward. A brilliant oxydator, suspended by a chain from the carved ceiling, illuminates the chamber.

Tangled end of a Chorus.

Robin Hood, ha, ha! and his merry, merry men—
  Glug, glug—ha, ha!
Shouts upon the wind, and echoes in the glen—
  Ha, ha!—ha, ha!

HUMPHREY.

Of all men, that was the man—*the* man, emphatically—to have written a romance. What solemn hours he must have passed in the solitudes of nature—what weird faces he must have seen in the twilight—what thoughts must have agitated his soul—what dreams of ineffable beauty must have filled his imagination, as he stood alone at midnight in the hushed depths of the forest, gazing upwards through the shadowy trees, mottled with starlight!

SIR ERNEST M'DERMOTT.

Spoken like a poet. But would it be asking too great a favour, just to beg that you'd tell us who you're talking to yourself about in that hypothetical manner?

HUMPHREY.

Who? who, but Robin Hood. He was the great Idealist of his time, a man who lived in a world of his own, whose associations, to the remotest verge of emotion, were essentially poetical. He had his cool grottos, his nectar, his Helicon; his Academe and his disciples; his hamadryads, satyrs, and naiads. Such a suggestive existence as that must have inspired a meaner man with a profound faith in the visible and invisible, the material and spiritual universe. But Robin Hood had an original genius.

SIR ERNEST.

Nothing but the awful wrecks of burnt lemons and dismembered spices, that float so ominously on this boiling ocean of claret, could excuse you for uttering such twaddle. Sir, your brain must be bewildered, or you would never have forgotten Freney the Robber.

HUMPHREY.

Never heard of him.

SIR ERNEST.

Never heard of him? Your marvellous ignorance out-Tocquevilles de Tocqueville himself. He was the Irish Robin Hood—a scampering, roaring, murdering rapparee! *His* history is a ready-made romance, without any help from the twilight, or any need of conjuring the stars out of their sockets.

MARVELL.

Did he write it himself?

SIR ERNEST.

No—he lived it. Turn the ladle this way, Marmaduke; my glass is so parched, I'm afraid it will crack. Write! He couldn't write—he didn't know a letter of the alphabet. He was a man of Action; and, upon my honour, it's my private conviction that all the really great men are the doers of great deeds, not the describers of them.

BULLER.

Wallenstein was a greater man than Schiller; and the vivid genius of Leitch Ritchie grows pale under the exploits of Schinderhannes. But, remember, that if such men—conquerors, martyrs, and so forth—may be said to be the creators of poets and historians, on the other hand poets and historians become in turn creators of heroes, and of all that imbodied glory which springs out of their enthusiasm; and so the constant succession of Thought and Action is kept up, producing and reproducing new phases of Life to the end of the chapter. I call a toast to the honour of the most influential class amongst all the poets and historians, from Heliodorus to Samuel Lover.

SIR ERNEST.

The call reflects immortality upon you. My glass—I'm sure it was never blown in Ireland!—was on the point of cracking again, the thirsty crystal! Fill, gentlemen.

HUMPHREY.

A bumper! Buller of Brazen Nose demands a bumper.

MARVELL.

How his face glows with energy—full of a fine simplicity and cordial humour.

SIR ERNEST.

Upstanding. Ready—present—fire!

(The tumultuous clatter of glasses suddenly subsides into silence and thrilling expectation.)

BULLER.

I will not make a speech. I always suspect when a man makes a speech at such a moment, he is only capitulating for time to work himself up into a sensation. I will give you a class of poets and historians that existed before poetry or history took definite shapes, before their original elements were resolved into scholastic forms. The first historians of all nations; the first poets of all languages; the moralists of all times; the depositaries of the lore of ancient civilization, when barbaric fury swept the illuminated records from the face of the earth, leaving nothing behind but a few fragments of the charmed scrolls, and memories, which neither fire, nor sword, nor pestilence, nor famine could destroy. I give you, gentlemen, THE STORY-TELLERS OF ALL NATIONS!

(The chamber shakes with the echoes of the frantic applause, and the oxydator winks with astonishment.)

HUMPHREY.

To your feet, my Tale-Bearers! The Story-Tellers of all Nations!

OMNES.

THE STORY-TELLERS OF ALL NATIONS! Hip—hip—hiccup—huzza—hic—hip—huzza!

CHORUS.

(The hands of the inebriated company form a festoon, while they dance round the table.)

Let History pipe her eyes
Nebulous, interstellar!
The best of all histories,
Are those of the Story-Teller.
Hey fol de rol de di,
Rackety diro jig,
Niebuhr himself would look shy
In a Story-Teller's wig!

Let Poetry dance the hays,
For though none else excel her,
She owes her immortal bays
To the spells of the Story-Teller!
Hey fol de rol de do,
Rackety diro jig,
Petrarch would look like a crow
In a Story-Teller's wig!

Let Painting shoulder her brush,
Who cares for Cuyp or Kneller?
Thousands pour out in a rush,
At the voice of the Story-Teller!
Hey fol de rol de dum,
Rackety diro jig,
Rubens would look very glum
In a Story-Teller's wig!

Let Music give up the ghost,
Or fiddle as we compel her:
Hurrah! here's a rolicking toast,
To the health of the Story-Teller!
Hey fol de di do dum,
Rackety diro jig,
Hullah would look like a drum
In a Story-Teller's wig!

HUMPHREY.

Mr. Buller, I always held you in reverence for your erudition, your high-bred suavity, and that facility of intellectual power which enables you to descend with as much grace and ease to an epigram as you can soar into a pindaric. But that toast, sir—that toast, I say—no matter! You have developed a sentiment worthy of you—worthy of the laurels I fancy I can see through the haze that clouds my eyes—I know not why or wherefore—budding at this moment round your temples. The very name, gentlemen, is an incantation. Who WERE the Story-Tellers? When the world was struggling into tribes, and settlements, and forms of government—when the growing populations of the

earth were yet as fresh as its verdure, before ideas had acquired adequate expression in language, or language types to fix and systematize its use—they were the chroniclers of scattered and scattering races. On the hill-tops and in the valleys, on the wild waters, in the primal woods, the Story-Tellers were the watchers and the recorders of the mighty human progress. To them, life itself was poetry; birds, streams, trees, mountains, clouds, stars, flowers, every thing was new and full of beauty and glory, and their hearts were filled with thanksgivings, and they poured them out in melodious lays—that are now the traditions of antiquity! All this oral poetry originated in the East. The Arabians carried it into Spain early in the Christian era; the crusades helped to diffuse it through the western world; and that captivating style, efflorescent with images, and full to exuberance of oriental pomp, became rapidly naturalized in colder climates, until the whole of Europe was touched by the spirit of romance. Bretagne, the Armorica of the ancients, covered with druidical remains, and to this hour tenanted by the superstitions of successive centuries, was amongst the first to catch the inspiration, and will be one of the last to relinquish it. She has still her fairy circles, her elf palaces, her spectres, and a hundred other articles of belief, as well as current usages, drawn from the faith and habits of the Saracens and the Celts. Spain, Germany, France, and the Low Countries, and even Holland, with all her utilities, her dikes and bulbs, grew as fond of legendary lore as the Asiatics themselves. Holland gathered up much of her historic wonders from her early maritime expeditions, her adventurous sailors bringing back to her shores miraculous tales of the strange lands they had visited. The Story-Teller! It is a word of power—it is freighted with the treasures of the Earth's Tongues, not to speak of our own, the richest of all in ballad literature.

MARVELL.

But some would have it that the word is trite. Bah! When I hear that, I close my eyes, and processions of figures habited in various costumes, some in hose and doublets, some in slashed silks and feathers, some in full suits of armour, seem to pass before me. I fancy I see Raoul de Beauvais, Thomas of Erceldoune, Henry of Veldek, Robert Wace, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Chrestiens de Troyes, Occleve, Bojardo, Hampole, Godfrey of Strasbourg, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate, Fabyan, Monstrelet, Froissart, and a score or two more, whom half the world have never approached more closely than just to breathe the outer air of the halo that encircles them. And these were all story-tellers; for what else are the grand impassioned legends they have bequeathed to us but poetical histories, such as one could sit and listen to by the hour together, as the Eastern princes do when they call their grand viziers about them, with music and bells and dances, to lull their Sybarite senses by the help of sweet sounds and visions and dreamy narratives?

BULLER.

The diviners and soothsayers, the practisers of magic and the professors of signs, the sorceries of Egypt, the Cabbala of the Hebrews, the Platonism of Ficinus, the whole arcana of the mystical philosophies of the middle ages, yield up their secrets to the "open sessame" of the Story-Teller.

HUMPHREY.

And the Early Books that teem upon us from former ages! If it were worth while to dazzle the eyes of the multitude, what a pile we could show them on our shelves—a golden pile, brighter than the diamond-mines of a place which I think is called Samarkand, or Sugarcandy, I am not certain which, for my memory grows turbulent and rebellious. There, look into that recess—there, in that dusky corner, you will find the Cid, the Chronicles of the Cid, the Scala Chronica, and all the other Chronicles; the two sets of the Gesta Romanorum, that analyzed by Warton, and that brought to light, or indexed into print by Douce, both copied in an exquisite round hand by a monk of La Trappe; the Roman de Rou, an attested fac-simile; the famous Helden Buch, or Book of Heroes, one of the gorgeous epic romances of the Swabian period, the Augustan age of German literature; the Nibelungen Lied, or Lay of the Nibelungen; the Ethiopics, just as it was snatched by a soldier from the smoking ruins of the tower of Buda,—only mine is the first Paris edition; the famous Lais de Marie, that have puzzled all the critics and conjurers of Europe; the Roman de Gaides, *en vers*, a French romance of great antiquity; the Welsh Mabinogion; all of the fine old English romances, illustrative of the Round Table, Sir Ywain, Sir Tristram, Joseph of Arimathea and the Sangréal; and sundry other majestic volumes all bound in green morocco, spangled over with magnificent devices. These are all records of that romantic genius which once possessed every cranny of the earth, filling its pores with joy;—that genius which we are destined to relume. My hands are clenched involuntarily—my veins leap—the spirit of prophecy is upon me.

Vision of a Storied Masque.

REFRAIN.

Blow the trumpet, beat the drum,
There are knights and squires to come;
Harpers, sharpers, masquers, all
Bidden to our Festival!

Lombard rhymer, Titan climber,
Basque brunette, carillon chimer,
Monks and nuns, Macreadys, Bunns,
Mothers, daughters, fathers, sons,
Plays, delays, and means and ways,
Ships in docks, and ships in stays,
Poets, no wits, slow wits, all
Bidden to our Festival!
Refrain—Blow the trumpet, &c.

Norman minstrel, books fenestral,
Tropes bran new, and lays ancestral,
Lapland witches, brooms and breeches,
Sculptured heroes stript from niches,
Russian strelitz, paper pellets,
Caliphs, bailiffs, cads, and prelates,
Brokers, stokers, jokers, all
Bidden to our Festival!
Refrain—Blow the trumpet, &c.

Troubadours and gay *jongleurs*,
Border chiefs and French *trouveurs*,
Bretagne tale and song idyllic,
Jump Jim Crow with art trochilic,
London mobbers, snobs and snobbers,
Jobbers, robbers, hobber-nobbers,
Natives, caitiffs, one and all,
Bidden to our Festival!
Refrain—Blow the trumpet, &c.

Gascon story, grim and gory
Polish martyr, crowned with glory,
Gentle Judy, Punch's *sposa*,
Sheaves of leaves from Valambrosa,
Fabliaux and romanciers,
Scowling, growling cavaliers,
Skaters, traitors, one and all,
Bidden to our Festival!
Refrain—Blow the trumpet, &c.

Swabian epic, Swedish saga,
Hospodar, Duke, Dervish, Aga,
Pilgrims, priests, and knights Teutonic,
Magnates of the craft masonic;
How they bluster, how they cluster,
Mars and Venus! what a muster!
Ramping, stamping, tramping all
To our glorious Festival!
Refrain—Blow the trumpet, &c.

SIR ERNEST.

Be quiet, Marmaduke. You are overworking your brain. Take a little of the mull just to give you time to recover your breath. Upon my honour and conscience, I never thought you were so handsome before. Why, man alive, your eyes look as if they had a supernatural fire in them, and your voluminous hair curls round your head, in clusters, as dark and thick as the crisp locks of a young bacchanal.

HUMPHREY.

They shall live, and breathe, and move, and sing around us—the air will be made balmy by their voices! The Asiatic shall come with his pale, serious face, and recite his imagerial phantasy, and disenchanted princesses shall awaken from their trances as he depicts the lover in his brave toil of heart, mowing down dragons and serpents to set them free. And the Provençal poet shall renew his theme, and fall asleep under the pomegranate. The Minnesinger, true to his name, shall ring the changes on the eternal passion. The Romancero shall mount his mule, and troll Andalusian music in the passes of the mountains. The Raconteur shall have his chateau again, and radiant faces grouped round him to applaud his tales with tears and smiles. Even the savage Ukraine shall cast up its story-tellers, with all their picturesque horrors, their dishevelled tresses and horrent jaws. The prospect widens, and new shapes momently arise to baffle my attempts to catalogue them.

SIR ERNEST.

And not a syllable about Ollam Fodlah! What do you say, sir, to the Fetches, the Evil Eye, the Reel of the Crooked Pins, the south running stream in the Devil's name, the Leprachaun, and the moving bog? Whoo! Another bowl of claret! (*The claret is instantly replenished.*)

MARVELL.

The Polish poet, Michael Czarkowski, has collected the legends of the Cossacks. There is not a speck of ground ever trodden by the foot of man, without its traditions; and where man has not been, there are the genii and fairies haunting the trackless place.

BULLER.

Then, who ARE the Story-Tellers? If the gallant age of the troubadours be at an end—if we can have no more forest pranks, and tournaments, and hawking, and ladies on battlements waving their scarfs, and minstrels below the salt, (they are now a little nearer to the dais!) we have poets and novelists in our own day who will not let the appetite for romance die for lack of pabulum. There is a muster-roll of them that would reach from the valley of Chamouni to the glen of the Downs. Listen—Chateaubriand, the brothers Grimm, Bishop Tegner, Victor Hugo, Tieck, Wolf, Nodier, Paul de Kock, Herder, Sue,—

HUMPHREY.

Enough, they are as familiar to us as our easy-chairs. Let us look at home. In this class of literature, our great living writers take a grander flight than any of their continental contemporaries. Their genius is more real; it

deals more largely with universal truths, and is less warped by theories, less convulsed by stage trick. The Germans lay claim to a profounder philosophy in their works of fiction; but it is a grave question after all, whether there is not at the bottom of their psychological reveries, a great deal of psychological humbug. The word humbug is an untranslatable word, and I am not under the smallest apprehension that it will ever be understood in Germany. Bushels of pure humbug are daily turned out upon us, under the alarming title of Æsthetic principles; just as we were some time ago inflicted with the cuckoo-cry of the many-sidedness of Goethe. And all this rigmarole is made to look as if this same Æsthetics had found out some new properties in mind, or some new laws of art, or had traced out causes that had been hermetically sealed up from the investigation of all previous philosophers; and the many-sidedness by which Goethe was transformed into a shape unknown before in the animal kingdom, was treated as a sort of divine mystery which we were to take for granted without inquiry, and to swallow wholesale without knowing how it got addled into so complex a form. Hence one rather regards German metaphysical fictions with distrust; not that they may not be very sincere, for it is to be hoped the authors themselves know what they mean, but because they are so transcendentally opake. Now the charm of our English writers is that they speak out like men—they do not mop and mow, and throw themselves into frightful contortions; and if they be less sublime, they have at least the satisfaction of being more intelligible. It is a common boast amongst the few Anglo-Germans who affect this school of Æsthetics, that it is absolutely a monopoly in their hands; it may add to their comfort to be assured that every monomaniac—a respectable and increasing body—goes to bed every night with a similar satisfactory conviction. Fill my glass, Mc Dermott, or I shall run as dry as my topic. Whatever is obscure, is worse than useless—it is dangerous, fallacious, and spurious. When the Æsthetical oracles shall have learned the noble art of speaking so as to be understood, it is possible they may place us under some obligations to their wisdom; but highly improbable, or they would have contrived, by hook or by crook, to have done so long ago.

SIR ERNEST.

The whole Germanic confederation, with the Archbishop of Cologne at their head, and Puckler Muskau at their tail, couldn't gainsay one word of that.

HUMPHREY.

Of all our English authors Bulwer betrays the strongest tendency to sympathize with this peculiar school; but he carries off little more than the picturesque phraseology of their ethics, and, except in some of his earlier works, rarely suffers his fine genius to be clouded by their intellectual fogs. That was a sturdy article upon him in the last "Westminster;" honest, frank, just, and comprehensive. It has placed John Robertson on a lofty pedestal as a critic, and shown the practicability of dealing openly with an author's faults in the midst of an eloquent exposition of his merits.

MARVELL.

For true healthy English—hearty, sound, and characteristic—Dickens is well entitled to his honours. That picture of sea sickness—it gives me the megrims to think of it!—in his "American Notes," was perfect. I shall never forget his standing dizzily in the water, with his hand surging helplessly to indicate his waterproof boots!

HUMPHREY.

It is in such touches of truthful portraiture, so felicitously depicted as to make the truthfulness palpable at a single glance, that Dickens excels. But he has not yet discovered skill in construction. His mode of publication is fatal to its exercise, even if he cared to cultivate it. Marryat, also, ought to be distinguished for the fidelity and force with which he realizes his designs. His figures are always flesh and blood, neither too good nor too bad, but invariably just what they ought to be, and doing what becomes them. His novels, too, are safe and clear, without any artifice or false colouring, and secure in a species of practical morality that renders them unexceptionable books for young people, if young people must read novels in three volumes.

SIR ERNEST.

And what of James, whose fertility, marvellous as it is, should not be allowed to eclipse the still greater merit of accurate research?

HUMPHREY.

To an inexhaustible invention, he adds the rare quality of extensive knowledge. He has ploughed up the history of nearly every country, and drawn rich harvests from the soil. If his characters be not always distinct and inspired with much vital energy, they are at least numerous and consistent, and wear their costume like natives to the manner born, and not like actors dressed for the scene.

BULLER.

A great name lingers on my lips, and I utter it with solemnity—Southey—

HUMPHREY.

Your emotion is honourable to him and to yourself. When posterity comes to sum up what that distinguished man has accomplished [illegible] extent as well as the astonishing variety [illegible] labours—there will be a universal clamour [illegible] wonder and panegyric. Literary history con[illegible] parallel instance of such a union of sa[illegible] learning, fancy, and judgment. Who [illegible] pronounce the oration of Southey? Who[illegible] he be, he must be qualified by kindred powers; and it is to be feared that it will require, as in the case of Bacon, a combination of many minds to achieve the task. His versatility is almost incredible—theology, politics, poetry, history, criticism, biography; translations from the Latin, the Spanish, the French, and countless editions of ancient and modern authors, enriched with valuable annotations.

BULLER.

Out of such a multiplicity of productions, one can easily understand how Porson's pretensions to the "Devil's Walk" came to be credited by people who were not intimate with Southey's style. But any person with the smallest critical discernment, who happened to be familiar with his early poems, could never have been imposed upon by so absurd a fabrication. I remember having seen it in manuscript more than thirty years ago, handed about in private circles. It was written in that singularly neat and compact hand which, in later years, I had the pleasure of recognising in correspondence as the unmistakable penmanship of the Laureat. He afterwards made additions to the poem, and in one of the stanzas put Porson, neck and crop, so completely out of court, that it is amazing his name should have ever been mentioned again in connexion with the subject.

HUMPHREY.

But is it certain that Porson actually claimed the authorship?

BULLER.

I never heard him charged with so deliberate a falsehood; but there is a disingenuous way of neither admitting nor denying a thing, which leads to pretty much the same results. I suspect the report originated in a circumstance which took place at the house of Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster, where Porson wrote down the verses one night while he was waiting to cut in for a rubber of whist. This exploit was instantly seized upon as an impromptu, and the dean, really believing it to be so, always spoke confidently of Porson as the author; an impression which was strongly confirmed by Porson's practice of reciting the poem in private companies. Many were induced from that alone to set him down as the author. But Southey set the whole matter at rest in the last edition of his works.

HUMPHREY.

There is a flying report in the literary circles, that Theodore Hook was the author of the "Doctor." Such a supposition is ridiculous enough, but some interest is excited by the fact, that it was never mentioned in his lifetime, and has only crept out since his death.

BULLER.

How the report originated may possibly one day be made known; but the thing itself is preposterous. Who on earth suspects Hoby of the concoction of bride-cakes, or Gunter of the fabrication of boots? The mystery of the "Doctor" has been admirably preserved up to the present moment; for, notwithstanding all the conjectures hazarded on the subject, right and left, the authorship has never been discovered or avowed. There is no longer any reason, however, for affecting secrecy. Intimate and long-existing associations enable me to clear up all doubts on the point. THE AUTHOR OF THE "DOCTOR" IS ROBERT SOUTHEY. He acknowledged the authorship shortly before his last melancholy illness, to his most confidential friend, an M.P. of high public character. But I can furnish you with proofs, if proofs be required, that will once and for ever place this interesting literary question beyond the reach of future cavil. Here is a private letter from Mrs. Southey, dated 27th February, in which she not only states the fact, but adds that a great part of a sixth volume had actually gone through the press, and that Southey looked forward to the pleasure of drawing her into it as a contributor. You shall have it in her own words:—"Undoubtedly you have my full authority to affirm that my husband *is the author of the "Doctor."* Not until the last twelve months have I ever acknowledged this directly or indirectly; but I found that others had not been so (perhaps fastidiously) scrupulous, and therefore it would be absurd and unwise in me to affect further mystery about it. If you do not find my simple affirmation suffice to convince the doubters and *claimants*, I could give you more irrefragable proofs, in the shape of *proof-sheets*, *MS. copy*, &c. It has always been marvellous to me that the authorship could ever have been doubtful to those who knew

much of Mr. Southey—still more, to those who were acquainted with his family, and its *vie intérieure*, so graphically portrayed in the first volume. 'My wife, and my wife's sister' *are to the life*. The Bhow Begum was a Miss * * *, an intimate friend at that time. The beautiful idea of William Dove was from an uncle of Mr. Southey's, an uncle William, &c. I have at hand many proof-sheets of a sixth volume, that was half through the press before we left Buckland. My dear husband used to enjoy that innocent mystery, and had laid out plans to make me a contributor to the future Olio. There are materials for several more volumes collected. Will this settle Theodore Hook's posthumous claims?"

HUMPHREY.

The general suspicion, then, that he was the author is confirmed. He was the only man who could have brought together such an extraordinary mass of remote and varied erudition, the fruits of a long life of study. As we are on the subject, was that a genuine letter of Mrs. Southey's to Mrs. Sigourney which went the round of the papers lately?

BULLER.

No; it was a pretty considerable specimen of American impudence, I guess.

SIR ERNEST.

Do you mean that Mrs. Sigourney is not a friend of Mrs. Southey's?

BULLER.

Mrs. Southey never had the satisfaction of seeing the lady in her life.

SIR ERNEST.

Oh! Mr. Buller, upon my honour and conscience, I'm afraid you must be misinformed. Is it possible, sir, that a woman—English, Irish, or American—could be found heartless enough to pretend to an intimacy with a distinguished writer only for the base purpose of publishing a scrap of a letter to the world at a moment of domestic affliction, when she well knew that it would be copied, and read, and circulated with avidity? Do you mean that, Mr. Buller? My blood's up! More claret, Mr. Marvell, and don't sit gleaming at us like a salamander.

BULLER.

Ah! Sir Ernest, some of your go-ahead Americans are not quite so delicate in these matters as the tone of good society in this country demands.

SIR ERNEST.

I know it. I know that Mr. Willis got admission to the best circles here, and that all the time he was enjoying their hospitality and their unsuspecting friendship—while he was dining at their houses and mixing in their *soirées*—he was "pencilling" their private lives, their friends, and their conversations—"pencilling" that was the delicate phrase, sir—in a New York paper, and that he had the audacity afterwards to publish his "pencilling," in a book, for which he was unceremoniously ejected from every respectable house. I know that—but I did not know, and I can hardly compass the belief that an American lady would imitate so disreputable an example. Are you trying to find out the signs of the zodiac in the ladle, Mr. Marvell, that you're keeping it so long?

BULLER.

The plain facts are these; Mrs. Sigourney, a perfect stranger, wrote to Mrs. Southey to request her correspondence.

SIR ERNEST.

Modest, to begin with.

BULLER.

Mrs. Southey, having other objects to engross her thoughts, declined the honour, but simply and politely answered her inquiries as to Mr. Southey's health. All this, of course, was under the recognised seal of private correspondence, which ought to have been considered all the more sacred from the way in which Mrs. Sigourney had herself brought it about. You may judge, then, of Mrs. Southey's astonishment, when she afterwards saw her letter not only printed in the public journals, *but interpolated with phrases implying intimacy, and ejaculations of pathos, not one of which she ever penned!*

OMNES.

Oh!—oh!—oh!—oh!

BULLER.

The treachery of this miserable attempt to filch a little notoriety out of a pretended intimacy with Mrs. Southey, is so monstrous, and so completely stifles one's sense of the courtesy that is due to a woman, even when she does wrong, that I must not trust myself to speak of it in the language of indignation and reprobation it richly deserves. I opine it is a commercial speculation got up for the American market—in fact, a handsome dodge in the best style of

The smartest nation
In all creation.

HUMPHREY.

The secret of these violations of domestic

confidence, these shreds and patches of literary tailoring, and all other surreptitious methods of getting up a personal reputation at any cost of personal decency, must be referred to the total absence of every thing like a national literature in America. They have no literature of their own, and so they must come to us for a supply.

SIR ERNEST.

They seem to be in the predicament of the [illegible] in the play, who wants to cling to the [illegible] skirts to get to heaven. What a [illegible] pity it is that we haven't got a spencer, in the shape of an inter-national copyright, to disappoint them!

BULLER.

And they would profit, in the long-run, quite as much by such a law as we should. They never can have a literature of home-growth until they are enabled to shut their ports against foreign produce.

MARVELL.

All our popular authors are the popular authors of America also. I believe Ainsworth is a special favourite with them.

HUMPHREY.

The dramatic vivacity of his dialogues, the rapidity of his incidents, and the skill with which he brings out the costume of the scene, must greatly amuse brother Jonathan. It is a sort of life for which there is no similitude in American experience. I have a notion that Ainsworth would excel in a pastoral romance. I do not mean any thing resembling St. Pierre, or Fenelon, or any of the Italian writers; none of your Heliconian romances; but an English romance, of the date of the fairies, something that would bring in here and there glimpses of the Polyolbion, with a sprinkling of Brown's minute and sylvan spirit.

SIR ERNEST.

And what reason have you for such a crotchet? What makes you think that Mr. Ainsworth would sit down quietly in a lap of verdure—on the sod, as we say in Paphos—and content himself with pouring out rhapsodies to the woods and meadows?

HUMPHREY.

Read his lyrics. I draw all my conclusions from his lyrics. There is a full soul in them, and much of that sort of versification which leaps and sings like loosened fountains in the sunshine.

BULLER.

Hear! hear hear!

"'By St. Barbe and St. Nicholas,
'Forward!' he said."

HUMPHREY.

Well sung, Crichton! The claret, my Tale-Bearers! *Graf Nassau lebe!* Mr. Buller, favour us with something curious and stirring out of your abundant lore. Let us have a Greek chant!

BULLER.

Εχεις τι καινον, ὡς λεγουσιν Αττικοι;
Ω Βουλερ' ειπε.

In answer to which request I take up the tail of your Iambic, and add,

Κατναχον μελος τοδε.

For the identification of the author in question, of whom neither Athenæus nor Diogenes Laertius make any mention, I am obliged to a MS., recently discovered by Fellowes, the famous traveller, among the buried cities of Lycia. The elegy in my possession is clearly connected with the name of Catnachus, in the following lines:

Κατναχον λεγω,
'Ος Αιγιδιωταις βαρβαροις των 'Επτ' 'Οδων
Τοπαρχος, ηδ' αοιδος, ηδ' Ορφευς εφυ.
'Ος Αιγιδιου Σκρωγῖνος ευ ποτμον λεγει
Αδωνιαζων, τους δ' αλῶμενους ματην
Παιδας δι' ὑλης, στρουθοθρηνῳδες μελος· κ. τ. λ.

I believe that the prevailing idea among the learned has hitherto been that the aforesaid Catnachus was a sort of general transcriber of the popular ῥαψῳδιαι of the day, residing in the "'Επτα 'Οδοι" of Athens, a place bearing an odd coincidence in name and character with our Seven Dials. But it seems that Bishop Thirlwall, on the strength of the MS. which I have just quoted, intends to establish him as the original author of all the Anthologia published under his auspices at different times, having discovered what is nowadays called a "one-ness" in all his compilations; and truly, after parcelling out the identity of Homer among a fraternity of ballad-singers of different dates, and thereby correcting the popular error under which Aristotle's royal pupil certainly laboured, there is no saying what fact his lordship cannot demonstratively prove. Like Theophrastus, he may pique himself on being a better Grecian than the Greeks themselves. Now for the elegy. I will give you also a translation, that was made of it by some Cambridge poetaster, that you may see at once how miserably the modern imitator attempts the sublime flights of the original.

THE ELEGY OF THE POET CATNACHUS ON ÆGIDIUS.

Αιγιδιος Σκρωγιυς Μολυβρουνιδος ηρατο· κειυην
Καλλιστην ελεγον παρθενον εντοπιων·
Δακτυλιον δ' ασκητον εδωκε, γεγραμμενον δυτως·
"Ην με φιλης, ὥσπερ, παρθεν', εγω σε φιλῶ,
Ου τεμνειν νῶϊν τον ερωτ' εξεστι μαχαιρῃ·"
—Αρχεο θρηνῳδοῦς, Μουσα, ριφολλιδελου.

Αυταρ και ψαλιδες τεμνουσιν· εφημερος αιεν
Εστι βιος μεροπων· αυριον αμφοτερων
Μελλοντων γῆμαι, Σκρωγῖνος αμυμονος αινη
Γετμηκεν Λαχεσις, φευ, ψαλιδεσσι βιον·
Τουνεκα φρουδος ἁπας γλυκυς ἱμερος, ουδ' εγαμησαν·
—Εννεπε θρηνῳδες, Μουσα, ρι-φολ-λιδελον.

Αι αι την Μολυβρουνιδ'· εσω λεκτρονδε μολουσα
Κλαιε πανημεριος· νυκτι δ' επειτα βαθυς
Υπνος ελεν κλαιουσαν· εσηλθεν μακρα βιβῶν νιν,
Στη δ' αρ' ὑπερ λεκτρου δουλιχοδειρον Οναρ·
"Ειδωλον Σκρωγῖνος," εφη, "Μολιβρουνι, παρειμι·"
—Εννεπε των ενερων, Μουσα, ριφολλιδελοι.

Και τοτε σεμνοτερως προς μυθον Ονειρος εειπεν·
"Χρη συν εμοι χωρειν, ω Μολυβρουνι φιλη,
Ὡς τυμβῳ κοιμῶσα γαμων ποθον ασπετον ασῃς·"
"Αλλ' ου, μωρ', εθανον πω, Μολιβρουνις εφη·"
"Ουχ ἡμων οδε θεσμος," εφη τοτ' Ονειρος, "ενερθεν·"
—Εννεπε Περσεφονης, Μουσα, ριφολλιδελον.

Μυρψαμενος τοτε χειρι ταλαιναν αφειλκεν Ονειρος,
Εις Αιδαο πυλας ὡς νιν εποιτο κατω
"Σπευσον," εφη, "μη πως ελθοι ῥοδοδακτυλος ηως·"
"Ου τι θελω," λιγεως ωρυεν· "ειτα λεχοις
Εκπιπτουσα χαμαζε, δολους εγνωσεν Ονειρου,
Νυκτεριον τε δεος—παντα ριφολλιδελῆ.

THE CAMBRIDGE TRANSLATION, OR BOTHERATION, OF THE SAME.

GILES SCROGGINS courted Molly Brown,
Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
The fairest wench in all our town,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.
He bought a ring with posy true,
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
No knife can cut our love in two,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido."

But scissors cuts as well as knives,
Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
And quite unsartain's all our lives,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.
The day before they was to wed,
Fate's scissors cut poor Giles's thread,
So they could not be mar—ri—ed,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
And cried herself soon fast to sleep,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.
When standing close by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,
Says he, "I be's Giles Scroggins' ghost,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido."

The ghost then said all solemnly,
Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
"Oh, Molly, you must go with I,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido,
All in the grave your love to cool."
Says she, "Why I'm not dead yet, you fool,"
Says the ghost, says he, "Vy that's no rule,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido."

The ghost then seized her all so grim,
Ri fol de riddle lol de ree,
All for to go along with him,
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido.
"Come along," said he, "ere morning beam."
"I won't!" said she, and she scream'd a scream,
Then woke, and found that she dream'd a dream,
All about—
Fol de rol de riddle lol de rido!

The hero of this pathetic tale is supposed to have fallen at Marathon, a comrade of Eucles. Such is the suggestion of Dr. Doppenheim of Leipsic, who has patiently investigated these curious remains. Jacchus, his kinsman, is thus commemorated in a fragment, quoted amongst the Doppenheim MSS. as to the games of Elis.

επειτα δε Ρανδαλος ουτα
Μαρτινα πυξ αγαθον, πληγων δ' ακορεστον Ιακχον,
'Ηρω' εκ φυλης Σκρωγῖνιδος, εξεναριξεν.

The family name was evidently Σκρωγιυς, and Ægidius the proper name, not merely denoting an Ægidiote, or dweller in the 'Επτα 'Οδοι. If, however, the parentage of Sanctus Ægidius, whom we vulgarly call St. Giles, can in any way be traced to this worthy, the Oxford tractists, and others curious in the more obscure parts of hagiology, will probably take up the question. Can you tell me, by the by, whether the question of precedence, between the metropolitan "*par nobile fratrum*," Saint Bennet Finck and Saint Bennet Shearhog, and their relative claims to canonization, is really to be referred to the Pope? I live in the country, and hear nothing of what is going on in high places.

SIR ERNEST.

Marmaduke! Mr. Humphrey! Sir! What's the matter? Just hold up his head, Marvell. There! Now, speak; what has happened to you?

HUMPHREY.

Only a slight convulsion—a—spasm—I thought I saw—

MARVELL.

Saw! What? Don't roll your eyes in that horrible way. What did you see?

HUMPHREY.

I thought I saw, exactly behind Marvell's chair, looking awfully cadaverous, as much as to imply, "What infernal orgies are these? Is [illegible] of such heated brains, reeking with the [illegible] of scalded nutmegs and hissing cardinals, [illegible] Number of the Story-Teller is to be [illegible] Publication Day already tinging [illegible] seemed to say—

MARVELL.

[illegible]?

HUMPHREY.

[illegible] Cunningham and Mortimer! The [illegible] twinkle was gone clean out of Mr. Cun[illegible] eyes, and the small bright smile that [illegible] so pleasantly about the dimples of his mouth, was vanished, and a strange darkness seemed to sit upon his face, which was all the more remarkable because it was so unlike the [illegible] merriment of its ordinary expression. Then Mr. Mortimer seemed fairly stricken with a wondrous fear. His thoughtful, earnest, and benevolent features, so genial and kindly, and withal, so ready to break out into a swirl of [illegible]someness, had a carked and ram-feezl'd look which paralyzed me; and then I thought, all of a sudden, after gazing down upon us in a most glassy and dismal manner, that they turned round slowly, till they came face to face to each other, and then raising their arms over their heads, they gradually melted away into smoke. Hech! but I trembled at that, and my skin dreeped with showers of perspiration, and I felt as if I was whipped up out of our boozing, and dropped in a Scotch mist by the ruins of Alloway-kirk; and I could think of nothing but the brownies with their iron flails thrashing me in the dead of the night, and the bogles glintin' at me through the ragged thorns in the dreary darkness, and the shrieking kelpies roaring down upon me in a thunderstorm; and—and—there they are again!—avaunt!—I see them—I see them—I see them again—

MARVELL.

Mercy upon us! Where?

HUMPHREY.

"In my mind's eye, Horatio!"

SIR ERNEST.

Oh! The poor creature's brain is touched. I'll ask him a question, gently, to divert his thoughts. Marmaduke,—arn't you descended from the celebrated Duke Humphrey? He's monomaniacal upon that subject. Sir Egerton Brydges never was half so bad on the Chandos Peerage.

HUMPHREY.

For the thousandth and first time, I tell you, I am. Through nine generations I am lineally descended from that justly-celebrated man. "Nine times the brindled cat hath mewed." Our family crest is a brindled cat rampant on an empty saucer, and the original title is still preserved under a mask. I am Marma-DUKE HUMPHREY! Some day I will tell you the true history of my famous ancestor.

SIR ERNEST.

Then the pantomime, I suppose, was all humbug, with the huge dishes and the fellows with cabbage heads and enormous noses?

HUMPHREY.

Pshaw!

SIR ERNEST.

Well, sir, I thank you for the confidence you repose in me; and on the honour of a gentleman, I will relate to you in return the history of my descent, and the whole of my family connexions, seed, breed, and generation!

MARVELL.

And I mine.

BULLER.

And I—

SIR ERNEST.

You will be curious to hear how I trace the source of my blood to a confederation of the Seven Tribes of Galway.

MARVELL.

And how I am the only living representative of the family of the poet, Andrew Marvell, that sturdy man who would rather starve in a garret in the Strand, than accept the smallest favour that might, even by implication, impeach the integrity of his principles.

BULLER.

The drowsy night grows thick and fast upon us. Our fellow Tale-Bearers are already coiled up in muzzy sleep upon their chairs.

HUMPHREY.

Hoolie! hoolie!—the sonorous music of their dream is broken by the tramp of the patrol. One bumper more to the Story-Tellers—and then—and then—

(*The Breguet tumbles with a tinkling crash out of the bronze tower; the oxydator goes out like a flash in the heavens on a starless night; the company is plunged into profound darkness: and the First Festival is over.*)

THE CHATELAIN OF WINDECK.

For this free, spirited, and graceful version of a German ballad, we are indebted to a skilful hand, that will often, we hope, confer its brightness on these pages. Of all the good wishes and encouraging words, freighted with prophecies of triumph, that have reached us from every point of the compass, hardly any circumstance has so agreeably confirmed the confidence with which we enter upon our pleasant labours, as the correspondence of the contributor, who furnishes this *avant courier* of many communications. We have much to say about the taste, genius, and rare acquirements of the writer ; but all this must be reserved for a more fitting moment. In the mean while the prosperous gale fills our canvass, and with a thousand cordial acknowledgments "to all friends round the wrekin," we launch our bark upon the waters.

Das Burgfräulein von Windeck.

THE CHATELAIN OF WINDECK.

FROM L. CHAMISSO.

"Beware—beware, Sir Eberhart!
  Curb in thy wildly snorting steed—
To lure thee on, that antler'd hart
  To Windeck flies, with windlike speed."

'Neath the ruin'd arch of th' outer gate,
  His quarry vanish'd from his view,—
He roam'd through bower and hall of state
  Where weed and ivy wildly grew.

'Twas lone, and silent as the dead,—
  Fierce burn'd the sun in noontide glow—
With deep-drawn breath of secret dread,
  He dried the damp drop from his brow.

"Here," he cried, "in this shatter'd hold,
  "Where echo'd once harp, laugh, and song,
"Would I could find the wine-flask old,
  "And festal cup unused so long."

The light word o'er his lip hath flown—
  And he turns, with a start, around,—
Within the turret gray and lone,
  He hears a gentle footstep sound.

A noble maiden—wondrous fair—
  Before him stood, in robe of white;—
A key of gold her girdle bare,
  Her snowy hand the wine-cup bright.

With thirsty lip he drain'd the bowl,
  Sparkling o'er with rarest wine;
But oh! deep drank his madd'ning soul,
  Of mingling pain, and bliss divine.

He gazed upon her clear deep eyes,
  And hair in golden tresses straying—
He clasp'd his hands, with vows and sighs
  For love, to meet his passion, praying.

She looked upon him—still and mute
  With pity in her earnest gaze,—
And swift as falling stars can shoot,
  She vanished in the ruined maze.

And ever since that fatal day,
  Old Windeck's roofless halls he haunted,
In hopeless longing pined away
  And aye, for joy all vainly panted.

He linger'd on, of all forlorn
  Save mem'ry of that waking dream,
He could not die, but pale and worn,
  He like no living man did seem.

When weary month and years were [illegible]
  'Tis said she came to him once [illegible]
And press'd her lip upon his own,
  And then his love and life were [illegible]

Wallgank.

THE STROLL BY THE MOAT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE STORY-TELLER BY WALTER K. [illegible]

[*The original of the following ballad will be found in Firmenich's Germaniens Völkerstimmen : it belongs to Jeverland, an appendage to the duchy of Oldenburg. The language is a sub-dialect of Nether Saxon.*]

Round Sparenboerg hall the moat is wide,
  By a mossy bank defended;
And it's up the bank by Sparenboerg hall,
  Two lovers their way have wended.

And heavy it is with the heart of each
  For the hidden love that heaves it ;
Their eyes know it well, and they look it again,
  But never a word relieves it.

Now stillness falls on the twilight world,
  On tiptoe the eve is coming,
And eerie and strange over field and moat
  Steal whispers low through the gloaming.

'Tis the fresh cool breeze of the autumn eve
  Through the old oak-branches sighing;
And it rustles by fits the sere leaves among,
  At the feet of the lovers lying.

'Tis the fresh cool breeze of the autumn eve
  A tongue to the waters lending,
And lightly it sways the willow boughs
  On the broad moat's margin bending.

And the oaks, the water, the willows and all,
  They sing with a sweet repining,
'Oh, cold, how cold is it with the world,
  'When the warm sun leaves from shining!'

And the rippling wavelets, the yellow oak-leaves
  Have each their voice of sadness,
'Swifter than we time hies away,'
  And 'the cold earth buries all gladness!'

The youth and the maid have the voices heard,
  Their true love no more they smother;
But the heart of each hath cast all its freight
  On the quick-beating pulse of the other.

And of kisses, be sure, their glowing lips
  Were no churls, for all their blushing;
And the big, big tears, sooth for very joy,
  From Anne's gentle eyes were gushing.

THE THREE KNOCKS.

Reader, the following is a veritable Ghost-Story. We are far from desiring to disturb any man's faith, or want of faith, in supernatural matters; but we wish it to be understood that this direct statement of a very strange occurrence comes to us with such a weight of authority as to place the main fact beyond all doubt. The tradition, which now for the first time finds its way into print, has been preserved carefully in the locality where the circumstances took place; and, perhaps, the most remarkable incident connected with it is, that, unlike most similar traditions, it has retained its original simplicity unimpaired. It is here related exactly as it happened, affording presumptive proof of the sincerity of the belief in which it is held. It seems to have been kept sacred from the exaggerating influences of superstition, with a reverent sense of the distinction to be observed between an idle legend, and a well-attested narrative of an actual, though startling, event.

If we were at liberty to grace our pages with the name of the accomplished lady from whom we have derived this story, it would at once stamp the credibility of the tradition, and greatly enhance the interest of its perusal. We may observe, however, in proof of its authenticity, that the maternal family of the lady communicating the tale resided in or near Newbury since the time of the civil wars; when Lord Falkland was entertained at the house of its representative, a principal burgess of the town, on the eve of the first battle of Newbury, in 1643. Under the presentiment of his death, Lord Falkland requested that the sacrament might be administered to him before retiring to rest, and that his host and the whole household might participate in the rite. For details the reader may be referred to a work recently published by Messrs. Hall and March, of Newbury, on the antiquities of the town.

Nothing could have been easier than to have wrought a vivid dramatic tale out of this legend; but the process would have utterly spoiled its reality. The reader will thank us for presenting it to him in the very words in which it has been related to us. If the purpose be to make the reader look back over his shoulder, and pause to say, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy!" it is best in its present round unvarnished state. It bears internal evidence of a deep and serious conviction in the mind of the narrator, of circumstances heard in childhood from undoubted authority: in fact one fancies it pronounced in confidence with a low voice and an earnest look, over dying embers in an old-fashioned fireplace at midnight—and this is exactly how such a story ought to be told and heard. Listen!

THE THREE KNOCKS:

A BERKSHIRE LEGEND.

At the beginning of the last, or close of the preceding century, a very skilful and eminent apothecary and surgeon resided in the outskirts of Newbury, as much beloved for his social qualities as he was valued for his knowledge of his profession. Amongst his patients and acquaintance, was an elderly maiden lady of slender fortune, and of a sour and avaricious temper; these qualities were increased by a burden thrown upon her, which, sordid as was her nature, she could not avoid. An improvident brother died insolvent, and a beautiful girl of sixteen, his only child, was left entirely to the unwilling protection of her aunt. Heart-broken at the loss of her father, harassed by the perpetual peevishness of her aunt, scantily fed, and poorly clad, the poor young creature sank under her change of circumstances, and became seriously ill. The good surgeon was called in, and speedily detected that the malady was mental.

One day, when alone with her, he said—"I see, my dear, what really ails you,—your aunt's treatment is killing you by inches,—I can do nothing for you, unless you will accept such a home as I can give you: if you can overlook the great disproportion in age, I think I could make it a happy home; you should have every comfort in my power to afford you, and at least it will be a happier life than that you lead at present." The young woman gratefully accepted the offer;—they were married, and for two years no persons could have been apparently better suited to each other, though the difference in age was more than thirty years.

At that period the surgeon received a letter from an intimate friend, an eminent physician in London, requesting as a favour that he would receive as a boarder for a few weeks, a young gentleman in whom he felt a particular interest: he described him as one highly talented and informed, who had by great industry and application attained considerable eminence at the bar, but whose health had sunk under the intense labour he had undergone through the winter; that consumptive symptoms had appeared, and nothing was likely to save his life but total rest from business, a change to good air, and the regular superintendence of a skilful medical man; and, knowing the skill and kindness of his friend, the airy situation of his house, and its capability to accommodate an inmate, he ventured to solicit an admittance for his young patient. The request was instantly granted, and the invalid took possession of a good apartment over the usual sitting-room, and received every attention from the surgeon and his wife.

To the latter this shortly became as dangerous

as it was interesting; the invalid was attractive in person, and in every way formed to win the affections; he found his young companion (who by her husband's continual absence during his professional employment was continually alone with him) full of natural talent, but wholly uninformed; he took great delight in improving her mind, read and conversed with her, and every day increased their mutual interest in each other. Unhappily the young lawyer had imbibed many dangerous and sceptical opinions,—these he imparted to his pupil, and amongst others the total unbelief of a future state was impressed on her mind by the strong conviction he professed to entertain on the subject.

He remained through the summer months, and having much recovered his health, returned to town to resume his profession, leaving his unhappy victim a prey to melancholy, and unable to attend to the duties she had before so cheerfully fulfilled. The husband was grieved at the change, but wholly unsuspicious of the cause.

A few weeks of active employment brought on a return of consumption, and again the surgeon was applied to, and again received the destroyer of his peace, and bestowed every attention on a case which he was soon aware was hopeless. The unhappy young man had also a similar persuasion, and his mind appeared to suffer still more than his frame: doubts and terror arose, and he continually held conversations with the wife, in which he stated these new impressions, and told her his greatest misery arose from the idea that he had perverted her religious principles, and that he should have to answer for the destruction of her soul as well as his own. But he frequently repeated, "If there be a future state, and a final judgment, and if it be possible for a departed spirit to return to earth, you shall have some warning when I am dead, which may decide your opinion."

A few weeks of great bodily and mental suffering terminated in his death; his unwearied nurse received his last breath, and with it a renewal of the solemn pledge he had before given. Worn down by grief and fatigue, she was unable to follow to the grave, but the good and unsuspecting husband, willing to show every regard to the dead, made the whole of his small establishment attend the burial.

She was left alone in her agony. During the latter part of the invalid's life, when he was seated in the chair by the fireside, a cane was placed across the arm, with which he used to summon his watchful friend, when her domestic business took her away for a short time. At that period bells were not in common use; three distinct strokes on the floor gave the signal of her being wanted in the sick room, and it was promptly obeyed. A short time had elapsed after the funeral procession had disappeared, when she was roused from her stupor of grief by hearing in the room above the three strokes of the cane loudly and deliberately given. She started up, looked to the apartment, and on approaching the fireplace saw the cane which she had that very day placed in the corner of the room, leaning against the arm of the chair in the same position it had so long occupied in the life of her lover. When her husband returned from the church she was found cold and insensible, and stretched on the hearth, on which she had fallen after her conviction that the pledge had been redeemed, the promised warning given. When she recovered her senses, she requested to be left alone with her husband, and falling on her knees confessed every thing which had passed, and supplicated his forgiveness; it was granted by the kind-hearted old man, and with expressions of blame to himself for having exposed so young a creature to such a danger. She then requested to see the clergyman, who was a venerable and excellent man; to him also she made a full confession, and expressed the entire change of opinion which had been effected by the warning she had received. Whether her long attendance on a person in confirmed consumption had infected her with the disease, or whether grief and remorse acted fatally on a constitution naturally delicate, cannot now be known, but in little more than three months she sunk into an early grave.

There is a tradition in the Waterford family not unlike this, sustained by evidence as clear, connected and conclusive, as, perhaps, it is possible to procure in such cases. The curious reader will find it in Hibbert's book, and other works relating to apparitions, visions, and dreams. We could relate another story, quite as strange, resting upon living testimony—but we reserve it, for many reasons, for a future time. We are also in possession of full and minute details of a still more extraordinary series of unexplained noises, continued for many months, until they became as familiar as voices, and heard by a whole household; so that they could not be accounted for by any deception of the imagination. This singular train of circumstances was made the subject of a judicial investigation, the most remarkable of its kind upon record. All the individuals concerned are, we believe, still living—*except one*, after whose death the noises entirely ceased. The high character of the persons upon whose attestations these facts were established, the unanimity of their depositions, and the impossibility of any thing like confederacy or collusion in the production of sounds which baffled every attempt at discovery, or even imitation, invest the whole case with a peculiarly solemn and painful interest. We may hereafter place the particulars of this almost incredible history before the readers of the STORY-TELLER; but not until we have procured the sanction of individuals whose feelings might, otherwise, be distressed by the disclosure.

THE HAUNTED STREAM:

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY J. B. ROGERSON.

> But he that was there in that secret spot,
> Regarded the stream and the blossoms not;
> He regarded the stream and the blossoms less,
> For his glance was on brighter loveliness.
>
> ANSON.

[illegible] small valley near the Rhine, stood the [illegible] of Harold, the fisherman. His family [illegible] of a wife and five children, three sons and [illegible] daughters; and though it required all his in[illegible] to support them, his heart was light, and he [illegible] content with such cheer as his labours enabled [illegible] to obtain. His eldest son, Arnaud, who was [illegible] the age of fourteen, usually accompanied him [illegible] his fishing excursions, and assisted him to draw [illegible] nets. Arnaud's chief delight was to hear his father, whilst waiting for the filling of the nets, recount the various legends of the valley, of which he possessed an almost inexhaustible store. The [illegible] which Arnaud used to listen to with the greatest pleasure, and which he often prevailed upon his father to repeat, were those which told of the fairies, who were said to haunt the stream, that flowed at a short distance from the fisherman's dwelling. It was believed that at certain times of the year, a bark glided along the stream, filled by a group of fairies, who landed on the banks, and after amusing themselves for some time on shore, betook them to their bark again, and, floating to a particular part of the water, disappeared. "I will endeavour to obtain a sight of these fairies," thought Arnaud; and seeking the banks of the river, he would linger there for hours together. Many a time would his heart beat fast and loud as he heard a rushing sound, and hid himself amid the bushes, scarcely daring to look up, until he was at once relieved and disappointed to find the object of his alarm merely the noise occasioned by the flight of a waterfowl. Still his patience did not forsake him; and though he incurred his father's displeasure, when he returned home, from his long absence, he murmured not, for he hoped he should soon be recompensed for all his scoldings and disappointments by a sight of those mysterious beings whom he so ardently longed to behold. One day, exhausted with watching, he laid himself down beneath the shade of a spreading tree, and fell asleep, and dreamt of fairyland. Arnaud was a beautiful youth, and as he reclined in slumber, though his bright blue eyes were closed, the flowing ringlets of his golden hair, his fair and blooming cheeks, his graceful form, and well-fashioned limbs, which the meanness of his dress could not conceal, made him appear a being destined to move in a far superior circle to that in which he had been brought up. He was awakened from his romantic vision by a warm pressure on his lips. He started from his sleep, and saw the loveliest creature his eyes had ever beheld. A female, whose charms were of the most dazzling description, bent over him in an attitude of fondness and admiration. She was clad in white drapery, interwoven with threads of silver; her zone was inlaid with gold, and studded with precious stones, that shone like so many stars. Strings of the finest pearl inwreathed her neck, and gleamed amongst her dark tresses; but the lustre of the shining stones was not so bright as her eyes, nor were the pearls so pure as her neck and bosom. She held in her hand a chaplet of water-lilies, and placing them around Arnaud's temples, she exclaimed, in a voice of melody, "Beautiful mortal! thou beholdest in me one of the fairies who haunt this place. My companions are diverting themselves on the banks of the river, and I, having chosen this spot for my gambols, was attracted by thy surpassing loveliness. Fairest of the children of men, wilt thou not go with me? wilt thou not accompany me to my own blessed regions, where sorrow comes not, and joy reigneth for ever in the hearts of the inhabitants? I will build thee a bower of crystal; the floor shall be of coral, sprinkled with pearls and rubies, and the windows shall be formed of the most brilliant diamonds. Sweet son of the earth, wilt thou not go with me?" Arnaud cast his eyes around, and beheld a numerous group of those beings whom he had so long wished to see, some bounding along the shore, and others diving beneath the waters. His glance again rested on the fair form by his side, and as he gazed on its unearthly beauty, his heart throbbed violently, and a throng of more exquisite sensations than he had ever felt before took possession of his soul; all thoughts of home vanished from his mind. "Gentle being," said he to the fairy, "if I look on and am near to thee, I cannot fail to be happy; willingly, therefore, would I go with thee to thine own country; but I fear thy companions will not consent that a poor mortal like myself should be a partaker of their gladness." "Those of our race know not what it is to give pain to each other, and the thing which I request will not be denied. Remain here a few moments; I will away and acquaint my sisters with my desire, and on my return we will bound into our bark, and depart to the land of light and beauty." When Arnaud was alone he almost repented of the promise he had made, for the thoughts of home came to his heart, and with difficulty he repressed his tears, as he pictured to himself the grief his family would feel on his account. "They will assemble round the hearth," thought he, "when the evening falls, and my father will ask, 'where is Arnaud?' My brothers and sisters will repeat the question, and when they find that I come not, they will search for me in the wood and by the stream, and their search will be fruitless. My mother will weep, and she will say, 'If my son were living, he would not be absent thus long; oh! Arnaud, dear Arnaud, where art thou? wilt thou return no more to the arms of thy mother? Alas! we mourn in vain my children, your brother must have perished in the waters.'" The fairy now returned with a countenance beaming with joy.

"Arouse thee, dearest," said she, "my friends

have consented that thou shouldst be as one of us; already do they prepare for their journey homewards, and soon wilt thou be far, far from this dull earth, and the cares and pains which are the lot of its children." A band of fair creatures bounded lightly over the green turf, with their shining tresses and loose drapery floating in the wind. A shout of admiration burst from the group, as they gazed on Arnaud; and they cried, "Truly, sister, this is a charming youth, and not unworthy to dwell amongst us. Away, away, let us unfurl our sails, for the breeze blows freshly. Follow us, sister, and bring with thee the graceful stranger." They sprang into the vessel, and Arnaud and the fairies were borne rapidly along the stream for a few minutes; then the fairies furled their sails, and the boat moved slower. By degrees its motion grew almost imperceptible, and then it became transfixed in the middle of the water. Arnaud gazed around with astonishment, for the fairies seemed as though they intended to proceed no further. "Think not," said the sweet voice of her who was by his side, "the waves are about to close over us, but they will harm thee not. From this spot will our boat descend to the land of beauty." The fairy enveloped him in a slight veil, and then the bark sank into the stream.

He felt no inconvenience from the water, but breathed as freely as if he had inhaled the fresh breeze, whilst by him swept innumerable creatures of the waves. In a short time, though the vessel still descended at the same rate, he saw that they were in a purer element, and the water through which they had passed lay like a firmament above their heads.

They now arrived at the place of their destination; but who shall describe the effect produced upon Arnaud by the enchanting scenes spread before him!

The most beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers, seemed to have been culled from parts of the earth and transplanted to this fair abode. Here were vine-covered valleys, there the peach-tree bloomed in all its luxuriance; and here the orange and the lemon trees, loaded with golden fruitage.

The sturdy oak, the spreading elm, and the graceful willow, flung around their shadows.

The blue-eyed violet, the pale passion-flower, the sweet-breathing honeysuckle, the maiden-like rose, the silver clematis, and the white stars of jessamine, with numerous unknown and fragrant plants and flowers, combined to render the place more lovely than any before looked on by mortal eyes.

The name of the fairy whom Arnaud had first seen was Rosanna, which word signifies "air of roses," and she was so called because of the perfume of her breath.

When Arnaud had gazed for awhile on the things around him, Rosanna led him to her dwelling, which was composed of the most brilliant spars. She brought him fruit, and he ate and found it delicious; she pressed the juice from the bursting grape, and the goblet out of which he drank was formed of a single pearl. After he had refreshed himself, he wandered with the beautiful Rosanna through the enchanting groves and valleys of fairy-land.

There were neither sun, moon, nor stars above them, yet it was far more light than the sunniest day of earth, and the air was far more pure. The trees and the flowers wore a brighter bloom, and every object had a radiance thrown over it which belongs not to the world of mortals. This happy country was never visited by darkness, nor [illegible] snow nor rain; it felt not the chill breath of winter, nor the oppressive heat of summer; but all was a continual season of light and tranquillity. No wish was entertained which might not be gratified, and there was a never-ending succession of [illegible] and festivity. Arnaud soon became universally beloved by the fairies, and each strove to find favour in his sight, and endeavoured to contribute to his felicity. They were exempt from the pains which attend on mortals, and they needed not rest or repose; yet Rosanna would watch by the couch of Arnaud whilst he slumbered, and imprint on his young cheek her warm kisses. In the groves large and splendid diamonds were suspended from the trees, and shone like stars amid the gloom. Their principal amusement was the dance; and the music to which they danced was produced from sweet-toned harps, whose melody was awakened by the wind. Sometimes they would strive to excel each other in the race, and bound along like a troop of startled fawns. The prize for which they contended was a coronal of flowers, which was placed on the victor's brow by the hand of Arnaud. There was no envy in these contests; there was no ill-will borne by the vanquished; but each was as ready to rejoice in the victor's success as though she herself had been the conqueror. Rosanna taught Arnaud to play upon the lute, and would often accompany its music with the melody of her own voice. At other times, a group of the fair dwellers in this romantic land would join their voices together in some delightful air peculiar to themselves, until the breeze became replete with sweet sounds, and the senses of Arnaud were wrapt in a dream of ecstasy. Innumerable were the devices practised to amuse the favoured mortal thus placed amongst them; but the human mind is not fitted for a state of uninterrupted happiness. It is the alternate succession of joy and grief which renders existence desirable; it is the remembrance of the past, and the uncertainty of the future, which makes us cling to life with so much tenacity. It is the mingling of hope and fear, the expectation, and not unpleasing dread, of our coming years, "gloomy and indistinct as feverish dream," which makes us wish to live on. With Arnaud the memory of the past still lived; the future, however, no longer formed a theme of conjecture to his mind. All would be a scene of changeless and uncheckered brightness; all would be calm, all would be beautiful; yet there would be no interruption to the calm; there would be no variation in the beauty; and as he who has long dwelt beneath a tropical sun longs even for the chill

blasts of winter, so did his young heart soon yearn for his own native home, with its changeful sky, at times frowning in gloomy grandeur, and at others radiant with light and silvery clouds, floating over its surface like winged heralds of heaven sent forth to speak of peace to man.

Two years passed away; two years in an abode where pleasure was the only study, where neither [illegible] nor fatigue interrupted the revels of its in[illegible] where age weakened not their powers of [illegible] and where all was one continued round [illegible] and bliss. Things which at first sight [illegible] imagination, by being ever before our [eyes], lose their power of charming. Beauty when uncontrasted with deformity, palls upon the sense, and becomes uninteresting, from the very deformity of its perfection. We are only adapted to a state of earthly existence. To fit the soul for a more celestial abode, it must be rid of its bodily encumbrance—it must be divested of its fleshy clothing. If we analyse our feelings, if we strictly review our hearts, we shall find that however strong may be our belief in a future state of reward, however confident may be our anticipations of attaining it, we are still loth to quit this mortal life, this world of toil and suffering.

Earthly ties still bind us down, and the frail affections of our nature triumph over the purer and more lofty aspirations of the spirit. Arnaud had long sighed for his former life. He knew himself to belong to a race of beings inferior to those with whom he now dwelt. He was a favourite, and loaded with caresses; yet their favour had become painful; their caresses were coldly received, for he saw he was considered but as a bird, admired for the sweetness of its voice, or the beauty of its plumage; or as a pet lamb, caressed by a gentle girl. He was loved, but not with the love which mortal bears to mortal; he was loved, but not as one on terms of equality with those who loved him.

He never for a moment could forget their superior natures; he was convinced that his inferiority—his very deficiency and want of those qualities which formed their perfection—the very imperfectness of his nature caused him to be admired and caressed; and who could submit complacently to have his infirmities set up as an idol of worship? Then he thought, too, of one he dearly loved, of one who dearly loved him—the young and fair-haired Madeline. She was the daughter of a neighbouring fisherman; they had been companions almost from their birth, and often, in their later years, the boy's arm had encircled her slender waist; and his lips pressed her cheek, whilst he vowed that when he became a man, fair Madeline should be his bride. More beauteous than ever seemed her image now, as it came upon his lonely musings, and dearer far than kindred friends, or home, did he feel she was to his youthful heart. When Rosanna gazed, spoke, or smiled in tenderness, he thought of the look, the voice, the smile of Madeline; and felt that one glance, one word, one smile of hers was worth all the joys that fairyland could afford him, and bitterly he sighed and pined for home and her. Rosanna marked the change that had come over him, and when she asked the cause, no answer did he give, save "Home!" Anxiously and unceasingly did the fairy watch over him, and anticipate his wants; but pale and sunken grew his features; he smiled not—a worm was at his heart, and ever and anon, he murmured, "Home, home, home! oh, bear me to my home again!" Sorely grieved was Rosanna to separate from her favourite; yet she feared the young exile was dying; and after fruitless efforts to cheer his drooping spirits, she consented to his departure, on his promising, at the expiration of two months, to return with her to fairyland. Reluctantly did the fairies, after vain entreaties, prepare to transport the boy to earth again. They loaded him with costly presents as tokens of their love; and at parting, Rosanna's lips clung fondly unto his, as she placed around his neck her farewell gift. It was a chain of pure and spotless pearls, to which was attached a glittering diamond in the form of a star. "Take thou," said she, "my parting token, wear it next thy heart, and when the diamond's light grows pale, thou wilt know that Rosanna is sorrowing for thy return." Lightly Arnaud sprang on shore—the boat sailed slowly back—Rosanna mournfully waved her hand, and then was hidden by the closing waters.

The day of Arnaud's return was indeed a day of rejoicing to those who had so long wept over his loss. He seemed to reappear amongst them like one who had long slumbered with the dead, but, in pity to their wailings, had left the land of spirits, to revisit once more his earthly companions, and gladden them by his presence. He told the tale of his wondrous adventures, and numbers flocked to listen to his strange narration; and when they seemed incredulous, he produced his costly chain and star, and they believed him. The mutual happiness of Madeline and her lover at meeting again, may be easily imagined. With what delight did she dwell upon his words, and hear him vow, that never in his absence had he forgotten his early love! The youthful and beautiful pair were sitting one night under the shade of a large tree, whose verdant and drooping branches almost excluded the light of the full moon. At times, however, its white and placid rays glanced brightly through the dark foliage; and one fair star which the leaves had not shut out, fixed in its sphere, an emblem of their love and beauty, seemed smiling sweetly on them. A lovelier night was never gazed upon; and folded in each other's arms, they felt no hearts could taste of bliss more pure than that which now they tasted. "And shall we never part again, and wilt thou never leave me more?" murmured the low voice of Madeline. "Never, my love," replied her lover; "a few short years and thou shall be my bride, and death alone again shall part us." "Oh, Arnaud," said the maiden; "thou knowest me but a mortal. Perchance, ere long, thou wilt turn with indifference from the simple peasant-girl, and

sigh for fairyland, and her who loved thee there."

"Name not," exclaimed Arnaud, "name not the hated abode, nor her who decoyed me to it. I would not sacrifice thy love for all the wealth which that enchanted land contains. Rosanna and her gifts to me are valueless, and we have parted never more to meet." No sooner had he uttered these words, than a wild shriek of agony and despair rung in his ears. He started to his feet, and beheld a white figure dart past him with the swiftness of an arrow, and vanish from his sight. The truth now flashed upon his memory. It was on this spot, at this hour, that he had promised, on his parting from Rosanna, to meet her again for the purpose of returning with her to fairyland. Here had she repaired, and here had she heard the words which rang in her ears like a knell, and caused her to emit the loud and anguished cry which told the death of hope. So much had Arnaud been engrossed with his own happiness, that his promise had entirely faded from his remembrance until the present moment. To prevent the possibility of again encountering the fairy, he carefully avoided approaching the place of appointment, and for a length of time forbore to leave his parent's dwelling unless accompanied by Madeline or some of his kindred; for he well knew, that unless he were alone, the fairy would not appear.

Weeks, months, years passed away, and Arnaud began to regard his sojourn in fairyland as little more than a bright vision; nay, he would almost have been tempted to doubt its reality, had he not still held in his possession many valuable presents, and, above all, the splendid star, which, when he gazed upon it, would often wax dim and colourless. At times, too, in the stillness of night, when all had retired to rest, his ears were greeted with strains of plaintive music, and a voice which had of old been familiar to him, sung the following words to a sweet and mournful air:

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

Oh, come with me, my mortal love,
To our home of bliss below,
And rove through the lone and shadowy grove,
Where the gleaming waters flow.

Oh, come with me—I will lead thee where,
By the diamond's starry light,
To the harps that are woke by the silent air,
Through the dance we take our flight.

We will wander where the flow'rets spring,
Which of old were so praised by thee;
I have shelter'd them e'en from the butterfly's wing,
And the kiss of the golden bee.

But the light of the diamond waxeth pale,
And the dance is unheeded now;
And the flowers—oh! their odours seem to fail,—
Beloved, why com'st not thou?

Dost thou still remember thy fairy maid?
Are the hours still unforgot,
When she pillow'd thy head in the vine-clad shade?
I ask, but thou answer'st not.

Dost thou stay to gaze on the sunny sky?
Our own, love, is far more bright;
Can the changeful moon, or the pale stars vie
With the fairy-land's cloudless light?

There is joy, perchance, by thy father's hearth—
Can it match with our ceaseless glee?
The maiden who loves thee may bind thee to [illegible]
Not like mine clings her heart unto thee.

Wilt thou come?—for the sail of our bark is [illegible]
And I dare not longer dwell;
Wilt thou come, my beloved?—I linger yet—[illegible]
Unkind one, I weep my farewell.

The last verse was repeated, until the voice died gradually away in the distance. Arnaud, however, was proof against all temptations, and when he attained his twenty-first year, he married the maiden of his choice, the fair-haired Madeline, and never was he heard to regret his lot. After his marriage, the fairy never disturbed his repose, and he saw spring up around him a group of little beings, who united in their persons the loveliness of their parents. He lived to a green and prosperous old age; and when the evening fire blazed brightly, many a time did he repeat to his children his early adventures, and thus was he accustomed to conclude his marvellous narrative: "Oh, then, my children, content yourselves with the blessings which fall to your lot, and yearn not after the things which are wisely denied to you. Happiness depends not so much upon external circumstances, as upon the temperament of the mind: and the mind is too often restless and unsatisfied in whatever situation the body may be placed. We are unfitted for a state of perfect felicity, and should soon become as dissatisfied with uninterrupted joy, as with a climate unvisited by clouds or rain. Man is generally the author of his own misery, and is ever pining for that which he has not: the poor peasant envies those who are wealthy and great, and the rich and the great, in their turn, look with envy on the seeming glad and healthy clown. We sum up the sorrows of life, and forget its joys; we pass over the flowers and gaze upon the weeds. In whatever situation you are cast, compare it impartially with that of others, and you will ever find it possessed of some advantages. Keep to yourselves pure and guiltless hearts; love virtue, and practise it for its own sake, and not for the applause the profession of it may gain you from the multitude; hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst, and you cannot fail to be as happy as any of your fellow-mortals."

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We are indebted for this story (a fairy romance, coming in very seasonably amongst the Easter pieces) to Mr. Rogerson's charming volume, "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," to which the reader may be referred for many equally agreeable and clever tales. The book has recalled a pleasant recollection, which gives us a sort of personal interest in it. Has the writer forsaken these "primrose paths of dalliance?"

SPECIMENS OF A FRENCH ANNUAL.

In the matter of Annuals, as in some more important affairs, it is the glory of England to have improved upon the suggestions of her continental neighbours. Our Annuals are truly not much to boast of in the way of literary excellence, and the few that have survived the shock of rivalry, and yet linger amongst us, are sustained almost exclusively by their merits as works of art, and by that breath of fashionable popularity, which cannot, in any case, be very long depended upon. Nevertheless, taking all their pretensions into one view, the English Annuals are, beyond all doubt, at the head of that nondescript class of periodical ephemera. Nothing equal to them has yet appeared in Germany, where the design originated, and where, mixed up with a strange variety of attractions, mystical reveries, household receipts, and historical poems, the race of dimly-ornamented books still maintains its hold upon the curiosity of the people. The French expend considerable enthusiasm, and a large stock of animal gaiety upon their Annuals, and contrive to make them, more or less, the exponents of political theories, and of those philosophical dogmas in literature, which, from time to time, shake the *salons* of Paris to their foundations. But, except that in this respect they are strikingly characteristic, developing, at boiling point, the excesses of the national peculiarities, the French Annuals are inferior to our own in the ordinary and universal elements of common sense and good taste. It is to this exception, however, that we are to look for the distinctive merits of these works; and it is for the purpose of illustrating their nationality that we bring the following brief specimens before our readers.

The embellishments of the French Annuals will not endure comparison with those of their English contemporaries ; neither is the paper so good, nor the printing so brilliant. But these are points with which we have nothing to do. The literature is the essential feature ; and here we find the names of nearly all the popular authors, Victor Hugo, Sue, C. Nodier, Jules Janin, &c., to the end of the chapter, backed up with such a gathering of titled poets as can by any possibility be scrambled together from the *débris* of the peerage—all of which is meager enough, as may readily be imagined. Every body knows the marks and tokens of modern French fiction. You can detect it by its spasmodic ejaculations, its terse dramatic vigour, its startling *tableaux*, and its snatches of crude sentiment, as certainly as you can detect a corporal by his stripes, or a ticket-porter by his badge. There it stands confessed in its livery, as surely as Pope is known by his cesura, or Sterne by his hiccuping prose. Imagine these strong and unmistakable attributes condensed into short articles, with all the energy and fervour requisite to pack them into so small a compass, and you have at once a complete image of the staple *matériel* of a French Annual.

Yet these articles, with all their wild, melodramatic extravagance, have an air of tact and cleverness that fixes your attention in spite of your judgment. The fact is, they are written with extraordinary vigour, and at the height of the emotion, whatever it may be, which is intended to be depicted. They look as if the writer was thoroughly engrossed in his subject, and readers are always roused to the full pitch of expectation and curiosity by writers who seem to be in earnest. In addition to this, the French understand the *art* of fiction better than we do. They can make infinitely more of the slightest morsel of romance by their superior skill in the distribution and treatment of the incidents, by the picturesque way in which they arrange their draperies, and by the suddenness of the force they pour into their dialogues, than most of our English authors. We are, perhaps, too cold by constitution, too serious by climate and habit, and too fastidious in matters of taste, to venture upon the broad effects which are so strikingly introduced into these trifles ; but the worst of it is that we fancy all the time we, alone, understand the strict art of fiction, and that we alone practise it in perfection. The very literalness of our notions on the subject prevents us from accomplishing the ends at which we aim.

Here is a specimen from the " Annales Romantiques," published twelve or thirteen years ago, when the Annuals were in the full bloom of their novelty. The title of the work from which it is taken sufficiently indicates the school to which it belongs. It is nothing better than an anecdote worked up into a scene; and we select it, not for any special interest in the story, for it has none, but because it is an exemplar in little of that of which we have been speaking. None but a Frenchman could have elaborated such a paper out of so small a grain of circumstance; and it is in France only such a grain of circumstance would have been thought capable of producing a moment's entertainment. Hence it is doubly characteristic. And the reader will note how carefully the solution of the cause of all the preliminary hubbub is reserved for the *dénouement*, and with what thoroughly French delicacy the master of the hotel bribes the justice of his worship, the Mayor. These little

touches, sinister and trifling as they are, indicate the art with which the piece is constructed.

A SCENE IN LYONS. TIME, 1815.

"Listen! listen!" cried a little man in black to the crowd, which was pressing round a cask placed at the door of the Brown Bear, "I—a royalist—"

"Yes, yes!" repeated a thousand confused voices, "as great a royalist as a Chouan!"

All the efforts of the little man in black were in vain; he could not make himself be heard from the top of his barrel; his windpipe had got out of order from crying at the pitch of his voice; he had bawled himself hoarse, and from his tormented throat no sounds had issued but such as resembled those of a muffled bell. He was red with rage—his eyes sparkled—and he shook, with a sort of convulsive motion, a long sheet of stamped paper, which he thrust in the face of the spectators who came too near his barrel. Observing in the group a lad of fifteen or sixteen years old, he made signs to him to approach: the youth hastened to climb the *tribune;* and the little man in black put into his hand the sheet of stamped paper, raised on his forehead his rusty iron spectacles, arranged the pen which adorned his left ear, and assumed the attitude of a listener.

The lad understood him, and a deep silence ensued among the multitude.

"Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Confederation of Switzerland——"

The boy stopped, and turning to the little man in black, "Monsieur le Greffier," said he, "must I read the *et cæteras?*"

"Yes, yes!" hastily answered the little man in black, taking the sheet of stamped paper out of the boy's hand—"*et cætera, et cætera, et cætera!*—Well! was not that courage? *Et cætera, et cætera!* People wear the cross of the Legion of Honour who have not done half so much. *Et cætera, et cætera!* Draw up a judgment of the tribunal of commerce in the name of Napoleon, with all the *et cæteras*, when the white flag was still waving over our church, on the 10th of March! I would not have wished that you, who laugh so much now, had been in my place then. I should have been a fine fellow, with my *et cæteras,* if the three old lancers, who were mustered with so much difficulty at beat of drum, had driven off the Emperor! Hanged—hanged!"

So far the harangue of the little man in black had been listened to in silence; but the conclusion was received with a general roar of laughter. Even the very boy himself, looking the orator in the face, shared in the general hilarity; but as for the little man, he, calm and imperturbable, contented himself in dwelling, with a most serious gravity, upon his *et cæteras.*

"Get off the barrel, then, Mr. Etcætera," said all at once one of the spectators, who, with naked arm, seized the leg of the poor *greffier,* which he shook like the trunk of a tree. The little man in black tumbled a couple of paces off from the barrel.

It was the landlord of the Brown Bear, who, losing patience with listening to the greffier, had upset him. Mine host wore a white apron which reached to his shoes, and a cotton nightcap, adorned on one side by a brown bear, and, on the other, by an enormous white cockade, which, fastened by a pin, moved with every breath of wind.

"Old wretch of a greffier!" he cried; "rascally dauber of stamped paper! you shall have none of it. It is I, the landlord of the Brown Bear, who assures you of that. Every body shall have some, except you."

"Bravo! bravo, Master Laurent!" cried the multitude.

"And I, Mr. Laurent," said an old woman, who endeavoured to raise her withered hand and shrivelled fingers above the heads of the crowd; "and I—shan't I get any?"

"You! you, indeed!—the fruit-woman of the square!—you, too, want it? I suppose it is for having put between two flower-pots the busts of Louis XVIII.—the Count de Lille, I mean, as the Emperor calls him?"

"You lie!" said the old lady; "look from your barrel, and see the busts of the Emperor; and of his dear son, the King of Rome; and of his chaste spouse, Maria Louisa! Don't you see this pretty cradle? I have bought all the bushes in the neighbouring forest to make it."

"And I—won't you give me some, honest landlord of the Brown Bear?"

"Oh! as for you, it is another affair; you at least have done something. Was it not you who tore down the white flag?"

"Yes, and all the flags which have been for thirty years planted on our steeple. The birds of the cathedral know me; I have frightened them twenty times."

"You shall have two;—are you satisfied?"

"And me; I want some to complete my collection of national curiosities. I have already Marshal Save's pipe, one of the glasses of a pair of spectacles that belonged to Robespierre, Coligny's toothpick, and a rag of the King of Rome's frock."

"I'll not forget you, Mr. Antiquary; but it is on condition that you will not sell them to every Englishman who passes this way, as you did with the nail on which the First Consul used to hang his hat; you remember, faith! in this same hall, when he returned from Lyons?"

"I, too—should not I get as much, for having broken the windows of the *Procureur du Roi?*"

"And I, for having given a black eye to a royalist?"

Every one began to recapitulate his titles, vaunt his exploits, and extol his prowess. The only question was, who should arrive the soonest at the barrel, from the top of which the landlord was distributing some grains of a whitish powder.

"Don't be pushing—don't be pushing!" cried the landlord; "every body shall have some."

These words, however, only irritated the impatience of the more distant groups, who, not being able to get any thing, drove so furiously against the foremost line of the spectators as to upset them. Mine host struggled like a sailor in the midst of a tempest; but the waves had reached his frail bark, and broke it into a thousand pieces.

At this moment, the guard, drawn to the spot by the tumult, arrived, preceded by the greffier, and lost no time in driving aside the spectators by blows with the butt-ends of their muskets, going straight to the innkeeper, seizing him in the name of the Emperor and King, and carrying him before the mayor.

The crowd was so great, that it was impossible to prevent them from pushing into the hall of justice. The innkeeper did not give the mayor time to ask him any questions.

"Monsieur le Maire," said he, "you shall soon see if I was wrong——"

"He was very wrong, Monsieur le Maire," interrupted the greffier; "he called me a Chouan."

"Silence, Mr. Greffier!" said the mayor; "silence! you shall speak in your turn."

"You know, M. le Maire," continued the innkeeper, "that the little corporal,* passing through our town, lodged in the hotel of your humble servant."

"The hotel!" growled the little man in black—"the hotel, indeed!"

"Silence, I say again, greffier!" said the mayor.

"Yes, hotel it is!" retorted the innkeeper; "an hotel any time these two centuries."

"Stopped at the *hotel* of the Brown Bear!" added the little man in black, shaking his head, "when Monsieur le Maire would have given his majesty so splendid an apartment!"

"*That's* true," said the functionary, in a mollified tone.

"'Tis possible," said the innkeeper; "but Monsieur le Maire could not have given him a finer pullet. Well, then! Napoleon did not eat the whole of it: he left some of the bones upon his plate. Now these bones are my property, and I can do with them what I like. I did not wish to give any to this greffier, who, out of revenge, has called the guard. I give bones of a chicken eaten by the Emperor to a Chouan! As for you, Monsieur le Maire, it is quite another thing. Here are two wings, scarcely half-picked, which I have kept for you—*à tout seigneur, tout honneur!*"

"Very well, very well, Master Laurent, I accept your present.—Let the landlord of the Brown Bear be discharged."

Thus ended the scene, in which the whole of the population of a town disputed for the bones of a chicken which Napoleon had left upon his plate!

*** If any body doubt this historical fact, we can refer to the *Journal de Lyon* for April, 1815, in which the names of the actors are given.

* *Le petit caporal*—the pet nickname in the French army for Buonaparte.

The next specimen is an absolute bit of ultra-romanticism, and needs no further introduction than this, that it seems to be intended as a sort of illustration of the secret societies of the middle ages in the form of a vivid dramatic sketch. The author is M. Loève-Veimar, a gentleman apparently as German in his genius as in his name.

A LEGEND OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL. 1362.

[Hans, George, *and several Squires round a fire in a wood. Night.*]

Hans. It is your turn, George, to tell a story.

Geo. I am going to tell you how the evil spirit twisted the necks of seven monks of the convent of Kœnigslutter.—There was, once upon a time, in the monastery of Kœnigslutter, seven monks, who cared for nothing but to troll the dice and to drink, who uttered as many oaths as words, and who would any day have left the Kyrie Eleison to follow a petticoat and two pretty feet under it. It was in vain for the abbot to preach to them, or to impose penances, or to pray to God to convert them: he gained nothing by it. What was the consequence? One day—— Don't you hear a noise of footsteps behind this tree?

Hans. Bah! It is only a salamander coming to dance in our fire.

Geo. One day, then, as they were sitting in the refectory, chatting jovially and drinking (the wine had got into their brains), they forgot that there was an abbot in the cloister, a God in heaven, or a devil in hell; and they called upon Old Nick to come and make merry with them.—Stir the fire; this wood is very gloomy.

Hans. What are you afraid of?

Geo. Nothing.—Scarcely had they called on the devil, but the great gate, grating on its hinges, opens, and——

A Squire. Holy Virgin! it is he! Look!—look!

Hans. It is he!—who is it?

Geo. God keep us! Do you not see below there, in the trunk of the large willow, a ghost, which is only waiting for cock-crow? Don't you see his sparkling eyes, which glow like burning coals?

Hans. Are not you ashamed, George. It is only a Will-o'-the-wisp!

Geo. No, I say, it is a human face. How torn he is, and covered with rags! It can't be the devil; for Brother Hildebrand told me that he is always dressed out in silk and velvet when he wishes to buy a poor soul.

A Squire. He approaches.—Who goes there?

Geo. Make the sign of the cross, I say, all of you, to keep us from harm.

Hans. Who are you, wretched creature? what are you doing in the forest this freezing night?—See, George, how his sides are hollow and meager! how he lifts over his head his shrivelled hands!—Speak, ill-omened bird! or my spear will untie your tongue. What do you want?

Carl. To warm myself.

Hans. His voice is as hollow as that of famine itself.—Approach! Why do you wander alone in the night?

Carl. The nights are my days; owls and bats are the nightingales which delight me; lizards and toads are the food of poor Carl; moss and foul weed make his bed and his cloak. I am cold!

Hans (*aside to George*). 'Tis Carl de Wolffstein, as sure as I am a Christian.—(*Aloud*) Why do you haunt the spirits of darkness, and go about thus, almost naked, covered with weeds and straw?

Carl. Carl is proscribed; the black sword seeks him.

Geo. What is your crime?

Carl. Raise your eyes, and look upon the heaven sowed with stars. My crime is written, in characters of blood, on the milky way!—Hark! do you hear the crackling of the flame? It murmurs forth, like the north-wind, words that accuse me.—Have you nothing to eat?

Geo. Soldiers' fare—here's bread!

Carl. Put out the fire—it is so red. Who has spilled blood into it?

Hans. Don't devour so furiously; you may eat at your ease.

Carl. Carl has eaten brambles; his hunger would devour stones.

Hans. I knew you formerly.

Carl. You knew me!—The bell of the monastery calls me. Adieu.

Hans. Stop!—(*Aside to George*) Let us see if he will betray himself.—(*To Carl*) Were not you a rich prelate?

Carl. A cardinal;—see! I have the scarlet hat.

Geo. Holy Virgin! his skull is stripped of skin and hair!

Hans. Poor outcast! Put your head upon my knees; I'll apply a refreshing balsam on your wounds.

Carl. Dost thou wish to assist me, and art thou a man? Alas! the fire of hell burns within me. I drag myself across the fords on lizards and cold snakes; I lay me down on the rock where the waters of the torrent flow: nothing, nothing can cool me! Have you, in your castle, any dark and damp corner in which poor Carl can hide from his enemies? Let me follow you; I shall serve you as a horse-block, when you wish to mount your charger.—Hush! I hear steps. Save me—save me! They come!

Hans. Be calm; no one will come to do you harm.

Geo. Who goes there?

(*Two masked Pilgrims appear.*)

First Pil. Travellers, who have lost their way in the wood, and have been drawn hither by the gleam of your fire. Permit us to await the arrival of day in company with you.

Hans. Willingly. From what country do you come?

Second Pil. From Augsburg. We have made a vow to Notre-dame-de-Bon-Refuge.—Whose banner do you follow?

Hans. That of the Count of Buhna.

Carl. I must go read mass before midnight. Let me depart.

Hans. Stay where you are, poor idiot! The wolves would eat you if you stirred.

Carl. I'd rather the wolves than the crows.

Geo. What news, Pilgrims, have you brought from your town?

Second Pil. None. Pride, the old hack with gilt trappings, still leads the world. Her daughters, Treason, Lying and Licentiousness, carry as usual the fur and the ermine. Every body respectfully kisses their imperious hands. The devil makes a fine crop of it.

Geo. Have you then oaks no longer in your forests, and free judges to assemble under their foliage?

Carl. I must depart, brother. I'll go look for glow worms for you in the grass; ye shall put them in your morion as a crown of sparkles.

Hans. Stay!

First Pil. Old man, the Holy Vehme still watches. We have found in our way a terrible example of its justice. Two of its emissaries have seized a parricide within a few paces of us.

Hans & Geo. A parricide!

Carl. Shall I pick branches of the oak, master? Your limbs tremble with cold.

First Pil. For a long time they had pursued him through the forests. He had glided, like a serpent, through the thickest brambles; he had plunged, like the mud beetle, into the foulest morasses; he had climbed the rocks with the activity of the chamois: but his footsteps had remained imprinted on the rock, the wood, the morass, the river—everywhere the curse of Heaven had made him known—

Carl. Hush! Do not wake the dead. I must go; my heart is freezing.

Hans. Wait for the dawn: we shall conduct you to the next monastery: the friars will cure you.

First Pil. Stones and thorns had torn his feet; his muscles were stiffened by rain and fatigue—

Carl. Oh! rub me with your balsam, brother; my flesh is falling off in fragments.

Hans. Poor madman!

First Pil. His eyes were dried up; and the hand of God had written upon his forehead—Parricide!—

Carl. Oh! oh! How the tears fall into the fire from these dripping branches! They weep—they— Wipe my forehead; I burn!

First Pil. At last the emissaries of the tribunal seized him. They reminded him of what he had done; they announced to him that they were about to blot his name from the book of the living; and then advised him to recommend his soul to Heaven;—but he could not pray—

Carl. Again again! The worm eats my liver.

First Pil. They then passed over him the fatal cord—

Carl (*raising his hands*). Mercy! mercy!

Hans. And you remained cold and tranquil?

Second Pil. What could we do? They drew the cord round his neck—as we do to thee, Carl de Wolffstein, the Parricide!

(*The Squires draw their swords. Carl falls upon his knees.*)

First Pil. Do you not know the form of this poniard? In the name of the holy Wehmich Tribunal, we order you to return your swords into their scabbards. For the future learn to know the free judges better.

Carl. My father! my father!

First Pil. Carl de Wolffstein, thy wife is declared a widow—thy children, orphans. Thy throat shall be delivered to the wolves—thy heart to the birds of the air—thy body to the fishes of the sea.

Carl. Save me, good brother—assist me! They are going to kill me!

First Pil. Assist thyself by prayers—save thy soul! but thy body must perish. Carl de Wolffstein, the spirit of thy father cries for vengeance!

Carl. Oh! untie this knot, that I may breathe. Help—help! Their hands burn me. Oh! grant me my life—my life!

First Pil. Thy death!——Move forward, sinner! [*They drag him off.*

Hans. Hark! how he groans! His cries augment—they redouble! Ah! he cries no longer.

BARBARA S——.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

On the noon of the 14th of November, 1743 or 4, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S——, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then treasurer of (what few of our readers may remember) the Old Bath Theatre. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had been merely employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in Young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic afterpiece to the life; but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, each making two or three pages at most, copied out in the rudest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transcribed a little more carefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But such as they were, blotted and scrawled, as for a child's use, she kept them all; and in the zenith of her after-reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in costliest morocco, each single—each small part making a *book*—with fine clasps, gilt-splashed, &c. She had conscientiously kept them as they had been delivered to her; not a blot had been effaced or tampered with. They were precious to her for their affecting remembrancings. They were her principia, her rudiments; the elementary atoms; the little steps by which she pressed forward to perfection. "What," she would say, "could Indian rubber, or a pumice stone, have done for these darlings?"

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of hers connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during acting. I ventured to think, that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her *self*-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella (I think it was), when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent; but the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember.

* * * * * *

As I was about to say—at the desk of the then treasurer of the Old Bath Theatre—not Diamond's—presented herself the little Barbara S——.

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable

circumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice, from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign—or perhaps from that pure infelicity which accompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence—was now reduced to nothing. They were in fact in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into the company.

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl, (oh, joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty—in the misguided humour of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt, (oh, grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when he crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputteringly to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people besides herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half-guinea.—By mistake he popped into her hand a—whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake: God knows, Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing by reason of their unfashionable attire,—in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second, I mean from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara!

And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move) she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee;
Yet spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

French Epigram.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK:

A LEGEND OF THE OLD TIME IN LONDON.

TOWARDS the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century,—or, in plainer English, about the year of grace 1672, there lived in London a very rich, and therefore very respectable merchant, who, having come to the rare resolution that he had made money enough, and having, as he said, no kith or kin, tacked to this said resolution one of more frequent occurrence—namely, that he would take a wife, to be the superintendent of his household affairs, the sharer of his fortune, the soother of his sorrows, if ever he should have any, and so forth. His choice fell on Dorothy Langton, the daughter of a poor Goldsmith, and reputed papist, but, nevertheless, a maiden of good fame, seemly bearing, and twenty-six years of age. She was tall, fair, and well made, but with nothing striking about her face that would call for particular description, unless one may advert to—what indeed was no part of her face—an unusual breadth at the back part of her head, behind her ears, which seemed to give her features an appearance of being too small. The lady was, truth to confess, not very much admired in the neighbourhood; and to continue the confession, she was as little liked. She was said by those who knew her best—or rather, as it might seem, worst—to be of a sullen temper, and yet, withal, violent; and the death of one young man was laid at her door, all the way from the East Indies, whither he had gone in despair, after having been for eleven months her accepted suitor, and then discharged in a fit of peevishness. Master Edwards himself, at the time we are speaking of, was in the very prime and vigour of life—that is, in his own opinion; it may be stated, however, that he was in his five-and-fiftieth year; rather corpulent, and very gray. For the rest, Master Edwards was a man of tolerable parts, as times went, of an easy and good temper, and one who loved to crack his bottle and his joke as well as any man living, either now or then.

For some time, say thirteen months, after the marriage, they lived together in all seeming harmony. I say seeming, of course speaking only of what met the eyes of others; for far be it from me to intrude any unnecessary inquiry into the discomforts or discrepancies (if any such existed) of the domestic circle—a rather small one, to be sure, seeing it consisted of only two individuals, unless, as a third segment thereof, may be reckoned Master Edwards's clerk, a young man, an orphan, of the name of Simon, who had lived with him from his childhood. He was a youth of good favour, but did not seem to find it in his mistress's eyes; or rather, *latterly*, he did not: for at her first coming she had behaved with great kindness to him, while he, on the other hand, always treated her with that distant respect, so becoming in an inferior, but so mortifying to a superior, who may happen for some purpose or other to wish to be on more familiar terms. After a little time, Mistress Edwards eventually took a great dislike to poor Simon, and by the exercise of a little domestic despotism, she made his home sufficiently uncomfortable. Master Edwards seldom interfered in the matter; and to do his wife justice, she concealed the alteration she had caused in the lad's comforts, as much as she could, from his master; and if ever he did happen to make any reference to the subject, she was pat with a complaint against Simon for being so often away from the house, which was no more than truth, as she frequently made it too hot to hold him; and also that during his absence, he was continually seen in very bad company—at which his master would sigh; and which I am sorry to say was also no less than the truth, and probably the consequence of her harsh treatment. Various little trinkets and other knic-knacs were also said by Mistress Edwards to be from time to time missing—her lamentations and anger on such subjects were always uttered in Simon's hearing, plentifully interlarded with expressions of wonder, "who the thief could be,"—and assertions, "that such things could not walk off without hands:" whereat her facetious husband never failed to remark, "Yes, deary, they might, if they had feet." And this as regularly put her in a passion, and made her vow that, "for her part, she could not see what use there was in keeping about the house such lazy, loitering, good-for-nothing vagabonds," with various other such ungentle epithets, all of which were quite plainly launched at the unfortunate Simon.

At the end of these thirteen months, Simon, together with several articles of plate, was found missing in real earnest—all mere suspicion on the subject being removed by the following note, which Master Edwards found on his breakfast-table:

"Even in the very commission of a deed of wrong and villany, can I not refrain from bidding you farewell—my kind, mine honoured, my loved master!—even while I am doing wrong to you. But I am driven to it, and away from your house, by the cruel and unjust treatment of your wife: beware of her, master of mine, for she is evil. Whither I go, God knows—I care not—nor will He; for I have abandoned his ways, and broken his commands—but I am forced to it—forced to rob, that I may not starve of hunger—to rob you, to whom I owe every thing—but indeed, indeed, I would not so do, knew I not that what I take from you can be little missed, and that if I spoke to you, you would not let me quit your house: and sure I am, that if I did so without means of living, you would sorrow that the child of your fostering—the boy of your rearing—whom you have ever treated more as a son than a servant, should be * * * "

The words that immediately followed were quite illegible, being so blotted, as though the writer had written over drops of water: then followed a short thick dash of the pen—and then in a large and hurried hand, the following:

"But this is foolish—and fallacy—farewell, sir,

—dear master, farewell:—forgive me—I cannot pray for you—I ask you not to pray for me—but do, if you think it will avail me aught—if not, forget me—and oh! forgive me. I am going wrong—good-by."

The signature was also much blotted, but it could be traced to be, "the thankful orphan, Simon."

The effect produced by this event was very different both on Master Edwards and his wife—as well as from what might have been expected: the former, to use a homely word, took on greatly about the matter, was evidently much hurt, became silent and abstracted, and went so far as to shed tears; a thing which his oldest friends—those who had been his schoolfellows—declared they had never known him do in all his life—not even when under the infliction of Doctor Everard's cane—the right-reverend high master of Saint Paul's School, where Master Edwards had learned Latin and peg-top. Mistress Edwards, on the other hand, showed a great share of rejoicing on the occasion, declaring she thought his room cheaply purchased at the loss of the trumpery he had taken with him. That same afternoon, during dinner, she hinted that she had already a young man in her eye, as the successor of Simon; at which observation, her husband merely sighed and made no inquiries—and yet he probably had no conception whom his wife had in her eye, though if some of their neighbours had been present they might, if they had liked it, have helped him to an innuendo concerning a handsome young man, of whom no one knew any thing, except that he was frequently seen walking with Mistress Edwards of evenings under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields. There were some hints of a yet more scandalous nature—but these shall be omitted.

The stranger however came after the situation, and a handsome young man he was—his name was Lambert Smithe;—but as for his qualifications for the new place, which Mistress Edwards really seemed uncommonly anxious he should obtain, as little had best be said as may be; and the less need be said, as Master Edwards was decidedly of opinion, that he was utterly unfitted for the office; for the expression of which opinion he was downright scolded by his wife, and indeed fairly warned that she would have her own way after all.

* * * * * * * *

A few nights after Simon's departure—a dark and stormy November night it was—Mistress Edwards was seen—no matter yet by whom—to cross the cloistered courtyard, at the back of her husband's house, bearing a lantern in her hand, which she partially covered over with the large cloak wherein she was muffled, probably with the intention of concealing its light—perhaps only to prevent its being extinguished by the gustful wind and rain. She approached a low postern-gate, which gave into a passage leading to Cripplegate church—she unlocked it—opened it hesitatingly—looked out, as though for some one—came back again—relocked the door—placed the lantern in one of the angles of the cloister, and began slowly pacing up and down under its shelter. In a few moments, she stopped and listened—her body and head slightly bent rightward, towards the postern; a low whistle was heard without—she flew to the gate—opened it, and let in a man also muffled in a cloak: she addressed him, by exclaiming, "Late, sir!"

The stranger began some excuse probably, but was at once stopped by a sharp "hush!" and they conversed in whispers.

At length they shifted their position, and advanced towards the house, Mistress Edwards having taken up her light, and leading her companion forward with the other hand. Of a sudden the man stopped, and she also. He sighed, and said, though still in a whisper, "I cannot do it."

"God gi' me patience!" she cried, impatiently, and in a much louder tone; then in a lower, added—"Come, Lambert, dearest Lambert, take heart."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot—any thing but that!"

"Any thing *but* that! Why, what else is there to be done? Will you not be master of all?—of *me?* Nay, come, dear Lambert."

The man passed on. As he turned a second angle, close to the house-door, a sharp-pointed weapon was driven into his breast, by some one standing behind one of the thick stone pillars, and with such force, that the point pierced one of the ribs, which prevented the wound from being mortal. The young man shrieked with agony; and grasping towards the spot whence the blow came, seized hold of part of the assassin's dress, who struggled, and extricated himself from his grasp, but left behind him part of a chain, with a watch hung to it; at the same time he wrenched the dagger from the lacerated bone, and, with a surer blow, drove it into his victim's heart.

All this was the work of little more than a moment; during which Mistress Edwards, who at first had been struck with a stupor of surprise and horror, rushed forward, screaming, "Murder! murder!" and fell, swooning, within a few paces of the body.

When she recovered, she found several of her neighbours and of the watch standing round, and among them her alarmed husband. She looked round wildly for a moment, fixed her eyes on him for another, then shrieked wildly—"Ah! I see—I see—him—him! Seize him—the murderer!" and again fell senseless.

Edwards was accordingly seized, though few could understand why or wherefore; but when he protested he knew nothing about the matter, people began to think him guilty, especially as some declared the murdered man was the same youth with whom his wife had been often seen walking under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields; and, upon her second recovery, Mistress Edwards confirmed this declaration by clinging round the young man's body, and calling for vengeance on the murderer of her love.

Edwards was carried before a justice of the peace, and after a short examination, committed to Newgate to take his trial in the Court-house there at the next sessions, which were to take place within a week.

The day came, and the trial commenced. At the very outset an argument arose between the counsel for the prosecution and the defence, whether the exclamations used by the wife on the [illegible] the murder, accusing her husband, could [illegible] as evidence by those who had heard them. [illegible] the defence it was urged, that as a wife could [illegible] appear as a witness either against or for her husband, so neither could any expression of hers, tending to criminate him, be admissible; on the other hand, it was contended that as confessions were admissible in evidence against a party, so a husband and wife, being as one in the eye of the law, such expressions as these were in the nature of confessions by the party himself, and therefore should be admitted—and so the Recorder decided they should be. In addition to this other—circumstantial—evidence was produced against the prisoner: the poniard, with which Lambert had been stabbed, and which in falling he had borne down out of his slayer's hand, was a jewelled Turkish one, known by many to be the property of the prisoner, and to have been in his possession many years; he having brought it home with him from one of his voyages to the Morea; the watch also was produced, which, with part of the chain, the deceased had held in his clenched hands; it was a small silver one, shaped like a tulip, and chequered in alternate squares of dead and bright metal; its dial-plate of dead silver, figured, with a bright circle, containing black Roman figures; in the interior, on the works, it bore the inscription—"Thomas Hooke, in Pope's-head-alley," the brother to the celebrated Robert Hooke, who had recently invented the spring-pocket-watches. This watch was proved to have also been the property of the prisoner, to have been given by him to his wife, and lately to have been returned by her to him in order to be repaired. Edwards was called on for his defence in person, it being wisely considered, that though a man in the nice intricacies of a civil cause may need technical aid, he cannot possibly do so in a case where the fact of his life being dependant on the success of his pleading must necessarily induce and assist him to have all his wits about him. The prisoner's situation, however, in this instance, seemed, unaccountably, to have the contrary effect on him, and he appeared quite embarrassed and confused; he averred he could not explain the cause of his wife's extraordinary error; but that an error it certainly had been. For the poniard's being in the man's heart he was equally at a loss to account; and as for the watch, he admitted all that had been proved, but declared that he had put it by about a week before the murder, in a cabinet, which he had never since opened, and how it had been removed he was unable to tell. Of course this defence, if such it could be termed, availed him very little, in fact simply nothing. The jury found him guilty; and the Recorder called on him to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner seemed suddenly to have recovered his hold, or gained new powers; he broke out into a strong and passionate appeal, calling on the judge to believe his word, as that of a dying man, that he was innocent, and concluded by solemnly calling upon God so to help him, as he spoke the truth.

He was condemned; the prisoner hid his face in his hand, and sobbed aloud; he was removed from the bar to his solitary cell.

About half-past ten that night, as the Recorder was sitting alone, dozing in his easy-chair over the fire and a tankard of mulled claret, he was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door, followed up by the announcement of a stranger, who would brook no delay. He was admitted—a young man, whose features were fearfully haggard and drawn, as though with some intense inward struggle; in fact, the good magistrate did not half like his looks, and intimated to his servant that as his clerk was gone home he had better stay in the room—which was on the whole a confused remark, as, in the first place, he knew his servant could not write; and, in the second, he did not know whether any writing was required; but the youth relieved the worthy Recorder from his dilemma, by peremptorily stating that the communication he had to make must be made to him alone. The servant therefore withdrew, the Recorder put on his spectacles, and the youth began:

"I come to tell you, sir, that you have this day unjustly condemned an innocent man to death."

"Bah! bah! And pray how know you that he is innocent?"

"By this token, sir, that I know who did the deed for which you have condemned Master Edwards to suffer. Lambert's murderer stands before you."

The Recorder, horror-stricken at the notion of being so close to a murderer at large, gabbled out an inarticulate ejaculation, something of an equivocal nature betwixt an oath and a prayer, and stretched out his hand towards the silver hand-bell, which stood before him on the table; and still more horrified was he when the youth caught his hand, and said—"No; with your leave, sir."

"No; with my leave, sir! What, mean ye to murder me, with my leave, sir?"

"I will do you no harm, sir. But my confession shall be a willing and a free one."

He removed the hand-bell beyond the Recorder's reach, let go his arm, and retired again to a respectful distance. He then proceeded to relate that his name was Simon Johnson, that he was an orphan, and had been bred up with great kindness by Master Edwards. In detailing his story, he hinted at an unlawful passion which his mistress had endeavoured to excite in his mind towards her; and to his resistance or carelessness of her wiles he partly attributed her hatred and persecution of him: his home made

wretched thereby, he had sought relief in society; unfortunately for him, he had fallen in with some young men of bad character—among others with this very Lambert, who had been among his most strenuous advisers that he should from time to time purloin some of his master's superfluous wealth, for the purpose of supplying himself and his companions with the means of more luxurious living; he had, however, for a long while rejected this advice, until at length, goaded by the continual unjust accusations of his mistress, charging him with the very crime he was thus tempted to commit, he had, in truth, done so, and had absconded with several articles of value; but his companions, instead of receiving him with praise, as he had expected, had loaded him with invectives for not bringing them a richer prize. Instigated by their reproaches, and, by a mingled sense of shame and anger, he had intended, by means of a secret key which he had kept, to rob Master Edwards's house on the very night when the murder was committed. Having gained access to the courtyard, he was just about to open the house-door, when he heard footsteps; he retired, and concealed himself. From his place of concealment he had seen and heard Mrs. Edwards encouraging Lambert by many fond and endearing professions of love for him, and of hatred of his master, to the murder of her husband; and as Lambert, conquered by her threats and entreaties, was passing him within arm's length, an irresistible impulse had urged him to save his master's life by sacrificing Lambert's; and having done the deed of death, he had leaped the yard-wall and fled. The poniard and watch were part of the property he had stolen when he left the house. He ended thus:

"After I had left the spot, sir, I fled, I know not whither; for days and days I wandered about in the fields, sleeping in sheds, numbed with cold and half starved, never daring to approach the dwellings of men to relieve my wants, till dark, and then ever feeling as though every eye scowled upon me; and when I left them again, and was again alone in the fields, I would suddenly start and run, with the feeling that I had been followed, and was about to be taken. In vain I strove to overcome these feelings—in vain I struggled to reconcile myself to the deed I had done—in vain I represented it to my heart as one of good, as one which had saved a life infinitely more valuable than his whom I had slain: it was all vain, a something within tortured me with unnatural and undefinable terror; and even when I sometimes partially succeeded in allaying this feeling, and half convinced myself that I had done for the best, it seemed as if I heard a voice whisper in my own soul, 'What brought *thee* to thy master's courtyard that night?' and this set me raving again. Unable longer to bear this torture, I made up my mind to self-slaughter; for the thoughts of delivering myself into the hands of justice drove me almost mad: my heart was hardened against making this even late atonement, and with a reckless daring I resolved on self-slaughter. But how, how to do this, I knew not; drowning was fearful to me, I should have time perhaps to repent; and so with starving, even if nature would allow that trial. I returned to the suburbs—it was this very evening—a lantern on the end of a barber's pole caught my sight—I hastened into the shop, with the intention of destroying myself with the first razor I could lay my hands on; but the shop was quite full. I sat down in a corner, doggedly waiting for my time, and paying no heed to the conversation that was going on, till my master's name struck on my ear. I listened—his trial, condemnation, and coming execution, were the general talk. I started up, and with a feeling of thankfulness to God that there was something yet to live for—I think I cried out so—I rushed out of the shop, hurried hither—I am not too late—to—to supply my master's place to-morrow."

The young man sank exhausted in a chair, and dropped his head on the table. The astonished magistrate leant forward, cautiously extended his hand, seized his hand-bell, and rang loud and long, beginning at the same time to call over the names of all the servants he had ever had from the first time of his keeping house.

But at the first jingle of the bell Simon started up from the chair, and said, "Ay, I am your prisoner now."

"Yes, sir, yes," said the Recorder. "Geoffrey! Williams! very true, sir—by your leave, sir—Godwin! Ralph! there's your prisoner, sir," he added to one of the wondering servants, who answered this multitudinous call.

The sequel may be told in a few lines. A reprieve for Edwards was immediately sent to Newgate, which was followed up by a pardon; for, having been found guilty, of course he could not be declared innocent. The wretched wife of the merchant died by her own hand, on the morning of her husband's reprieve. Simon was tried for Lambert's murder, of course found guilty, and sentenced to death; but in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending his case, this sentence was changed into transportation for life. My Lord Chief Justice Hale delivered a very voluminous judgment on the occasion; the main ground on which he proceeded, seems to have been, that as Simon had not been legally discharged by Edwards, he might still be considered in the light of his servant, and that he was therefore, to a certain degree, justifiable in defending his master's life.

Simon died on his passage. Edwards, from the time of his release, became a drivelling idiot: he lived several years. It was not till the death of the old man that a secret was discovered—it was ascertained that Simon was a natural son; and that, in preventing the intended assassination of the Merchant, he had unconsciously saved the life of his Father.

ROYALTY.

He knows not what it is to be a king,
That thinks a sceptre is a pleasant thing.

Robert Greene.—*From England's Parnassus*, 1600.

THE PARVENU COUNTESS.

"How is her Ladyship?" asked a little, thin, old woman, bent double with age, and clothed in rusty mourning. "How *is* her Ladyship?" repeated the [illegible] creature with a hurried earnestness, and [illegible] so strong, that, like the knock on the [illegible] Anketell's hall-door, which had preceded [illegible]; it seemed impossible that the sound [illegible] been caused by the emaciated and diminutive figure that stood at the portal.

"How is her ladyship?—well, I like that!" re[illegible] tall, corpulent servant, whose red swelling [illegible] and thick purple lips gave an expression to [illegible] mockery somewhat between burly contempt and [illegible], at being so seriously disturbed for nothing, and by nobody.

"How *is* her ladyship?—Well, what impudence the common people have come to!"

"My good fellow, I entreat you to answer me," said the old woman; her fine, sharp, and prominent old features, and large gray eyes casting forth an expression of imploring earnestness.

"My good fellow!"—well, if I stand this from such as you, I'm ——," muttered this surly porter, slamming the door in the poor creature's face.

The knock was repeated with redoubled energy, and the porter reopened the door with a visible resolution to get rid of the intruder.

"Give your lady this," said the old woman, thrusting towards him a sealed letter: "give her this, and, I assure you, she will be overjoyed to see me."

"My lady never suffers us to take in begging letters."

"This is not a begging letter; and here is a half-crown for your trouble."

"Well, what impudence you beggars have come to! You are a genteeler beggar than I should have thought by your looks; but, my good woman, it is more than my place is worth, to receive petitions from beggars."

"Stand aside! open the door! be quick! Here's my lord and the Duke of ——— coming down stairs!" said a lad in livery, whose countenance spoke a gentle nature,—that is, a nature not so long in office and authority as that of the surly porter of Lord Anketell's hall.

True it was that the stripling Duke of ———, who had just come into his immense estates after the nursings of a long minority, had terminated a pretty long interview with Lord Anketell, and his lordship was accompanying his grace from the drawing-room down stairs to the hall, and the servants had not been made aware of his approach. Some confusion and bustle took place; but the folding-doors were widely thrown open, six or seven servants, in their splendid liveries, hastily drew up in a double line, bowing profoundly to the peers as they passed between, and holding their breaths whilst his lordship gave the duke a shake of the hand—cordial and sincere in full proportion to his rank and unequalled affluence. It was in this scene of hurry and confusion that the little old woman in black had contrived to slip past the servants, through the door, without being perceived. She had flitted, with a witch-like rapidity suited to her strange figure, through the outer hall, had passed the vestibule and the great staircase, and had actually got into the inner hall, and at the foot of the back stairs, without being perceived. Here she met a maid-servant descending with a small silver tray of sandwiches and liqueur-glasses, and she immediately began to entreat her to take the letter to her lady, offering the solitary half-crown as an inducement. The maid coolly put the half-crown in her pocket, and, reading contemptuously the superscription of the letter, threw it upon the tray, observing, as she passed, that it should be given to her lady some time in the day, but she knew it would never be opened, for letters "of that look" never were. It was at the moment when the old woman was sinking upon a bench, overcome with affliction, that the servants of the hall discovered her. They had missed her immediately the duke had got into his cab; and, after staring in every direction, to their astonishment they beheld her sitting, as they thought, at her ease, in the inner hall.

"You impudent old wretch! how dare you get there?" cried the enraged porter, waddling to her, and seizing her by the shoulder to thrust her into the street. He had already pulled her to the foot of the grand staircase, when the woman thrust out her attenuated and withered arm, and grasped with her long thin fingers one of the volutes of a scagliola pedestal, which supported a massive or-molu lamp.

"No power on earth shall force me hence! I will see Lady Anketell, or here I will die!" cried the old creature, with a tone which almost terrified the servants. There was something dreadfully impressive in it, and it appeared almost supernatural when its energy and resolution were contrasted with the form from which it proceeded.

The porter seized her shrivelled, spider-leg-like fingers, declaring, with an oath, that he would wrench them off, or crack her joints, if she did not let go her hold. He suited the action to the word, and evinced no symptom that he had uttered an idle threat. His thick lips became purple with rage; but his victim firmly retained her hold, and bit her under lip, that seemed more like parchment, while her eyes stared wildly at him, dilating as in the paroxysm of frenzy.

"For God's sake, Burton, don't break the poor old creature's wrist!—wait, and she will give way," said the lad we have beforementioned; and he took hold of the sturdy arm of his fellow-servant to restrain his violence.

"Let go, or I will squeeze your very nails off," said the porter, and the woman uttered a faint screech, and her face became convulsed, though she seemed to grasp her object with undiminished firmness.

"Burton, she will pull down the pedestal and break the lamp; the noise will disturb his Lordship

and you know his temper when any thing goes wrong. Leave her alone, and I will get a policeman."

These arguments of the lad had more effect than his appeal to humanity. The porter let go his grasp; the lad was sent for a police-officer; and the footmen stood in a group, discussing whether it would be better merely to have the woman turned out, or taken before a magistrate.

In a few minutes the boy returned with a police-officer. All eyes were immediately turned to the place of recent struggle, and every voice simultaneously cried out, "By —— she's off; she has escaped!"

Where can she have got to?—how could she get away?—it is impossible!—and a score of similar ejaculations, seemed to convey the idea that the servants really began to think that they had been contending with a witch that had vanished into air.

"Got to!" said the policeman, "why down stairs, to be sure, and she has robbed the house, and escaped, probably, up the area-steps."

This idea was adopted by all; each accused the other of stupidity, in not having at first thought of a thing so palpable; and, at last, all turned with fury on the lad for having prevented the violent ejection of the woman in the first instance. The poor boy stood in speechless terror, overwhelmed with the idea of having been the cause of a robbery in his Lordship's house. At length the policeman assumed the direction of affairs, and having placed a servant at the front, and another at the back area, to prevent escape, he descended with a third, in order to search the offices and basement story of the mansion.

The supreme wisdom of all the parties was here entirely at fault. The fact was, that whilst the porter had stood with the outer-door ajar, waiting for the return of the foot-boy with an officer, and whilst the rest of the servants had got round him to settle the difficult point of simple ejection, or of ejection followed by custody in the station-house, and correction by a magistrate, the old woman had almost flown up the grand staircase, and had entered a magnificent anteroom, where she stood gasping for breath, and her senses perfectly bewildered at the dreadful scene she had gone through.

It was with difficulty that she collected her scattered thoughts; but, at last, she grew sensible of the magnificence around her, and she began to reflect that the splendour seemed to realize, or surpass, all she had read in fairy tales about oriental grandeur and magic treasures. She paced fearfully through the scene, her mind too saddened by one sole object to be attracted by wealth, except through a vision of its power over the affections of nature. She found a door partly opened, and holding her breath, and stopping like a mortal upon the precinct of hallowed ground, she entered a bedroom so superb, as to make the preceding chamber appear almost poor. A painted ceiling, mirrors extending from that ceiling to the ground, buhl cabinets, and tables of enamel and gold, covered with china vases, bouquets, bijouterie, and jewellery of dazzling lustre, might have confused the brain of any person whose mind was sufficiently at ease to be moved by splendour. There was a large bed, with its golden canopy, and royal purple curtains lined with [illegible] satin, and on it was a human figure, but so buried in pillows of down, and shaded by lace, that it was impossible to tell whether it was the person of a child or of an adult. At the side of the bed were two tables of enamel and gold and of buhl, the one covered with new novels, and with poems and books of prints, superbly bound, and the other laid by a profusion of trinkets, rouge-pots, scent-bottles, perfume-caskets, mirrors set in gold, and ornaments beyond an ordinary capacity to name. A golden caudle-cup, on a gold salver, stood in the middle, and its untouched contents showed that the patient had not been disturbed to cloy the surfeited appetite with refreshments. The once decent, but now rusty and somewhat tattered mourning of the old woman, with her humble widow's weeds, formed a singular contrast to the surrounding splendour, as she stood, with a palpitating heart, by the bedside, gazing on it with a fearful restlessness, as if she dreaded to be seen by the object it supported; whilst, at other moments, she gazed upon the sleeping figure with an affection which seemed too intense to be endured. At last the figure moved; the lady awoke, and raised her beautiful face from the pillows, like a pearl from cotton.

"Oh God! Mary, my child!" cried the old woman, as she staggered towards the bed, and made an effort to throw herself upon it, endeavouring to clasp her daughter in her arms; but the bed was by far too high, and the lady put out one of the most delicate and pretty hands ever seen, and, shaking her lace ruffle, she beckoned to her mother not to approach too near.

"My dear mother," said she, "for goodness sake don't come so near; you don't know the mischief you might do. I have a fever on me, and your clothes are really wet. Why, you have not come through the rain, have you?"

The old woman buried her face in the bedclothes, and sobbed piteously. At length, recovering herself, she said, with a hurried tenderness—

"Oh, Mary, tell your poor old mother, is there *any* danger?"

"Not exactly danger; but if my Lord were to know that you had been here, it might occasion an unpleasantness between us."

"But, Mary, child, *are* you not in danger?"

"Danger, mother, how can I be in danger? am I not legally married, and have my rights? but when a man of Lord Anketell's rank and estate marries a workhouse apothecary's daughter like me, it is only grateful in me not to mortify him by my family; and in his own house, too, and before his servants; I trust, in goodness, you did not announce yourself as my mother!"

A large tear, or, rather, a continued tear, ran down the pale and withered cheek of the mother. With a tone altered almost to chilling apathy, she

cried, "Mary, I read in the newspaper that you were dangerously ill. You had never written to me since your marriage, and I was content not to mortify you; but when I found your life in danger—I, who had nursed you through the cruel diseases of your infancy—I who had—oh God! oh God! it was too much to let my child go out of the world without [illegible] her poor face—once all my own. I have [illegible] to London from ——— to hear one word of [illegible] from my own child; and I find her life [illegible]; but nature is extinct, and you are the [illegible] pride—not my child."

"Lord Anketell's wife, you meant to have said, mother. But I really *was* ill. I caught a cold at Almack's: but as his Lordship wanted an excuse for not attending the House whilst the —— bill is in committee, he got the newspapers to publish that I was dangerously ill. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, mother, reach me that handkerchief, and the eau de Cologne. Your tears, I do declare, have taken all the curls out of my hair, and my wrist, too, is wet through and through. Lord, ma, only see the lace——"

"And you are not ill, Mary," said the old woman, "not really ill?" and she pressed the fair little hand to her haggard lips—hung over the face of her daughter, regardless of that which alone occupied that daughter's thoughts—the curls and the lace.

"But, ma, how shabby, how *very* shabby, and dirty, too, I declare—la! I would not have had my Lord's servants see you for the universe. You will never leave off those odious, unbecoming weeds, and father dead so long. Well, I'm glad to find you still living; and I hope you have been happy, and well—and——"

"Very happy, very well," said the old woman, wringing her hands, and sobbing bitterly.

"La! I thought I heard footsteps; didn't you?—do stop, you make such a noise—no, it is a mistake. Well, ma, I heard of your design about the tombstone in our churchyard, and the monument. I was so alarmed—but I knew you hadn't exactly the means to incur such an expense—and so I was comforted, and——"

"Mary, Mary; that monument is already erected to your poor father's memory, and it expresses——"

"Gracious goodness! not that he was the village apothecary, I hope?"

"Yes, that he was for fifty years the doctor of that petty workhouse—the shopkeeper of our petty village—and that he was beloved by the poor, and respected by the rich."

"Oh, how very unfortunate! for my Lord naturally wishes to avoid all tracing of my parentage, and 'Burke's Peerage' merely says that Lord Anketell married Mary, daughter of ——, Esq., of ——, in the county of ——, and that reads very well."

"Oh, Mary, your brain is turned, and it breaks my poor old heart! My last illness cost me all the remains of my little property; even your poor old father's silver watch was sold, and now I——"

"Well, ma, that must have been your own fault, for never was there a better mother; and had you written one word—but give me that pocket-book off the table—no, not the red with the gold clasp, but the purple with the ruby."

The old woman mechanically handed the pocket-book, and the fair lady raised herself on her downy pillows, and began to count its contents, and to descant on the operation, as she turned over leaf after leaf.

"No, that 126*l*. is for Mr. Taylor's bill, my shoemaker; he has not been paid any thing for four years, and must be paid; and this—let me see—what did I put these notes in this leaf for? oh, I remember, 93*l*. for the plumassier; and this 55*l*. is for the perfumer's account; and 37*l*. for the brushes and trifles of that description; but oh, this odious 'Madame de Tressor,' my milliner and dressmaker, 619*l*. in one year and less than a half—well, my Lord's check is not enough, he must settle this bill himself, for I'll have nothing to do with it. But here, my dear ma, I have no occasion to settle Mr. Payne's bill for the brushes and knick-knacks, and so, suppose you take this 37*l*." And the young and beautiful countess stretched out her hand, holding the folded notes slightly pressed between her thumb and finger towards the old woman, who stood aghast with astonishment.

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, ma, you make me laugh; you may well be astonished when you see such sums, and recollect how the shillings used to be saved, and the broken bottles sold from father's shop, to buy me my winter's cloak and clogs—but take the money."

The old woman shook her head, and thrust the proffered notes from her.

"Why, ma, I shouldn't offer them to you if they weren't mine. To be sure, when a rich man, or a man of title, marries a poor girl, he doesn't marry the whole family; and, indeed, it is not exactly honest for a woman to give away her husband's property to poor relations; but his Lordship gave me this money for myself, and has no right to know what I have done with it; and if I appear in good style as his wife, and don't get into debt beyond his allowance, what right has he to complain? Besides, if a rich old man marries a very fine young woman, I don't see that the obligation is all on one side; and, besides, you are my mother."

The mother groaned bitterly.

"It is not like helping cousins, nephews, nieces, and a swarm of toadeating, insincere, heartless kindred; so, ma—but, good gracious! the room is haunted, or I did hear footsteps, and a sigh, too. Pray, ring the bell—no, not for the world, the servants would see you; but, ma, look all round the room for me. You know how nervous I was when a child. Well! you won't stir? Good heavens! take the money and say good-by, and let me ring the bell, for I begin to be very much frightened. Here, dear mother, take the money, for your clothes are very thin for this bitter weather, and you must want it—indeed you must."

During all this time the poor old woman had stood

upright and rigid, like a figure of extreme old age suddenly petrified. Her large gray eyes were dilated, and, though they glanced upon her daughter, they bespoke perfect vacancy, or, at least, an unconsciousness of the volubility with which she had been assailed. As the daughter again pressed her to take the money, she took the notes in her hand, and crumpled them without the slightest alteration of attitude or change of countenance. Lady Anketell became alarmed, and thought her mother was what she called " death-struck."—" For God's sake, take the money and go!" she exclaimed with earnestness. The old woman's lips were a little convulsed ; she recovered her senses, and suddenly catching a glance at the ball of rumpled notes that she had been pressing in her palm with the grasp of convulsion, she dropped them on the floor; shaking her head, and clasping her hands, she left the room without uttering a word. She appeared like a corpse moving by mechanical contrivance. Lady Anketell followed her with her eyes till she had got out of the door, and then, taking an oval hand-mirror from her toilet, she began to adjust her curls, lest her waiting-woman might see them in their disordered state.

As the mother descended the grand staircase, she was met by Lady Anketell's waiting-woman, followed by a footman with a tray of cold fowl and tongue, and decanters of wine. "I am ordered, madam," said the maid, courtesying with the most profound respect, "to give my Lord's most respectful compliments to you, and to say that his Lordship entreats that you will not leave the house without taking refreshments. His Lordship begs you will remain as long as is convenient, and, above all things, he hopes that you will order the carriage when you feel disposed to return home." The old woman was startled at these sounds of respect and kindness; they touched her heart. Unable to speak she shook her head in token of dissent. She had been recalled to sensation and consciousness; her efforts to conceal her emotion were fruitless; her lips were strongly convulsed, and, putting her hands to her face, to hide her feelings, she burst into tears, and hurried out of the house through the line of servants, who bowed to her most respectfully as she passed through the hall. The humility of the servants was a contrast to their previous brutal violence, which could not be surpassed, except by the contrast between the manners of the daughter as the Countess of ——, and as plain Mary ——, the apothecary's daughter of ——, the belle of the village, for whom so many rival shop-lads had once received and given many broken heads and bloody noses.

In fact, the sound of footsteps and the sigh, which Lady Anketell had heard, or fancied she had heard in the bedroom, were not the sounds of a super, nor, altogether, of an un-natural being. His Lordship, in passing the antechamber, had been attracted by the deep sobs of his mother-in-law. He had entered the bedroom, and, concealed by the curtain, he had witnessed the whole scene between the daughter and the mother. His feelings were moved to the extent of offering the poor old creature refreshment and the ride home;—they were moved to this extent, and no further.

Two pounds, thirteen shillings, and fourpence-halfpenny was the sum precisely which the poor old widow had in her pocket, as she tottered down the steps from the portico of her daughter's mansion at Whitehall. She hurried to the —— inn, at Whitechapel, and, that night, took her outside place in the mail to ——. It was a wet and bitterly cold night, preceding, by eight-and-forty hours, that night on which all hearts are made glad, all stomachs are filled to repletion, and almost all heads are filled to the verge of extravagance and wantonness ;—it was the night of the 23d of December, when the decrepit old widow seated herself outside the —— mail, immediately behind the coachman. The wind drove the sharp sleet so fiercely, that no ingenuity of the loom could withstand its searchings, and, but for the cold at the heart, the old widow might have been sensible that her daughter was not wrong in describing her dress as old, threadbare, thin, and shabby—shabby—in such a night. The little curved hunchback was drenched to the skin, and looked like a whisk of frozen straw —a bunch of white bristles. The coachman, moved to pity, procured her an ostler's coat where he changed horses, and without the hope of the perquisite. Arrived at the village of ——, the widow was lifted into her cottage. The bright warming-pan was put in requisition, and less than twelve hours had witnessed the transition of the old creature, from the sobbing on the quilt of Lady Anketell, in her splendid room, to gasping under the brown and red rug in her stone-paved chamber. In four hours she was a corpse!—and Lady Anketell was relieved from mortification to her fashionable life, and lived happily with her husband!

THE SHRIFT.

The author of the following curious little poem is unknown. It belongs to the age of James the First, and appeared in a quarto volume, entitled, " A New Spring, shadowed in sundry Pithic Poems. 1619." The author, whoever he was, masked himself under the signature of *Musophilus*.

The subject of this piece has been imitated in some modern ballad, which has escaped our recollection. But the imitator sacrificed the moral to a touch of vagrant humour, suggested by the popular reputation of the friars for good-fellowship. Instead of making the friar a novice in debauchery, he converts him into a regular boon-companion, and so contrives to work out a jest at the expense of the confessor, and the loss of the sage pleasantry with which the anecdote is wound up.

The versification of the poem is worthy of note. Notwithstanding its occasional wayward[illegible] productive, however, of a certain rugged [illegible] expression, the lines for the most [illegible]ooth and melodious. It is com[illegible]ed that the art of metrical versi[illegible]im was well understood long be[illegible] some of the noblest examples [illegible] in the works of Beaumont and [illegible] not successfully cultivated until [illegible] Charles the First; but this is a [illegible]dys, the skilful translator of Ovid, [illegible]ete a master of numbers as Pope [illegible] we have the authority of Spence [illegible] that Pope was not unwilling to ac[illegible] his obligations to him. Sandys was [illegible]poraneous with the author of the Shrift, [illegible] probably caught up some echoes of his music.

THE SHRIFT.

A time, there was, and divers there be yet,
Whose riper years can well remember it,
When folks were shriven for sins they did commit,
And had their absolution, as was fit:
'Mongst which, as one crime doth another get,
Where hope of pardon doth authorize it
(For virtues, turtle-like, do single sit,
But th' troops of vices still in squadrons meet),

A boon companion, to his liquor given,
Came thither with his neighbours to be shriven.
"Stephen," quoth friar (for Christian's name was Stephen),
"What sins hast done to grieve the Lord of Heaven?
"Speak freely, man! and it is ten to seven
"But by due penance I will make all even.
"Confession is the way, when man is driven
"Into despair, that guides him unto heaven."

"I have been drunk last day, and this day too,
"And may be next day too for aught I know:
"Tell me then, holy friar, directly, how
"Or in what sort I may my penance do?"
"Drunk?" quoth the friar, "now by the faith I owe,
"I know not what it means! nor, as I trow,
"Under confession had I it e'er till now!
"Yet come next day, thou's hear what thou shalt do."

Meanwhile, the friar would not neglect his time
To know the secret of this drunken crime:
Therefore betime, ere four o'clock did chime,
This profane practice grew to be divine;
For *upsefreese** he drank from four to nine,
So as each sense was steeped well in wine;
Yet still he kept his 'rouse, till he in fine
Grew extreme sick with hugging Bacchus' shrine.

Upward and downward it did work so sore,
As if his vital spirits could work no more,
Or that he were arriving on the shore
Where mortals must arrive: but rid of store
That did oppress his stomach o'er and o'er,
At last he got a nap upon the floor;
Which having tempered his brains, he swore
To try conclusions with the pot no more.

Stephen kept his *steaven*,† and, to the time he gave,
Came to demand what penance he should have?

"What penance?" quoth the friar. "I'll tell thee, knave!
"I think it fit this penance to receive:
"Go and be drunk again! for if it have
"Th' effect with thee it had with me, I'd crave
"No sharper penance for the sinfull'st slave:
"For soon it would possess me of my grave!"

GILES COLLINS.

In this match of mixed humour and pathos, we have one of the old nursery rhymes of England, curious for its playful satire upon a class of ballads, which, at the time of its composition, some centuries past, must have been in great vogue. We are nowadays accustomed to parodies of this kind; but the singularity of this parody lies in its age. It is worth knowing that the old versifiers sometimes had a fling at their own peculiarities, and it is worth while to see how they turned them into familiar jokes for the nursery. The most amusing touch in this piece is the conceit with which it concludes, an obvious skit upon the usual miracle, sacred from time immemorial to the graves of lovers.

We are indebted for this ballad to a volume of Nursery Rhymes, published by the Percy Society, under the able editorship of Mr. Halliwell.

THE BALLAD OF GILES COLLINS.

Giles Collins he said to his old mother,
  "Mother, come bind up my head;
And send to the parson of our parish,
  For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,
    For to-morrow I shall be dead."

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
  And stirred it round with a spoon;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
  And died before 'twas noon,
    And died before 'twas noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
  Mending her night robe and coif;
She saw the very prettiest corpse,
  She'd seen in all her life, life,
    She'd seen in all her life.

"What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
  Upon your shoulders so high?"
"We bear the body of Giles Collins,
  Who for love of you did die, die,
    Who for love of you did die."

"Set him down! set him down!" Lady Anna she cried,
  "On the grass that grows so green;
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
  My body shall lie by his'n, his'n,
    My body shall lie by his'n."

Lady Anna was buried in the east,
  Giles Collins was buried in the west;
There grew a lily from Giles Collins,
  That touch'd Lady Anna's breast, breast,
    That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold northeasterly wind,
  And cut this lily in twain;
Which never there was seen before,
  And it never will again, again,
    And it never will again.

* Quære. † Appointment.—Sax.

LION.

[INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM MR. MARMADUKE HUMPHREY TO SIR ERNEST M'DERMOTT.

(Private and confidential.)

Paule's Walk,
5th of April, 1843.

My dear Mc.,

How did you get home? I have so indistinct a recollection of the incidents that occurred at and after our last parting, that I am not quite sure whether you went home on horseback or on foot. I hope not the former, for sundry reasons; and the latter was impossible. How *did* you get home? Or have you got home yet?

Mr. Buller, that most valiant polyglot! and I, went away together. I had promised to see him off, and had engaged to remain at his hotel, for that purpose. I remember we walked forward arm in arm, and the moon was shining out so lustrously, that nothing could persuade him but it was the comet. There he stood flickering on the kerbstone, looking up at the sky, and quoting some broken lines of an Idyl. At last, after various vibratory movements, he turned round upon me suddenly, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew out a small paper roll, which he handed to me with much vehement gesture. Knowing that whatever he did he was thoroughly in earnest, my first impulse was to open the paper and read its contents. Under all the circumstances, this was rather a difficult matter. There was a gas-lamp exactly overhead, and you might suppose that, with the help of the moon, there was light enough; but, strange to say, the two lights seemed to blind each other. They fairly dazzled me; the letters seemed to dance and heave in the most curious disorder, sometimes enlarging in the very middle of a word, and then dropping into a haze of unintelligible blurs. In this perplexity I was about to say something, although I did not exactly know what, when, to my great astonishment, I saw Marvell staring at me with his usual look of terror, on the very spot where Mr. Buller had been standing only a moment before. I will not attempt to mystify you. The fact was, my dear Ernest, it was Marvell who had been with me all the while. The sudden darkness out of which we had just passed, and the haste in which we had broken up, easily accounted for the mistake.

Nor was it of much consequence as it turned out, for the paper really was in the handwriting of Mr. Buller, and had been intrusted to Marvell early in the evening. But he had forgotten to give it to me, so completely had his thoughts been engrossed by the excitements of our conversation. Between ourselves, I think Marvell has not much of a head. I never met a man who is so easily carried out of one subject into another without appearing conscious of the transition. His mental perceptions are nothing better than a succession of dissolving views.

I enclose you the communication, to be returned speedily. It is a poem in the best vein of the writer—natural, humorous, as free as a burst of music, and exhibiting a complete mastery of the art of versification. Mr. Buller is gone into the country. He was longing after the green leaves and solitude. Marvell assures me that he saw the last of him, and protests that he distinctly observed him rush down one of the embankments of the Great Western Railway, and then, about midway, dart up into the air, and soar off like a bird. But I strongly suspect he had been just reading a description of the Flying Machine in one of the weekly papers.

By the way, you perceive what the papers say about the STORY-TELLER. With a single exception, they think the design capital. The *Spectator* alone freezes at the notion of legends and traditions. But this is the best augury of all. It would have been fatal for such a work had it pleased the *Spectator*; for in that case, it could not have pleased any body else. The *Spectator* is *too* clever for the nineteenth century. We have not yet arrived at that state of abstract scientific existence, when an anatomical preparation of a newspaper, without a sign of imagination or enthusiasm, can supply the wants of the public. The mass of mankind still take delight in legendary lore. But then, to be sure, the mass of mankind take no delight in climbing such barren chilly heights as that from which the *Spectator* looks down upon the world.

The *Examiner*, a sound critic, hearty and of a large faculty of judgment, thinks differently of a project that proposes to gather up the scattered literature of minor fiction. The *Examiner* knows how to appreciate such things, and has a fine relish for the poetry of the old [illegible] laden as it is with wisdom and beauty. The *Examiner* is right in his sympathies, and, above all, right in the courage with which he sustains every new effort directed to the refinement of the popular taste. It is your small, hesitating, half-informed critic alone who nibbles and minces, wanting soul enough to reach the nobler functions of his office.

Let me have the poem quickly. I am charged with sundry remembrances for you—but my paper is run [illegible]

Ever yours,
M. H.]

LION:

A TRUE TALE OF THE LAKES.

BY MR. BULLER, OF B.N.C.

"Well, keeper, what's the price of Lion?"
  "Why, sir, the dog's a catch; indeed
I ne'er had one I thought so high on
  Since 'squire let me sell the breed.
Try him a week, no cure, no pay;
  And if your honour finds him such
As I uphold him for, you'll say
  A five-pound note is none too much."

So said, so done; next morn betimes,
  Young Albert's foot's on Langdale heather,
And dog and man jog on together,
  One carrying sticks, one spinning rhymes.
Well fed by Albert Grey's own hand,
  Lion, rejoicing in the change,
Obeys each gesture of command
  To fetch and carry, jump, or range.

And thus a calm, mute confidence
  Grew 'twixt the pair, for sooth to say,
Though frank and free, and shrewd of sense,
  A silent youth was Albert Grey.
Just then, high thoughts his fancy stirr'd,
  And wandering in mute reverie
With tablets in his hand, "no word
  To throw unto a dog" had he.

Then too, the converse high and sweet,
  Which it had been his lot to share
At the great bard of Rydal's feet,
  Had taught him well his words to spare
While listening to the voice divine,
  Which, as the privileg'd well know,
  Doth emanate in ceaseless flow
From that Pythagorean shrine.

Much mus'd he, in his own thoughts blest,
  On sundry visions of delight,
Five blue eggs in a sky-lark's nest,
  And lambs that fled at Lion's sight.
Much long'd he for some language meet
  To calm their gentle bosom's throb,
While watching, mid their racings fleet
  Their little tails go bob, bob, bob.

Their chase had prov'd a strong temptation
  To saucy yelping Crabs or Bingos,
Or trundle-tails of vulgar station,
  Prick-ear'd like wild Australian Dingos.
But Lion was a dog of suavity,
  And like most high-bred folk, humane;
So stalk'd with ministerial gravity,
  Content to carry Albert's cane.

I should have told you, sirs, before,
He was a noble Newfoundland,
Fit by a baron's side to stand,
Or guard by night his chamber-door:
Coal-black, with white spots here and there;
His eye a deep sagacious brown;
As shaggy as a mountain bear,
With strength to tear Sir Bruin down.

Moss, moor, and heather, travell'd o'er,
The pair reach Grasmere's tranquil strand,
A scene which, I think, ranks before
Most scenes in lovely Westmoreland.
The midday sun is high in air,
The sultry season doth invite
Our youth his dusty limbs to bare,
And sport amid those waters bright.

Obedient to his silent beck,
Lion his watch and ward doth make,
Crouch'd by an ash-tree at the neck
Of a small isthmus in the lake;
Still landward turns his wakeful eye,
His doggish wits are on the strain
To guard his master's privacy
From prying eyes, and feet profane.

Shelter'd behind a rocky shelf
Which rose beside those waters fair,
Young Albert Grey disrobes himself
With all fair Musidora's care.
All in a heap his watch, his cash,
His vestments, hat, and brooch of gold
He piles, then in the lake slap-dash
He plunges like a swimmer bold.

Rous'd by the plunge, the dog doth run
Full-gallop to the water-edge,
As to redeem his tacit pledge
To that great beef-bestowing One.
A head, and nought more can he see,
Floating amid the waters blue;
Which might have been the property
Of some huge fish, for aught he knew.

Old Caleb Armstrong, let me say,
With whom the dog his life had spent,
Up to this time, in every way,
Eschew'd the simple element.
And thus, although in wood or field
Train'd to retrieve on gnostic plan,
Lion had ne'er yet seen reveal'd
The unclad majesty of man.

Aghast with pondering puppy-face
At the doff'd clothes oft sniffeth he,
As if to call up every trace
Of his lost lord's identity.
The brown gambroon, the gingham vest,
The town-made hat, all, all are there,
The sandwich-box recalls the zest
Of bounties which he erst did share.

He crouch'd beside the well-known gear
At length, and thought—I know not what.
Perhaps 'twas—"Is my master here
In actual presence now, or not?
Great part of him still meets my eyes,
So here I'll wait, a guardian true,
Till these his lineaments arise
And walk as they were wont to do."

The dog was wrong, 'tis very plain;
But can you, I, or any bore
Who gabbles metaphysic lore,
Man's true identity explain?
Is't in the great aorta placed,
Or in the brain's most central jelly?
Old Green,* whom Bentley's page has graced
With notice, wore it in his belly.

(*) See the portrait and memoir of Green, the well-known glutton.

While Albert swims, I'll tell a dream
I had some twenty years ago;
Which may or may not serve to throw
Some light on this disputed theme.
My head lay in a waggon-rut,
My body in a hedge-row wet;
But how Head had been wrench'd or cut
From Body, truly I forget.

Head,—in which lay my consciousness
Distinctly,—tried to call to Body,
"Get up, and help me from this mess,
Thou lazy, brainless, hoddy-doddy!
Up, or some wandering cur will tear thee,
Without my frown to scare him hence;
Could I unite with thee, and wear thee,
I'd teach thee soon some saving sense.

"He stirs not;—could I but roll to him
Where he lies all inert and dead,
I think I could contrive to screw him
On to myself," thought I, the Head.
"With his own fists I then would double
The slave up, lost to shame and grace,
Who would not take a moment's trouble,
To come and put me in my place.

"Confound it! any idle lout
Might pull my nose by way of wit,
Or kick me like a ball about,
And I've no choice but to submit.
"Hark, hark, a cart!"—I tried to scream,
But found no lungs to scream withal,
Started, and woke up from my dream
With satisfaction no-wise small.

I fear, when he has done enjoying
His dip, that my true tale must place
This fine young fellow in a case
As inconvenient and annoying.
If I had coin'd the story, sir,
My cruelty were scarce defensible,
But, as a faithful chronicler,
I hold the plain truth indispensable.

PART II.

Now to resume.—From the abyss
Lion beholds a white form rise:
"What dripping forked thing is this?"
Growl'd he in anger and surprise—
"'Tis not a man—man's stately form
Consists of linen, silk, or wool—
'Tis the lake-fiend, that mid the storm
Bestrides the roaring (†) water-bull!

"Off, Satan! I defy thy power;
What seek'st thou? com'st thou sneaking here
To steal from me, perchance devour,
The essence of my master dear?
—It calls with human voice: how now?
It knows my very name! aroint thee,
Thou devil-merman, or I vow
My fangs shall sever and disjoint thee!"

Reader, if thou hast Æsop's tact,
Assist me better to explain
The thoughts that work'd in Lion's brain:
I only answer for the fact,
Which happen'd thus; the tone dogmatic
Of his deep bow-wow kept at bay
The shivering forlorn aquatic,
Who, as you guess, was Albert Grey.

I've heard that once an artful dodger, (‡)
Resolv'd to rob a house, did try on
The watch-dog (whom they call'd old Roger)
A trick which scarce had serv'd with Lion.

(†) Either Scott or Hogg—I think both—allude in their Border ballads to the Northern superstition of the Water-bull. The small tarn of Cauldshields, above Abbotsford, is believed by the peasantry to be haunted by a specimen of the monster.—T. R. B.
(‡) I have really heard the story, though I cannot vouch for it as for my own dream.—T. R. B.

It seems he crawl'd in, retrograde,
Unveil'd in all man's pristine beauty,
And Roger, howling, fled dismay'd;
—But Lion better knew his duty.

Albert, who scarce his mouth could ope
When he was in poetic vein,
Without some semblance of a trope,
Burst forth at last in angry strain—
"Ungrateful beast, forego my gear!—
Thou Cerberus! thou dog of darkness!
Wilt thou till midnight keep me here
In 'unanneal'd, unhousell'd' starkness? (*)

"The foul fiend choke thy growling weasand!
—Lion, poor Lion! why old boy,
Know'st thou not me, thy friend? hear reason,
My doggy dear, my gentle joy.—
—Confound him! still the same bow wow!
O mighty Phœbus, here's a bore!
The truth comes flushing on me now,
He scarce hath heard my voice before."

He shouteth east, he shouteth west,
—No answer—feels he in the mood
To stand in Adam's state, and feast
On Nature's lovely solitude?
I wot the visions bright which burn'd
Within his brain, dissolv'd in air,
And all the common sense return'd,
Of which he had the usual share.

Hark! the clock strikes from Grasmere tower,
Whose cottages so fair and white
Nestle like some calm fairy bower
Beneath the bluff crag opposite.
One—two,—repeats the distant chime,
Awakening in his mind's recess
Deep-treasur'd thoughts of loveliness
More soothing at some fitter time.

"Well, this is pleasant! I'll be shot
If I know what I am to do;
The Brooks's were at half-past two
To meet me at this very spot.
By Jove, then, I must disappear
And run to earth; ere daylight end,
Fortune may take a turn, and send
Some friend or brother-sportsman here.

"If Wordsworth—but I'd rather spy
The good old pedler who's so thick
With him,(†) as he asserts, and buy
A shirt and trousers upon tick.
My purse,—my watch too—by the by
The Brookses go by Grasmere clock,
I've not much time to muse, and dry
Myself, like Crusoe, on a rock."

In a dry ditch, beneath a heap
Of wither'd leaves strewn thick around
He nestles close, but not to sleep,
Bending his ear to catch each sound:
Just like the Children in the Wood,
Who lay, poor things, all cold and sobbing,
Save that more calmly he withstood
His fate—and was his own Cock Robin.

At length, amid the tangled brake
Light female footsteps rustle nigh;
It is the Brookses—no mistake;
The dog, the vestments, they descry.
"Oh mother!" cries a tender voice,
"Look, look! his hat, his clothes lie here,
Albert, my first, my only choice,
Thou'rt drown'd in this accursed mere!"

Poor Albert! safer than they thought,
He lay all snugly nich'd hard by,
And puzzled sorely if he ought
To cry out, "Emma, here am I!"

But as a gentlemanly youth
Of strict and high-bred education,
He thought 'twere best suppress the truth,
And seek some future explanation.
'Twere hard to say if pain or pleasure
Rul'd the ascendant in his breast,
Pain, to afflict his soul's best treasure,
Pleasure, to hear her love confess'd.
But soon he mutter'd to himself,
"Come, she revives; my heart is light;
I would have giv'n my lands and pelf
To hear her own as much last night."

They vanish now, to spread th' alarm;
"The D—l!" quoth Albert, "there they go;
And I not offer her an arm,
A word, a look, to calm her woe!
How soon I could explain the whole
If that curs'd dog would let me dress!
Lion; fool! beast! confound your soul!"
—He rates—he coaxes—no success.

"The sun's declining in the sky;
'Tis cold too for the time of year,"
Thought Albert, "and no help is nigh;
What I'm to do is not so clear.
Ods-fish my teeth begin to chatter;
I'm book'd to pass the night, no doubt,
In this inviting bed;—no matter,
I'll lie and starve that monster out.

"O Lion, Lion! this disaster
Comes of thy well intention'd care,
Like Pelpay's over-faithful bear
Who knock'd the brains out of his master.
I can't stir now, and if by night
I were to tap some farmhouse-door,
They'd shoot me for a wandering sprite—
But I'm most vex'd on Emma's score.

"Poor dog! the fault lay not with him;
Had I but thought to strip before him,
Talk to, and coax him in to swim——
—Well, blessings on the bitch that bore him!
How had I ever hop'd to win
My sly, shy fairy to confession,
I wonder, if it had not been
For the brute's unforeseen aggression?"

PART II

'Tis nearly four; and now the plot
Begins to thicken: horse and man
Are hastening to the fatal spot,
And Caleb Armstrong leads the van.
First in the field, the ladies now
Are bringing men with drag and boat,
With sighs and tears consulting how
To get the poor drown'd corpse afloat.

"Why Madam Brooks," old Caleb said,
"No wonder your kind heart should feel
Just like a mother to the dead.
—Here, Lion, boy, come in to heel.
Ods dickens! here's a precious go—
The cramp, now, must have ta'en him short.
'Tis pity; we all liked him so;
A lad of the right sterling sort."

"Now, your help, ladies, can't be miss'd,
And women too have tender hearts,
So I beg leave for to insist
You'd go before we drag these parts."
—"Well, keeper, if it must be so,
E'en let it be; perhaps 'tis best:
Emma, my darling, let us go,
You'll be the better for some rest.'

I need not say with what delight
Albert, who heard and saw the whole,
While burrowing earthward, like a mole,
Watch'd both the ladies out of sight.

(*) "Unhousell'd, unappointed, unanneal'd"—Thus saith the Ghost in "Hamlet" touching his own personal inconveniences.
(†) See "The Excursion."

Then, thrusting out his mouth and nose,
"Armstrong, my fine old cock!" he said,
"Look sharp, and fetch me up my clothes,
I've had enough of shamming dead."

"Why, Heav'n be prais'd now, Master Grey,
To find you sound in wind and limb:
Od rat that dog! I dare to say
This coil came all along of him."
"Caleb, I'll pay for Lion now;
The dog is worth his weight in gold,
For he has done—no matter how—
More service than can well be told.

"Come, here's another five-pound note
To give these jolly lads a spree,
And pay them for their drags and boat,
Mind—toast the ladies, three times three—
Lion, d'ye know me now, you beast?
There's something in your tail and looks
That speaks a late remorse at least.
Hie, dog! let's after Mrs. Brooks."

Fair damsels, it is your vocation,
To guess and tell in language due,
The meeting and the explanation;
And what thereon did soon ensue—
All that I know is, three months after
Good ale was at free cost supplied,
And Caleb's crew, 'mid joy and laughter,
Drank "happiness to squire and bride."

Now, reader, if you think it nec-
Essary I should draw a corol-
Lary from this, I must confess
I'm no great craftsman at a moral;
But, as it seems to me, the dog
Agreed with many a two-legg'd entity,
In judging that the man's identity
Lay in his clothes and box of prog.

The Turks in their plain fashion settle
All points of soldier-like obedience,
By swearing duty and allegiance
To the great regimental kettle:
A faith which in this age of mind,
Shows itself less in word than deed,
And in a fashion more refin'd,
Than squares with the rough Moslem creed.

Build with Nugee, give sumptuous fare,
A certain class of friends you're rich in;
But what if fortune strip you bare,
And lay embargoes on your kitchen?
Why—but the fact's so trite, it need
Scarce be recorded by the muse—
They growl at you, and fawn for feed
On whoso jumps into your shoes.

This last would Lion ne'er have done,
Dog as he was, and incorrect
In judgment, still he was not one
Of the self-seeking puppy sect.
And when he found out his mistake,
He felt for his own honest zeal,
A thing call'd shame, which puppies make
Their special glory ne'er to feel.

SECRET ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH POLICE.

There appeared in Paris, in the year 1838, a very remarkable work, bearing the following title—"*Mémoires tires de Archives de la Police de Paris, depuis Louis XIV. jusqu'à nos Jours.* Par J. Peuchet, Archiviste de la Police, 4 vols. 8vo." The work, as a whole, owing to the want of judgment with which it was put together, was not destined for general circulation. The mass of heterogeneous materials of which it is composed, required the labours of careful revision, condensation, and omission, to render them popularly attractive; but on that very account, the publication is all the more valuable to the reader who has sufficient perseverance to toil through its multifarious and, occasionally, unreadable contents. If it be deficient in that sort of interest which we derive from skilful arrangement, it possesses at least the higher merit of unquestionable authenticity.

It is, for other reasons, a sealed book to the multitude. Traversing as it does the history of the secret movements of the Police of Paris throughout the whole period embraced between the reigns of Louis XIV. and Charles X., it necessarily details numerous particulars unfit for general perusal. Every aspect of Parisian society is touched upon in these strange annals; from the court to the wine-shop, from the salons of fashion to the lowest haunts of crime, depicting in the plainest language the profligacies, intrigues, and abominations by which all classes were more or less distinguished during that long term of agitation, guilt, and transition.

Amidst these extraordinary revelations, we find some narratives of a nature so startling and appalling, that, if we were not well assured of the official credibility of the publication itself, we might well be justified in classing them with the marvellous fabrications for which the press of Paris has been so notorious during the last twenty years. But there is no doubt whatever, that these memoirs are exactly what they profess to be; and difficult as it is to believe some portions of them, we have no more right to question their strict veracity than we should have to impugn the law reports that are published under the sanction of the judges.

M. Peuchet, born in 1760, was educated at the college of Louis le Grand, and when he had completed his terms became an *avocat*. Having acquired in the course of time no inconsiderable distinction as a contributor to dictionaries and encyclopedias, and as editor of the "Gazette de France," and finally of the "Mercure," he was appointed member of the Council of Commerce and the Arts. He was afterwards placed at the head of a bureau in the department of the police; subsequently to the restoration he was named to the censorship of the journals; and, after the hundred days, he was appointed keeper of the archives of the Prefecture of Police, which office he held until 1827. It was during that period he had access to the archives, from whence the documents which form the substance of these memoirs were derived. He appears to have dealt very scrupulously with them, and,

indeed, to have done little more than arrange them in chronological order.

From this work we take the following fearful narrative. It needs no introduction. We give it in the words of Peuchet, merely premising that there are other adventures no less strange and terrible, equally well authenticated in the same volume.

SECRET ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH POLICE.

Monsieur de la Regnie had filled for several years, to the general satisfaction, the functions of Lieutenant-General of Police, when, on a sudden, terror spread itself through Paris, in consequence of the extraordinary disappearance of several persons. In the course of four months, twenty-six young men, the youngest seventeen, and the oldest twenty-five years of age, had been spirited away from their inconsolable families. The most extravagant and contradictory rumours were in circulation upon the subject, particularly in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, which had to deplore the loss of four or five fine young men, the sons of rich and respectable upholsterers residing in that quarter of the city. Amongst other gossiping stories whispered about upon this subject it was pretended, that a princess, who was suffering from a dangerous liver complaint, had been advised by some foreign charlatan or quack doctor, to make use, from time to time, as a means of cure, of a bath of human blood, and that the unfortunate missing persons had been immolated for the purpose. Another equally horrible surmise was, that they had been made away with by the Jews, who out of hatred and derision for the crucified Messiah, were accustomed to put Christians to death upon a cross. Fortunately for the poor Jews, this latter opinion took no hold of the public mind.

Whatever the secret cause of these disappearances might have been, terror and desolation reigned in Paris. The Duke de Gevres having mentioned the facts to the king, his majesty sent for the Lieutenant-General of Police, and reproached him with suffering the existence of such a system of kidnapping, which, in all likelihood, he added, must have been followed by violent deaths, as none of those missing had ever been heard of afterwards. Monsieur de la Regnie, in despair at the displeasure of his majesty, returned in very bad humour to Paris, and sent immediately for one of his most experienced agents, named Lecoq, a man whose services on many difficult occasions he had good reason to value. To him he made known the embarrassment in which he found himself, told him of the king's anger, and held out to him the prospect of so great a reward, that Lecoq, carried away by his cupidity, exclaimed, "Ah, monseigneur! I see that, in order to take you out of trouble, I must renew the sacrifice of Abraham. I ask you to allow me eight days, in which time I hope to give you a good account of the affair." Lecoq said no more; and Monsieur de la Regnie, who looked upon him as his best agent, dismissed him with a sign which gave him to understand that he had at his disposal all the resources of the police. At that time it was the custom in the police department to make use of mute signs on extraordinary occasions of this kind, the meaning of which was known only to the principal and most confidential agents.

Lecoq, who was not married, had a natural son, to whom he was greatly attached, and over whose conduct and education he carefully watched. This lad, called by his companions L'Eveillé, from the precociousness and sprightliness of his disposition, was gifted with no common intelligence. Though little more than sixteen years of age, Nature had not only given him reason beyond his years, but had also been prodigal to him of external gifts. Young Lecoq, besides possessing a handsome face, was tall, and so well and strongly formed, that he looked more like a man of five-and-twenty than a youth of sixteen. L'Eveillé, whose real name was Exupere, obtained from his father all that could flatter the vanity of a young man; for his handsome person was always set off by costly and modish clothes. He, however, quitted the house but seldom, for the elder Lecoq knew but too well the danger to which handsome young men like his son were exposed in the streets of Paris; and on the rare occasions when Exupere was allowed to go abroad, he was always accompanied by one or other of the police spies whom his father had at his beck.

Lecoq, on returning from his interview with Monsieur de la Regnie, shut himself up with his son, and had a long conversation with him. In the afternoon of that day, Exupere was seen quitting the house alone, and splendidly dressed. Around his hat and suspended from his neck were gold chains: he wore two watches; and, from the chinking of his purse as he walked, it was evident that it was filled with good broad pieces of gold coin. But what still more surprised the neighbours (for the profession of the elder Lecoq was unknown to them) was to see the handsome and finely-dressed L'Eveillé go and return home several times during four consecutive days, without being accompanied, as had always been the case before, by his uncle (in reality his father) or some friend. It has been already stated that L'Eveillé, besides the remarkable comeliness of his face and person, was endowed with a lively intellect, courage, prudence, and *savoir-faire*. The confidential conversation he had had with his father had awakened his ambition; and he easily understood that he might acquire both honour and profit should he succeed in discovering, for the Lieutenant-General of Police, the cause of the extraordinary disappearance of so many young persons. Accordingly, in the rich dress befitting a young man of family, he walked about the streets, on the quays, in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, and in the Salle des Pas Perdus at the Palais de Justice, and in the galleries of that vast

edifice, then a favourite haunt of the gay and idle amongst the Parisians.

Lecoq the elder had conjectured that the young men who had disappeared had been insnared to their ruin by the seductive charms of some frail beauty; and he foresaw that, by putting his son in the way to meet such a creature, he exposed him likewise to a similar fate; but, reckoning upon his being forewarned, he hoped he might escape the snare that had proved fatal to so many others. The fifth day, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, young Lecoq, in all the *éclat* of his fine clothes, was sauntering on the terrace of the garden of the Tuileries next the river, when a remarkably beautiful young woman passed close by him. She was walking alone, but was followed at some distance by a kind of humble friend, or *gouvernante*. She appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, was elegantly dressed, and had not only much of beauty in her face and shape, but a certain foreign grace or piquancy in her air and manner. L'Eveillé gazed, or pretended to gaze, with great interest upon the fine form and striking features of the unknown fair one. His glances were not thrown away, but were answered by timid and half downcast looks. He drew himself up, arranged the frill of his shirt, disposed in better order his lace ruffles,—in a word, gave himself the airs of a man who had the presentiment of an adventure, hoping all the time that it was that for which he had his instructions all ready. To make sure of this, he passed and repassed several times before the lady, and at length took a seat upon one of the benches of the labyrinth, which then existed in front of the Champs Elysées. He had not been there many minutes, when he saw the friend, or *suivante*, of his beauty approach the spot where he was, and, after a few turns, seat herself on the same bench. He took off his hat, as was the custom, and soon after entered into conversation; and, thinking the game already in his hands, he asked the *suivante* who was the young lady in whose service she appeared to be. "Oh, sir," replied she, "the history of my mistress is almost a romance."—"A romance!" exclaimed L'Eveillé, "you interest me deeply,—probably your mistress is . . . . ."—"Yes," replied the *suivante*, in a confidential tone, "you have guessed right; she is that interesting young person of whom all Paris is still talking; and, since you have so readily chanced upon her name, I will no longer conceal from you her history."—"Cursed witch!" said L'Eveillé to himself, and he drew nearer to the old woman. "You must know, my dear sir," said the latter, "that the father of my mistress was a rich Polish prince, who came to Paris *incognito*, for the sole purpose of seducing the daughter of a *marchand* in the Rue St. Denis, who was at that time equally celebrated for her beauty and her *sagesse;* having turned a deaf ear to the most brilliant offers from some of the most amiable and high-born of the courtiers. The attempt undertaken by the Polish prince was in consequence of a wager which he made on the subject, and which wager he gained. But, on the birth of a child (my mistress), his better sentiments prevailed; and, falling at the feet of his victim, he said to her, "I shall set out immediately for Poland, disclose what I have done to my sovereign, and leave no effort untried to obtain his permission to marry you." The prince quitted Paris, but never returned. It was said that he had been set upon by brigands and murdered. The king of Poland, however, having been made acquainted with the unworthy conduct of the prince, wished to repair, as far as in him lay, the evil he had done; and, for that purpose, sent a confidential agent to Paris. But, alas! before his arrival, the mother of my mistress had died of a broken heart; and he found her infant orphan alone in the world. The king of Poland, on being informed of the circumstances, caused the child to be declared heiress of the vast wealth of the prince; so that she is now the richest *partie* in Paris, or all France. Happy the man who shall call her his own!"—"Happy, indeed," exclaimed L'Eveillé, "the man who could entertain even a hope of pleasing her," at the same time heaving a deep sigh.—"Ah, young man, to please, you must sometimes dare——" —"To do what?" asked L'Eveillé. "How should I know?—to be amiable."—"And how is that to be done?"—"Oh, you question me too closely; and, for an intelligent youth, as you appear to be, you ask singular questions.—Adieu, monsieur."

"One word more," cried L'Eveillé, "one word more, I conjure you. The *suivante*, who had risen, sat down again. It was now L'Eveillé's turn to speak; and he told the old woman, with as much apparent ingenuousness as he could muster up, that he was the son of a wealthy physician of Mans, and that he had been sent to Paris to attend the courses of lectures at the university; and added, "Here I have been for the last ten days, and, as you see, not ill provided; for my father is generous, having no other child but me; and, besides watches, chains, and rings, I have two hundred pistoles in my purse, and leisure and disposition to devote myself to the task of pleasing so charming a person as your mistress."

The old sorceress chuckled and smiled, with a mingled expression of pleasure and contemptuous pity. She then took L'Eveillé by the hand, and said, "You have entirely won my heart, and I feel a kind of motherly affection for you, of which I will give you a proof. Listen to me. You have not escaped my mistress's notice. She was struck with your person and manners, and desired me to find out who you were. I am charmed that her choice should have fallen on one so worthy of her. Station yourself this evening, a little before nightfall, in front of the principal door of the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. I will meet you there, and bring you, I have no doubt, good tidings. Take care to come well dressed, and with all your finery; for it might spoil all were you to appear before my mistress in the guise of a threadbare-coated, pennyless student." This point being settled, they separated.

L'Eveillé, in his joy, scarcely touched the ground along which he hurried home, as he felt convinced

that he had discovered the decoy that had lured so many young men to their ruin. On acquainting his father with what had taken place, Lecoq shared in the suspicions and hopes of his son; but, as the hour of trial drew nigh, paternal tenderness filled his heart with fear, and he trembled at the danger the young man was about to encounter. However, in order to diminish that danger as much as possible, he summoned a number of his most trusty police agents, to whom he briefly explained the nature of the service, and recommended them to keep close to his son, without, however, compromising, by their too near approach, the success of the *coup de main* he was about to attempt. He himself was to walk at a short distance before them, resolved that, as far as in him lay, the expedition should not fail. A little before nightfall L'Eveillé, still more richly dressed than in the morning, proceeded to the place appointed. The church-doors were about being closed, when an old woman, meanly clad, and with her face nearly concealed under a hood, emerged from the church; and, after throwing a furtive glance about her, recognised L'Eveillé, and made him a sign to approach her. "The devil! I should never have known you," cried L'Eveillé. "What a strange figure you have made of yourself!"—"Oh, it is a necessary precaution, my son, in order to escape the eyes of the numerous adorers of my mistress, who, hoping to gain me to their interests, beset me whenever they see me in the streets. Seigneur Dieu! these *godelureaux* are as numerous around our house as bees are about a hive. Let us hurry on; but first put this bandage on your eyes. This is a delicate attention shown by our Parisian gallants to their mistresses, and with which I know Mademoiselle Jaborouski (for so my mistress is called) will be not a little pleased, and will reward you for it."—"No, by my faith!" replied L'Eveillé, "I shall not bandage my eyes. My father expressly forbid me ever to do so." —"Well, then, let us proceed," said the old woman, "without it, since your papa has forbidden you. I shall explain that to Mademoiselle."

They walked forward, the old woman a few paces in advance of L'Eveillé, and the police agents following at a cautious distance. They traversed the Rues de l'Arbre sec, de la Monnaie, and after various windings, those of Betezy, Lavandieres, Mauvaises Paroles, Deux Boules, Jean Lambert, and at length stopped in the Rue des Orfèvres, not the least hideous street of that infected and black mud-covered quarter of Paris. There, near the chapel of St. Eloi, and opposite a tolerably good-looking house, the old woman halted, and said, 'Mon beau Garçon, my mistress does not reside in this poor place, but the house belongs to her, and it was her wish to receive you here first. I shall go up and let her know that you are here."

The old demoness entered the house, leaving L'Eveillé at the door. His father, to encourage him, though he trembled himself, crossed the street and squeezed his hand. He had scarcely moved away when the old woman reappeared, and after again endeavouring, but in vain, to persuade L'Eveillé to let his eyes be bandaged, conducted him into the fatal house. L'Eveillé, though armed, felt no little misgivings and fears of being attacked as he followed his faithless guide in utter darkness, through a long passage, and up some flights of stairs. However he met with no obstacle of the kind, and was, after some time, ushered into a room lighted with wax tapers and richly furnished. At one end of the room, upon a crimson-coloured sofa, fringed with gold lace, reclined in a most seductive dishabille, the daughter of the Polish prince, Mademoiselle Jabarouski. At the sight of the stranger, her hand, sparkling with brilliants (no doubt from the Polish mines), readjusted over her half-disclosed bosom, the two open folds of her robe, and after saluting her visiter with an encouraging smile, she made a signal to her Duenna to retire.

The young man, forgetful for the moment of the object of his mission, felt as if under the spell of enchantment, and, fascinated by the beautiful person before him, he had scarcely power to speak or move. She, seeing his embarrassment, arose from the sofa and held out her hand, which he eagerly seized and kissed. This served but to put more completely to flight his presence of mind, and though conscious of the infamous and dangerous nature of the place where he was, he could not resist taking a seat on the sofa near so charming an object. So that it might have been said of him that he had completely fallen into the power of her whom he had come to surprise, and deliver into the hands of justice.

The elder Lecoq, who with the police agents were impatiently waiting in the street, not hearing the signal agreed upon with his son, put a whistle to his mouth, and blew it loudly. The shrill sound reached the ears of young Lecoq, and put his illusions instantly to flight. He started from the sofa, and the siren, under whose fascination he had been, under pretence of giving directions to her old *suivante*, went into an adjoining chamber. L'Eveillé profiting of her absence, made an inspection of the room, in one corner of which stood what appeared to be a kind of Indian screen. Wishing to see what was behind this, he endeavoured to close up its folds, but finding them immovable, he shook them with some violence, when he heard a click, like that of a spring giving way, and one of the folds descended into the floor, and left unmasked a deep and ample recess or cupboard, upon the shelves of which were ranged twenty-six silver dishes, and in each a human head, the flesh of which had been preserved by some embalming process. A stifled cry of horror burst from the youth's lips, which but a moment before had been breathing the accents of admiration and passion. But his agony of terror was still further increased, when looking towards one of the windows of the room, he thought he saw several other cadaverous faces fixing upon him through the panes their glazed but fiery glances. He grasped at the back of a chair, to keep him from falling, his hair stood on end, drops of cold perspiration covered his forehead, his cheeks be-

came paler and more livid than the faces of the dead that confronted him, and his nerves at length giving way, he sunk upon his knees, and clasped his hands in a delirium of terror and despair.

At this moment the window was burst in, and his father, followed by the police agents, jumped into the apartment; for the elder Lecoq, alarmed by the silence of his son, and dreading that he might be assassinated, had bravely mounted to the assault of the house, which he was enabled to do by means of ladders, which the agents procured from a neighbouring house-builder's yard. This fortunate and daring act of Lecoq's did in fact save his son's life, for immediately after the noise made by Lecoq, and the police agents breaking into the apartment, Mademoiselle Jaborouski, followed by four armed ruffians, rushed from the adjoining chamber, but the police agents being superior in number, and equally well armed, resistance was in vain, and the fair murderess and her four accomplices were secured, and after being manacled, were carried off to prison. A close examination of the house led to no other discovery worth noticing.

Thus far in the words of Peuchet, whose explanation of this most strange history is as follows: A number of the most desperate malefactors, whose crimes had often merited the gibbet and the galleys, had formed an association under the command of an experienced and daring chief. This arch villain had in the course of his wanderings fallen in with a rich but most profligate Englishwoman—a modern Messalina. Besides being his mistress, she lent herself to serve as a decoy, by means of which young men who had the appearance of wealth were lured to the den where young Lecoq had had so miraculous an escape. There, after sharing in her gallantries, they were murdered, and their heads separated from their bodies. The latter were disposed of to the surgical students for anatomical purposes; and the heads, after being dried and embalmed, were kept until a safe opportunity offered of sending them to Germany, where a high price was given for them by the secret amateurs of a science then in its infancy, but which has since made some noise in the world under the name of phrenology, or the system of Gall and Spurzheim.

The government, dreading the effect on the minds of the people likely to be produced by a public exposure of these numerous and atrocious murders, took measures for the prompt but secret punishment of the culprits. The four robbers were hanged, and their female accomplice was also sentenced to death; but destiny ordained otherwise, as the sequel will prove.

The conclusion of this strange eventful history is thus narrated by Peuchet: The Chevalier de Lorraine, the Marquis de Louvois, and the Chancellor of France happened to be present in the Marchioness de Montespan's apartment, whilst Louis XIV. was relating to her and the Duke of Orleans, his brother, the adventure of young Lecoq, who had been rewarded with a considerable sum of money and a lucrative place. The marchioness expressed great horror at the profligacy and cruelty of Lady Guilfort (which title, like that of Jabarouski, was one of the many names assumed by the Englishwoman, her real name having never been discovered), and asked the king if the execution of so base and fiendish a creature should soon take place? Louis XIV. replied, that the law would take its course, and then changed the conversation. Soon after the Duke of Orleans and the Chevalier de Lorraine took their leave. After quitting the apartment, the Chevalier said to his Royal Highness, "This Englishwoman must be a rare piece of womanhood (*une maîtresse femme*), suppose we have her to sup with us?" The prince cried out, "Shame! shame!" But the very extravagance of the proposal pleased him; and on the favourite renewing his entreaties he consented. The Englishwoman being confined in the Bastille, a blank *lettre de cachet* was procured and filled up with an order to the governor to deliver to the care of the bearer Lady Guilfort, for the purpose of her *being transferred to the prison of Pignerol.* The governor of the Bastille, deceived by this false warrant, delivered up his prisoner; but shortly after having done so, he came to the knowledge of the trick that had been played on him, and in the first moment of alarm and anger he talked of complaining to the king; but on the name of the Duke of Orleans being mentioned, he resolved to hush up the matter, which was done by means of a *procès verbal* certifying the sudden death and burial within the precincts of the Bastille of the female prisoner in question.

Lady Guilfort, who supposed that her removal from the Bastille was only for the purpose of being taken to the Conciergerie, preparatory to her execution, soon perceived, however, that the carriage took the direction of one of the barriers of Paris; after quitting which, and at the end of a two-hours' drive, it stopped. A kind of equerry came and opened the door, offered her his hand to descend, and, after passing through a long corridor, and up some flights of stairs, ushered her into a brilliant and well-lighted apartment. A well-heaped fire of logs was blazing in the chimney, and nothing about the room wore the appearance of a prison. After the interval of a few minutes, three gentlemen entered the room. Though plainly dressed, it was evident, from their air and manner, that they were persons of high rank. One of them, immediately on entering, put an opera-glass to his eye, and examined with haughty curiosity Lady Guilfort; the two others threw themselves into arm-chairs. Lady Guilfort, after the first surprise was over, had no difficulty in recognising in the persons before her the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, the Chevalier de Lorraine, and the Marquis d'Effiat. She quickly conceived the motives which led to her being brought into their presence; and though, under other circumstances, she would have willingly joined in the wildest orgies with the persons in whose company she then found herself, yet the recollection of her dungeon in the Bastille, and the

terrible death impending over her, left her no thought but that of making her escape. She affected not to be aware of the rank of the personages before her; but, seeming to enter into the spirit of the adventure, she exerted all her powers of fascination, and soon made captive to her seductive influence the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat. But the Duke of Orleans, never a great admirer of the fair sex, and who could not vanquish his horror of the Englishwoman, tired before long of the scene; and bethinking himself that the gratification of his curiosity might be too dearly purchased by the risk of the king's displeasure, should the circumstance meet his majesty's ears, he proposed to have her conveyed back to the Bastille. His companions, however, made him sensible of the want of generosity in such a proceeding, and it was agreed that Lady Guilfort should be sent off in the direction of Brussels or England, at her option. The Duke of Orleans, having refused to stay for supper, was conducted by the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat to his apartment; for this scene took place in the palace of Versailles, and in the lodgings of the Marquis de Lafare, the use of which he had given to the Chevalier de Lorraine for twenty-four hours.

After returning to the room where Lady Guilfort was, all three sat down to a *petit souper*. The most exuberant gaiety, and not the most refined gallantry, was the order of the night. At the close of a supper which had been prolonged into the small hours of the morning, Lady Guilfort on a sudden rose up, and taking up a taper, made her lowest courtesy, and wished the gentlemen good night. The marquis and the chevalier likewise quitted the table; and their frail guest, before she left the room, contrived to tell each, without the other hearing, that she would leave the door of her chamber open. She then quitted the room. Soon after the two gentlemen moved off as if to their respective chambers; but, after leaving in their rooms their lighted tapers, they stole back in the dark and on tiptoe, and met face to face at the door of the lady's chamber. Seeing the trick put upon them, they burst out laughing, and both entered the chamber, to reproach her with her duplicity; but they had scarcely advanced three paces into the room, when Lady Guilfort, who had been concealed in the corridor, pulled the door to, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and hurried back to the supper-room, where, tying together the table-cloths and napkins, she fastened one end of this *impromptu* rope to the balcony, and, by means of it, let herself down into the park, where she lay concealed until the gates were opened in the morning. She then slipped out, and hurrying into the town of Versailles, took the first vehicle that offered, and arrived in Paris before her two imprisoned admirers were released from durance; as they dared not during the night make a noise in the palace by calling or ringing for the servants, to have the door of the room in which they were locked up forced open, lest it might lead to the discovery of their participation in the criminal trick played off upon the governor of the Bastille, and the consequent escape of Lady Guilfort.

On arriving at Paris, Lady Guilfort hastened to the *Rue Plat d'Etain*, where, in an obscure and miserable-looking house, but admirably contrived inside for the purpose of concealment, lived one of the chief agents of the band of malefactors with whom she was connected. There, after explaining to her accomplice the means by which she had recovered her liberty, she found a secure asylum. In a little time, aided by this villain, Lady Guilfort organized a new troop of bandits upon whom she could reckon, as the old saying has it, *à pendre et à dépendre*. She, as chief of the association, planned the expeditions, appointed to each the part he was to play, partitioned the booty, and, at times, took a personal part in the expedition. The individual in whose house she had taken refuge, was named lieutenant of the troop.

As it was no longer possible to allure victims to the den by means of Lady Guilfort's personal attractions, the efforts of the band were principally confined to house robberies; but murders were avoided, unless where they became necessary to the safety of the robbers.

Besides the feelings of hatred arising from the loss of four of the troop, including the captain, and the diminution of their gains effected by young Lecoq's interference, Lady Guilfort nourished a deep desire of personal vengeance against him for having been duped by him, and resorted to the following stratagem to gratify that feeling. Young Lecoq, enriched by the bounty of the king, and possessed of a lucrative place, led a regular life, undisturbed by any fears of Lady Guilfort's vengeance, he supposing her to be dead; when, one day, a grave-looking and respectably-dressed man called upon him, and after requiring a promise of secrecy with regard to what he should tell him, asked if he should like to be put in the way of detecting a set of smugglers, who carried on an extensive and thriving trade between Belgium and Paris, in Brussels lace and other prohibited goods. Lecoq, whose ruling passion was avarice, eagerly accepted the offer, and agreed to the terms proposed. His informant was to point out Lecoq as a sure agent, to whose house the smugglers might consign their bales and cases of contraband merchandise. Ten or twelve days after the conclusion of this bargain, a cart stopped at Lecoq's door, and from it were taken two large wooden cases, which, according to Lecoq's orders, were placed in a store-room on the ground-floor of his house. The carter, after in vain searching his pockets for the keys, said, that he must have left them at the stage where he had stopped the night before; but that he would return thither, and bring them to Lecoq the next morning. From some over acting on this man's part, and from observing that these cases were perforated in seven or eight places with small holes, Lecoq had his suspicions awakened. He communicated his doubts to a friend of his, a courageous and resolute young fellow; and in the evening, when every thing was

quiet in the house, they both, armed with pistols, descended with noiseless steps the stairs, and took their posts near the door of the store-room, which had been left purposely unclosed.

They had been for a considerable time on the watch; and Lecoq's friend getting impatient, was about abandoning his post, when an indistinct noise from that part of the store-room where the cases were placed struck their ears. They redoubled their attention—the noise increased; and they were soon able to ascertain that it came from the cases. Lecoq squeezed his friend's hand—the signal was understood—they both cocked their pistols. "John," said a voice in the lowest possible whisper, "are you there?" "Yes."—"We appear to be alone in the house. Let us breathe a little air; for I am stifled in this cursed box. We can lie down again when the people of the house come back."—"Do you think they have any suspicion?"—"Not the least; with all his cunning, Lecoq is blinded by his avarice—the Englishwoman judged him rightly, and to-night, at twelve, she may satisfy her vengeance in the heart's-blood of the infamous *mouchard*" (police spy). "Fire!" cried Lecoq, at the same time discharging his pistols in the direction of the cases—his friend did the same: and the explosion was followed by a double cry of agony—the balls had taken effect. Lecoq ran into an adjoining room, where he had placed a lighted lamp in a cupboard, and bringing it with him into the store-room, he and his friend saw the robbers stretched at the bottom of the cases, one dead, and the other having his thigh broken. The noise of the fire-arms brought several of the neighbours to the house, and soon after the patrol arrived. This circumstance greatly annoyed Lecoq; as the public rumour of the discovery of the two robbers would, if it reached the ears of any of the band, prevent them from keeping their engagement for midnight, and thus frustrate his intention of securing them all. He, however, endeavoured to repair as much as possible the evil, by enjoining silence on those who entered the house. He also informed the lieutenant-general of the police, who sent him a company of soldiers, disguised, and who came to the house only one by one, where they were conveniently posted for the reception of the robbers.

It had scarcely struck midnight when the noise of several feet was heard approaching, and soon after they stopped opposite the door of the house, whilst at the same time five knocks were given upon one of the panes of the window of the store-room; the door, after a moment's delay, was cautiously half opened, and four men successively entered, followed by another figure in female attire. The door was then slapped-to violently, a whistle was blown, and instantly numerous torches and tapers were brought from the adjoining rooms, which lighted up the hall, and exhibited to the stupified banditti the muskets of thirty soldiers levelled at them. In despair they dropped their arms, and were seized, bound, and carried off to prison. Before their departure, Lecoq went up to the female figure, and putting a lamp to her face, beheld features totally unknown to him. The woman was not Lady Guilfort. Lecoq's disappointment and astonishment were extreme. The next day, however, he received a note, which in some measure cleared up the mystery. This note, which exists in the archives of the police, was brought to him by a porter, who said it had been given to him by a lady in a thick veil. The contents were as follow:

"Tremble! One of us must perish. Yesterday I was near your house, when the impatience of my two agents rendered abortive my plan; but wishing to revenge myself on the new captain of our troop, and the unworthy rival he has preferred to me, I did not warn him of the fate of our advanced guard, but allowed him to proceed on the expedition, knowing that he would thereby become your and the police's prey. I have succeeded, and they will now expiate the scorn they treated me with. You may judge from this if my vengeance knows how to reach those that incur it. It is your turn next, young *fanfaron*, who imagine that you are secure from my blows, by having made yourself a *mouchard*, when at best you are good for nothing else than to be * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *."

Peuchet adds, in a note, "After this letter, the conclusion of which is expressed in too energetic terms to be repeated to ears polite, the report breaks off abruptly, several pages having been torn out of the police register. We are, therefore, ignorant of the *dénouement* of Lady Guilfort's history: but from what we have seen of it, it is abundantly clear that this was not the last of her adventures."

IF IFS AND ANDS—

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea would that be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
If all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish-splash that would be!

Old Nursery Rhyme

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Love and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise,
They fell out, and in the fray
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

Straight the criminal was tried,
And had this punishment assigned,
That Folly should to Love be tied,
And condemned to lead the blind.

WHITEHEAD.

A MODERN ANTIQUE.

Ancient Phillis has young graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one,
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?

CONGREVE.—*From the Double Dealer.*

THE SPANISH LOVER.

The close of the sixteenth and the opening of the seventeenth century, formed a remarkable epoch in the history of Spanish literature. The age of Lope de Vega and Quevedo, of wits and scandal-mongers, when the court of Philip IV. eclipsed the theatre itself in brilliant farces and dramatic satires, was rich in that class of fiction which has always been considered distinctively expressive of the genius of the people, and of which the following story is a striking specimen. The author of this tale (to give him his full baptismal honours) was Don Juan Perez de Montalvan. The very name is suggestive of rapiers and hot blood and dark cloaks and the clouded web and woof of love, jealousy and revenge; nor will the productions of the young and sanguine author, be found less romantic than his patronymic. His novels and comedies are as Spanish as his name—full of passionate energy, self-will, and daring invention.

Montalvan was born in Madrid, the son of a bookseller. But even in Spain genius occasionally overleaps the barriers of circumstances, and exults in its strength, as if it had something more to boast of than the lazy ancestry of an hidalgo. While yet a boy, he discovered extraordinary talents, wrote comedies that lustily shouldered the great dramatist of the day on the stage of the capital, and boasted of the friendship of Lope de Vega, who, after the manner of the old poets, pleased himself by calling the youthful Hercules his friend and disciple. Of course Montalvan had difficulties to encounter. Quevedo lampooned him, and tried to sneer him down; mortified rivals turned him into ridicule; and, although he succeeded in winning his way into the favour of the court, he kept his place there by the point of his sword, no less than by the point of his wit. He contested, not unsuccessfully, with Quevedo himself, the questionable glory of composing those strange medley dramas which formed so large a part of the private entertainments of the palace; and in spite of the caustic malice of his opponent, he carried off many a triumph where men of higher powers, with weaker nerves, must have suffered the most humiliating defeats. Contemptuous and unjust criticism engendered in him, as it has so often done in other men of genius, only new vigour and more determined resolution, stimulating him at every fresh insult to greater efforts for the vindication of his fame. It was under the influence of such feelings as these, he produced the most popular of all his comedies, *No has vidā como tu honra.* This piece marks an event in dramatic literature, which, we believe, stands alone in the annals of the stage. He procured the representation of it at the two principal theatres in Madrid, where it was brought out on the same day, and where, being received with enthusiasm by both audiences, it enjoyed a considerable run, the opposition houses putting its popularity to a test, to which no play was ever subjected before or since.

But the spirit of Montalvan at last gave way under the excitements to which it was so early exposed, and by which it was so severely tried. He entered the arena in the flush of early boyhood, maintained his position with unflagging courage, and before he had attained the prime of manhood was already an author of celebrity. In the fierce struggle, however, and daily vicissitudes of his brief career, he overworked his powers, was attacked by a fever, and lost his senses. During the last six years of his life he was a maniac, and he was at length released from his melancholy sufferings at the age of thirty-five. He died in 1639. All that he had done, therefore, was accomplished before he was thirty, and the name of that youthful poet still occupies an honourable place amongst the most distinguished of his countrymen.

There was a remarkable coincidence between the close of Lope de Vega's life and that of his devoted friend. Lope enjoyed perfect health, notwithstanding his prodigious labours, until within a short time of his death, when he sunk into hypochondria, which darkened the remainder of his existence.

The following story is alike illustrative of the peculiarities of the author, and of the class of Spanish novels to which it belongs. The national characteristics are obvious enough—the ingenious comedy perplexities by which the lovers are plunged into that sort of *imbroglio* for which Spanish lovers have, from time immemorial, been celebrated—the mistakes and sudden remedies—the unexpected revulsion of the interest into new channels—the flexibility of the treatment, now ready to drop into a net-work of *équivoque*, and now seized and paralyzed in the rigours of a tragic tableau—the startling passion that ever and anon takes new shapes of devotion, and runs into the most fantastic heresies—and the final revenge, as black and monstrous as the whole plot itself is comically disastrous and pathetically farcical. These things, and all things like them, belong exclusively to Spanish fiction, which always, however, has in it some touches of universal nature that render it intelligible and interesting even in the midst of its wildest excesses. The passion in these stories, whatever it may be, is always serious and perfect—even if it be short

and changeable on the sudden into its opposite, *as all real passion is liable to be*, it is intense while it lasts—it is always in earnest, always capable of unlimited sacrifices, and prepared at a moment's notice to fulfil, at any risk, the utmost possibilities of the conception. It is a mistake to suppose that the actors in these vivacious plots are mere masquers, like Harlequin and Columbine, that they fly about without any constancy of purpose, and are "every thing by turns, and nothing long." On the contrary, they are the most sincere of all people; they have the true southern impulses in their blood: the climate that riots in their veins allows them no pause for faltering between their intents and their acts; and the abruptness and fiery haste, which looks so like extravagance to our slower constitutions, is nothing more than that mental fervour which quickens thought into deeds almost as swiftly as it is formed. Love, acting upon such elements as these, is not the conventional passion of common place—it is not a stage emotion of balconies and starlight, serenades and ambuscades, disguises, escapes, and assassinations, although it becomes, by circumstances, fused into these and a thousand other notable devices; it is a profound reality, panting at the very core of life, imparting colour and vitality to every expression, true to the extremity of all things, and grand, by the imposing force of its truth, even at the height of its most palpable exaggerations.

We have adopted Mr. Roscoe's agreeable version of the story; but have taken the liberty of slightly condensing and altering some of the passages, for the sake of packing the interest into a compass in which it is more likely to satisfy the curiosity of the reader.

THE SPANISH LOVER.

Six leagues from the court of Spain, is situated the splendid town of Alcala, which, being interpreted, means Castillo Ricco, from the circumstance of its being ennobled by having given birth to so many distinguished citizens. Its aristocracy is very ancient; and in the time of Leovegildo, King of the Goths, it already boasted a grand cathedral, as we learn from Father Juan de Mariana, in the fourth book of his celebrated history. The climate is almost the finest in Europe; its public edifices are numerous and noble, and the character of its schools such as is known to the whole world. Finally, it is the work of that holy prince of the church, Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, who founded this our celebrated university upon the model of that of Paris.

Alcala, moreover, is watered by the pleasant river Henares, so celebrated by poets, which runs through a delightful and refreshing public walk, ornamented with beautiful trees and flowers.

There arrived about the time of which we are speaking, at the university, a young cavalier, called Theodoro el Galan, or the gallant, such was the extreme spirit and loftiness he displayed on every occasion. Nature had been prodigal to him in all her gifts, no less of mind than of person; a combination which is too rarely met with, inasmuch as we often find prudence allied to parsimony, beauty to silliness, ignorance to wealth, and plain features to superior taste and intellect. It was the good fortune of Theodore to combine only the best of these qualities; wealth, valour, judgment, and kind and courteous manners. As these too, in youth, are found seldom unaccompanied with some noble pursuit or passion—the favourite object of "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy"—there was one which fired the secret soul of Theodore, and seemed to him as the beacon by which he steered his path through the rough and tumultuous voyage of life. This was his adored Narcissa, a lady of distinguished family and fortune, and still more celebrated for her virtues and her beauty. It was not to be expected that Theodore would carry away such a prize without opposition; he had a formidable rival in Valerio, a young noble of still higher birth and fortune.

In the eyes of the lady's father, these were no despicable advantages; but in the estimation of Narcissa herself, and that of the friends by whom she was surrounded, Theodore had every title to superior attention and regard. To counterbalance this, however, the artful Valerio had gained over to his side one of Narcissa's favourite companions, and the whole of the domestics were in his interest. Narcissa, it is true, was attached to Theodore, and by no means relished the company of his rival. The graceful bearing and distinguished gallantry of the former excited her admiration, and won her love; but her pride and reserve had left her lover hitherto a stranger to his good fortune.

Theodore one evening having observed Narcissa leave the house unaccompanied, instantly joined her. As he approached, she happened to drop her glove, which, on presenting to her he pressed to his lips, at the same moment inserting a letter in it as he gave it to her. She received it with a smile, and then feeling what it contained, a deep blush suffused her countenance; she beckoned him away as she hid the glove in her bosom, and fearful of exciting her father's anger, Theodore hastily retired.

On returning home, Narcissa eagerly perused the contents of her lover's note: "I have ever heard," it ran, "that those who love are bold and fearless as the lion: yet how I dread the very thoughts of your displeasure; how I tremble when I approach you, fearful of raising my eyes to yours, lest one look of anger or disdain should flash from those bright and beauteous orbs. Ah, in pity would you turn them on me with sweet and heavenly beams, and temper the strange awe I feel in your presence, so that I might find words in which to dare to tell how wildly, passionately, I love—I adore you."

Theodore was little aware that this eager expres-

sion of his feelings was altogether superfluous; that the heart of his Narcissa had before acknowledged him for its lord. Frequently did he pass great part of the night in the open air near her residence, heedless of the cold air, storm, or rain. For how could he tear himself away, so long as Narcissa deigned to gladden his soul by sweet converse, and his sight by lingering at her window during the "witching hour of night?" Only with the dawn would he be seen stealing from her presence, with folded arms and lingering step; hoping, fearing, sighing, murmuring, exulting; in short, the very soul and expression of an impassioned lover. Often too would he seek to gratify his beloved with the "concord of sweet sounds;" with music of the old and pathetic airs, such as we now no longer hear. Fed upon thoughts and tones like these, the passion of the beautiful Narcissa, overmastering every fear and opposition, stooped to solicit of her lover that he would unfold the secret of his love to her father, if it were true he loved her. The delighted Theodore was easily persuaded: for he felt that he was *his* equal, though not of her he sought; and confided in the strength of his love. But her parents, apprehensive of his passionate disposition and eager spirit, received his proffers coldly; and in as gentle terms as possible, informed him they had already selected another party, to whom they had promised their daughter's hand.

Theodore seemed thunderstruck at this reply; he retired without saying a word, and early on the same evening sought an interview with Narcissa. "I have had a bitter struggle," he said, in deep and mournful accents, "to prevail on myself to see you this evening. I did hardly think I could outlive the day; for to live without you is death. This very day I spoke to your parents; they assured me you were already betrothed to another; that they had passed their word, and that it was impossible for them to recall it. They had the heart to say this to the being who has loved you for years! I have lost you, unless you, my Narcissa—you—love as I do, and dare to put your affection to the proof. Say only the word, and I shall be *your* own, *your* promised, *your* betrothed; spite of parents and all the world."

"Theodore," replied the lovely girl, "if it be possible for parents to marry a child without her own knowledge, then, then only can I be lost to you; for with my will and consent it never shall be done. Should my prayers and tears be of no avail, such is my affection, that it could urge me to any thing sooner than yield my hand to one from whom my heart recoils. While my parents forbear to use compulsion, however, I will do nothing to grieve them. You may confide in my word; in my heart, more, Theodore; and God bless and protect you; a thousand times, dare I stay to say them, a sweet good night." More encouraged and consoled, her lover then took his leave, counting the hours and moments until he should again revisit his beloved.

About this time, a brother of Narcissa, a rash and headstrong young man, arrived at his father's house from his travels. On the ensuing evening, happening to see Theodore approaching, he conceived it was incumbent upon him to compel him to retire; and he accosted him. Aware who he was, Theodore bespoke him fair, anxious not to offend any one dear to his Narcissa, let alone a brother; but neither courtesy nor entreaties produced the least effect. The young man attacked him, and Theodore was compelled to draw in his defence. He retired at the same time, without once taking advantage of his adversary; until imputing it to cowardice, the brother grew still more enraged, calling on him by his name, and venting every opprobrious epithet at his expense. "I am no coward," replied the gallant lover; "whoever says it, is deceived—not to say he lies. I would not hurt you; you look too like your sister, whom I love to distraction. You know my name, and I know yours! forbear, sir, at your peril, and let me retire. It was in vain he warned and besought him; till, tired almost beyond patience by the desperate onset, Theodore at length wounded him in the sword arm, to prevent yielding his own or taking his enemy's life. He then sought refuge in the nearest monastery, to avoid the first burst of the father's anger; torn with regret and trouble at the idea of having offended the family, and incurred the displeasure of her he adored; for he knew the whole would be laid to his charge.

During this interval, Theodore's rival, Valerio, had not been idle; presuming upon the former's ill-fortune, and his own merits, he concerted with Narcissa's favourite maid, whom he had bribed into his interest, to be admitted to a secret, premeditated interview, for which they had so artfully laid their schemes, as would put it out of the power, they flattered themselves, for the unfortunate young lady longer to refuse his suit. Accordingly, one evening, as the unsuspecting girl was folding up a letter addressed to her beloved Theodore, she suddenly saw the shadow of a man upon the side opposite where she was sitting; and at the same moment hearing a noise as if from the place of his concealment, she ran to the window in great alarm, and began to cry out for help. Her brother, who was within hearing, instantly rushed into her apartment, with his sword drawn, and was only just in time to behold the figure of a man, which that moment issued from a place of concealment, and rushed past him. He was masked, and fired at the idea of his being Theodore, the brother pursued him; but he made his escape by leaping out of an open window into the garden, whence he got clear off. Unluckily for his rival, who had just then approached the house, the persons in pursuit mistook him for the man who had already made his escape, and seeing the alguazils at no great distance, the father and brother instantly called upon them to secure Theodore, as he had only that night broken into their house. He was instantly seized and conveyed into prison; and on their return home, the father bade Narcissa prepare to depart for the residence of

an uncle, where it was believed she would be more secure.

The indignation of Narcissa's family at the injury thus aimed at their honour, and which they laid to the charge of Theodore, was beyond bounds. They also accused him of having corrupted their domestics, and succeeded in impressing the same belief upon Narcissa, assuring her that they had surprised him as he was attempting to make his escape from the garden. Valerio thus triumphed in his malice; while the unhappy Theodore, a prey to grief and jealousy, was maddened with the idea, that the person found concealed might possibly be some more favoured rival. But what most confirmed his worst fears was the conduct of Narcissa's family, who now insisted that Theodore should instantly receive her hand, as the only means of repairing the wounded honour of the lady. The whole of her relations united in this demand, insisting on its fulfilment in the most haughty terms; all which made Theodore only the more recoil from it, eagerly as he had before sought an union with her. It was a bitter struggle; for he still maintained his innocence, and consequently some other person must have obtained admittance to the lady's room; for all which he was to be made answerable. He therefore refused to accept Narcissa's hand until the real culprit should be discovered, dearly as he valued such a prize. Truth, honour, justice both to himself and his Narcissa forbade it.

These tidings threw Narcissa into an agony of grief. She appealed to heaven against the injustice of Theodore, and, unacquainted with his motives, in the first burst of indignation she threw herself at her father's feet, weeping, and entreating his forgiveness for having placed her heart's affections upon so unworthy an object. She prayed, too, for death, attesting her innocence in the whole of that unhappy night's adventure. She knew nothing of the treacherous transaction which had deprived her of all happiness and peace. This, however, soon came to light; for it was part of the traitor's project to confess it to the father, who, making a secret of it to his daughter, instantly sent for him, insisting as he had done with Theodore, that he should wipe off the insult by marrying his daughter without delay.

In the tumult of her anguish and despair, that unhappy daughter redeemed the pledge of obedience she had just given her father, and put a climax to her misery, by suffering herself to be conducted to the altar, pronouncing the fatal vow which must ever separate her from the object of her first choice. She became the wife of Valerio, whose cruel and malignant feelings only gave a keener edge to his success. What sensations, alas! were hers, when, after the storm of passionate indignation against Theodore had subsided, she was restored to reflection, and found herself united to one whom she had never loved! It was a living death; but, as if not content with the affliction he had caused, her husband had the audacity to make public, under the plea of vindicating his wife's honour, that it was he who had been discovered in her apartment. Thus, too, was vindicated the honour of Theodore, who had already been released, and made acquainted with all that had passed. We shall not attempt to describe his feelings, nor those of his lost Narcissa; both had become the victims of a consummate villain, and both vainly lamented in secret over the bitterness of their lot. "Oh, fatal haste!" exclaimed the unhappy lover; "full speedily didst thou revenge thyself, Narcissa, on my imputed offence. Had'st thou but delayed one day, once seen thy Theodore, ere this fatal error, these burning tears—these agonies of tortured love—hate—revenge—would not have been mine. But tremble, traitor! tremble both! for I must have a twofold revenge."

By their mere intensity, however, these fiercer feelings wore themselves out, and gave place to darker and gloomier; and then more fixed and resigned sorrow. Though often brooding over revenge, he seemed to have lost the power of action: and feeling he had it still in his hands, he grew irresolute how to employ it. Poor Narcissa's fate was not less pitiable—she was consumed by secret grief. They had never met since the fatal marriage; but after some interval, Theodore resolved to seek an interview with her, previous to inflicting the vengeance he still nurtured in his breast, and then abandon his native place for ever. But how should he effect this, for the jealous Valerio watched over his prize with the avidity of a miser over his treasure, and the vigilance and fierceness of a bird of prey. He accompanied her wherever she went, and arrayed her in the most splendid and costly attire, the better to enhance her dazzling beauty in the eyes of her admirers, and enjoy the secret satisfaction their envy excited.

What hope of Theodore obtaining access to one thus guarded? but what is impossible to disappointed love and despair? How deeply would he once have felt the humiliation of having recourse to the stratagem he now did. He doffed his courtly robes and manly dress, and, disguised in that of a woman, set himself to pry into the movements of Valerio; until one evening, observing him leave home on a visit to the court, he took the opportunity, and sought admittance at the house. Without the least suspicion, he was conducted into Narcissa's apartment, and found himself in the presence of her for whom he had suffered so much. What a trial for both! Narcissa begged the stranger to throw aside her cloak, and be seated. "Certainly, if you wish it!" At the sound of that voice, Narcissa started, trembled, and fixing her eyes steadfastly on the stranger's face for some time, uttered a piercing cry, and fell into his arms.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "my Theodore, what have you done, thus to risk the loss of life and honour—yours and my own? Have I suffered so little, that you should add this last pang, the loss of your dear life, to all the rest? for assuredly it were lost, were you to be seen here. Away, away! for you know I loved—that it is you who steep my soul in tears and bitterness: no peace by day, and worse, oh, worse—wretched as I am—why did you ever love me?"

"Would to God," replied Theodore, in deep, hollow tones, "that it had so been; for keenly as I feel my wrongs, yours cut me to the very soul. I see it all. I came not to grieve you; I wish only to know one thing,—are you resigned to your lot, to live as you do; are you happy in your second choice? if so, I ought to bid you farewell, and no longer shed these unmanly tears. I will do things that shall make the world weep and wonder, for the power, the vengeance, is mine. I brood over it day and night; the consciousness is sweet. I delay it for that; but when it comes, it shall sweep you all like a whirlwind from the earth."

It was long before Narcissa had power to reply; a flood of tears drowned her voice. At length she sobbed out, "My cruel parents married me, but they could not make me love, they could not make me forget you." "You love me, then? tell me you yet love," cried Theodore, in an exulting tone, "that you were deceived—compelled—any thing—only that you never loved Valerio, that you do not love the traitor now." "Never, never!" said the lady, bitterly; "you know I always loved you. It was my father, it was you, Theodore, who did it all; you refused to accept my proffered hand," and she covered her face with her hands, and wept. "Wretch, madman that I was," exclaimed Theodore, "but you know not how vilely I was treated, aspersed, dishonoured; you know not all, or you would weep too for me. It is passed—I was doomed; let it be so. Only declare you yet love me, and I will forget all and bless you." "Kill me, but do not ask me, Theodore; I cannot, I ought not to tell." "What, what?" enquired her lover, eagerly, "quick, tell me, or this night shall end my agonies and doubts." "How I love you, then," cried the affrighted girl, "fondly, truly love you, Theodore," and her head sunk upon his breast, as she murmured the words. He pressed her madly to his bosom; their lips met, and that moment seemed to repay both for all the sufferings they had endured.

Narcissa started from his embrace. "Hark! I hear some one; away, Theodore; my love, we shall meet again." He hastened away; but he was no longer like the same being, full of anguish and despair, but rejoicing in thoughts of love and revenge. What new emotions, also, now shook the bosom of Narcissa. Love, honour, virtue, truth to her marriage vow, however fatally given—all struggled for the mastery; but love, her first, only love, asserted its rights over all the rest. She dashed away her tears; a bright, beaming smile illumined her glowing face, too long a stranger there. She adjusted her flowing tresses, and rose with light elastic step, no longer the wo-worn being she had been. A new world of joy and love seemed to open before her, and she instinctively claimed the right of being happy in it; as her own—her first vows were pledged to Theodore, and his, his only would she be.

He had no sooner left her, than she sat down to write to him; and she no longer tried to conceal the feelings which he had inspired, and which actuated her every thought. Just at this period, and ere it reached Theodore, he received tidings of the death of a worthy relative, and being the sole heir, he was required to set out instantly for Talavera. Desirous of despatching the affair, and returning as soon as possible, he dropt a few lines to Narcissa, announcing the event, and his speedy return. He then set out, while Narcissa, supposing he had received her letter, of which he said not a word, and eager to take measures for her joining him, instantly replied to his communication that she entreated he would not set out; that she must first see him, and that he would then hear of a plan which might not perhaps displease him. This was no less than to unite her fate to his, and fly the hated protection of her husband; and she conjured him not to leave her another day in his power, if he really loved her as sincerely as he professed, and as truly, as distractedly as she now loved him. "Were he once to depart without her," she concluded, "he might rest assured he would never again see her alive—never more his."

To a woman who thus loved; who had so long loved; and in the power of a tyrannical husband, who had obtained her hand by an act of cruel treachery, which she abhorred as much as she did the author of it: what a shock to her feelings when she heard that Theodore had really set out, and, as she imagined, in spite of all her prayers and entreaties, notwithstanding even her offer to accompany him, and be for ever his. She now recalled to mind his former refusal to receive her hand at the peremptory injunctions of her father; and a strange suspicion flashed across her mind, even from what had recently occurred in that very chamber, that Theodore had possibly never intended to make her his wife, and sought her less from feelings of attachment than from pique and revenge against a more fortunate rival. Her agony was extreme; she felt she had been neglected, if not scorned; her whole soul was up in arms against the supposed ingratitude of her lover; and she now almost congratulated herself that she was yet safe,—that she had not sacrificed herself,—that he could not at least sport with her good name; she was still virtuous, and she would revenge herself on the author of this last and heart-breaking trial, by remaining so. Her pride came to her assistance; she had lived to be scorned, she thought, by one for whom she would have sacrificed all her hopes here and hereafter; for with strong passions, Narcissa had a religious mind; and after many tears and struggles, she began to consider the subject in a more reasonable, if not a more religious, point of view. She could not die as she wished, because she would live to return scorn for scorn, and show him, too, the neglect and indifference he had himself taught her.

While tossed in this tumult of passionate grief and indignation, her husband, Valerio, returned home, and soon afterwards entered the apartment. Well aware of his own treacherous conduct, and what little title he had to her affections or regard, he felt that he had hitherto only been tolerated, if not hated by his own wife; and having already

gratified his vanity by displaying her charms to the envy of the world, he now became eager, by every means in his power, of conciliating her, and inducing her by the most unwearied solicitude and kindness to forget what had passed.

Nor did his usual good fortune forsake him here; he could not have addressed himself to the task at a more propitious moment. He brought with him a variety of the most costly and splendid presents, such as he conceived most adapted to gratify the elegance of her taste. He presented them with a delicate and humbled air; he then seated himself near her, and after a pause of some moments, he bent his knee to the ground, and with deep emotion besought her forgiveness; assuring her of his heart-felt contrition, his remorse and sorrow at having so often given her cause to complain of his conduct. Narcissa was strangely surprised and affected; such language was knew to her, but it was not the less agreeable at that moment. At any other it might perhaps have excited pain, if not vexation and disgust; but smarting as she then was under conflicting emotions of disappointed confidence, of duty, passion, honour, religion, this sudden appeal to her best feelings gave a new impulse to her being. Her husband was at her feet entreating her to forgive, to love him; and as if impelled to seek refuge somewhere from the bitter feelings she had sustained, she sought it in his arms; and, throwing herself upon his bosom in a burst of passionate tears, she forgave and blest him; entreating his forgiveness in return, if she had in aught injured him, and declaring she would never more allude to what had passed. Valerio stood, as if doubting the evidence of his senses, transfixed with pleasure and surprise. In a transport of gratitude and love, he clasped his young and beautiful wife to his bosom; and from that moment their reconciliation was complete. She no longer wept,—no longer thought of Theodore, or the cause of his neglect and absence: and in the new and virtuous sentiment that absorbed her, had so far conquered her love or indignation, that she prayed he might never return.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate Theodore had been pursued by the same unlucky destiny which had attended him from the first. After his arrival at Talavera, he had written twice to Narcissa; but both his letters fell into Valerio's hands, and served to confirm him in the course he wished to pursue, of repenting of his previous faults and errors, and striving to obtain the affections of his wife. These he had now effectually secured, and was beloved with an excess of tenderness and devotion, that surprised even Narcissa herself, and made him one of the happiest of mankind.

On his return from Talavera, Theodore sent a secret message to Narcissa, to inform her of his arrival, and to complain of her never having answered his two previous letters. He received no reply; and on making further inquiries from those well acquainted with the parties, the invariable reply was, that they were quite well;—a pattern of benevolence and excellence to all around them—courteous, charitable, and beloved; most affectionately and passionately attached to each other: in short, one of the happiest couples in the place.

Reflecting on the short interval that had elapsed, this strange and astounding intelligence grated harshly on Theodore's feelings; nor were those of Narcissa less painful, though arising from a different source. She trembled only for the safety of her husband: and the violence of Theodore led her to apprehend some serious result. Yet she was resolved neither to speak nor write to him, and avoided going out of her house, or ever walking alone.

Stung with jealousy and rage at her continued silence, from which he truly inferred that he was forgotten, Theodore exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart:—"Thou fickle wanton; hast thou indeed so soon forgotten me? What love-spell hath he cast upon thee, that hath turned thy abhorrence for him into love, thy love for me into abhorrence? Were it virtue, were it honour which opposed me, I might reverence them, and submit; but to know your scorn springs from the love you bear the traitor—the destroyer of my peace, is too much." At this period an incident occurred, which produced a sudden and terrific change in the mind and feelings of Theodore; from that moment he no longer indulged in hopeless sorrow and sullen despair, but roused himself to fearful and desperate action. On returning one evening from the public walks, which skirt the river, he heard the sound of mirthful voices approaching him, and suddenly turning into another path, he came opposite to the party. It was Narcissa, accompanied by her husband and several of his friends; she seemed in the highest spirits, and it was her gay laugh which had first struck upon his startled soul, the same he had so often heard in the golden days of their young and happy love. He had instinctively fled from it; but it was only to come opposite the whole party, and to fix his eyes upon her face—upon the wife of the proud and happy Valerio, who joined in her free and careless laugh. Theodore stood rooted to the spot; mingled rage and horror shot from his eyes;—all of injured pride—the blackest hatred, and the bitterest reproach, were concentrated in that one look. It met the eye of Narcissa; and smote on her heart like the bell that tolled her doom. She uttered a cry of terror, and would have sunk to the earth, had not her friends hurried her from the spot. They passed on; but there stood the unhappy Theodore, motionless as a statue, in the same attitude; his glaring eye fixed as when it met the basilisk glance of its enemy; his hands clenched in the same agony of rage and despair; and in his whole figure and expression, the picture of him writhing under the folds of the destroying serpents, yet defying and struggling with his doom; for the serpents of hatred and revenge were fast coiling around his soul. When he started from his trance, he was no longer the same—the demon had taken possession of his soul. He was mad with hatred and revenge; and his brain was busy with a thousand cunning projects how to

inflict the speediest and most deadly retribution on the heads of his persecutors.

From this time he resolved to watch the motions of Valerio, to dog his footsteps wheresoever he went. Unsatisfied with any common mode of vengeance, he determined to make him feel the terrible destiny that hung over him; and with this view sought means to entrap him into his power. He took his station near where he knew his hated and successful rival was accustomed to pass on his way to his own mansion. Night by night he watched for him, (it was not a deed to be perpetrated by day,) till he should come by the entrance of the place he had fixed upon as the scene of the terrific catastrophe that was to close the gloomy tragedy of his life. This was a remote and dilapidated building, apart from the more frequented spots, and which he had engaged for his especial purpose. There, disguised and armed, he awaited the favourable moment to dart forth upon his foe, and drag him alive into its fatal precincts. It came, and swift as the winged vengeance of the thunderbolt, he seized upon his prey. Wounding him with a dagger in the neck, he then hurled him over the threshold, thrust a gag into his mouth, and bound him hand and foot with cords. The wound was not mortal, and under threat of instantly despatching him, he compelled Valerio to write an account to his Narcissa of his having met with a dreadful accident, and beseeching her to hasten to him, but wholly unaccompanied, as she valued his life. This he had conveyed to the lady with the utmost secrecy and despatch; and it was not long before she made her appearance, in extreme agitation and alarm. The door opened, and the features of the indignant Theodore met her startled gaze. She shrieked aloud, and attempted to retreat; but it was too late; firmly grasped by the arm of Theodore, she was hurried forward into the apartment where lay the form of Valerio, pale, wounded, and in bonds. What an object for his fond and distracted wife! She flew towards him; she threw her arms around him; while bitter and piercing cries attested the agony of her feelings. But Theodore, excited to the utmost pitch of rage and jealousy at the marks of love and tenderness she displayed, lost sight of his previous intentions of inflicting the lingering torments of separation he had prepared for them: he rudely tore the weeping lady from her husband's arms, and after heaping upon her every epithet of scorn, and every indignity he thought could give a fresh pang to the soul of his once hated rival, he stabbed her before his eyes, and the next instant plunged the weapon still deeper into his own bosom. It would have been an act of mercy first to have freed her husband from the horrors of that sight; but he was left alive, as if by a refinement of the cruellest revenge, in a state of suffering and distraction not to be described. He was thus found by some of the police of the city, early in the ensuing morning; to whom, before breathing his last, he communicated the particulars of this horrid instance of infuriated love, despair, madness, and revenge.

Poor Montalvan, to whom we are indebted for this thoroughly Spanish tragedy, is better known to the world as the biographer of Lope de Vega than as a dramatist or novelist, although he left behind him nearly a hundred comedies, plays of the Sword and Cloak, and Autos Sacramentales, besides several mixed novels. His plays are written for the most part after the manner of Lope de Vega, and, although they are deficient in the skill and finish by which the productions of that master of stage art are distinguished, they exhibit considerable versatility and boldness of invention. In addition to his other occupations, Montalvan was an ecclesiastic, enjoyed the title of Doctor, and held the office of notary to the Inquisition.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

William Warner, the author of this legend, is familiar to the lovers of old English poetry, by his famous poem called "Albion's England." With the public of his own day he was so popular that his great metrical history, cumbrous and unequal as it is, ran through no less than five editions during his lifetime, and a sixth within two or three years after. Like many other poets, however, of that age, who flourished upon the admiration of their contemporaries, Warner is almost unknown to the public of the present day. But it must be allowed that in most cases of this kind the judgment of posterity is unimpeachable.

Mr. Ellis conjectures that Warner, who was a native of Oxfordshire, was born in 1558. He appears to have studied at Oxford, but to have left the university without taking out a degree. Coming up to London, he embraced the profession of an attorney of the Common Pleas; which he could scarcely have practised with much success, considering the extent of his literary labours. He finally removed into Amwell, in Hertfordshire, where he died suddenly in the night-time, in the year 1608-9. According to Scott, the Amwell poet, he maintained through life an "honest reputation."

He wrote a work in prose, entitled "Syrinx, a sevenfold history;" and he is said to have been a translator of Plautus,—a circumstance which Warton either did not know or did not believe, since he makes no allusion to it in his summary of the translations of the sixteenth century. "Syrinx" was followed in a couple of years by "Albion's England," published in 1586, when the author, according to Ellis's supposition, was only twenty-eight years of age. The success of this publication was quite extraordinary; even

the "Mirror for Magistrates," just then at the zenith of its popularity, was less esteemed, notwithstanding the care that had been bestowed upon its production. All the rhymers of the day crowded round the young author with extravagant eulogisms, designating him, by an incomprehensible stretch of flattery, as the English Virgil. Nothing could be more unfortunate than the selection of the name of Virgil as his model, except the still greater blunder of Dr. Percy, who compares him to Ovid. Mr. Campbell, repudiating these unlucky panegyrics, pronounces his poem to be nothing more than "an enormous ballad on the history, or rather on the fables appendant to the history of England; heterogeneous, indeed, like the Metamorphoses, but written with an almost doggrel simplicity." This description of "Albion's England" is so accurate as to supersede the necessity of any longer criticism upon a work never likely to be revived in print.

The secret of its popularity may be easily traced to the numerous episodes with which it abounds, written with remarkable ease, vivacity, and grace. The versification, consisting of couplets of long lines of fourteen syllables, (broken up in the following specimen into quatrains) was well calculated to fascinate the ear of the reader, who, in those days, was accustomed to the flowing style of the ballad. The story of "Argentile and Curan," republished in one or two modern collections, may be cited as a favourable illustration of the skill with which Warner adapted his verse to the prevailing taste. The description of Argentile, the king's daughter, is, upon the whole, one of the most striking passages:

Suppose her beauty, Helen's like, or Helen's something less—
And every star consorting to a pure complexion guess;
Her stature comely tall, her gait well graced, and her wit
To marvel at, not meddle with, as matchless I omit;
A globe-like head, a gold-like hair, a forehead smooth and high,
An even nose; on either side did shine a greyish eye;
Her smiles were sober, and her looks were cheerful unto all,
And such as neither wanton seem, nor wayward, melt nor gall.
A nymph no tongue, no heart, no eye, might praise, might wish, might see,
For life, for love, for form, more good, more worth, more fair than she;
Yea, such a one as such was none, save only she was such;
Of Argentile, to say the most, were to be silent much.

It is rather a curious fact connected with "Albion's England," that its publication was interdicted by the Star Chamber; but for what reason is not known.

The facility of Warner's invention is no less worthy of remark than the freedom of his verse. His episodes are interesting on account of the ingenuity with which their slight plots are constructed; even in the little legend that follows, there is pith enough to furnish materials for an Italian novel, similiar to those that came into fashion in the sixteenth century.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

There was a man of stature big,
And big withal in mind;
For serve he would, yet one than whom
He greater none might find.

He, hearing that the emperor
Was in the world most great,
Came to his court, was entertain'd,
And, serving him at meat,

It chanc'd the devil was named—whereat
The emperor him blest;
When as, until he knew the cause,
The Pagan would not rest.

But when he heard his lord to fear
The devil, his ghostly foe,
He left his service, and to seek
And serve the devil did go.

Of heaven or hell, God or the devil,
He erst nor heard nor car'd;
Alone he sought to serve the same
That would by none be dar'd.

He met (who soon is met) the devil;
Was entertain'd: they walk,
Till coming to a cross, the devil
Did fearfully it balk.

The servant, musing, questioned
His master of his fear;
"One Christ," quoth he with dread, "I mind
When doth a cross appear."

"Then serve thyself!" the giant said,
"That Christ to serve I'll seek!"
For him he ask'd a hermit, who
Advis'd him to be meek;

By which, by faith, and works of alms,
Would sought-for Christ be found;
And how and where to practise these
He gave directions sound.

Then he, that scorn'd his service late
To greatest potentates,
E'en at a common ferry, now,
To carry all awaits.

HARDHAM'S No. 37.—This famous snuff derives its name from John Hardham, a native of Chichester, who died in the year 1772. He was bred to the employment of a lapidary or diamond cutter; but abandoned that for the business of a tobacconist. He was intimate with the wits and critics of his time, and wrote "The Fortune Tellers," a comedy, which was never acted. He was at once the patron and teacher of many candidates for histrionic fame, so that we are told, he was seldom without embryo Richards and Hotspurs strutting and bellowing in his dining-room, or the parlour behind his shop, which was at the Red Lion, near Fleet Market, in Fleet Street. The latter of these apartments was adorned with heads of most of the persons celebrated for dramatic excellence, and to these he frequently referred in the course of his instructions. The figures 37 seem to have been those which marked the number of his snuff shop.

THE DRUDGE.

BY MRS. GILLIES.

Dorcas Bell was the youngest child of a humble family, which had gradually fallen lower and lower in the world, through the incidental calamities of frequent sickness, and occasional want of employment; yet Dorcas was fourteen years of age ere she left her home to go into the world in the capacity of a common servant.

With pretensions as humble as her condition, she was not eligible to any but a servitude of a lowly grade, and such she met in the house of a small tradesman.

To many of this class, more than to any other, adheres that servile, sordid feeling, which is incident to those whose position places them in the crouching attitude of dependance; and stimulates them with the desire for accumulation. Some years since, the period in which this story is laid, this class was tinctured with a deeper die of meanness than now —now that the lights of knowledge are being generally diffused, and the consciousness of common rights, spreading even to the counter and the court, makes "darkness visible," and counteracts the "caterpillar principle" in both.

Into the family of Abel Barton, grocer and tea-dealer, Dorcas was admitted. There, amid ignorance, uncouthness, and some share of opulence, reigned the exterminating spirit of *caste*—that spirit which drives the wretched pariah beyond the pale of social communion—that spirit over which, when we see it mark the pagan, we mourn, but when we see it brand the Christian, we marvel!

Dorcas came to the house of servitude from the house of mourning; not long before, her father had been called away, and the grave had just closed upon *him* as the world opened upon *her*. She came among strangers, not merely a stranger, but a degraded stranger; and a spirit already bowed by grief was soon bent yet lower by oppression.

The home which she had left had, it is true, never afforded her any thing but hard fare and hard work; but there the cordial hand of equality had clasped her own, and the familiar voice of affection had spoken her name. In her master's house she was better clothed and better fed: but indifference, if not disdain, met her in every look; cold, if not unkind, command enjoined her duties; regardless, if not ungrateful, apathy received her services. With what zeal were these at first rendered! How eager she was to earn the sympathy for which every unsophisticated creature yearns! Nay, even the sophist and slave of lucre has a corner of his heart in which the heaven-lighted spark *twinkles*—for it cannot *burn* amid the anti-combustible material by which it is surrounded.

How might the zeal of Dorcas have been nurtured and directed! How might her sympathies have been warmed and expanded! But in the eyes of her money-loving master she was a tool of toil, not a thing of life and feeling; to her yet narrower mistress, whose moral sphere was within the poor circle of her mercenary husband's; Dorcas was a drudge, goaded, not guided, through the unceasing round of household occupation; while the churlish, snappish voice, like the sound of the whip to which the negro starts, stimulated new exertions, or reproved occasional neglect. There existed in that house no idea that

"The heart leaps kindly back to kindness,"

and that

"The labour we delight in, physics pain."

Duties which might have been disburthened of half their weight, and enlivened at the mere expense of a smile and a soft word, came day after day, with a wearying iteration upon Dorcas. Now, too, for the first time in her life she lived under ground. Her cottage home, lowly though it was, had no dungeon-keep for a domestic drudge; it stood upon a hill side, and the fresh winds, laden with the breath of rifled flowers, revelled in through the doors and windows.

How is the disregard of mere humanity declared in all our social arrangements! Under-ground apartments for human habitation ought, even in the best houses, to brand a building with a Bastille character. Why should any portion of our fellow-creatures be doomed to breathe continually beneath the surface of the soil? Many a servant is worse off than the miner; for she lives all day, and sleeps at night, in a kitchen often dark, damp, and ill-ventilated; in a place which common sense and common feeling would assign to nothing but coals and table-beer. Had crushed humanity any of the inflammability of the one, or the fermentability of even the other, this, and many other and more erroneous arrangements, would have made it burst and blaze forth with indignant resistance.

In the midst of the moral desolation which surrounded Dorcas a beam at length appeared. Letitia, the youngest child of the family, came home from school for the holidays. This was a circumstance of no trifling importance to the feelings of Dorcas: a creature who, she hoped, would speak to her, would smile upon her, was arrived. These anticipations were at first in some degree realized: the child was full of news and high spirits, and scattered them somewhat at random; but it was not long ere she gave evidence of the narrow principle upon which her mind was being formed. Instead of being taught that every creature more useful than herself was essentially her superior—that every creature was, like herself, sensible to pleasure and to pain—that virtue consisted in promoting the one, and vice in producing the other—her mind held notions of an almost diametrically opposite tendency. Already, though little more than ten years old, she was pained that her father was a tradesman; was proud of an uncle because he was a *professional* man, and still prouder of an aunt, because she enjoyed an *unearned* income. The boarding-school cant of gentility, the circulating library cant of ro-

mance, had completely deranged her little head, and spoiled her young heart. False notions of happiness to be drawn from admiration and distinction employed her intellect; self-gratification engrossed her feelings. Her weak, ignorant mother declared, half in boast, half in lamentation, that "Letty was resolved to be a *lady*, for that she would do *nothing*."

It is a common notion among the utterly uncultivated that idleness and inutility are, with dress and self-indulgence, the constituents as well as the privileges of gentility: a proof of the manner in which example operates upon the multitude. When they see so little apparent connexion between real greatness and worldly greatness, who shall wonder that they mistake glare for glory, and prize a gilt carriage beyond an estimable character?

Letitia, vain, selfish, and unfeeling, proceeded in the common course; that is, from viewing Dorcas with contempt she soon began to treat her with insult. Untaught to sympathize with suffering, she did not shrink from inflicting it; while the idea of *participating* a pleasure, especially with one who occupied an inferior rank in society, never even *glanced* into her mind.

Many times, and in many ways, had the spirit of Dorcas been hurt. Sometimes a sigh—a tear—even a song, expressed or dissipated the painful feeling; for humanity, unless greatly outraged, learns to accommodate itself to necessity. An accident at length occurred, which, in itself trifling, was far other in its consequences. A party had been invited, to afford Mrs. Barton an opportunity for exhibiting a handsome set of china: just as in another walk of life a party is invited for the exhibition of a splendid service of plate. While restoring this treasured tea-service to its depository Dorcas unfortunately broke one of the pieces. Letty was present when the accident occurred. The involuntary delinquent, pale and trembling, (alas, that feelings should be thus wasted!) entreated the child not to mention the circumstance, Dorcas assuring her that she would endeavour to match and replace the broken vessel. But the little tyrant, prompt to reprove, and eager to punish, flew off to the sitting-room with the news of the disaster. Dorcas cautiously followed her for the purpose of listening. Thus generative is evil: there never was a base act which became not the parent of many. Oppression produces deceit, and instigates vengeance; torture invites retaliation, and insult generates hatred.

Dorcas heard the little tale-bearer tell her story, tell it amid attention and encouragement. First one, and then another, of the family sported some vulgar wit at the expense of Dorcas; her peculiarities of person—of manner—of speaking, were sneered at; on all sides rash, rude, illiberal opinions were freely vented; Dorcas was declared dull, stupid, lazy, ugly.

When the conversation closed, Dorcas stole back to the kitchen, a creature strangely changed from what she had hitherto been. Reproach and insult she had continually met, but there was in general some kind of ground, some pretext for them; they met her openly, and after some fashion or other she rebutted them. But the sarcasms to which she had just listened had been, in the instance of many of the speakers, unprovoked, and those sarcasms were calculated to wound her self-love in the highest degree. A few hours after this scene night closed in, and Dorcas mounted to her garret. That place which had hitherto been the theatre of her prayers to heaven, and her tears for home, what thoughts and feelings did it witness now? Heart-burning rage and wishes for revenge.

The wind of a December night was howling down the grateless fire-place, and waved the ragged curtain hung before the casement. Dorcas seated herself on the foot of her stump bedstead, and placed her candlestick, with its glimmering bit of rush, upon an old chair, the only other article of furniture in the room. She did not shiver, as she was wont, with cold and discomfort: her mind was too busy to heed her body. The smart of her insulted feelings subsided in favour of the calmer power of thought; thought as to how those feelings might be satisfied—their revenge accomplished. Every kindly affection, every happy emotion, had started back into the far recesses of her spirit, which had now been for some time under a course of discipline that was gradually imposing on it a colder character than it had yet known.

To avoid details, which only serve as examples for error too easily learned without, it is enough to say that Dorcas became a pilferer. Those who had ridiculed, despised, insulted her, she robbed. There appeared to her a principle of equity in this act. Thus she did not reason; thus it might rather be said she felt. Perhaps some such feeling has stilled the conscience of many a criminal. The high morality which teaches us to return good for evil is never learned in the school of ignorance and oppression.

Want of knowledge, and an excess of the selfish feelings which had been so strongly excited, rendered Dorcas incapable of calculating remote consequences. She had her revenge in robbery, but her punishment in the dread of detection, which soon began to haunt her. She repented; if that may be termed repentance which writhes under the dread of the penalty incurred, not from remorse for the error committed. She had retaliated injury for injury, it is true; but so far had this been from bringing her satisfaction, that new misery was its fruitful consequences. The self-respect which at once told her that she did not deserve to meet the usage dealt to her, departed; and she bowed with a more acquiescent submission to insult in proportion as she felt self-debased. She grew suspicious and apprehensive, and repose of mind departed altogether.

Detection came at last. It was a relief when it came. The anticipated evil is ever worse than the real one. In the latter case with present ruin comes the effort for present remedy; but the suspended calamity stimulates the imagination with horrors, which, like all phantoms, evade the power of reason.

Dorcas was at first threatened with prosecution; but this threat, from some cause or other, was not carried into effect: she was dismissed, with what was deemed a lighter punishment, privation of character.

Thus far there is nothing uncommon in the story of Dorcas; such events are of every-day occurrence, passing unknown or unnoted. How many may trace their introduction to misery from the conduct of some hard, exacting, unsympathizing task-mistress—from insulting, unfeeling, uninstructed children—the rank germs of the moral upas whence they spring. These, by planting unnecessary thorns in the path of servitude, have continually driven victims to the wilderness; where the wolves wait to devour, and where the devoured are the denounced, not the devourers.

Dorcas, dismissed from her master's house, stood in the streets of London, with little money—no credit—no friends, encompassed by its terrors and its temptations. To go home would be to burden those already bowed down; probably to meet "the unkindest cut of all," to behold the eye which had once beamed upon her with love clouded by contempt. Her thoughts were of the darkest character: despair appeared waiting to give her to destruction; or rather to that active despair that makes us "sin on because we *have* sinned." She paced to and fro between Blackfriars-bridge (which spans the sleeping place of many a suicide,) and that street of which the very stones are eloquent of human degradation, horror, and injury. She was very young; and how vital are all the feelings of the young! Her early impressions had been good, and their gracious spell was upon her heart. But Hope, the seraph-spirit, had folded her wings, and slept so profoundly that she seemed dead. Death, so unwelcome when he comes uncalled, is invoked as a friend by the friendless, as a refuge by the desolate. "What have I to live for?" groaned the unloved, unhomed, unpitied Dorcas, as she again turned with strengthening purpose to the bridge. She reached it—she paused again in dread or doubt; at that instant a little child, wild with terror, ran past her, weeping piteously; that cry turned the balance in favour of life and her fellow-creatures. She pursued the child, who had evidently strayed away from his home, or some guiding hand, and had, as the gloom of evening gathered, become conscious of his state. Dorcas took him in her arms, and the efforts which she made to soothe the violence of *his* grief suspended or subdued *her own*.

The exhausted child bowed his head upon her neck, around which he had convulsively clasped his arms, and his tears ran on to her bosom, till, under the united influence of its warmth, his own weariness, and the pitying murmur of her voice, which lulled his ear, he fell into slumber.

How simple is the manner in which Nature acts upon her creatures, and how powerful! The little one's tears had fallen upon the breast of Dorcas like rain on a tempestuous sea, and like that had subdued it to a calm. To feel a creature cling to her—depend upon her—awakened the deadened impulses of humanity. The boy was to her a redeeming angel! She wrapped her shawl about him, and now suddenly animated with a healthy purpose, and with a heart filled with indescribable sensations, she walked rapidly away from the scene of her late despair.

In a short time she reached the door of a laundress whom Mrs. Barton occasionally employed. To this woman Dorcas related her case, and asked shelter for the night for herself and her little charge, whose story she also told. Her request was granted, and Dorcas, like Gaffer Gray, proved

> "That the poor man alone,
> When he hears the poor moan,
> Of his morsel a morsel will give."

This is easily accounted for; there is no sympathy but in similarity of circumstances.

Dorcas passed the night in watching and tending the little foundling. It happened, fortunately for the work of regeneration going forward in the breast of Dorcas, that the infant was one of those affectionate little spirits who intuitively breathe of love; one who had been nurtured with gentle tones and soft caresses, and was prone to pay back to others the sweet wealth which had enriched himself.

The next day the humble friend of Dorcas proposed to her to carry the little wanderer to the workhouse. But his kind preserver repelled the idea, avowing that if none ever appeared to claim him, that she would cherish him, and toil for him as her own; that she already felt how such a design had lightened the load at her heart; how much sweeter would be the morsel she earned if shared with a creature whom she loved, and who loved her. Hope had awakened, and she was full of sanguine expectation of obtaining employment as an occasional servant, as a laundress, or a needle-woman.

Her hostess laughed, and went forth to her daily toil, having given Dorcas permission to remain a day or two in her lowly abode.

This was the first day of hope, of peace, of liberty, of affection, that Dorcas had long known; and, notwithstanding limited resources and precarious prospects, her heart kept holiday. Her little companion appeared to be little more than two years old; he was able to tell her that his name was Arthur. She had made his toilet with all the care she could; had bestowed no small degree of attention on his curly hair; had about noon provided him with a bowl of bread and milk, with which she was feeding him with tender and expressive pleasure, when the door of the hovel opened, and a young, pale, graceful woman darted into the place, attended by the laundress. The child clamoured upon recognising his mother, and the dream which Dorcas had indulged was dissipated. But her heart was soon awakened to new feelings, as Mrs. Moreton, Arthur's mother, thanked her again and again for her tenderness to her child, which his appearance, and the manner in which Dorcas was found engaged, sufficiently attested.

The result of this event was that Dorcas was received as a servant into the family of Mrs. Moreton. She saw with intuitive penetration the poor girl's deficiencies, but she saw also her capabilities; besides which Mrs. Moreton was not one of those persons who expect "perfection for ten pounds a year."

Dorcas, to secure this desirable situation, deemed it necessary to tell a falsehood. She concealed the circumstance of her first servitude, and easily persuaded her family and the laundress to support her in her statements.

Mrs. Moreton was one of those women to whom a great and indescribable power is given; this power was analogous to the power of a fine climate, in which every thing unconsciously grows fair and sweet; even the rough natives of rude climes, transplanted to the sphere of its influence, put forth leaves of a brighter bloom, a softer texture, and a sweeter fragrance. Mrs. Moreton's voice, her smile, her manner, her idiomatic, pregnant, yet unobtrusive eloquence, her very tread, every thing in her and about her was an emanation of love in its divinest sense: it raised the low; it recalled the erring; it confirmed and animated every noble purpose. Much was effected before her agency was perceived, and with many it escaped observation altogether; it was a sort of moral magnetism, as unobtrusive as it was effective.

One day Mrs. Moreton said to Dorcas, soon after her admission to the family, "I shall be alone this evening, Dorcas. Place a cup and saucer for yourself, when you bring the tea-things into the parlour, and take your tea with *me*." Dorcas was surprised; she had gradually become accustomed to the kind, cordial, open, unaffected manner of Mrs. Moreton, or such a contrast to the poor girl's previous experience would have overwhelmed her. As it was, the moment she was alone she lifted her apron to her eyes, and burst into tears. Oh, how she yearned to tell Mrs. Moreton the feelings which her kindness had inspired in the breast of one who had known the bitterness of contempt, the horror of isolation!

Who may tell what beings placed and educated as Dorcas had been suffer from inability of expression—that safety-valve of the feelings? Nature has not restricted sensibility to the few; it is, more or less, the endowment of all. Children are frequently great sufferers in consequence of adult indifference, unthinkingness, or want of a present sense of the nature and condition of these little beings. They, like servants, require to have more attention paid to their feelings, more encouragement yielded for unfolding them. Many a sweet fountain of thought and emotion, which would have relieved and have awakened feeling, lies injuriously and unprofitably stagnant in bosoms often panting to give them forth. The unsleeping eye of sympathy must watch these indications, and heeding only *them*, disregard every circumstance of age or condition in those they agitate. If the earth heaved, and cried, "Here is gold," should we fail to dig it forth?—and how much more precious is the moral ore of the human breast!

That evening Dorcas drank tea with her benevolent mistress; *that evening she revealed her story—confessed all her faults to the gentlest, the* most lenient of human judges. Mrs. Moreton wept at the recital made with such sincerity, such contrition; and when it was ended assured the penitent she had her forgiveness, nay, more, her confidence for the future, that all she asked of her was to "sin no more."

How felt Dorcas as she stood that night in her little chamber, in which, as in every other part of the house, order, cleanliness, and comfort reigned? Almost as when a little child she had wept and owned a transgression, and received a heart-healing kiss from the parent to whom she knelt. She sank down on her knees at her bedside, while all that was holy and happy came thronging to her thoughts, and she lifted her voice in prayer mingled with sobs. Soothed, though exhausted, she retired to rest, and the sleep of innocence, of, as she felt, innocence restored, came upon her.

When she awoke in the morning, a new atmosphere seemed to encompass the world. Again she felt self-respect; nay, she felt its sustaining power as she had never yet felt it: a superior being had acknowledged her as a fellow-creature—as a friend; had taken her hand—had dried her eyes—had wept with her—had put confidence in her. New and happy purposes woke with spontaneous energy in her soul, and the once-degraded Dorcas lived and moved a renewed, regenerated being.

Through a long, useful, and in many respects fortunate life, Dorcas applied to others the moral she had drawn from her own experience; and now, in her old age, may be heard to say, or say to this effect: "This is the age of reform—of philanthropy—of diffused knowledge and liberal opinions. How is it proved? People *talk* largely, yet *act* narrowly. Much is said, but little done. Abstract charity or liberality is as useless as any other abstraction. One grain of good practice is worth a world of bright theory. To make the age really that which it calls itself, each individual must act in his own immediate circle in the spirit of the age—must be as willing to impart knowledge as to gain it; above all, he must hold out the cordial hand of kindness to all his fellow-creatures, look with the smiling eye of love upon them, and most especially must he do this as regards *that* portion which unjust and unwise institutions have placed at a disadvantage. Nor let the lowliest being breathing remain inactive from any impression that the power to soothe and serve his fellows be not allotted him. Each has his talent, and because some have ten talents, that is no reason why he who has but one should not put it out to interest; nay, that he *has* but one is the strongest of all reasons, since the less we have, the more it behoves us to use exertion to make something of it.

"Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

THE UNITED IRISHMAN.

Do you see that ruined cottage on the opposite hill? It is almost midway from the top; and the field in which it stands is neglected, and overrun with weeds. If you look more attentively, you will perceive that, extending from its sheltered gable, traces of the walls of an additional building are discernible. I remember that one of the prettiest bijoux in the entire neighbourhood,—one of those pieces of elegant refinement which makes luxury more luxurious. The traces of walls indicate the spot where a drawing-room had been added by its last proprietor, when his fortune outgrew his house. It commands a sweeping view of the beautiful river beside us; and I recollect it filled with joyous groups of the young, the witty, the good-humoured and the fair. It was not, however, always so filled, and that was the cause of its destruction, and the ruin of its proprietor. James Mulvany was the owner. He was descended from one of those Milesian families which indulge themselves with the cheap vanity of thinking their untitled rank, and even their occasionally plebeian occupation, superior, from the antiquity of their descent, to the proudest peerage conferred by monarchs, whose ancestors they consider less noble or regal than their own. It is one of those pieces of innocent pride that serve to make people in good humour with themselves under every mutation of fortune. Severe indeed had been the mutations to which Mulvany's family had been subjected, if they ever could have aspired to what their genealogists claimed for them. If his ancestors, a thousand years ago, had been sceptred chiefs in Tara's Hall—or a thousand years before that, Knights of the Red Branch,—or in still more remote antiquity, chieftains in Spain or kings in Scythia,—his father was a petty tradesman, and the occupation of his grandfather was unknown. But the tradesman won his way to distinction among his fellow-citizens by a mode of proceeding more likely to attain such an object than all the heraldry of the sons of Heber or Heremon. By a long life, devoted to unsparing industry, and regulated by the most exact frugality, he made a handsome fortune; which, with a trade now swelling from the counter to the 'change, and exalting its professor from the grocer into the merchant, he left to his son. In his hands, by judicious management, and the other regular advances of mercantile speculation, it speedily put him into the possession of immense wealth—at least such was it considered in the provinces of Ireland.

He was still in the prime of life, under forty, when the impulse given to the European systems of government by the French Revolution had reached Ireland. History will tell how it was received there. A vast mass of discontent existed in the country, and the agents of revolution proceeded to work upon the so-existent stock. Some of the leaders of the Roman Catholic party, a body, in 1793, very insignificant, caught at the hopes of their claims to power being recognised,—others wished to avail themselves of any opportunity of reforming the representative body, and purging the executive of corruption,—the views of others extended no farther than the redress of local grievances—while several of the revolutionary leaders secretly wished for a separation from England, and the establishment in the self-governed nation of Ireland of a republic, on the plan of such of the fleeting democracies of France as happened to please the various fancies of these sanguine speculators. The peasants, poor and oppressed, ignorant and fanatical, (I speak at present principally of the southern peasantry,) when *they* were consulted, had only indefinable longings after the suppression of tithes and rents, the overthrow of landlords and magistrates, the prostration of a heretical church, and the substitution in its place of that to which they had clung with such a savage fidelity.

Mulvany soon joined the ranks of the United Irishmen. At first, this was merely a political club for the furtherance of a parliamentary reform; but it speedily embarked in other projects. That he moved forward with what in the dialect of the times would be called the march of mind, and the progress of intellect in the eighteenth century, is not wonderful. His family, his creed, his politics, were hostile to the established order of things in England. His mind was naturally fervid, and he saw no obstacle to the success of his wishes. Gifted with considerable talents, and possessed of a glowing though irregular oratory, he soon obtained some influence among his associates. Their organization was clever. Five invisible directors, known only to each other and the eight or ten local heads of committees dispersed through Ireland, managed the concerns of the conspirators. They gave the orders to the general board in the metropolis, from whom they emanated to the country. No one knew any body higher than those *immediately* above him, the same system being carried down to the minutest ramifications. Mulvany's wealth and respectable character, added to his abilities and his convivial talents, which were great, (and the possession of such talents is a circumstance which has never failed to recommend to the attention of any party in Ireland,) made him naturally the head of the local committee in the provincial town where he lived,—this town where we now are: and, as the promiscuous crowd which his situation drew to him might, from their character and appearance, induce suspicion, if the meetings took place at his town-house, he used to appoint them at that cottage; and his drawing-room, that now dilapidated waste of broken stones and straggling herbage, was the scene of many an anxious midnight deliberation on the means of carrying into effect the purposes of the United Irishmen. I am sorry to be obliged to say what I am now going to add. He had been one of the best-intentioned and best-natured men in the world. His heart melted at every tale of sorrow, and his purse was ever open to relieve the wants of all who came within his sphere. In all the social relations

of life he was kind. He was a firm friend, a dutiful son, a fond husband, ardent in his attachments, munificent in his patronage. But the bitter feelings of political hatred soon changed his nature altogether. Long brooding over wrongs, real or supposed, made him gloomy and malignant; the necessity of concealing his feelings against the objects of his political dislike, whom he continually met in casual company, rendered him scowling and hypocritical; and his regular contact with the baser natures who play the atrocious parts in every faction gradually tinged him with their venom. He felt himself besides, from his rank among them, called to affect a more eager and ardent zeal than the others; and this affectation ended as usual in creating the feeling which it simulated. The more he thought, the more certain did the benefits to be derived from the success of his friends appear, and the more diabolical the conduct of those who opposed their completion. Gradually, hatred to their principles began to be extended to their persons, and he considered them as beings whose existence was a blot upon the face of nature. I am not telling you the history of one man; I am telling you the history of the feelings of nine-tenths of the original leaders of this and every other conspiracy. As the crisis fixed on for insurrection approached, their party frenzy heightened all through the country. Such a spirit as that which I have painted as existing in Mulvany's bosom had spread very generally among men who would at first have shuddered at any approximation to it. Just then it was proposed, nobody ever knew by whom,—it was like the casual cry in a crowd urging on some deed of blood, and never traced to its author, who is perhaps himself unconscious of what he was calling into action,—it was proposed, I say, that an assassination committee should be added to the general and local committees of the club. The mention of it was sufficient. The sanguinary caught at it at once,—the malevolent hoped to gratify private spite under guise of the public cause,—the zealot justified it to himself by arguments drawn from the benefits certain to follow the extirpation of the unworthy,—and all these drove forward others of better feelings. The appetite for blood is wofully contagious. Many who disapproved of the project were obliged to assent to it, through dread of being themselves denounced under the new *régime;* and such is the fury of party, that lists have been found, drawn up by the more zealous rebel leaders, of those who were to be cut off for lukewarmness, as soon as the destruction of the English power had placed Ireland in the hands of the successful insurgents. These lists, compromising the lives of nearly half of the chief agents in the conspiracy, were found among their papers, when the suppression of the rebellion of 1798 had put an end to the existence of the club, and given up their interior secrets to the disposal of Government.

But I am wearying you with talking politics. In short then, Mulvany, a man of the most upright intentions, and the most benevolent feelings, became a president of a committee, to which about three hundred of the most eminent of his fellow-citizens were marked out for the pike or bullet of the assassin; and that opposite cottage, which, little more than a year before, had rang with the sounds of mirth and revelry, now echoed only the hoarse accents of the cold-blooded calculators of the means of murder. This was, however, the overthrow of the plot. Some of the members became horrified at what they heard; the friends of others were selected among the victims; and nature cannot always be repressed by political hatred: at last, precise information of what they had long surmised was afforded to the local authorities, and they lost no time in acting upon it. They so well laid their plans, that a meeting was surprised in the very act of sitting, with all their books and papers. Resistance was out of the question: a short struggle was made against the police and soldiers; but eventually, after a five minutes' unequal contest, which answered no purpose save that of compelling the assailants to make a discharge of musketry, which shattered the room and cost the assailed a couple of lives and three or four wounds, the whole were, with one exception, taken into custody.

That one exception was Mulvany. Knowing the details of his house, and the by-paths about it, better than any of his company, he had contrived, by leaping from a window, to escape during the scuffle, and to conceal himself effectually from all chance of immediate seizure. His companions were without delay, brought to trial before a military commission then sitting; and dealt with, with the rigour and promptitude of martial law. They were all doomed to death in about an hour after they had been taken; and the morning following their midnight trial appointed as the last of their lives.

Among them was one young man, so young indeed as to render his title to the designation of "man" questionable enough. He was little more than seventeen. He had been but lately enrolled into the club, and was by mere accident present in Mulvany's house, at the moment of the attack, not being yet admitted to the *arcana.* His connexions were highly respectable, and even the most violent of the opposite party pitied his tender years. Interest was immediately made for him with the sheriff of the city, who had in such times the power of staying executions, until the will of the lord-lieutenant was ascertained. Two of his friends, one of whom happened to be connected by affinity to O'Reilly, the young convict, waited upon him, and urged such topics as most naturally occurred. They argued on his inexperience, his want of knowledge, the weight he could be of, the slight assistance he could give, and the cruelty it would be to urge the extreme severity of the law, against one so little deserving of any visitation of its deadly powers.

The sheriff heard them to the end. He was a hard-featured man, but not a hard-hearted one. Party had made him, however, particularly indignant against United Irishmen; and his feelings did not run any chance of being softened by the fact that his own name had been registered among the

most prominent of those destined for death. "Why look ye, gentlemen," said he, knitting his hard brow into its most iron expression, "all that is mighty fine talk. I make every allowance for youth, but, faith, there are limits, let me tell you; I have no objection to a young fellow having his fling; we were all young ourselves, and may be we all did queer things enough: but let me tell you, that cutting people's throats is no joking matter to man or boy. And, gentlemen, when the first men of your town are marked out with a black cross stuck up behind their names, meaning thereby that a staff-pike is to be stuck up into their bodies—I do not say it out of spite, because I happened to be among them myself, though I assure you, none of us would like to be killed in that manner, at any hour of the forenoon, ay, or the afternoon either—we must consider that the young gentleman who plays with such playthings, is not likely to be a good egg or bird, and the quietest way is to put him out of the danger of being troublesome, by just turning him off in the cool of the morning."

"Nay," said one of the intercessors, "you are too precipitate; is there no chance of repentance? none of amendment? will you not allow—"

"Pish! my friend," replied the sheriff, "I have lived long enough in the world to know, that when a youth begins with murder, he won't end with psalm-singing, except he may wish to indulge his vocal powers in that way under a gallows."

"But," still urged his friend, "you are putting the thing in the hardest light against this unfortunate O'Reilly."

"Unfortunate!" interrupted the sheriff, "a pretty word for such a fellow, indeed,—if you called him a wicked young cut-throat, you would be nearer the mark."

"Call him what you please, but listen to me; if he is wicked, he is unfortunate too, and doubly so by being wicked; but you are putting the case, I say, in the hardest light possible against him. You assume that he knew all the murderous designs of the men with whom he associated. Now I hold that it is quite impossible; I am sure that he was a mere novice just introduced among them—knowing, I admit, that he was doing wrong, but yet not prepared for such wrong as he is charged with."

"The devil he wasn't! much you know about it; what a pretty little sucking conspirator you want to make of him! But wait awhile, and I'll show you what sort of an innocent this protegé is. Step in with me, (this dialogue had taken place at the door of the sheriff's house, from which he had been called out while at supper,) step in with me, and we'll just take one tumbler of punch, and I'll walk down with you to the guard-house, where the lad is laid up in lavender, and out of his own mouth you shall learn how worthy he is of your interference."

"Let us come, then, at once," proposed one of the gentlemen, "without making any delay, for the night is wearing, and the execution is fixed for eight o'clock."

"Meat or drink never marred work," was the reply: "I have some little papers and other conundrums, to take with me, which I cannot find in the time you'd take to say Jack Robinson; and believe me you'll find it snugger waiting over my jorum on my table, than on the steps of my hall-door; and as for the execution, why you know that you cannot have that neat exhibition until I think fit to show my physiognomy as prime contributor; so step in, I'll not keep you five minutes."

They followed him, and partook of his beverage with much more haste than their landlord seemed inclined to do. Urged by them, at last he rummaged among his ill-arranged papers, and having selected one or two, and carefully examined his pistols, he led the way to the guard-house, where O'Reilly was stretched, strongly manacled, upon a heap of straw. He had been excessively agitated during the day, and now nature had asserted her dominion, and plunged him into a deep slumber. It was not destined to be of long duration. The foot of the sheriff was applied to him (no gentle salute), and he sprang up as nimbly as his chain would let him. He had been dreaming of the events of the day. "I defy you!" said he, scarcely awake, "if I had a sword, I would—"

"Stop your fine prate, my elegant fellow," said the sheriff; "if you had a sword! You may give God thanks if you get a cat-o'-nine tails in place of a rope. So now gather your brains, and listen to me. These two gentlemen are interested for you, and wish to get you off from what you so richly deserve. So I have come with them just to show them, for their own satisfaction, not mine—for *my* mind is made up on the subject—that you amply deserve the gallows."

"I am obliged to you for your kindness," said the prisoner; "if that were the sole object of your mission, it would have been kinder to have let me enjoy without interruption the few hours your cruel laws have awarded me."

"Mighty neat, and particularly elegant," retorted the man of office; "but although you *are* destined for the rope, yet, to tell you the truth, I have come to give you a chance for your life; so do not be sulky, but answer what I ask: you may as well, for worse it cannot make you, and may be it may do you good."

O'Reilly gave a sullen assent.

"Well, now, you know that last night was not the first time you were at Hill Cottage. You were there last Friday week."

"I was." At which answer his friends looked a little amazed.

"It was then proposed that this city should be attacked by bringing an armed party down the narrow passes at the back of the hill, and introducing them through the lanes of the northern suburb?"

"I do not deny that there was such a proposal."

"And a very pretty sort of a one it was. You volunteered to give your aid in drawing on paper a plan of operations, which was to be followed up, and you expressed no reluctance to join in the execution of your own piece of tactics."

"It is true. I may as well confess what you have learned already."

"Well, you do see that I know something of your private and very secret meetings. I'll say nothing of your civil speeches as to myself, for there is no use in raking up such things now; but to show you that I know almost as much of your affairs as yourselves, I'll just mention one trifle. You sat at the right hand of the chair, and drank two glasses of white wine and water during your worshipful debate."

"How you obtained your information I cannot tell, but it is true, and cursed be the traitor who told you."

"Traitor, indeed!" said the sheriff; "considering, my lad, that you are yourself in a very fair way to be hanged for treason, it well becomes you to be calling people who stop murder and disloyalty, traitors. But now we are coming to the business. Mulvany was there, of course, the two Burkes—"

"Yes."

"Briscol and M'Guire, who are now in this prison; Martin, and O'Leary of Dublin, and the worthy Mr. Flaherty, who, with the blessing of Heaven, I shall lay hands on before the morning is over."

"All whom you mention were certainly there."

"Yes, my lad, I know that, and there was a tenth man there beside—don't start, there *was* a tenth man there, who came late, was muffled in a cloak, sat next the chair, and spoke only in whispers. Now, sir, we have come to the question. Who was *he?*"

"That question," said the young man, convulsed with the energy of his refusal, "I never will answer. I know him; but I would be hanged ten times over sooner than breathe his name."

"Hanged, then, once you shall be," said the sheriff, "and that you will find quite enough for you. You see," added he, turning to his companions, "that this gentleman is not quite so great a novice as you had imagined. It is no use for us to stay any longer here, for we are keeping him from his devotions."

The intercessors did not spare any argument to induce the prisoner to change his mind, but he was inflexible. At first he replied indignantly to their entreaties, but finding them persevering, he turned away with a declaration that he would not open his lips till on the place of execution. All their efforts to shake this resolution were fruitless, and they left the prison with a sigh, abandoning him to his fate.

Fate, however, was not so near as there was every reason to expect. The visit of the sheriff to the guard-house had not been unnoticed, and among his attendants came one whom he did not calculate upon. It was Mulvany. He had lurked about during the evening, and when the darkness of night gave him security, he had ventured into town, disguised in the dress of one of his own labourers. He had heard of the sentence passed on his friends, and lingered about the prison in the hope that some lucky chance would occur which might permit him to see them. Though the strictness of martial law prevailed, yet he had been enabled from his sort of official situation to obtain the pass-word, for there were spies on both sides; and thus, with a little management, and some presence of mind, he contrived to loiter about for a long time. While thus occupied, he perceived the arrival of the party whose proceedings I have just narrated. By great good fortune, he recognised among the twelve or fifteen civil officers who were waiting on their superior, a man who had been deeply indebted to him for various and important favours. This man, though he was an officer, had also been in no slight degree favourable to the projects of the united Irishmen, and this of course Mulvany knew. He determined to make trial of him. The fellow was among the last of the group. Mulvany waited until they had turned into a narrow lane leading to the prison, and just as the bailiff passed the angle of the street, out of which it led, he caught him hastily by the skirt. The man started, and seized a pistol; it was no wonder that in such times people should feel a little nervous at being caught by an unknown hand in the dark. But before he was able to make any alarm, an anxious whisper had met his ear, and converted his fear into astonishment. He suffered himself to be detained while the rest passed on. When they were out of sight, "Oh the powers!" said he, "Mr. Mulvany, what bewitches *you* to be here, and your head worth its weight in gold? It is almost as bad, to be sure, for myself to be caught speaking to you; so in the name of God, be off like a shot."

"I am not afraid of *you*," was the reply, "for—"

"Nor need you," said the bailiff: "it would be quare indeed if Tim Daltera was to blow up the man to whom he owes the bread of his childer—but do go. I'll be missed, and that will be a bad job for us both."

"No," said Mulvany, "I will not go; you must let me get with you into the guard-house, where I'll take care not to be seen by any body."

"Is it into the guard-house you'd want to go? 'Faith, man, you are as mad as a March hare. So good night, and take my advice. No, no, now; I can't, upon my conscience; I dare not take it. Well, if you must, you must; but lurk up close to me, and when in the guard-house, shift for yourself, for I wash my hands from it clane."

The argument of five guineas had succeeded.

Flesh is frail, and, unless they be belied, official people are not always incorruptible. Mulvany joined the party, and arrived unnoticed at the guard-house. The soldiers did not know the faces of the police, whom they as usual despised, and he ran no risk of detection from them; but to avoid the notice of those with whom he had come, he passed into a store-room which he knew was seldom visited, and through one of its windows into a yard containing some neglected outhouses, in one of which he concealed himself. Impatiently did he wait the departure of the sheriff, and as impatiently the return of quiet in the guard-house. At last all noises were hushed, except that of the wind, which, as

day-break was drawing near, had augmented to the violence of a storm. It was so much the better for his purposes.

He had ascertained in which room O'Reilly was confined. The victims of offended military law were frequently, as in this case, confined in guard-houses and barracks, which not being destined to the purpose of regular prisons, were generally unprovided with the means of security which gaols afford. O'Reilly was placed in an apartment which had been designed as the officers' guard-room, but the number of prisoners required the use of every room that could be spared. It was but one low story from the ground, and the windows were not secured with bars. Indeed, as its occupant was only to remain there a few hours, escape was thought to be adequately guarded against by his heavy chains. The front of the guard-house was supplied with its sufficient number of sentinels, and a large body of soldiers were on the ground-floor, ready accoutred for any emergency; but behind there was no sentry. It was thought to be quite needless, for it was sufficiently protected by a very high wall, which ran along the verge of a steep precipice, at the edge of a rapid river. Mulvany, therefore, was enabled to reconnoitre the rear undisturbed. Availing himself then of the lower window, he climbed up till he could reach at the bottom of that on the first floor. The rugged masonry of its edge rendered this no very difficult feat to one accustomed, like him, to every kind of active exercise. His first effort was not prosperous. He had scarcely grasped the bottom, when his grip being insufficient, he fell. He was not much injured, but yet lay for several minutes on the ground, fearing that the noise which he had made might have been heard by the soldiers in the front. All remained still, and he attempted again, and this second time with better fortune. He gained as before the bottom of the first-floor window, and swaying himself up by his hands, succeeded in getting outside it. He raised it with cautious hand, and moving forward with stealthy pace, entered the room, without even disturbing O'Reilly, who had again fallen into a deep sleep.

The room was wrapt in complete darkness. He groped about until he came to the corner where the prisoner slept, and he knew that he had found the object of his search by stumbling over him. The chains rattled with a clanking sound, which drove a cold pang of terror into Mulvany's bosom. Loud as it rung on his alarmed ears, it was, however, so slight as to be quite unheard outside. His next fear was that the sleeper, on being awakened, might make some exclamation that would mar the enterprise. Gently, therefore, as a mother rouses her sleeping child, he shook him. and took care that the first sound he heard should be, "Be silent—I am a friend—Mulvany." In spite of the precaution, O'Reilly started, and could hardly imagine that he was not still dreaming. In a minute Mulvany had told him every thing, and proposed to him to lose no time in effecting his escape. "How is it to be done?" said O'Reilly, "I am fettered hand and foot, and the weight of my chains is such that I can scarcely move under them."

"That," whispered his friend, "I have thought of. Take this file, or rather let me use it, and we shall soon make your manacles of no avail." He was as good as his word; but the labour was tedious, and not a stir could be made that did not appear to them as a sure precursor to discovery and destruction. An hour, however, had not elapsed before the leg-fetters were so far filed off, as to enable O'Reilly to walk; and the hands, though still surrounded with the rings of his handcuffs, were free. That being done, how was the escape to be effected? To go through the window, by which Mulvany had entered, would be useless. They could not pass through the guard-house; and if even they succeeded in gaining the top of the high wall behind, it would be impossible to get down the steep which it bordered without loss of life. They were for some minutes disconsolate, when O'Reilly recollected that there was a fire-place in the room. The chances were, that the chimney was unbarred. At all events it was worth trying; and, accordingly, they proceeded to attempt climbing it.

It was one of those wide, old-fashioned chimneys which admitted the passage of a man. Mulvany, as being unincumbered with irons, mounted first, and his friend followed close. With difficulty they crept up, torn by the irregular building of its wall, and half smothered by soot and dirt; but at length they arrived at the summit, and, as they anticipated, no bars opposed their passage. They emerged carefully. The next step was indeed one of danger. Neither knew the construction of the roof—it was parapeted they were sure, but to what extent they could not even conjecture. The intense darkness prohibited them from guessing how far they had to drop, or whether the part of the roof on which they had to fall was sloping or not. If they fell off the roof, death was inevitable, the house being at least sixty feet high. Determination, however, was necessary, and that speedily. "I shall try it," said O'Reilly, "I may as well be dashed to pieces as hanged. I shall drop, and by my success you may decide as to your own conduct." Before his friend could reply, the thing was done.* Letting himself down his whole length, he dropped. The roof sloped as they had dreaded, and down he rolled, but fortunately the parapet was of sufficient height to protect him. He fell inside, repelled with great force, and thereby, as Homer would have said, escaped black death.

Mulvany listened to his fall, and halloed as loud as he dared, to inquire if he were safe.

"Yes," was the reply, "the parapet is high enough; but take care of the slanting roof."

He immediately made the attempt, and succeeded better than O'Reilly. He came on the ridge-tiles, and carefully crept down to the parapet, where he joined his companion.

Their course was now comparatively clear. They would find little difficulty in passing to the roof of

the neighbouring house, to which they therefore moved carefully along. An accident nearly discovered them. As they groped by the parapet, O'Reilly's hand shook down a loose stone, and it came thundering to the ground, just at the feet of two sentries parading below.

"Who goes there?" said one.

"One," replied the other, "who will not answer you. It is the wind, you fool."

"I'll fire," said the first, "if not answered. Somebody is giving us the slip."

"Fire, if you like," said the other, "and make an ass of yourself, which is needless, as you are one already. You would make a pretty sentinel, if you were to fire at every blast of wind that sings by your ear."

The first sentry growled, but was persuaded, and continued his march up and down without further argument. The fugitives above had no other interruption. They entered the next house by a skylight, and proceeded hastily down stairs. The inmates were asleep, and they gained the yard undisturbed. Their knowledge of the localities of the city, informed them that the back of this house looked over the hill-side, where the steep, sloping gradually, was accessible, if somewhat dangerous. A small quay was below, at which a ferryman plied his poor trade. This, therefore, was their line of escape. The wall was easily scaled, and they fearlessly jumped on the ground below. Half-staggering, half-rolling, they came to the bottom, and immediately found the boat. They tore it from its moorings,—it was no time to discuss questions of property,—and, seizing the oars, rowed rapidly down the river. About three miles rowing brought them to a house where they could venture to ask admittance; and, as the day had dawned for some time, though still it was very dark and overcast with clouds, they knocked, and were answered from the window above by the owner himself. Gloomy as the light was, they made themselves known at once by communicating the word which marked them as initiated. He hastened to admit them, astonished at their escape. They turned the boat to the mercy of the current, and entered. He protected them till night set in again, and they then, venturing on the river, made their way to the harbour, where an American vessel, bound for Lisbon, took them on board, and secreted them till out of the jurisdiction of England.

The next day, when the escape was discovered, the astonishment of all parties may be conceived. The sheriff had seen the prisoner at two in the morning safely chained. The sentries had not been alarmed. It was evident that the chains had been filed, but how or by whom, it was impossible to guess. The ferryman attributed the loss of his boat to the violence of the storm; and, as it was found adrift about seven miles lower down, he never doubted that he was right in his conjecture. Suspicion fell on various individuals; but the mystery was never cleared up, until by the fugitives themselves in letters to their friends at home. Mulvany never told how he had got into the prison, and nobody was more perplexed how to account for it than the worthy bailiff himself, who had admitted him, and he, you may be sure, kept the secret till his death.

What became of them?

They got to Lisbon, whence Mulvany went to America, rose to some eminence there in the law, but was shot in a duel; I forget for what.

And the other?

His fate was more singular. It is odd enough, that three years ago I had told this story of the escape of these men to a Roman Catholic priest, who had returned from Portugal to his native country. "I can finish the story for you," said he, "O'Reilly's narrow escape had not taught him caution. When the French advanced on Portugal in 1808, he was living in the frontier town of Elvas, and he had the temerity to enter into a correspondence with them. It was intercepted. The populace rose in rage against him, and dragged him out of his house. I stood by him, and endeavoured to mitigate their anger, but in vain: I almost implicated myself in his fate. They, after cuffing and kicking him most unmercifully, cut him literally in pieces with their knives, and I was spattered all over by his blood. They kicked his mangled remains through the town, and flung them into the river. Such was the end of O'Reilly."

The cottage never was again inhabited. It gradually became out of repair, and is now in the condition in which you see it.

> The hare may kittle on its hearth-stane.
> And there never will be a lord of that mansion again.

TRANQUILLITY.

He only lives most happily
That's free and far from majesty;
Can live content, although unknown:
He fearing none; none fearing him;
Meddling with nothing but his own,
While gazing eyes at crowns grew dim.
THOMAS KYD.—*From England's Parnassus*, 1600.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Heaven waxeth old; and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself shall cease in time to move;
Only the soul survives, and lives for aye.
JOHN DAVIES.—*From England's Parnassus*, 1600.

STILLNESS.

As then no wind at all there blew,
No swelling cloud accloyd the air,
The sky, like grass of watched hue,
Reflected Phœbus' golden hair:
The garnished trees no pendant stirr'd,
Nor voice was heard of any bird.
MAT. ROYDON.—*From England's Parnassus*, 160 .

VIRTUE.

Virtue dies not; her tomb we need not raise;
Let them trust tombs, which have outlived their praise.
THOMAS BASTARD.—*From England's Parnassus*, 1600.

ABON CASSIM'S PANTOUFLES.

AN ORIENTAL TALE:

There dwelt in Bagdad an old merchant named Abon Cassim, noted for his avarice; although he was very rich his clothes were nothing but patches and rags, his turban of the coarsest cloth, and so dirty, that it was difficult to discover the colour; but of all his attire, his pantoufles or slippers were most conspicuous: the soles were covered with large nails, and the upper leathers were an assemblage of botches. The famous ship of Argos had not so many pieces in it, and since they had been made, which was about ten years, the most skilful cobblers of Bagdad had exhausted their skill to keep them together: they were become so heavy that they had passed into a proverb, and when any one wanted to express a thing as remarkably clumsy, Abon Cassim's slippers were always the object of comparison.

One day, as the merchant was walking in the bazaar, an offer was made him of a large quantity of crystal, of which he became the advantageous purchaser. Hearing some days after that a perfumer, whose affairs were in a ruinous state, had some excellent rose-water to sell, which was his last resource, he instantly took advantage of the poor man's necessity, and bought the rose-water for half its value. The bargain put him in good humour; but, instead of giving an entertainment to his neighbours, according to the custom of the east, when a fortunate purchase is made, he found it more convenient to go to the public baths, where he had not been for a long time. As he was undressing, a person whom he took to be his friend (for the covetous have rarely any real friends), told him his slippers were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. "I have thought of it a long time," replied Cassim, "but they are not yet so bad but that they may last a little longer." During the conversation he had undressed, and had retired to the bath. While he was bathing, the Cadi of Bagdad came likewise to bathe. Cassim coming out before the judge, entered first into the dressing-room, and having put on his clothes, sought in vain for his slippers, in the place of which he discovered a new pair. The avaricious merchant, persuaded that the person, who had just rebuked him about his old slippers, had made him a present of a new pair, put them on without hesitation, and quitted the place, overjoyed at the thought of being saved the expense of a purchase.

When the cadi issued from the bath, his slaves looked about for his slippers, instead of which they could only find a vile old pair, which were instantly recognised as Cassim's. The cadi's officers went directly in quest of the suspected thief, and finding him with the slippers on his feet, took him to prison, where he was forced to compromise the matter by the payment of a considerable sum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassim for very spite threw the slippers into the Tigris which ran under his window. Some days after, a fisherman pulling up his net, found it heavier than usual, which was owing to the weight of the slippers, the nails of which had caught hold of the net and broken several of the meshes. The poor fisherman, enraged at Cassim and his slippers, threw them in at the window of the merchant's house, and with such force that the crystal vases, which decorated the cornice and mantel-piece, were overset by one of the slippers, and the other, striking the vase which contained the rose-water, the whole were dashed to fragments.

Figure to yourself the agonies of Cassim on beholding this scene of devastation. "Accursed slippers!" he exclaimed, tearing his beard,—"you shall not do me further mischief." So saying, he seized a spade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbours who had long owed him an ill office, ran to the governor of the city, and acquainted him that Cassim had just dug up a hidden treasure in his garden. This was sufficient to excite the cupidity of the governor, and the miser in vain declared that he had not found any gold, but was only burying his unlucky slippers. The governor had made sure of money, and the unfortunate Cassim could not obtain his liberty till he had made a handsome present.

The distracted old man now gave his slippers most heartily to the devil, and threw them into an aqueduct at a great distance from the city, imagining that he should hear no more of them, but the devil who had not done playing tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they interrupted the current of the waters, and caused an inundation in the adjoining gardens. The owners on discovering the cause, took the slippers to the cadi, and demanded satisfaction for the damages they had occasioned. The unhappy Cassim was once more committed to prison, and condemned to pay a fine of a much larger amount than the two former, after which, the cadi, who would by no means retain his property, restored to him his choice pantoufles. Cassim, that he might be delivered from further harm, was determined to burn them, but as they had imbibed a great quantity of water, he placed them on the terrace on the top of his house to dry in the sun. But fortune, or rather *mis*fortune, had not yet exhausted her quiver against the unlucky man, and now dealt him a more cruel stroke than all the rest. A young dog in the next house, perceiving the slippers, crept from his master's terrace to Cassim's, and seizing one of them in his mouth, played his gambols with it, till he at last let it fall over the parapet, and unhappily it lighted on a woman with child who was passing in the street before Cassim's door. Fear, added to the violence of the blow, made the woman miscarry: her husband carried his complaint to the cadi, and Cassim was condemned to make him a recompence apportioned to the injury done to the wife.

Upon this fresh misfortune he ran home, and

taking his slippers in his hand, once more repaired to the cadi. "Behold!" said he, "my lord, the fatal instruments of my sufferings. These accursed slippers have reduced me to poverty; deign, therefore, to publish a decree that I may not be made answerable for the ills which doubtless they will yet occasion." The cadi could not refuse this reasonable petition, and Cassim, after paying a large sum for the decree, at length by dear bought experience, learned the fatal effects of avarice.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

There lived in a country not a thousand miles from Edinburgh, a decent farmer, who, by patient industry and frugality, and without being avaricious, had made himself easy in circumstances. He enjoyed life without being profuse; for he tempered his enjoyments with moderation. At the age of sixty, he still retained the bloom of health on his cheek. He lived till that age a bachelor; but his household affairs were regulated by a young woman, whose attentive zeal for her master's interest made it easy for him to enjoy his home without a wife. She was only in the character of his humble servant, but she was virtuous and prudent. Betty allotted the tasks to the servants in the house, performed the labour within doors, during harvest, when all the others were engaged. She saw every thing kept in order, and regulated all with strict regard to economy and cleanliness. She had the singular good fortune to be at once beloved by her fellow-servants, as well as respected and trusted by her master. Her master even consulted her in matters where he knew she could give advice, and found it often his interest to do so. But her modesty was such, that she never tendered her advices gratuitously. Prudence regulated all her actions, and she kept the most respectful distance from her master. She paid all attention to his wants and wishes; nor could a wife or daughter have been more attentive. When he happened to be from home, it was her province to wait upon him when he returned, provide his refreshment, and administer to all his wants. Then she reported to him the occurrences of the day, and the work which had been done. It did not escape her master's observation, however, that, though she was anxious to relate the truth, she still strove to extenuate and hide the faults of those who had committed misdemeanors. Her whole conduct was such, that, for the period of fifteen years, the breath of slander dared not to hazard a whisper against her.

It happened, however, that a certain *maiden* lady in the neighbourhood had cast an eye upon the farmer. She was the niece of a bachelor minister, and lived at the manse in the character of housekeeper. But, with all opportunity to become a competitor with Betty, she could never gain her character. Those people who want personal attractions take strange means of paying court, and endeavouring to open the way for themselves. What they cannot effect by treaty, they endeavour to do by sapping. Scandal is their magazine, by which they attempt to clear their way from all obstructions. This maiden lady made some sinister remarks, in such a way, and in such a place, as were sure to reach the farmer's ear. The farmer was nearly as much interested for the character of his servant as he was for his own, and so soon as he discovered the authoress, made her a suitable return. But he made ample amends to Betty for the injury she had suffered, and, at the same time, rewarded her for her services, by taking her for his wife. By this event, the lady, whose intentions had been well understood, and who had thought of aggrandizing herself at the expense and ruin of poor Betty, found that she had contributed the very means to advance her to the realization of a fortune she had never hoped for. May all intermeddlers of the same cast have the same punishment: they are pests to society.

Betty's success had created some speculation in the country. Though every one agreed that Betty deserved her fortune, it was often wondered how such a modest, unassuming girl, had softened the heart of the bachelor, who, it was thought, was rather flinty in regard to the fair sex. Betty had an acquaintance, who was situated in nearly the same circumstances as herself, in being at the head of a bachelor farmer's house; but it would appear that she had formed a design of conquering her master. If Betty used artifice, however, it was without design. But her neighbour could not, it would appear, believe that she had brought the matter to a bearing without some stratagem; and she wished Betty to tell her how she had gone about "courting the old man." There was, withal, so much native simplicity about Betty, and the manner of relating her own courtship and marriage is so like herself, that it would lose its *naïveté* unless told in her own homely Scotch way. Betty, into all, had a lisp in her speech, that is, a defect in speech, by which the *s* is always pronounced as *th*, which added a still deeper shade of simplicity to her manner; but it would be trifling to suit the orthography to that common defect. The reader can easily suppose that he hears Betty lisping, while she is relating her story to her attentive friend.

"Weel, Betty," says her acquaintance, "come, gi'e me a sketch, an' tell me a' about it; for I may ha'e a chance mysel'. We dinna ken what's afore us. We're no the waur o' ha'ein' somebody to tell us the road, whan we dinna ken a' the cruiks and thraws in't." "Deed," says Betty, "there was little about it ava. Our maister was awa' at the fair ae day selling the lambs, and it was gey late afore he cam' hame. Our maister verra seldom steys late, for he's a douce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he was mair herty than I had seen him for a lang time; but I opine he had a gude merket for his lambs, and ther's room for excuse whan ane drives a gude bergen. Indeed, to tell even on truth, he had rather better than a wee drap in his e'e. It was my usual to sit up till he cam' hame, when he was

awa. When he cam' in and gaed up stairs, he fand his sipper ready for him. 'Betty,' says he, very saft-like. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'what has been gaun on the day—a's right, I houp?' 'Ouy, sir,' says I. 'Very weel, very weel,' says he, in his ain canny way. He ga'e me a clap on the shouther, and said I was a gude lassie. When I had telt him a' that had been dune throus' the day, just as I aye did, he ga'e me another clap on the shouther, and said he was a fortunate man to ha'e sic a carefu' person about the house. I never had heard him say as muckle to my face before, tho' he aften said mair ahint my back. I really thocht he was fey. Our maister, when he had gotten his sipper finished, began to be verra joky ways, and said that I was baith a gude and a bonny lassie. I kent that folks arna' themsels whan in drink, and they say rather mair than they wad do if they were sober. Sae I cam' awa' doon into the kitchen.

"Twa or three days after that, our maister cam' into the kitchen—'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'come up stairs; I want to speak t'ye,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae I went up stairs after him, thinking a' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feeding o' the swine, or killing the heefer, or something like that. But whan he telt me to sit doun, I saw there was something serious, for he never bad me sit doun afore but ance, and that was whan he was gaun to Glasgow fair. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye ha'e been lang a servant to me,' says he, 'and a gude and honest servant. Since ye're sae gude a servant, I aften think ye'll make a better wife. Ha'e ye ony objection to be a wife, Betty?' says he. 'I dinna ken, sir,' says I. 'A body canna just say hou they like a bargain till they see the article.' 'Weel, Betty,' says he, 'ye're verra right there again. I ha'e had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find fau't wi' ye for onything. Ye're carefu', honest, an' attentif, an'——.' 'O, sir,' says I, 'ye always paid me for't, and it was only my duty.' 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'Betty, that's true; but then I mean to mak' amens t'ye for the evil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you and me, and forby, the warld are taking the same liberty: sae, to stop a' their mouths, you and I sall be married.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; for what could I say?

"Our maister looks into the kitchen another day, an' says, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'I am gaun to gi'e in our names to be cried in the kirk, this and next Sabbath.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"About eight days after this, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'I think,' says he, 'we will hae the marriage put owre neist Friday, if ye ha'e nae objection.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. 'And ye'll tak' the grey yad, and gang to the toun on Monday, an' get your bits o' wedding braws. I ha'e spoken to Mr. Cheap, the draper, and ye can tak' aff onything ye want, an' please yoursell, for I canna get awa that day.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"Sae I gaed awa to the toun on Monday, an' bought some wee bits o' things; but I had plenty o' claes, and I cou'dna think o' being 'stravagant. I took them to the manty-maker, to get made, and they were sent hame on Thursday.

"On Thursday night, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'To-morrow is our wedding-day,' says he, 'an' ye maun see that a' things are prepared for the denner,' says he, 'an' see every thing dune yoursel,' says he, 'for I expect some company, an' I wad like to see every thing feat and tiddy in your ain way,' says he. 'Very weel, sir,' says I.

"I had never ta'en a serious thought about the matter till now; and I began to consider that I must exert mysel to please my maister and the company. Sae I got every thing in readiness, and got every thing clean—I cou'dna think ought was dune right except my ain hand was in't.

"On Friday morning, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Go away and get yoursel' dressed,' says he, 'for the company will soon be here, and ye maun be decent. An' ye maun stay in the room up stairs,' says he, 'till ye're sent for,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. But there was sic a great deal to do, and sae many grand dishes to prepare for the dinner to the company, that I could not get awa', and the hail folk were come afore I got myself dressed.

"Our maister cam' doun stairs, and telt me to go up that instant and dres mysel, for the minister was just comin doun the loan. Sae I was obliged to leave every thing to the rest of the servants, an' gang up stairs, an' pit on my claes.

"When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Haaslybrae cam' and took me into the room among a' the gran' folk, an' the minister. I was maist like to fent; for I never saw sae mony gran' folk together a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whar to look. At last, our maister took me by the han', an' I was greatly relieved. The minister said a great deal to us—but I canna mind it a'—and then he said a prayer. After this, I thought I should ha'e been worried wi' folk kissing me,—mony a yin shook hands wi' me I had never seen afore, and wished me much joy.

"After the ceremony was o'er, I slipped awa' doun into the kitchen again amang the rest o' thee servants to see if the dinner was a' right. But in a wee time our maister cam' into the kitchen, an' says, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye must consider that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he; 'and therefore ye must come up stairs and sit amangst the rest of the company,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae what could I do, but gang up stairs to the rest of the company, an' sit doun among them? I sat there in a corner, as weel out o' sight as I could, for they were a' speaking to me or looking at me, an' I didna ken how to behave amang sic braw company, or how to answer them. I sat there till it was gey late, and our maister made me drink the company's healths, and they gaed a' away.

"When the company were a' gaen awa', I went doun to the kitchen, and saw that every thing was right; and after I put a candle into my maister's bedroom, I took another, and gaed away up to my ain wee room in the garret. Just whan I was casting aff my shune, I hears our maister first gang into his ain room, and then come straight awa' up towards mine. I think I can hear him yet, for it was siccan extraord'nar thing, and I never saw him there afore; and every stamp o' his feet gaed thunt, thunt to my very hert. He stood at the cheek o' the door, and said, very saftly, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I—'But what brought ye here, sir,' says I. 'Naething,' says he. 'Verra weel, naething be it, sir,' says I. 'But,' says he, 'remember that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he. Verra weel, sir,' says I; 'I will remember that.' 'And ye must come down stairs,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; for what could I do? I had always obeyed my maister before, and it was nae time to disobey him now.

"Sae, Jean, that was a' that was about my courtship or marriage."

NOTE UPON CHARLES LAMB'S STORY OF "BARBARA S——."

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Story-Teller, to give a few particulars concerning the real heroine of the story of "Barbara S——," inserted in our last number. The person indicated under the fictitious name of Barbara S——, was the celebrated Mrs. Ann Crawford, one of the most distinguished actresses of her day, and the anecdote related of her by Lamb is a fact which was long current in the gossiping circles of Bath.

Mrs. Crawford was born in Bath. Her maiden name was Street. A passion for the stage seems to have taken such strong possession of her mind that she embraced it in opposition to the entreaties of her friends and relations. Her mother looked upon the profession with such contempt, that she left her daughter a weekly stipend, on the strict condition that she was to renounce the stage; fortunately, however, for the enthusiastic actress, the relation in whose favour the reversion, in case of forfeiture, was willed, had the generosity to waive his claim, so that she enjoyed the pension and her laurels together.

Her success was equally great in tragedy and comedy. Cooke speaks of her "Desdemona" as leaving all competitors far behind, and describes her "Euphrasia" as the most perfect he had ever seen. Her "Alicia" was, also, a grand piece of acting; but it was in "Lady Randolph" she achieved her highest excellence. This part was originally consigned to Mrs. Woffington, who was wholly unsuited to it; and it remaned for Mrs. Crawford to bring it into that popularity which it subsequently held for many years. In the opinion of some contemporary critics, she was greater even than Mrs. Siddons in this character. Her manner of delivering, "Was he alive?" is said to have been equal to the noblest efforts of histrionic ability. Mr. Simons in a party at Bath imitated her so perfectly in the scene with "Old Norval," that Mrs. Piozzi, who was present, said to him, "Do not do that before Mrs. Siddons—she would not be pleased."

The list of her principal characters shows that her powers were as versatile as they were brilliant. She ran through the whole round of such parts as these—"Calista," "Belvidera," "Constance," "Lady Townly, "Mrs. Sullen," the "Irish Widow" (one of her most popular performances), "Cordelia," "Millamant," "Juliet," "Angelica," "Polly Peachum," "Patty" (in the "Maid of the Mill"), "Lady Macbeth," "Perdita," "Beatrice," "Cleopatra," &c.—in short, there were scarcely a line of parts, to speak technically, she did not essay, and in which she did not excel. Her own predilection lay on the sunny side of the drama. She used to say, that she played tragedy to please the town, and comedy to please herself; and it is mentioned of her, as characteristic of the elevated aim of her genius, that she was not very anxious to cultivate individual patronage, relying solely on the support of the public, which no private interest could propitiate, and which true desert was always sure to obtain.

In person Mrs. Crawford was slightly above the middle size, of a graceful carriage, and sprightly air, with a remarkably fair complexion, and a profusion of rich auburn hair. Her features were regular and expressive, and her figure was well proportioned. She was married three times; first to Dancer, then to Barry, and lastly to Crawford. Her third marriage was injurious to her both on and off the stage. Crawford was much younger than herself, but she survived him. He was a dissolute spendthrift, and on one occasion her wardrobe was seized upon by an innkeeper in Wales to satisfy a debt he had contracted. After she had retired from the stage, the manager of Covent Garden tempted her to return by very liberal offers. It was against her own wishes, but she yielded to the earnest entreaties of her friends. The event proved the correctness of her judgment. Her reappearance was a total failure, and after a few vain trials, she abandoned the stage for ever.

Her last season was at Covent Garden, 1797-98. She died on the 29th of November, 1801, and was buried close to Barry in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

When Catherine II. attempted to collect materials for a geographical and statistical account of the Russian empire, it was discovered that the majority of the clergy, through whom alone the necessary returns could be procured, were unable to read or write! That was only between seventy and eighty years ago. The mighty strides Russia has made since that time as a political power—her peculiar position on the confines of civilization, overawing countless barbarous races on the one hand, and transmitting her influence into all the courts of Europe on the other, through the subtlest machinery of diplomacy the world has ever witnessed—the vastness of her possessions, embracing almost all the languages and religions of the earth—and the extraordinary singleness of purpose with which she has cherished the tradition of her Eastern policy, amidst all the fluctuations of her progress, her dynastic revolutions, wars, intrigues, and assassinations, a tradition which aims at the recovery of the ancient Byzantium, the metropolis of the Greek church, as essential to the complete integrity of her imperial rule, and which is even suspected of contemplating remoter schemes of aggrandizement beyond the Indus,—all these facts exhibit the marvellous spectacle of an enormous empire, rising up suddenly out of scattered masses of ignorance and superstition, concentrating itself into a clear, firm, and compact system of despotism, within the average compass of a man's life, and taking rank at once amongst the solid governments of the world, without the aid of a press; or the purifying and strengthening grace of a national literature.* Such a gigantic creation, resembling in the rapidity of its erection one of the ice palaces that started into form on the famous progress of the empress, demanded a combination of naked circumstances, which, happily for mankind, occurred but once, and which, it is no very great presumption to assert, can never occur again.

That a powerful empire should have thus sprung up armed at all points, is in itself amazing enough; but the avatar of its literature is still more astounding. Any thing is possible in the way of sudden achievements where brute force and mere numerical strength are in the ascendant. We can understand how thrones can be piled up or plucked down in a night, and the whole relations of society recast, by direct influences of that kind acting on uninstructed multitudes; but it is difficult to comprehend how any thing approximating towards a national literature can be accomplished by any other process than that of the gradual cultivation of the public taste, preparing the soil to receive and fructify the seeds of knowledge. Yet it is quite true that the literature of Russia grew up even more rapidly than the empire itself, that its history presents scarcely any perceptible period of adolescence, and that from the first moment when an author—so to speak—appeared in Russia, to the present hour, authors in every department of learning and fancy have accumulated in a ratio which leaves "panting" calculation to "toil after them in vain."

The state of society in Russia may help in some measure to account for this otherwise totally inexplicable fact. In that Titanic empire, embracing a population, or populations, of fifty or sixty millions of human beings, the great bulk of the people are still as ignorant as they were in the days of the Ruriks and Olegs. The whiskered God of the Slavi is still scrawled in uncouth outlines on the cabin-walls of the mass of the serfs. The civilizing influences of education have not yet descended below the upper crust of nobility—all beneath is still in profound darkness and hopeless inactivity. There are but two classes of people in the whole empire—the nobility and the slaves. There is no middle class, no wise cement to consolidate the social fabric, no intelligent popular body to enlarge the means of security and happiness, to originate and diffuse public opinion, to guarantee the safety of useful institutions, or protect the progress of public instruction. In this condition of things, literature becomes the exclusive possession of the one privileged order, and is exposed to none of those difficulties and incidental repulses which in free states are so often found to arise from open discussion, from the eagerness of inquiry, and the promulgation of wild theories and crude speculations. Being in some sort a species of imperial preserve, nobody is allowed to enter it except with a licence, and under conditions which prescribe the mode and limit the enjoyment of the sport. But this is not all. The majority of the Russian youth are educated abroad. In the year 1841, the number of students placed at the native universities did not exceed two thousand three hundred. They are generally sent out for a certain term to Germany and France; and thus, taking advantage of foreign illumination,

* A press—that is to say, the machine so called—existed in Russia many centuries ago, although it is needless to add, that it possessed no power whatever as an agent of civilization. Printing was introduced into Russia in the sixteenth century. The earliest specimen extant is a Slavonic Psalter, printed at Kief in 1551.

they are carefully trained for the various services to which they are ultimately destined at home. Their facility as linguists is notorious; and they are indebted to that talent, and to the unsparing zeal with which it is cultivated, for the admitted superiority of their diplomatic establishments, and for the rapidity with which they have created, or appropriated, out of other literatures, a literature of their own. By this ingenious preparatory system they are enabled to carry back into their own country, the matured philosophy, the arts, and civilization of Europe; not, however, for the purpose of improving the condition of the people at large, but of strengthening their own class and empowering it, by its increased intellectual vitality, to throw the miserable masses still further back. Thus it is that we find in Russia a luxurious and accomplished nobility contrasted with the most barbarous population on the face of the earth. And thus it is that its literature, instead of being a work of time, is little better than a wholesale importation. It may be said to have been introduced ready-made; for, whatever credit for industry may be due to the poets and historians, he would be a very unfaithful appraiser who should give them equal credit for originality.

The literary history of Russia is almost wholly comprised within the space of the last eighty years. Within that term something like a press has risen into existence; but it is only within about twenty or thirty years that any thing resembling authorship on a large scale, or as a recognised continuous product of the national mind has become developed. Oral traditions may be traced in Russia, as they can in all other countries. Even the desolate range of the Caucasus, the trackless Oural, and the dismal steppes of Tartary, have their wild songs and miraculous legends, handed down from one generation to another. But such traditions belong only to those states of existence which precede the arts of civilization, and indicate nothing more than the poetical yearnings common to all the primitive stages of savage life. The earliest gleam of actual embodied literature cannot be dated farther back than the first quarter of the last century. Of course we exclude from consideration altogether the Chronicles of the Slavi, which cannot be regarded otherwise than as historical reliques, curious in their way, but exercising no influence upon the language or the culture of the people.

Lomonosov, the founder of Russian poetry, was born in 1711. He wrote a fantastical autobiography, which he opens like a romance, with a procession of carts laden with fish wending their way to the city of Moscow. It was one of his earliest recollections. He was the son of a fisherman, and seems to have caught his first inspiration from the waste of waters over which he sailed and dreamed in his boyhood. But he was indebted to a German university for the best part of his education. His collected works amount to sixteen volumes, embracing a great diversity of subjects, the physical sciences, rhetoric, poetry, and language. His principal merit was that of a pioneer. He showed that the Russ was capable of adaptation to the varying necessities of versification; and although he did not do much towards fixing the language, he may be said to have prepared it for the gradual ameliorations which it afterwards received from such writers as Karamsin, Bogdanovich, Kostrov, Krilov, and others. A catalogue of the principal Russian authors who succeeded Lomonsov might easily be formed; but it would scarcely answer any better purpose than that of perplexing the reader with an array of strange unpronounceable names.

Karamsin, the court historian, was the greatest of them all. His fame is European, and he stands out in bold relief from the whole pack of poets, chroniclers, and novelists, whose names fill the catalogues of the booksellers. He was born in 1765, and was educated at the only place in Russia which at that period afforded the means of an extensive system of instruction—the university of Moscow. His Russian history is well known, and his travels through central Europe have been translated into English. He established a Moscow journal, contributed largely to the newspapers, and produced a variety of works in several departments of literature. Karamsin died in 1796.

At the present moment, the press of Russia teems with all sorts of compositions, from the most elaborate histories to the tiniest novels. Criticism and biography alone are very slightly cultivated, for this obvious reason, that they belong to a more advanced stage of intellectual progress. But there is an abundant supply of historical romances in three volumes, serious and humorous dramas, fugitive tales and essays, philosophical treatises of all sorts and sizes, newspapers with their feuilletons, or literary subdivisions, and periodicals somewhat after the manner of our magazines, filled with miscellaneous contributions, of which the *Sovremennik*, *Literaturnii Zhurnal* (the Contemporary, Literary Journal), published quarterly, at St. Petersburg, may be mentioned as an instance. Translations from all the modern languages abound, and there is scarcely any novelty of a *safe* kind originated out of Russia that is not

imitated at St. Petersburg with all possible despatch, as far as means and opportunities permit.

The statistics of the publishing establishments exhibit a constant increase from year to year. In the year 1836—the latest return we happen to have at hand—there were published no less than 674 " original" works and 124 translations. This was a considerable advance upon 1835. There were then in existence 46 periodicals; and we find that, in spite of the reluctance of the government to license such publications, there were in three years afterwards, that is to say in 1839, no less than 154 periodicals. The "Gazette" of St. Petersburg, which may be considered the first journal in the empire, enjoyed at that time a daily circulation of 6000 copies. In addition to this flood of native and translated works, there were imported into Russia in 1836, as many as 350,000 foreign books: an ominous importation, considering the jealousy of the custom-house regulations in such matters.

Yet, for all this, the literature of Russia is not thoroughly national in spirit. It is, for the most part, a reflex of the fashionable schools of Germany and France. It does not depict the surrounding aspects of Russian society, but draws at second-hand the well-known features of European life labelled with Russian names. It is false and superficial, and imitates afar off only the excesses and vices of its originals. It deals largely in chimeras and abstractions, is full of platitudes and vague generalities, substitutes sentiment for passion, and is rarely inspired with real living interest. We speak here of tales and novels, and of all those classes of works which include in any form the portraiture of human nature. The Russian authors who belong to this category seem, with few exceptions, to have acquired their art not from the study of men, but from an industrious application to books. They get all their notions, as well as most of their plots, filtered through other tongues.

The historians and philologists constitute a much more respectable and not less numerous body. Some idea of their numbers may be formed from the fact, that a bookseller in St. Petersburg issued a volume of biography a couple of years ago, containing the memoirs of no less than one hundred historians! The philologists are indefatigable, and it is greatly to the credit of the associated scientific societies of the capital that they are now engaged upon the production of a Russian dictionary, which promises to confer permanent benefits of the most valuable kind upon the literature of the country. Universities and libraries have latterly been established in some of the principal cities, and, upon the whole, the progress of letters in Russia is making gigantic strides. Good must come out of this. It is impossible to stay the course of knowledge, once it has thus set in; and, although it may take some centuries of transition to bring about a moral revolution of this description in such an empire as Russia, shut up, as it is, in an eternal winter of mental and elemental darkness, yet it would be a heresy against all human experience to imagine that the privileged few can continue to educate themselves without communicating, sooner or later, some rays of enlightenment to the myriads of living men who crawl about their pastures and dig their mines.

We may avail ourselves of a future opportunity to enter into further details on the subject of Russian literature. For the present, we fear we have made rather too long a prelude to a very short specimen. But as the matter fresh to the majority of readers, we felt that some preliminary notice might be considered desirable.

The following tale is one of the most characteristic that we have met with. It is a fair sample of the way in which short stories are handled by sprightly Russians, who model their style upon the popular fictions of other countries. The occasional coarsenesses of expression, and the physical horror that enters so largely into the story—if story it may be called—are Russian enough; but the mode of treatment is evidently imitated from European writers. The author, who is certainly one of the cleverest men of his class, gives us scarcely a glimpse of Russian costume or manners. The wooden house, the girl's toilet, and the names have certainly something of a Slavonic flavour; but for the rest, supper, brandy-shop, and all, we might as readily fancy the occurrence as having taken place in Hungary or France.

We are indebted for the translation to Mr. Walter Kelly, whose version of Ranke's "History of the Popes" is justly estimated as a work of fidelity and power.

THE HANGING GUEST.

[From the Russian of Baron Brambeus.]

BY WALTER K. KELLY.

It is a grand discovery of our day, and one that has furnished the material for many a distinguished author's renown, that nothing in the world is more interesting, admirable, dignified, and edifying, than the life of a respectable robber. The gaol is your only real palace of romance; blood is the lemonade of modern literature. We Russians must

not remain behind the age, we also have our tales of robbers, if we would not appear in the eyes of all civilized Europe as a people utterly devoid of all culture and taste. For the honour of our country, therefore, I will for once constrain myself to conform to the fashion of the day; but on condition that it shall be for the first and last time in my life, and that no one shall a second time demand such a sacrifice of me. I will relate a simple anecdote which I had from persons of undoubted veracity, and who, moreover, had an excellent knack of telling a story. It is one that made a deep impression upon me, as an instance of the marvellous ways of divine justice.

Two versts from—

One condition more. You must allow me to premise that my robber is none of your virtuous sort. I tell my tale only for the amusement of my readers, perhaps also for their instruction, but by no means for the purpose of acquiring for myself the reputation of a philosopher of the "young school" of literature; moreover, I rather pride myself on not being able to comprehend their philosophy.

Two versts from W—a, upon an eminence between a wood, a morass, and a river, at some distance from the high road, stands a wooden country house, with a green and antiquated roof. Here usually throughout the summer, and sometimes too in autumn, resides Gaurila Michailowitch P——, a retired captain, and at present district justice, a very worthy man, as are all district justices in the W—a department.

Early one Sunday morning in the month of August, 1830, his worship Gaurila Michailowitch, with his honoured lady Praskovya Yegorovna, set off for the city in a britschka to transact sundry urgent matters of business, viz., to go to church, to drink with his reverence and protopope, to eat and be convivial with the district attorney, to hear the town news from the commandant's lady, to read the St. Petersburg papers at the district treasurer's, and to play boston at the governor's. Scarcely had the master and the mistress driven from their door, when all the servants followed their example and quitted the house. The butler went to see his cousin in the village; the cook betook himself to the public-house to drink brandy; the cookmaid to the river to catch crayfish; Prochor and Daria went nutting in the wood; Vaska and Natasha strayed to the heath to gather cranberries, &c.; Duna alone remained in the house; Duna, the pearl of the whole W—a department, fair as a lily, fresh as a rose, graceful as a cedar, a sprightly virtuous damsel, by her calling a housemaid, by her natural good qualities the favourite of her mistress, the grand object of the frequent visits of the master of the house to the women's apartments, the victim of an inordinate propensity of the district clerks for kissing, the goddess for whose sake the governor's valet, who like herself had been brought up in the great world, in the Nevska Perspective, neglected the polishing of his master's boots, to the great scandal and indignation of the whole provincial administration; none but he could appreciate her feelings, none but she could duly estimate the grace of his deportment. They mutually adored each other as only hearts can adore that have taken fire by the Kasan Bridge in St. Petersburg, and they were as happy as none can be but in the country.

Girls shut up in a house by themselves are always afraid of thieves. Duna, therefore, carefully fastened the outer doors, and to avoid thinking of thieves, she went to look at herself in the glass while she waited for the valet, whom she had given to understand that her master and mistress were to spend the whole day in the town. In the pleasantest possible mood Duna arranged her curls, set her neckkerchief in order, tightened her girdle, and hummed a tune, when suddenly there was a gentle tap at the door. "That is he!" and like an arrow she flew and opened it to let him in. "Ah! it is not he!"

"I am your man," replied a deep husky voice, as there cautiously entered through the open door a big-built fellow in a tattered frieze cloak and faded cap, with a swarthy face much in want of the barber's office, terrible foxy mustaches, and a dusky red nose, a scarred forehead, blue lips, and bloodthirsty eyes; the very type of the chairman of a city pothouse, or one of those diabolical figures that are only to be seen in Salvator Rosa's paintings.

The astonished Duna recoiled some steps, and repeated with a sigh from the bottom of her heart "It is not he!" Meanwhile the stranger had stepped in, and with the utmost coolness closed the door again, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"What do you want? Who are you?" cried Duna, "Why do you put the key in your pocket?"

"Don't be alarmed, my little dear," he said, smiling. "I am come to pay you a visit. The time must have hung heavy on your hands all alone here."

"Not at all. But what do you mean by pocketing the key?"

Instead of answering he went up to her and patted her on the cheek. She sprang back from him.

"Why do you lock the door? Give me the key, or I will cry out."

"That will do you no good. I know very well there is no one in the house."

"A pretty thing, indeed! Come in without with your leave or by your leave, and lock the door as if you were in your own house!"

"I always lock the door when I have the luck to be alone with so pretty a girl as you, my angel!" and once more he patted her cheek with his coarse dirty hand. The angry Duna retreated into a corner.

"But who are you? It is very unhandsome, so it is, to make fun of a girl, and tease her so without any acquaintance."

"I never visit acquaintances," he replied, with

an altered look, and a tone that froze the poor girl's blood.

In every antechamber and chancery office, Duna bore the reputation of a girl of spirit. She was no easy conquest. Many a presumptuous clerk had felt the print of her nails in his face to that degree that he was not likely to forget it, though he should live to be a master in chancery. Duna, in fact, did honour to the virtue of St. Petersburg. But a bashful provincial chancery clerk, with his inky fingers, is a trifle to a girl who has been brought up in the best milliner's shop in the Nevska Perspective; an unshaved, broad-shouldered, ugly vagabond, in a frieze cloak, with red mustaches and a violet nose, is quite a different sort of thing, and enough to frighten any body. Duna began to cry.

"Don't cry, my little duck! I won't do you any harm," he said in a softer tone, as he drew near her. Now, this softer tone alarmed her even more, and she involuntarily stretched out her arms to keep him off.

"Who are you, I say?" she cried, in despair, but with an assumption of courage, with a fire, that was gradually extinguished by her gushing tears. "You shall tell me on the spot who you are."

"Who I am?"

"Yes, who are you? Your calling? your name?"

"I am a thief."

"A thief!" she echoed falteringly, turning as white as snow.

"I am a thief by name, and a robber by station," he said with a smile, and looking tenderly into her blue eyes; but the smile on his face resembled the ghastly glimmering of the moon upon the foul waters of the morass. This is the approved style in robber-tales, so you see there was no joke in the matter; after such a phrase all sorts of horrors may be expected. Duna was terrified (not at the phrase, but at the smile), and a cold tremour ran through her frame; but seeing that her visiter was making sport of her uneasiness, she rallied herself a little, and cried out hurriedly, but with a tremulous voice, "A robber? Poh! what a horrid life."

"Every man to his calling. I had another once; but now, I say, my pretty lass, give me something to eat. I have not put a bit in my mouth these three days. We will have breakfast together, and then—"

With a sudden gesture he threw his arm round her neck to kiss her. The sight of his bristly chin and formidable mustaches charging so fiercely upon her, the sight of his ugly red nose that nearly touched her cheek, put her in a downright passion; and with the strength that makes heroes of us in moments of extreme peril, she pushed the audacious fellow back.

"Hands off, if you please, Mr. Robber! I'd thank you not to frighten me for nothing. I know what you are come for."

"You know, do you? Well, what is it then?"

"Oh! I know very well; but allow me to tell you it is a very great shame. I will have you up for it. Give me back the key this moment, and be off."

"Some breakfast," growled the stranger.

"I have no breakfast for you; there is nothing to eat in the whole house. Go breakfast in the public-house if you have a mind. By the same token you smell of brandy enough to knock one backwards; I dare say you have made a very good breakfast already."

"What! nothing to eat?" he muttered, knitting his brow, and bending a piercing glance on the girl as he put his right hand down towards his boot. "Do you see this?" said he, showing her a broad bladed knife with small black speckles, traces of recently shed blood he had somewhere hastily wiped off on the grass. "I have no time to joke with you."

Poor Duna stared with open eyes, and seemed petrified by his basilisk glances.

"Breakfast!" he shouted.

"Immediately!"

"Be quick; I have no time to lose."

"Take whatever you please; there is some roast meat of yesterday in the cupboard, and some brandy."

"Show me into the parlour, put every thing you have got on the table, and stir yourself."

Pale and bewildered, she tottered to the cupboard in the antechamber. He stuck the knife in his boot, and followed her step by step. Bread, brandy, salt, butter, cheese, and cold roast veal, were placed on the same table where the proprietors of the house had recently breakfasted, before setting off for the town. He seated himself, seized Duna's arm, and forced her down beside him. "Well, I say," said he, bolting the fat veal with ravenous voracity, and squinting sideways at his companion, "I gave you a jolly start, didn't I?"

"I believe you did! I wonder who would not be frightened so?"

"You did wrong to stand out against me. If you had done what I wanted at once——Your health. Drink a little drop to keep me company."

"I never touch brandy."

"That's a pity; it's capital brandy. What's your name?"

"Catharina Nicola."

"That's a lie," he said, with his mouthful, and scowling on her, "I know your name is Avdotya Yeremeyevna."

"Then why do you ask, if you know?"

"To try your candour. Capital brandy to be sure; is there any more of it?"

"There is another bottle in the cupboard."

"Have the goodness to bring it here."

"There it is."

"Thank you. By your leave I'll give you a kiss for it."

Duna no longer dared to resist; she submitted with the best grace she could to the rude kiss, contenting herself with wiping the place where

his sharp beard had scratched her soft skin till it almost bled.

"To let you see that I am up to a thing or two," he went on, after he had gulped his third glass of brandy, "I will tell you, that a clerk brought your master 1,500 rubles yesterday from Ivanovitch F——, whose case was brought last week before the district court. Is not that true?"

"May be so."

"Well, where does your master keep his money?"

"Really I do not know."

"But I do; we shall soon find it. Avdotya Yeremeyevna, my pet, my darling!"

"What is your pleasure?"

"I wish, my love, you would be sociable."

Poor Duna was forced to make a show of being sociable. The guest was in the happiest humour; he laughed and joked with her. Duna gradually forgot her terrors, grew bolder, defended herself becomingly, nay laughed aloud, and endeavoured to disguise her intense anxiety under a show of cheerfulness, whilst in secret she prayed fervently to heaven that the red-nosed guest might soon eat and drink his fill, and take his leave, and the incomparable Ivan might soon arrive to indemnify her sensitive heart for this fearful torment.

Alas! Ivan, who had got leave of the governor, left the town, and sped with hasty steps, and with a heart brimful of tenderness and hope, to meet her. He walked not, he flew. Cupid had fastened his own wings to his boots. He flew like an arrow. But on his way lay a brandy shop; there is no road without them. He would have flown by it; but in the brandy shop were his acquaintances, his beloved friends. He made a halt with them for a moment, only a moment, and got tipsy with them. It happened quite against his will; he was even in despair at it. Altogether it was one of the most memorable victories ever achieved by Friendship over Love.

Meanwhile the ugly vagabond had emptied his sixth glass of brandy. At the seventh he grew pensive, pursed his brows, and bit his lips as if a pang shot through his vitals; a dark shadow passed like a cloud over his countenance; suddenly he sprang from his seat, and without intending it, pushed so strongly against his companion, that she almost fell between his feet. He looked round uneasily, took the brandy-bottle, the bread, and a piece of meat, from the table, put them all into the fathomless pockets of his cloak, and said, "Thank you for bread and salt—for your hospitality. Gaurila Michailovitch keeps his money in this secretary, eh? Why don't you speak? You see I am not such a bad fellow as you thought at first, my pretty chick. I love you—I love you so much.——Just tell me what sort of death you would like best to die? Shall I cut off your head, eh? Or would you rather I should hang you; from that beam for instance? Don't be afraid, only say what you would like best, charming Duna."

"What pleasure can you take in plaguing me so cruelly?" said Duna, not crediting that the ugly jester with the red nose could be in earnest.

"Why don't you answer?" he said, examining the secretary and the lock. "I should be glad to know—whether you—would rather—be hanged, or,——Oho! Gaurila Michailovitch keeps his money under two locks, does he? Stay a bit; it is not the first we have coaxed open." So saying, he took an iron instrument out of his pocket, and immediately began to use it upon the lock. Duna stood as if spell-bound in the middle of the room, trembling in all her frame.

"Well, what is it then? Speak out Avdotya Yeremeyevna. Can't you make up your mind? Curse the lock. Avdotya Yeremeyevna, I wait your answer, my precious. This is the strongest lock I've seen this many a day. Will you speak or not?"

The secretary burst open with a crash.

"Whoo! what a lot of fine things! Bank notes, and ducats, and watches! They don't go: spoiled most likely. A ring! I don't want it. Oh, I'll take these diamonds. Are these all crumbs of office?"

Chatting in this fashion with himself and with Duna, he crammed his pockets with money, watches, and trinkets, and then turned abruptly to the half dead girl. "Well, my love, your choice? Waste no time; but tell me, what death will you die?"

"Well, I'm sure! Ar'n't you ashamed, sir? It is a very ugly joke this."

"I am not joking at all, my sweet one."

"What have I done to you? You have taken whatever you pleased; I did not hinder you."

"That's very true; but do you see, I can't abide leaving eyewitnesses behind me: I wash my hands of them by all means. With others I don't stand on ceremony; but as you, my love, are such a nice, good-natured, amiable little dear, I will give you your choice of death. I love politeness: I too have been brought up in St. Petersburg—"

Still she would not believe that he was in earnest.

"Now then, let's have it at once; I have no time to lose. Let us put compliments aside. I am extremely sorry, but you must die by my hand. I am not going to be such a fool as to let you live, to tell what sort of moustachios, eyes, nose, clothes, &c., I have got—what I did here, and which way I went. Now, Avdotya Yeremeyevna, answer quickly."

Every word of her cold-blooded torturer was a dagger-stroke to her: her whole blood, all the warm current of her life, curdled back upon her heart; her limbs grew icy cold, and floods of tears poured over her inanimate face. She tottered and fell to the floor. In her fall she caught the robber's foot, and kissed it. "Have mercy on me!" she shrieked. "Oh, spare my life, I implore you! I swear to you before the Holy Virgin, I will not

say a syllable to any one. May I never see heaven, if I do! For the sake of the blessed St Nicholas—have compassion upon me! I will pray all my life for you, as for my own father, my brother—"

The inexorable miscreant shook her off from his foot, kicking her in the breast. In vain she raised her imploring looks and arms towards him; in vain she sought to touch his stony heart with all that intense despair—and the clinging love for a youthful, joyous existence—could breathe into the words, the voice, and the tears of a helpless being. The villain, harder than granite, grew every moment more cruel and savage. Raging with impatience, he caught her by the hair, forced back her head, drew his knife from his boot, and was about to plunge it in her throat.

"Oh, oh! for the love of heaven!" sobbed the unfortunate girl, beside herself at the sight of the terrible knife; hang me!—hang me! No bloody death! Mercy!—mercy! Hang me rather!"

"Ay, ay," he said, with a hideous grin: "so you can speak at last. Why did you not say so at once. I have lost a deal of time already; still I can't refuse you the favour; you are such a nice girl! Don't be afraid, Duna! You shall die in the pleasantest manner. It is an ugly death that of the knife. If I might choose myself, I would rather be hanged than knouted, when my time comes. We will look about for a cord."

The wretched girl, powerless in mind and body through terror, cold as ice, trembling and almost lifeless, submitted to all his commands. The rope was soon found, and the murderer returned with his victim to the same room where the remains of the breakfast still stood upon the table. He threatened to kill her instantly if she stirred from the spot where she stood—placed a chair on the table—and sprang nimbly upon it. Having fastened the rope round the beam, he drew the knife from his boot, cut off the projecting part of the rope, stuck the knife into the beam, and set about making a double running knot on the rope. Duna stood motionless in the middle of the room: heat and cold rushed alternately through her frame; sparks of fire danced before her eyes; she saw nothing; she did nothing but pray, confess her sins, commend herself to all the saints, and mentally bid farewell to all that was dear to her in life.

"Presently, presently, my precious!" said the murderer, going on with his work, "you shall see how nicely I will hang you. I am not a new hand at the job. Do you see now, all is ready, only we must try whether the rope is strong enough. I would not for the world you should fall to the ground and break your ribs. It is for your interest and my own that——Draw the chair away from under my feet."

Duna unconsciously went up to the table, and drew away the chair; whilst the robber held the rope fast in both hands, having slipped it over one arm up to the elbow, to convince himself of its strength by swinging on it with the whole weight of his body.

"Push the table aside." Duna did so.

"All right: it is a capital rope; it would bear more than you—you and me together."

He now let go the rope, intending to jump to the ground. Apparently it was his purpose to startle the poor girl by the bold and sudden leap; but the noose intended for her, gliding along his arm, caught him fast by the wrist. Duna's executioner had, in fact, hanged himself by the hand.

Though experiencing the most acute pain, he wished to conceal his critical position from the girl, that she might not avail herself of it to escape. He tried to reach the imprisoned hand with his left; but the weight of his body prevented his bringing his shoulders parallel. Suddenly he began to whirl and fling himself wildly through the air, hoping the rope would snap: but in vain! If he had but the knife in his boot, he might have severed it, or, at the worst, have cut off his hand, and saved himself by flight. But, unluckily for him, the knife was sticking in the beam. How was he to get at it?

He thought of one means—a desperate one—the last. He collected all his strength, to shake the knife out with a powerful spring. The effort failed.

The weight of his heavy frame dangling in the air by one hand only, his violent efforts, the pressure of the tight-drawn knot, occasioned the villain intense torture: the joints of his arms crackled and began to part; the blood oozed out under the rope from the lacerated skin, and trickled into the sleeve of his cloak; while that of the rest of his frame rushed from the extremities to his head. Every moment it seemed as if the hand would be torn off. He even wished that it might. His anxiety lest the people of the house should return; his dread of being taken in this predicament; impatience, rage; the thought of his misdeeds, of his punishment: all his guilty life; all this possessed his tumultuous imagination, and brought his dark soul to despair. Cold sweat broke from his forehead. In spite of his tiger-like endurance, a cry of agony burst, at last, from his iron bosom.

Duna, petrified, and thinking only of death, had hitherto looked on in idiotic indifference. For a long time she did not understand what he was doing, and made no attempt to understand it. True, she was still standing upright like a living thing, but living she was not. The involuntary cry of the murderer waked her, however, from her trance. She saw him bleeding, as if it were half a dream: she saw blood on the floor—a hideous gaping mouth, with great misshapen teeth, red fiery eyes starting from the socket; she read his anguish in his ghastly distorted features, and guessed at last what had happened. Hope animated her: she began to think of deliverance.

"Avdotya! push the table nearer," said the robber, in altered, but still harsh and commanding accents, that terrified her again, and compelled her to blind obedience. Once more she lost her presence

of mind, and pushed the corner of the table towards him. The villain reached it with the toes of one foot; he raised himself up a few lines. It was for him a moment of heavenly enjoyment. Never in his whole life had he known one like it—not even after the most successful murder. His agony was less intolerable; he drew breath again; but his left hand, which he tried to use to free his right, was benumbed and powerless. The knot, too, had grown too tight; the reprobate felt that he could do no more without aid.

"Avdotya Yeremeyevna!—kind friend!—good girl! do me the favour; jump upon the table; untie my arm—pray do! I will not kill you; I only meant to frighten you. Oh! how my head swims!"

The miscreant's torture touched the kind-hearted girl's soul. The feeling of compassion not unfreqently extinguishes in women the thought of their own danger. That woman thinks with her heart has been said thousands of times since the invention of printing. In Duna's bosom compassion prevailed over fear, and stifled the voice of self-preservation. She sprang upon the table, and laboured long and hard at the knot. She could not undo it.

"Do me the favour, sweet, sweet Duna! Fetch a knife—cut the cursed rope—I am dying with pain."

The girl jumped off the table, and ran to, the pantry. Poor creature! she little knew the return the red-nosed guest was prepared to make for her kindness of heart. She found a knife; she hurried back; she was on the threshold of the scene of torture, when the table on which the robber had rested his foot, turned over with a loud noise. He had upset it in endeavouring to change his feet. Once more he was swinging with all his weight in the air. A piercing yell told the sudden renewal of his former tortures. Duna stopped short at the door. His hideously distorted face struck her with involuntary horror; she thought it was Satan's own features she beheld. The sight riveted her to the spot where she stood: she shuddered, and dared not move a step forwards.

She looked round and saw a window open. The thought flashed upon her that she might avail herself of the circumstance. But he suffers so dreadfully! How frightfully he screams! The rope must be cut. Duna advanced a few steps. That horrid gaping mouth! Duna tottered back, and mechanically, unconscious of what she did, she raised herself to the window ledge, and dropped from it into the courtyard.

When she was in the courtyard, she knew not what she had done, or what she was to do. She had escaped the sight of that ferocious satanic mouth, but not the influence of her tormenter. He had fascinated her. He was still lord of her life. Her knees trembled, she dared not to withdraw from the window.

"Ha! devil's jade!" howled the miscreant savagely; "you have done cleverly. I'd have slit your throat like a chicken's."

These words, uttered in unspeakable agony and despair, suddenly rallied the girl's energies. She ran to the gate, the monster's horrid jest had proved his horrid punishment. Could he have supposed that he tied the knot for himself? Could he have supposed that that awful moment, in which her foot hung over the grave, should be the moment of deliverance to the innocent, and of exemplary punishment to the guilty? Here was the finger of Providence. It is everywhere. It is a falsehood to maintain that vice and crime alone prosper in this world.

She ran, and ran, till her strength was nigh exhausted: no one was in sight. She ran further; her breath failed; her limbs tottered; she dared not look round, lest she should again see that fearful mouth, lest she should again fall into the hands of her persecutor. Nowhere a living soul.

She struggled up a rising ground.

"Ah! there is our butler; and there is Vaska; and Prochor. Ah! *he* too is with them."

He, to wit, the incomparable Ivan, the governor's valet. They were all returning home together from the brandy shop, careless and happy, singing love songs, cracking jokes upon their masters, with their caps set jauntily on one side, and tacking along the road in easy zig-zags. Duna ran towards them, pale, with staring eyes and flying hair; her neck uncovered—her wits bewildered. "Come along! quick! quick!" she screamed. "He is hanging! hanging! hanging!—the villain is hanging! faster! faster!"

"Hey, darling little dove of the woods!" they all cried to her, with a laugh; "who is hanging? Where is he hanging? Give us a kiss, Dunushka. 'Tis a merry world."

"He is hanging, I tell you! Don't laugh. Run to the house. Take forks, hatchets, guns—a thief—a murderer, with great moustachios and a red nose! He said he would slit my throat like a chicken's—that he'd hang me!"

They hastened their steps, armed themselves as well as they could, broke the house door open, and went into the parlour. The robber had fainted; blood streamed from his mouth and nose; the arm by which he hung had grown nearly a foot longer. They took him down and bound him. After the return of the master and mistress of the house, he was conveyed the same evening to prison, and delivered into the hands of Justice! and Justice could not but own, with astonishment, that never till then had so long an arm come before her.

BEES.

A swarm of bees in May,
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June,
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July,
Is not worth a fly.

Old Proverb.

THE HISTORY OF A PICTURE.

Of all the towns in Estramadura, there is none so beautiful as Placentia; and in no part of Spain have the Moors left so many striking monuments of their wonderful and fantastic architecture. Even at this period, so far distant from its days of glory, travellers pause in their way through it, in order to consider, with feelings of admiration, the crooked streets formed by a thousand graceful little palaces, whose delicate proportions and fantastic decorations give them more the air of fairy edifices, raised by the caprice of an Ariel, than human dwellings, built by the hands of common mortals.

If, even in our days, Placentia still retains so much of her youthful beauty, how much more rich in elegance must she have been to the eye of the wanderer of the sixteenth century! How great must have been the impression made by it upon the ardent and poetic imagination of a young lad, who stood one evening before the church, and who never in his whole life had seen, in fact, of architecture any thing more magnificent than the church of the town of Pilar, and the poor cottages clustered round it! Surprised, delighted, affected even to tears, he walked from portico to portico, clasping his hands, unclasping them, elevating them up to heaven, and giving vent to all those earnest expressions with which the Spaniards call to their aid the sympathies of the entire population of paradise.

"Holy Mother of God! Blessed St. Joseph!" said he in his ecstacy of admiration, "what wonders are these! How beautiful! Good St. Estebaro, my patron! what a noble palace! Holy St. John, what a beautiful church! There's a porch worthy of paradise! there's a church fit to say mass in in heaven! Oh, how divinely beautiful!"

He, upon whose ardent imagination the buildings of Placentia had produced such an effect, and forced so many exclamations, was a young lad about fifteen or sixteen years of age, whose features expressed the noble, but bold beauty of the Spanish mountaineer; tall, agile, slender, but well-built; his movements were accompanied by that natural grace which only springs from a rich organisation, matured by a life of activity and sobriety. He was clad in the simple costume of an Andalusian peasant, and his whole baggage consisted of a small woollen sack, very lightly furnished, though it contained his wardrobe and his provisions.

When the young traveller had satisfied his eager curiosity, when he had seen, examined, and admired all around him, he seated himself quietly upon the steps of a monastery, and began to make his preparations for dinner. Throwing his sack from his shoulders, he drew from it a loaf of coarse rye bread, which, in order to render somewhat relishing, he rubbed all over with one of those large onions which are to this day a favourite dish with the Spaniards. This operation concluded, he divided his loaf into two parts, put one half into his sack, and set to work upon the other with such right good will and steady perseverance, that he was soon obliged to attack the reserve, which he had deposited in the sack for his supper. He was so intently absorbed by his occupation, that he did not remark the approach of another traveller, a young man of some four or five and twenty years of age, whose worn-out accoutrements could not disfigure a very fine person, till roused by a loud shout of laughter, provoked, as it appeared, in the new comer, by the boy's vigorous appetite. The latter turned his head, half angrily, towards the stranger, but met a look of such cordial good will—such frank and honest good humour, that instead of an affront, he kindly offered the stranger half of the last half of his highly seasoned brown loaf, which the other considered some time with a look of comic gravity before he uttered a word by way of reply.

"My boy," said he, at length, half laughing, "you have a tolerable appetite of your own; but you do not remember that others may have as good a one. What should I do with that mouthful of black bread, which would not quiet the groans of my stomach, and from which you would part with regret:—but no matter—hospitality is an excellent thing: you invited me to your banquet; I invite you now to mine; for I am inclined to believe that, notwithstanding the hearty meal which you have just disposed of, you have still a corner left for a slice of this pie."

The stranger drew from his wallet a most glorious pie, whose gold-tinted crust brought back the boy's scarcely quieted hunger, and he devoured it with his eyes, while the other loosened from his belt a bladder swollen and rounded by that delicious Val-de-Penas, which, at this moment, it is so much the fashion to drink in France. The pie was then scrupulously divided into two equal parts, and each of them proceeded to business; the young man as if he had not eaten for a week—the boy, as if he had not five minutes before devoured a loaf of three pounds weight at least. Neither was the bladder forgotten; it received so many caresses from the two new friends, that its volume began to diminish, and their conversation was growing animated and confidential, when suddenly the door of the convent was opened violently, and a man completely intoxicated rolled forward, closely followed by a monk, who shovelled him out of the convent with as little ceremony as possible.

"Hence, filthy drunkard," said the indignant father, "how dare you present yourself drunk in this place, without regard to its sanctity, or the importance of the work committed to your hand? Hence! degraded, filthy, miserable swine—hence, I say! and never again appear before me, or dread the consequences of my anger. Beast, beast, what will become of our preparations for to-morrow? O, ha! you there!—you fellows on the steps," continued the monk, throwing out upon the two young men the remains of the anger which had been kindled by the drunkard. "What! cannot you dine elsewhere? Are the steps of this monastery made to

serve the purposes of refectory to such fellows as you?"

"Do not be angry, good father," replied the boy with respectful gentleness, while his companion hastened to clear away the remains of the feast, already threatened by the foot of the monk; "do not be angry with us, but pardon the error if we have done wrong; but we thought the good monks who preach charity would not reprove us for sitting down at their door to repose our limbs, and dine a little more at our ease."

"Thou speakest boldly, lad," replied the monk, his ill humour already softened by the gentle tone and frank manners of the boy; "what is thy name?"

"Esteban, father—and yours?"

The monk looked surprised at the familiarity of this question, and hesitated an instant, as if debating within himself whether he should reply or not; at length, after a pause, he replied,

"I am called the Father Arsenio;—but thou hast only told me thy christian name; hast thou no family appellation?"

"I have; but that is a secret."

"A secret!—and why?"

"Because I have run away from my home; and if I were to tell you my name, father, you might think it a duty to betray me to those who, in all probability, will set out in pursuit of me."

"Run away from your father's house!" observed the monk, gravely; "that is very wrong young man. What could induce you to commit such an imprudence?"

"My earnest desire to see Velasquez, and, if possible, to get admitted among the number of his pupils."

"Velasquez!—you are then a painter?" demanded the monk, smiling.

"Yes," replied the lad with energy, indignant at the smile of mockery which he saw playing over the features of the monk; "yes, father, *I am* a painter. I am a pupil of Juan del Castello, my uncle. If he had still been living, I should now be happy under his protection, and not obliged to wander like a vagabond in search of another master; but Juan del Castello died, and when, in consequence, I was obliged to return to my father, whom I left a widower, I found him re-married to the most greedy, sordid, and unfeeling woman of all the noble Castiles. What think you, father, she sought to make of me—of me, a painter, idolising my art and making no mean advancement in it? a shoemaker's apprentice! Yes, father, yes, a shoemaker. My tears, my grief, my despair even failed to touch her. My father, good-natured, but feeble in character, consented to every thing she desired, and I was bound to the shoemaker. Despair gave me strength; I took my courage in both hands, and two days after, penniless, indeed, but free, I set out on my journey in search of the great Velasquez, and a few days more will bring me to his presence."

"I have a strong inclination to try your skill," said the monk, who appeared to be greatly amused by the boy's volubility and spirit. "I have need of an artist to replace you drunkard, who is a disgrace to his noble art, and whom I have driven from the convent. If you can fulfil my wishes, if really you have sufficient talent to paint some three or four coats of arms, and a few particular ornaments, you will earn my thanks, and a piece of gold into the bargain. What say you? do you consent?"

"O yes, father, yes, most gladly; a piece of gold! it will enable me to finish my journey more quickly,—for, to say the truth, my last maravedis was spent this morning to pay for the bread, which would have been all my dinner, if this kind-hearted young man had not shared his with me, which was infinitely better; therefore, with your permission, father, he will be my assistant in this affair; he shall grind my colours, and receive half the sum you promise me."

The monk turned to examine the companion of Esteban, whom, as he had not spoken, he had not hitherto remarked.

"If I do not mistake, young man," said he, addressing him, "you wear the dress of the redeemed captives, restored to liberty by the cares of the pious fathers of the Trinity?"

"Precisely so, father," replied the young man; "in fact, I have just arrived from Algiers, where, during three long years, I suffered all the bitterness of slavery. Heaven has finished my misery, and permitted me once more to return to my noble native land."

"And what was your profession before you fell into the hands of the barbarians?" demanded the monk.

"The military," replied the young man; "I was a soldier, father."

"Ah, ah! and do you intend to return to actual service?"

"Alas! no; I cannot: a carabine shot has disabled my arm, and rendered all military service impossible."

"What will you do in future? What profession will you adopt?"

"That of poet and romance writer."

"Poet and romance writer!" exclaimed the monk, almost laughing aloud. "Why I have then lighted upon a whole caravan of artists:—so much the better. I am glad of it, for I can employ you also. While your companion paints the blazonry, you shall compose devices for them, and also receive a piece of gold for your service. Do you consent to this arrangement?"

"Most joyfully."

"To work, then, immediately; go in, and lose no time, for all the preparations must be completed by twelve o'clock to-morrow." So saying, the monk led the way into the choir of the church, where great preparations were making for a funeral ceremony. The church was hung with black cloth, covered with silver tears; a thousand large candelabres arose proudly in all parts of it, containing innumerable tapers, which were to reflect a blaze of light upon a magnificent canopied bier which stood

in the centre, and which was covered by a pall of cloth of gold. While the young men contemplated this spectacle with surprise, the good monk looked on with evident complacency and satisfaction.

"Father," demanded the soldier-poet, after some minutes examination of the objects around him, "for what ceremony are all these preparations?"

"The funeral of Charles V." replied the monk, solemnly.

"The emperor! what, Charles V. dead! The mightiest spirit of the age, extinct: the great name of this earth fallen! Oh, fearful, melancholy news! Pardon me, father," continued more calmly the young soldier, "but your intelligence has given me pain. It is but two days since that I arrived in Europe, and did not therefore know of this terrible loss: alas, alas, for Spain! what will become of her since she has lost him who alone made her so great and so glorious!"

"Take comfort, young man," replied the courteous religious; "the soul of Charles V. has not yet ascended up to God; it still sojourns among us, though he, himself, is henceforth dead to the world. Disgusted of power, weary of grandeur, disabused of the chimera of glory, he has placed on the brow of his son the diadem which had begun to weigh too heavily upon his own."

"Father," replied the soldier, earnestly, "are you not jesting with me? Oh, yes, surely you are; for never would Charles V. have been guilty of such a fault. He was too well read in the hearts of men not to have better understood his own. What! Charles V. throneless, powerless; without a world to govern by a sign of his hand? No, never; it would be a body without a soul. What will become of that intelligence so vast—that will so strong—that energy so mighty—if it be condemned henceforth to inaction? He will rush into madness, or sink into imbecility. O no, father, no—it is impossible."

"What I tell you is nevertheless true: Charles has thrown from him the sceptre and the crown; he has quitted Madrid, and taken refuge in a convent; he has even taken the habit, and, to break entirely with the world and all its deplorable vanities, to-morrow, in this church, the monks will celebrate his funeral, and then all is over for him. Nothing will remain of the once mighty emperor but a feeble body worn out by suffering, a body which is the property of the tomb, a soul which waits impatiently the hour when the Eternal shall call it to his bosom."

"I can no longer doubt the truth of your assertion, father," replied the soldier, "however much I may wish to do so. Alas! what a terrible example does this fact present of the nothingness of our human nature, and the weakness of our intelligence! Who could have foreseen this circumstance? Charles V. to lose his reason! Charles V. to grow feeble in mind!"

The monk grew pale with anger as he listened, at the freedom of these observations. He seized the young man violently by the arm.

"What do you mean, insolent as you are!" cried he; "the emperor is not mad, not childish; he is still in full possession of his reason."

"Impossible, father," replied the other; "that is impossible. If Charles V. had not been struck by the hand of God, if, as you say, he possesses all his reason, he would not thus have exposed himself to the mockery of all Europe, nay, of the world entire. If it were his wish to devote his future life to God, and occupy himself with the care of his salvation, could he not do that still wearing the crown? and allowing that his abdication be not a proof of mental decay, yet is not this ridiculous ceremony projected for to-morrow—this anticipation of his natural obsequies—one and the most striking proof of the madness or imbecility of Charles V.? O my God! my God! what then is human grandeur? Ought his end to be thus covered with ridicule? Could he not follow to the last the example of Charlemagne, of whom he was the successor and the equal?"

The monk listened, sometimes with a smile, sometimes with a frown, but always with great attention to the enthusiasm of the young man. When he had finished, he said,

"Thy beard is yet young, my soldier-poet, too young to scan the thoughts and judge the actions of Charles V.; go therefore to thy own work, and write the devices I demand of thee, while thy companion shall employ his talent upon the arms of the Emperor. Esteban, in this book are all for which thou wilt have occasion. Do not forget any of the monarch's titles—Emperor of Germany, King of Spain and the Indias, Emperor of the Romans, Sovereign of the Low Countries, and King of Lombardy. It is essential they should be *all* enumerated. I shall return here in the evening to see if your progress be worthy of the confidence I have placed in you."

The monk retired, and the young men went directly to work; Esteban, the palette and brush in his hand; while the poet seated himself at the foot of the bier, and rapidly covered his tablets with verses. An hour had scarcely elapsed, when the latter felt a hand press upon his shoulder. It was the monk, who, too impatient to wait till evening, had returned to mark the progress, and judge of the talent of his protégées; and "Well, my young poet," said he kindly, "have you finished my devices?"

"Forgive me, father," replied the soldier, "but I find it impossible to write them. One idea alone has seized upon my mind—the thought that Charles V. has thrown by the imperial crown to play in a wretched comedy a part so entirely unworthy his great renown has driven out every other, and made me too melancholy to attempt to recall them."

You judge the emperor severely, too severely, young man," replied the religious. "What do you call a comedy?—the grand and solemn proof of his contempt of glory, and disgust at all earthly things? After that of his abdication, can any spectacle be more solemn and imposing than that of to-morrow?"

"I allow that, father; but after all it is but a spectacle, as you yourself have most justly termed it, and if the emperor were not already weary of his obscurity, he would not give himself as a spectacle at all—at least, if he had absolutely determined to have the office for the dead performed for him yet living, he would not have done it with so much pomp and publicity."

The monk did not reply, but continued to walk backwards and forwards, with an agitated and discontented look; at length he sat down and beckoned the boy-painter to approach him.

"Your companion," said he, "who called himself a poet, has not been able to write a single line; you, who declared yourself a painter, have you done any thing to support your pretension, or have you also boasted of a talent which you do not possess?" Esteban advanced timidly at this severe interpolation with one of the shields in his hand. The monk looked, and his forehead almost smiled.

"It is well—very well,"—repeated he again with great satisfaction. "Young lad, you have nobly kept your promise, for neither Titian nor Velasquez could do better at your age. Instead of one piece of gold, I will give you ten, for your talent ought not to know the cold embrace of poverty, which would freeze this warm, this glowing genius, and destroy its very root. Exceedingly well!—but—ah, the poet is writing at last, though just now he could not force a line! Well, poet, are these my devices?"

"No, father; it is a satire upon the ceremony of to-morrow."

"Ah, ah! a satire—let me hear it."

The poet, still under the influence of the enthusiasm which had inspired the satire, approached the monk, and read it with infinite force and expression. It was a keen, biting, witty diatribe, to which the monk listened quietly and patiently, approving some passages, and frowning gravely at others. When the author had finished, he said,

"As a poem, this composition deserves the highest praise, and proves you, beyond all doubt, a man of imagination and talent; but with regard to the satire contained in it, does *that* show either courage or generosity? Would you have written such verses if Charles V. were still the emperor? Is it not, as in the fable, the kick to the dying lion?"

The young man started—blushed—thought an instant, then took his tablets from the monk, tore them into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments in the air.

"Good," observed the monk with grave emphasis, "very good, now we are friends again; but," continued he, as if suddenly recollecting, "the hour of evening service approaches—Esteban has finished his escutcheons, and you cannot remain any longer in the church; go and lodge to-night in one of the inns in the village, and return here early to-morrow to witness the ceremony. Esteban will see the effect of his work, and find a subject for his pencil, in the imposing scene which will pass under his eyes. After the ceremony I intend to recommend you both, you, Esteban, to Velasquez, you, my dear poet, to King Philip II."

"To the king! to Philip II.! you are then his confessor, father?"

"No; but I was much with him formerly, and hope still to possess some credit. Good night—and Heaven guard you both."

Esteban and his companion directed their steps towards the door, but after a few moments' conversation in an under voice, the young painter returned to the monk, who was still admiring the catafalque.

"What do you *wish?*" demanded the monk impatiently. "Speak immediately, for I hear the fathers approaching for the service."

"We are afraid that they will not give us credit at the inn for a bed, even till to-morrow, father. We are strangers, and," he cast his eye significantly at his dress and continued, "if you could pay us the single piece of gold which you promised for the escutcheons, we should do very well there, father."

"It was not one piece of gold, but ten, that I promised thee," replied the churchman kindly, "and ten will I give thee;" and searching in his large pockets he drew out some pieces of copper money, but nothing more. He smiled at this discovery of his poverty.

"Here is all I possess for the moment," said he, "for the expenses of this ceremony have been heavy; but to-morrow all shall be faithfully paid. Wait for me here after the ceremony, and I will come and settle accounts with you." At this instant the monks entered for the service. Father Arsenio hastened to join them, and the two young men retired from the church, but smiling at each other as they did so.

"This honest monk promises us a handful of gold, and yet has not enough in his pocket to pay the supper and lodging of two such poor fellows as we are," said the poet, rattling the copper pieces in his hand. "No matter, there is still enough of the pie-crust left for our supper, this money will procure us some wine, and the church steps must serve us for a bed, for the night promises to be fine. By this means we shall be first at the ceremony of to-morrow, which seems so entirely to occupy the mind of this poor monk, that he can think of nothing else."

It was broad daylight the next morning when the two friends awoke, and they would probably have slept still later, had they not been disturbed by the noise of the church doors turning on their heavy hinges in order to be set quite wide open, for the easier entry of the spectators. Already the tapers were burning brightly, and the monks, in their grand habits of ceremony, only waited the arrival of the court to enter the choir. Esteban and his companion hastened to place themselves in a quiet corner of the church, from whence they could see all the ceremony, without themselves being seen.

"When the court shall arrive," said Esteban, "no one will remark us in the crowd, and I shall be able to make a sketch of the scene before me. It is a lucky chance for us to have arrived here at such a moment; we shall see the king, the nobles, the

ladies of the court, and Charles V. Charles V.! how I long to contemplate undisturbed that vast and noble brow, from which have sprung those mighty thoughts which have shaken our old world and subjugated the new! where will he place himself during this ridiculous ceremony? How will he look? what will he say? But, hark! the monks are entering the church, and as yet we are the only spectators—what can this mean? Where, then, is the king, the court, and all the noble crowd, whom the good father expected yesterday? It is strange, the funereal service is certainly going to begin, the priests ascend to the altar, and the choristers intone the Introit."

And, as the young painter had observed, the service for the dead began, and the church remained entirely empty during its celebration. No one came to occupy the royal throne raised expressly for Philip II. No one appeared to claim a place among the magnificent seats destined for the ladies and nobles of his court. The son had forgotten that his father had asked him for his prayers—the courtiers, that the emperor, whose very look they had so long worshipped, was waiting their attendance! There was something inexpressibly solemn and terrible in this profound solitude—this ungrateful neglect—this total forgetfulness of him who had been the Emperor Charles V.

When the service was entirely finished, Esteban and his friend remained in the church, according to their arrangement of the evening before, to wait the arrival of the monk. In the midst of the silence which now pervaded the aisles, they were suddenly startled by hearing a deep groan proceed from beneath the pall which covered the imperial bier. Turning towards it, they beheld the mortuary mantle rise; a trembling hand threw it back, to give passage to a face, pale indeed as death, but contracted by an expression at once most sad and most terrible. It was the monk for whom they were waiting; but there was a character about him now of majesty and indignation so grand—so imposing, that the two young men drew back with respect and fear.

The monk groaned aloud in the anguish of his soul, which was too great to permit him to observe that there were other witnesses to his mortification than the altar of his God.

"Alone!" said he; "Oh! quite alone; all have forgotten the powerless emperor; O nothingness of human grandeur! My God, my God, have mercy upon my weakness! shorten these cruel trials, and call me to thyself!"

He threw off the pall, arose entirely from the bier, and kneeling down before the altar, prayed fervently amid sobs and tears.

The two young men, astonished witnesses of this extraordinary scene, dared not approach the sufferer, for they clearly understood that it was the emperor himself in whose presence they stood. After some time, the agitation of the latter ceased; prayer had calmed his bitter regrets; and rising collected from his devotions, he beheld his two protégées, and beckoned them towards him: they advanced, but half fearing his resentment, fell, trembling, at his feet. He gently raised them, giving a hand to each.

"My children," said he, kindly, "cease these exterior marks of imperial respect. You see that, for all the world, as well as for the eternal God, I am no longer any thing but the monk Arsenio;—no; they even refuse me the shadowy recollection which they give to the dead, in the prayers offered up for them by the living! The courtiers will not throw away a 'De profundis' upon the emperor. He can no longer pay them for it. Esteban," he continued, after a moment's pause, "Esteban, take this watch—keep it for my sake; it is all that remains to me of my former wealth; the treasurer of King Philip has not yet paid the first quarter of my pension, which has been due during several days; he has not two hundred and fifty ducats to give me —me! his ——" he paused, then continued less bitterly, "I intend to write to Velasquez in thy favour, and request him to admit thee among the number of his pupils;—but what is thy name? I must know it in order to recommend thee to Velasquez:—have no fear that I shall betray thee to thy father," added he, smiling; "but I must know thy name."

"Esteban Murillo, sire," replied the boy, inclining low before his sovereign.

"And you, my gallant poet," continued the emperor, turning towards the other young man, "in what manner can I be of service to you? You see my credit at court is not very great, and my recommendation, instead of serving, may subject you to the same persecutions which are heaped upon my confessor,—the good and pious Bartholomew Darranga;—yes," he repeated, with increasing bitterness, "yes, the Emperor Charles V., and the monk Arsenio are not sufficiently orthodox for Philip II. and the inquisition."

"Sire," replied the young man, wisely avoiding any reference to this last observation, "I have two favours to ask of your imperial majesty, which, if granted, will fill my heart with pride and happiness."

"Ask; I promise to grant them."

"The first, sire, that you will deign to pardon the thoughtless observations which I presumed to make to you yesterday."

"I have already forgotten them."

"The second, that you will permit me to press my lips upon that glorious hand."

"Come to my arms, my son; a soldier and a poet deserves the embrace of an emperor. And now, my children, farewell: go—fulfil your destinies: the arts will give you a glory less dazzling, but also less cruel, than that which the sovereign suffers on the imperial throne. Farewell, my children, and think sometimes of the monk Arsenio."

"Never, sire, never," said the poet with enthusiasm, "will Miguel Cervantes forget this day." He knelt down before the august religious with a feeling of earnest humility. Esteban followed his example, and the emperor, extending a hand over each, blessed them with fervour, brushed a tear

from his cheek, and retired from the church to his cells.

Three years after the scene which we have just detailed, the romance of Don Quixote, and the painting of the Resurrection of Saint Bonaventura were hailed by all Spain with an admiration which was soon partaken by all Europe; and this, we are informed by the writers of the time in regard to the picture, not only from its intrinsic excellence, but from the extraordinary resemblance existing between the head of the saint, and the well-known features of the emperor, Charles V. Murillo, strongly struck by the solemn and corpse-like appearance of the emperor raising the pall in the church of St. Just, immediately conceived the idea of the resurrection of St. Bonaventura "rising from his tomb to finish his memoirs." In realising this thought upon the canvass, he has given, perhaps even without being aware of it, the saint the strongest possible resemblance to the imperial monk. Philip II. was so satisfied of the likeness to his father, that he would not permit the painting to be shown to the public, not wishing to recall the remembrance of his illustrious predecessor; and it was not till after the death of the king that the picture was withdrawn from the concealment in which the artist had been forced to keep it till then.

At present the painting occupies a distinguished situation in the Spanish gallery at the Louvre.

THE DURRENSTEIN.

THE valley of the Wachau, or rather the whole tract of the Danube, from Rosenburg to where the river falls into the plain of Vienna, is proverbially one of the most fantastic and beautiful of the south of Europe. A succession of all that makes the romance of landscape, perpetually varies before the eye; stupendous crags, deep and sunless defiles, solemn woods, that look as old as the days of Arminius, and whose paths had often heard the trampling and the shouts of the tribes on their march to shake the empires of the world; wailing whirlpools, and the central mighty stream, the father Danube himself, that unites the cross with the crescent, and pours the waters of the German hills to wash the foot of the seraglio.

But this striking country is not yet plagued with the more than Egyptian plague, of being a regular haunt of summer tourists. The honest citizens of Vienna, almost within sight of the valley, are luckily born without the organ of tourism, and have substituted for it the organ of cooking, fiddling, and the patrician love of a Sunday's drive over the pavement of the Leopoldstat, or the plebeian love of a Sunday's walk in the Prater.

The Italian never travels but for purposes which have more of philosophy than of the passion for sight-seeing. He travels for the general good of mankind, for without him, half the dwellings of continental Europe would be buried by the soot of their own chimnies, the fabric of wooden spoons and plaster images would be lost to mankind; and there would be a mortality among dancing dogs and fantoccini, from Paris to Petersburg. The Frenchman never travels at all, and will never travel while he can find all the charms of coffee, *écarté*, quadrilling, and courtship, within the walls of one city.

Even the English have scarcely found their way to this fine tract. No circulating library has yet shown its front, placarded with new novels from top to toe. No newspaper establishment contributes scandal to the great, and perplexes the little with politics on the most puzzling scale. No steam-boat throws up its blacking column to distain the blue of the native sky for many a league behind, and no spruce bugler on the top of the brilliantly varnished and high-flying stage coach, shoots along before the startled eye, at the rate of twenty miles an hour "stoppages included," making the precipices ring to the echoes of "I've been roaming."

All is solitude, loftiness, and sacred silence, broken but by a gush of the waters foaming round some rock, or the cry of the kites and falcons as they sweep over the summits of the wilderness of oaks and pines.

Yet the traveller sometimes makes his way into this scene of stateliness; and twenty years ago, I ranged the region during a whole summer, until the doubt with the peasantry lay between my being a magician, or a madman, or an agent of Napoleon, fraught with a portfolio full of defiles, bridges, waters, and passes, which were to bring *La Grande Armée* headlong upon their cottages in the next war. But, luckily, the native love of tranquillity prevailed; and as I paid for my provisions with English punctuality, and without Austrian remonstrance at the little tax which they added to their price, as a cure for conscience in thus assisting the enemies of their country; as I made love to no man's female establishment, and shot no great lord's game, I was suffered, at pleasure, to ramble, draw, eat, and pay. Like the great globe itself, I was kept in my position by the "vis inertiæ."

But one evening my solitude was pleasantly varied by the sight of some berlines straggling along the road below the Castle of Durrenstein. The German postilions had of course lost their way, or pretended that they had lost it, as is the custom, when they know that a tolerable inn lies within half a mile of them, and feel more disposed to enjoy themselves there than "be borrowers of the night" for ten miles further.

I hailed the travellers, and found that they were a party of *attachés* to the foreign ministers at Vienna, who, finding the world at peace, the capital hot as an oven, and the dinner and dancing season at an end, had come to kill the month of indolence among the wonders of the Danube. My services were accepted, first as a guide to their berlines, and next, as a *cicerone* to themselves. I showed them the famous "rose-garden" of Schreckenwold, a name whose very sound is descriptive of its ruthless

hearer, to any who can pronounce it and live. I pointed out the precise *locale* of the iron door, where this mountain chief thrust his unlucky victims over the precipice, and where those who had not their necks broken at once, were sure to die of famine. And, after startling my makers of manifestoes with the atrocity of a robber who destroyed mankind by one at a time, I relieved their humanity by showing the hole, at the foot of the rock, by which the knight had escaped from this living grave, who was to overthrow the power of the robber, and hurl Schreckenwold among the roses of his own garden.

With equal applause I showed them the hollow in the river side, where Rudiger, the merchant, entrapped the formidable brothers Hadmar the Kuenringer, and Heinrich van Weitra, both surnamed by the terrified peasantry, "the Hounds." "There," said I, in the words of the legend, "under that weeping willow steered the bold merchant from Regensburg, with his decks covered with temptation. There, on the corner of the frowning precipice above, stood Hadmar and Heinrich, pike in hand, and waiting only the striking of the good ship on yonder fatal sandbank, to give a general order to their pikemen and archers, clustered under those mulberry bushes, to jump on board, and possess themselves of fur caps, woollen cloaks, and Moravian cheeses, enough to clothe the household and stock the castle for ten years to come.

"On that awful height, where now moulders the renowned castle of Aggstein, every casement was then glistening with eyes, as the stately ship breasted the treacherous stream, and every chamber of it echoed with shouts of delight, as under the walls the stately vessel came to a full stop. All was now exultation, the robber chieftains commanded the merchant to surrender. He cried out for mercy in vain. Kneeling on the deck, he implored them to spare his cargo; they announced to him that it was against their principles. He then bade them take his life in compensation. They answered that they would take both. The unfortunate trader next tried an appeal to their feelings, and prayed them by the beards of their father and mother, by the beauty of their wives, and the hopes of their children, to spare his last fragment of property under the stars.

"Their reply was brief—'That as they intended to give him only the alternative of being hanged or drowned, the property could be of no moment to him.' The merchant, in obvious despair, then retired to the helm, to die as he had lived, with the emblem of management in his hand. The chieftains made but one bound from the precipice to the deck, and were followed by a knot of their most agile plunderers. They opened chest after chest; never had so much Saxon broad cloth, Bavarian earthenware, and Styrian peach brandy, fallen into the hands of any of the family for three generations of spoil. At length, they came to one cabin which defied their pike handles. The merchant was commanded to open the door. He warned them against the crime of seizing 'the last, and, he would allow, the most valuable property that he had on board.' They insisted. The scene of supplication was again gone through, but more at length, and more violently. In the mean time the wind freshened, and the vessel had heeled a little off the shore. 'Villain,' said Hadmar, drawing his knife, 'We shall be kept here all night, by coming on board without our sledge-hammers and picklocks.' 'Villain,' said Heinrich, flourishing his sabre over the unhappy merchant, 'we will not stay here five minutes longer for the souls and bodies of all the burghers of Vienna. So open this infernal door instantly. If I have not cut off your head already, it is because I only waited till you had turned the key in this great beast of a lock. But as you persist in your rebellion against the lawful lords of every thing that sails upon the river, and runs upon the bank, you die without the law's delay.'

"The sabre swept round, but Hadmar interposed, observing, that though the merchant's life was worth no more than that of any other merchant, and that no more than any other animal of burthen, the opening of the door would not be advanced by the abscision of the delinquent's head. A sudden roll of the vessel at once showed that it was now in the centre of the stream, and threw the whole crew, chieftains and all, over each other. The merchant opened the door, a pile of chests fell out, and after them jumped forth fifty of the imperial soldiery, every man in full armour, and sword in hand. Their enemy was rolling on the floor. Their battle was already fought by the billows; and before the illustrious Hadmar could recover his legs, or the heroic Heinrich grasp his pike, both were in stout hands, that paid no respect to their thirty-two quarterings, but put their patrician limbs in irons. Their followers were put to the rout with equal expedition. The shouts of joy from the castle turrets had been turned into roars of rage, they were now turned into howlings of despair. Their friends, one by one, after many a pike thrust on both sides, were tumbled into the stream. To pull them out was the only hope, as no power short of wings could reach the vessel, which continually enlarged the distance from the shore, and was rapidly rolling down to the dungeons of the Emperor Frederic in Vienna.

"There the merchant took his leave of the brother chieftains, consigning them to the imperial gaoler, and warning them, on all future occasions, to take the master of the cargo's advice as to what portion of the freight would be good for their purposes. The historian loves to investigate the final career of fallen greatness, and he has told us that after a dozen years of fetters, bread and water, and working in the ditch of these ramparts, which, afterwards, in the memorable siege of 1683, kept off the Ottomans until Sobieski came to cut off their beards, and unturban their three-tailed pachas, the chieftains of Aggstein petitioned to change their condition. The merchant, Rudiger, was by this time opulent, from being employed to bring a succession of similar potentates to their senses by similar means;

with native singleness of soul, he had always employed the same bait, which the German chieftainry always swallowed with the same appetite. But he was old, and thought of retiring from his profession, though a gold mine to him since he had discovered the art of helping himself, in the first instance, to the spoils. Both his wealth and his age gave him influence with the minister, who set himself down for the merchant's heir, and that, too, at no remote date. The brothers laid their sorrows before him, and he, recollecting that they had made his fortune, laid them before the minister. The petition was instantly attended to, the irons struck off, the spade resigned, the rations of rye-bread and ditch-water exchanged for less heathenish provisions; and, finally, after six months' attendance on sermons preached by the most "searching divines" of Vienna, a torture to which, they protested, the irons were infinitely preferable, they were let loose, with a vast deal of good advice, and permission to beg their bread, only saving this interdict, that they should not be found begging it in Vienna, on pain of five hundred lashes a piece for the first offence, and the wheel for the second.

"The brothers now set forth on the grand experiment of living on the world's compassion. But it failed them in a week. They had not the art of touching the feelings, and they were on the point of starving in company, just as the spires of Vienna rose once more to their view. The same thought started to both their tongues—'Shall that rascal Rudiger fatten on our robbery?' They determined to be masters of his wealth. Hadmar, a daring fellow, who knew no more of the world than that it was more easily frightened than reasoned into doing its duty, went to the sword-cutler's, bought a trusty weapon, and forced an entrance into the merchant's immense mansion at midnight. He found Rudiger wasted to a skeleton by age and avarice, and calculating how many farthings he would lose by the difference of paper and specie. Hadmar demanded his money. The old miser screamed out. A whole army of relations, who slept in the house to have the first grasp of his ducats, thinking that he was giving up the ghost, started up from their beds, and came running, half naked, to attend the dying hour of their 'excellent and much-lamented relative.' Hadmar was overpowered by numbers, seized, pinioned, tried upon the spot, and as the cousins, aunts, and uncles of the miser conceived that there were claimants enough already, they treated the new interloper as they would have been delighted to treat each other; they threw out a cord from the balcony, and the rising sun saw Hadmar hanging from its finely-flourished bars.

"Heinrich had, by some accident, gained a surer knowledge of the way to wealth, and, instead of going to the sword-cutler's, he had gone to the gates of a convent. He there wept, prayed the loudest in the chapel, ate the least in the refectory, and his saintship was promulgated through all the city, before the quarter was out. The saint next presented himself to Rudiger as the only saint who could wash his conscience clear of all peccability. It was exactly such a man that the merchant's crazy conscience wanted. The confessor entered. The relations soon received a hint to withdraw. They were slow in understanding it, and, finally, one evening, the whole blood of the Rudiger lineage was turned into the street. But the effort was formidable at the merchant's age; and as the last echo of their cries, he uttered one which he never repeated. His will was produced. The lawyers would perish if the style became popular. Nothing could be less wordy or more distinct. It contained but these expressive sentences—'My relations are rogues. I shall show them that they can be made fools of besides. Heinrich is my heir.'

"The relations were astonished. But the lawyers saw good ground for making a handsome suit out of the occasion, and they commenced proceedings before the judges. Heinrich declared himself the most injured man in the world, and offered to give up every thing in his possession on receiving just half what the suit would have cost. The proposal was relished by every one but the lawyers. The money was subscribed, and Heinrich, setting the seals of the parties on the doors, received the money at the bank of Vienna.

"The house was opened. They found all as empty as a royal chapel when it gets wind at court that the king is not to be there. The relatives were indefatigable; bags, boxes, wainscots, every thing were tried, turned inside out, torn down, cut up, unsewed, broken, yet nothing transpired. The confessor was gone; and it was presumed, that, as the business of a confessor is to secure human weakness from evil, Heinrich had thought himself authorized to remove the root of all evil—gold.

"Before the spring shed her violets and primroses on the fields of the Milanese, the confessor was a gallant captain of Condottieri, in the service of Milan, and ready for the service of any and every Italian potentate according to pay and plunder. He lived long, happy, and rich, died in his bed, and had a monument, half as high as the Duomo, declaring, 'that as every virtue lived, so the world's delight died, with the most renowned, heroic, and holy Count Enrico di Castello di bona Fortuna.'"

My hearers politely professed themselves charmed with the poetic justice of the story; and I should have probably proceeded to reap additional applause, and vindicate the dexterity of imperial robber catchers on a larger scale, but for one of the customary incidents of mountain excursions—the settling of a mass of heavy clouds on the pinnacles above our heads. The sun sank sullenly under this purple veil. Murmurings were heard through the forest, with which mortals had nothing to do. Fires were seen glittering behind the solid shade of precipices, where never gipsy ventured to light them. The horses gave sensible signs of an inclination to find their way to the first stable; and the yawning postilions swore in twenty forms of

imprecation against the crime of suffering themselves and their beasts to stay out sight-seeing, when all that could be got in exchange for supper and shelter was as thorough a wetting as ever drenched ambassadorial livery. We took their advice, seconded as it was by the gusty howlings of the forest, and the deeper volumes of vapour that now began to stoop from the pinnacles to the ravine. A dash of rain, the *avant-coureur* of a deluge, put us all in motion; and I had the honour of being appointed guide to the little wirthhaus,* where I had pitched my tent for the last week, and which its portly and pence-loving landlord, Herr Michael Squeezegelt, would have felt it as an affront of the blackest dye to hear called by a less title than gasthaus.†

I invited my new visiters to make merry, ordered the best supper that our bustling and overwhelmed cook could give us on so brief a notice; produced some capital claret, a travelling companion, whose society I had often found indispensable to console me for the *desagremens* of all other; and by the help of a large stowage of faggots on the hearth, and a bundle of wax tapers, which I fear had been consecrated at the shrine of "Maria Tapferl," the most famous sanctuary of this part of Austria, but now, in defiance of piety and pilgrimage, lighted for our profane supper-table, I contrived to make up a party as much disposed to be happy as if they were sitting round the gold plate, and under the silver chandeliers of his Serenity the Prince Lichtenstein.

The postilions had been perfectly in the right. The storm came on in full force before we had sent round the first bottle. Thunderclaps, bursts of rain, roarings of wind, and sheets of lightning, that made us all look blue, first followed each other with the rapidity of musket firing, then came all together, and at last, as they say of the compass in storms at sea, the land storm fairly stopped the rotation of the bottle. We left the feast upon the table, and crowded to the little casements to see the performance of the angry elements on so suitable a stage. Nothing could be finer or fiercer. The grim features of the mountains, under the changes of the light and the vapours, took the hue and aspect of every thing marvellous, and would have made the fortune of a new Göethe, or a new Retsch. All the witcheries of the playmate hags of the Hartz, were peaceable and legitimate occupations to the furious fantasies that nature here disported before our wondering eyes. The hills seemed nervously alive: the torrents danced and sprang about in the most direct contradiction to the laws of gravity; the forest tossed, groaned, and flamed, as if the days of old necromancy were come again, and every tree contained its tortured spirit. All was fire, hail, water, and uproar.

But the rock of Durrenstein, with its ruined fortress on its summit, a fitting crown for this monarch of the realm of ravines, still held its superiority over the less renowned victims of the storm. It stood in the centre of the conflict, and, alternately lost and seen as the sea of cloud rolled by, looked like some mighty ship of a hundred thousand tons, some huge leviathan of war, plunging and rising, battling with, and baffling an ocean of mad billows. With the shifting of the clouds came perpetual changes, and every gazer had his favourite comparison. But at last all agreed in one; and every voice almost at the same moment cried out "the sorcerer." The tempest had lulled for a moment, and suffered the vapours to gather in a heavy white fleece round the summit of the hill; below this rolling turban the rocks were bare, and broken into the most striking resemblance of the withered and darkened visage that, from time immemorial, we attribute to the dealers in forbidden arts. While we looked, the costume was completed by a gush of waters which had forced its way through a hollow of the rock, and covered the magician's chin and front with a most venerable and sweeping beard of foam a hundred and fifty feet long.

The sight was curious enough to be worth some record. I had seated myself at the table, and taken out my crayon to sketch the outline, when a general cry from the window brought me back. I saw, to my astonishment, standing in the orifice, which we had established as the sorcerer's mouth, a figure which visibly moved—but whether man, bear, or fiend, none could ascertain. It lingered for a while on this tremendous spot, apparently quite at its ease, in a tumult, which would have startled Æolus himself. The night was falling fast, and we began to fear that we should lose sight of the phenomenon before we had determined its species. But, as if it heard our wishes, it came forward, and stood gazing from the edge of the precipice at the play of the torrent, as it tumbled down the magician's black bosom. The spot would have turned the head of a chamois; yet there stood this imperturbable being like a piece of the rock itself. The adventurer now occupied us all; and to ascertain what he was, became the grand business of life for the next half hour. A German, once *attaché* to the Austrian embassy in London, offered to settle the point *à-la-mode Anglaise*, by a bet of six to four, that it was any thing that any body else thought it was not, and *vice versâ*. An old Italian envoy offered to make the discovery, by cutting the cards in the infallible way by which the Neapolitan ladies settle their affairs with destiny for the day, and are secure, from sunrise to sunset, against earthquakes, losses at play, the sickness of lapdogs, and the faithlessness of *cavaliere serventi*. A French colonel, who wore the croix of St. Louis, and the legion of honour, in amicable conjunction, at his button-hole, proposed to settle the doubt by a long shot from his Tyrolese rifle; arguing that "as it was utterly impossible that any man but a lunatic could venture to such a spot, no harm could be done by bringing him down, whom, if he escaped, it was so much gained, and if an end was put to him, it was but one

* Alehouse. † Hotel.

madman the less in the world where there were so many besides. If it was a bear, we should have a couple of capital hams to add to our stock, in a place where another day's confinement would see us starved unless we should eat the fat landlord. And if a demon, our firing at it might be a merit in another place, and wipe out a thousand years of purgatory."

The brilliant Frenchman had heated himself into so strong a conviction of the reasonableness of his proposal, that, in scorn of our doubts, whether firing even at a ghost might not be punishable by law in a country so strict in the preservation of its game as Austria, he was hammering his flint for action, when the figure made a sudden bound from the edge of the gulph, disappeared, was seen again standing on a lower shelf of the precipice, again darted down the torrent, re-appeared from the side of the ravine, and, rushing across the road, knocked furiously at our door, dripping like a water-god.

A little altercation heard without between him and the landlord, who probably thought that he was not likely to benefit much by such an arrival, or that his house already contained unmanageable guests enough, induced my interference in favour of the laws of hospitality. I went to the door, and with many an ominous frown of Herr Michael, invited the stranger to take shelter for the hour. He was all polite reluctance, but the storm allowed of no medium, and he, at last, followed me into the presence of my fellow naturalists. As he entered, bowing on all sides, and with the language of a man of the world, I saw the French sharpshooter blush, at least as much as a Frenchman ever does, quietly deposit the rifle in a corner, and give that curiously-expressive glance round the circle, which tells how close one has run to the edge of some blunder of the first magnitude.

But we kept his secret with honour; and a fresh bottle, a new bundle of faggots, and the loan of my surtout, soon made the circle and its new addition the gayest of the gay. We found this scaler of mountains and swimmer of torrents altogether a very striking personage, speaking the several languages of our miscellaneous company with native ease; evidently familiar with Europe and with a considerable extent of Asia, and giving now and then a piquant anecdote of the great, which made our diplomatists raise their eyebrows in wonder at discoveries which they had treasured in their own bosoms as the "immediate jewels of their souls."

The hour flew, and the stranger was the first to remark that the storm had subsided. But to suffer him to take his leave for the night was out of the question. He at length consented, though with considerable difficulty, to remain. The Frenchman, who probably thought himself bound to make atonement for the favour which he had intended him, insisted on surrendering his bed, his wardrobe, or his bodily existence, for the benefit of his "bosom friend." While we were enjoying our cups, and enchanted into a round of pleasantries, which brought out every man, and promised to keep us from our beds till daybreak, I heard a heavy foot occasionally pass the door. Whatever might be our dialogue, there was no necessity for its being overheard; and I at length went out to put an end to the investigation. I found the landlord alone in his nightcap and slippers, and seldom looked the Herr Michael less in good humour with the world. "Twelve o'clock, sir," he grumbled; "full time for all honest men to be in their beds."

I told him that there was nothing to prevent his honesty from its full indulgence in slumber, and that I would be responsible for the security of every iron spoon and wooden trencher under his roof.

The Herr's urbanity was not his most conspicuous virtue at any time. But I believe that he had due reliance on one who had so long resisted the temptations of his table equipage; and with some rough attempt at a bow, he set me at my ease on the point of honour, and said, that his only objection to our sitting up for the next twelve hours, or years, was the presumptuous nature of the thing. "This is an awful night, sir," said he; "such storms seldom come for good. This is the 29th of September: St. Michael's night, my patron saint; and, heaven preserve us! the night of the Red Woman of Durrenstein."

A burst of thunder, that tore the ear and shook the strong building round us, gave such authentic evidence to the Herr's opinions, that I could extract nothing more from him on the sacred subject; but, shrinking and startled, he left me, as he said, to examine what new damage had been done by the witch's annual visit, and implored me once more to get my noisy companions to bed as soon as possible. But the landlord's beer-loving soul had never known the courage of Château Margot; and on my communicating his fears, my only answer was a general burst of laughter, and a pledge to see the adventure out, to defy St. Michael and his storms, and to receive the witch-queen of the mountain with bumpers, if she should honour us with a visit.

I had heard of her before, and the conversation turning upon the extraordinary propensity of the peasantry in all countries to add to the natural troubles of their station by imaginary evils, I gave such details as occurred to me of the "Red Woman of Durrenstein." The stranger followed, but if his knowledge on other topics was striking, here it was unbounded. He poured out a ready heap of curious anecdote and incident of the mountain superstitions; some nearly monstrous of course, but some picturesque, and which would have been a treasure to the painter; and even some so like what we deem a power above nature, yet within reality, a so subtle entwining of things that perplexed belief with facts easily comprehensible, and of no unusual occurrence, that we all listened with an interest which we probably should not have been ashamed to acknowledge in our most composed hours. But now, with the thunder rattling over the roof, St. Michael's night, the "bell then beating one," and the very palace of the she-sorcerer showing from our windows its wild battlements edged with perpetual lightnings, and, it must not be forgotten, with a dozen of excellent

claret already discussed, we gave the homage of our ears to the man of legend, as if he were Simon Magus himself.

"Yet, after all," said he, with a smile round the listening circle, as he closed a story whose strange mixture of oddity and horror had fixed us in silent attention; "what is this passion for being vexed and made hypochondriac by fancy, but an additional proof of the original foolery of man? the only fool, by the by, that creation exhibits. Every other animal has the due quantum of understanding. The bustard that betrays itself by its booming, the ostrich that leaves its eggs in the sand; all that we are in the habit of charging with want of brains, have a sufficient object in their contrivances: even the ass is libelled. He knows what he is about infinitely better than hundreds of his riders, and if his natural taste be for thistles, and his back be made for blows and burthens, he has a much better claim to respect than many a showy personage, who for the glories of a ribbon or a place, is content to swallow the thistle and bear the blow and the burden, without the excuse of nature."

This was plain speaking among so many chevaliers, with so many stars and crosses. But boldness, when it is seconded by truth, goes far; and we were too much in good-humour with ourselves to think of examining the point for the present. "But do you actually believe in those preternatural influences?" said the Frenchman, turning to some remark of mine.

"I feel like Plato," was my reply; "the more I think on such subjects, the less I am able to come to a decision."

"For my part," said the German, palpably a student of the Helvetius school, "what I cannot see, I cannot believe."

"Strange," interrupted the Italian. "How then can you answer the innumerable evidences of interposition among us; you, who have seen the winkings of the Madonna's eyes, the tears running down St. Catherine's cheeks, and the moving of the Magdalen's bosom?"

"Those affairs make an exception to my maxim," replied the German; "for those I have seen, and cannot believe."

"But now for your opinion," said I to the stranger.

"Why, then, if you will have it out, I side with the gentleman who has made the eye the judge. We have not got those faculties for the purpose of being led into absurdity by them. I do not believe that there is a word of truth in any legend of witchery, red, blue, or green, from Bohemia to Lapland.—But, ha! look there."

A broad blue stripe of flame darted through the crevice of the shutter, and rested on the opposite wall, throwing our candles into eclipse by its strong brilliancy, and what struck us as more singular still, giving a kind of motion to the figures of the fair dames and gallant knights that had, hitherto, lurked in the general dinginess of the court of the Emperor Charlemagne, on black paper, apparently as old as its theme.

The stranger was delighted with the sight, which he protested was worth living even in a German wirthhaus, for a twelvemonth to see. And, certainly, when the first surprise allowed us to look *en philosophe*, at the phenomenon, nothing could be more attractive. It seemed a phantasmagoria of the most vivid kind, not the puzzled and misty light that makes our magic-lantern figures as hard to be traced as a hieroglyphic, and deserving of the lynx eyes of M. Champollion alone; but an intense and steady splendour, that actually rekindled the faded gilding and perished purple velvet of monarchs, plumed chevaliers, and dame, of pride, beauty, and distended petticoats, glowing from hip to heel with every flower of the parterres an embroidered paradise.

I glanced into the open air to ascertain from what meteor, or accidental firing of the woods, the light was produced. But, except an occasional flash of the exhausted and thinning cloud, darkness had resumed her "leaden sceptre o'er the drowsy world." The storm had been fairly tired out, and the grim coronal of Durrenstein was distinguishable only by the phosphoric glimmer of the torrent still tumbling down the front of the mountain.

I was suddenly recalled from my view by a general exclamation. Across the ceiling, which had hitherto looked as black as its pitch-pine rafters could have made it, the procession of knights and dames was again glittering, and in the rear of the procession moved a shape that we all with one voice pronounced to be the Red Woman of Durrenstein herself, or something worse, if our gallantry would allow us to conceive it invested in the female garb. The shape was covered from head to foot with a cloak of the most powerfully sanguine colour; but under the hood looked out a face, which, whether it was fact, or the heated fancy of gentlemen loving their wine "not wisely but too well," contained all the ingredients of hazard to hearts and heads. It was excessively lovely, but with a pair of wild and deep eyes, that gleamed like the very seats of unhappy mystery. She came glittering in prismatic beauty from the darkness, like the kings and magicians of Rembrandt, and grew upon us until the eye absolutely shrunk from her concentrated lustre.

The German exclaimed, that "Frauenhoffer himself would be puzzled to make such a magic lantern: he would lay ten to one on the point with any man."

The Italian said, that he "had seen nothing so bright since the last eruption of Vesuvius, nor so beautiful since the last illumination of St. Peter's."

The Frenchman was unnationally silent, and sat, with his eyes alternately turned on the vision and the stranger, who had leaned his head on the table, and who, but for a broken word now and then, I should have supposed to be asleep, in quiet contempt of our phantom.

But be it what it might, I found that it had made us all grave, and I proposed calling in the landlord, if he should be still out of bed, to tell us what he knew of the matter. The little hall was dark as the night itself, and while I was feeling my way,

awkwardly enough, along the walls, my foot struck against a heavy human incumbrance towards the end of the passage, which a groan and a few exclamations of alarm told me was the valorous Herr Michael. I raised him up, and convincing him, with some difficulty, that I was not among the spectral visiters of his sins of innkeeping, I rather carried than led him in to our festal room, which, however, had now become as silent as any sepulchre in the Abbey of Molk. The Herr was a most reluctant witness, and nothing but the most persevering cross examination could extort an idea from his intense solidity of skull.

He was evidently afraid of the disastrous reputation of keeping a ghostly house, which would have prohibited for ever the sale of the very considerable quantity of damaged Bavarian beer, that, mixed with Vienna brandy, made his staple. Not a peasant would have been guilty of the immorality of getting drunk under the roof of a landlord who had dealings with ghosts; and the result to the Herr Michael would, as he pathetically observed, "be worse than purgatory, inasmuch as masses, though they may take a man out of future fire, were never yet able to take him out of jail." At length he acknowledged that sights of the kind which had perplexed us, had made his life miserable every year since he had taken this cursed "gasthaus;" that an anniversary storm, enough to tear the skies down, had attended certain sounds and appearances, of which he dreaded to speak, and of which, indeed, he knew "little more than that they generally made him incapable of examining at the time, or wishing to examine them at any time after, as long as he lived."

The spectre upon the ceiling had vanished into a faint gleam that barely showed the outline. But no persuasion could induce the shuddering landlord to presume so much as to survey even this diminished majesty of terror. He stood leaning his huge bulk on his hands, his hands on the table, and his eyes invincibly shut. Farther inquiry was useless with a boor half dead with fright; and we unanimously voted his dismissal, which he accepted with great gratitude, imploring, in the humblest terms, that the subject of the night "should never be mentioned, as it could be mentioned only to his undoing."

As he was blindly turning away, piloting himself by his hands, he rather abruptly touched the stranger, who started on his feet with an angry interjection, and gazed round for the offender. But whatever might be his surprise, it could not have been superior to ours. Never did I see such a change in the human countenance in so short a period. Ten minutes before, when he laid his head on the table, he was one of the handsomest men that I had seen in Germany; in the vigour of life, with a peculiarly bright eye, a high-coloured cheek, every feature full of health; the whole physiognomy like that of a gallant and animated soldier, bronzed by campaigning. Yet, but for his sitting in the same seat, I could not possibly have known the man who now sent his ghastly glare upon us. His fine Italian eyes were hollow and dim; his colour was leaden; his cheek hollow and wrinkled; and when, in answer to the general inquiry, "whether he was ill?" which might have naturally occurred from his drenching in the torrent, he attempted to make some acknowledgment, the tremor and almost idiotic difficulty of his utterance were painful to the ear. Fifty years had passed over him in these fifteen minutes.

He tried to laugh off his embarrassment; but it would not do. His laugh was even more painful than his speech; and, after an effort equally violent and abortive to recover his ground, he sank back on his seat, and burst into tears. We now altogether decided on what must have been the cause of his illness, and entreated him to go to rest, or at least lie down on our cloaks before the fire. But he resisted our nursing with almost passionate obstinacy, contended that he never was better in his life, sang a popular *chanson* to prove his undiminished gaiety, and, after this display, in a voice quivering and dissonant with weakness, he began to tell his stories of the court with laborious vivacity. But the charm was at an end; and though I, as the entertainer, kept my seat, my guests gave palpable symptoms of a wish to consult their pillows.

But the German, who led the way in those natural though ungracious signs of weariness, which have cut short the periods of many an orator, had scarcely accomplished his profoundest yawn, when our invalid, starting from his chair, begged that he might be permitted to caution "that gentleman, or any of us, who should be imprudent enough to think of sleeping before day, against the hazards of that night of 'all nights in the year.'"

Here was something for our curiosity, and we waited for the disclosure with undissembled impatience.

"You saw me, sir, I believe," addressing himself to me, as the host, "under rather singular circumstances this evening, of which you probably can give a much better account than I can, for the whole passed before me rather like a dream than any thing else. I am in the military service of the king of Bavaria; and, during the summer furlough of my regiment, of which I am colonel, finding the heat of the lower country oppressive, I have been a great deal in the habit of shooting among the mountains. Last year, a little later in the season, I happened to be in this neighbourhood, which I found in great confusion, in consequence of some strange appearances, on this 29th of September, which were followed by not less strange results upon a hunting party of nobles, who had treated the popular belief on the subject with a too ostentatious contempt. Insanity was, in some instances, the unquestionable results. In others, a succession of eccentric notions of having lost valuable property, of having seen extraordinary displays of juggling, of having drank some medicated liquors, which long bewildered them—and so forth. In short, the peasantry were, as usual, full of histories of the preternatural vengeance taken on the scorners, and fuller than ever

of the marvellous power of the Red Woman of Durrenstein.

"Hating superstition of all kinds, I was wise enough to attempt bringing the peasantry to reason; but as argument was soon hopeless, I pledged myself to be upon the spot of enchantment, the very centre of the witch's kingdom, on the next 29th day of September, and there in person to show the absurdity of the whole story.

"I have now been in the mountains a week; the peasantry had general notice of my determination to outface the Lady of the Rock. Many an entreaty was made to me to relinquish the unhallowed hazard, and many a prayer followed me, when, in the sight of the population of a dozen villages, I set out this morning. The true time to reach the Durrenstein is midnight; but the storm drove me out of my covert to find shelter where best I could. Turning the base of the hill, I saw this wirthhaus; but the difficulties between rendered all hope of reaching it totally idle. I sat down under a projection of the rock, to linger until the storm should be passed. While I was amusing the time by sketching the veins in a remarkably fine slab of coloured marble, out of the solid rock moved a figure. I know how severe a tax this must lay on belief; but I can only tell what I saw. There stood before me, as clearly and fully defined—in fact, as substantial as the figure of any gentleman round this table—that personage which, whether from heaven above, or from earth below, was the one that I had promised to meet and hold at defiance. How I felt at the moment, I have no power to explain. I hope that, on all suitable occasions, I should not want nerve; but the sensation was less like any thing that I could call alarm, than a feeling of complete helplessness. In the perfect possession of my senses and my understanding, I yet found that the physical powers were extinguished—perfectly paralyzed; as if flesh and blood were not made to abide the presence of such a being. I sat gazing on her as she advanced. I could not have spoken, nor moved a muscle, for the crown of Austria. Her words were brief, and in a tone of singular mildness, yet which penetrated me like a cold weapon. She reproved me 'for the haughty presumption which had doubted of her power, and declared, as a sign of her displeasure, that, when next I saw her, I should know that she was come for vengeance.'

"She vanished even while my eyes were fixed on her—the solid wall of rock received her, and she was gone. What was scarcely less surprising to me, was the sudden recovery of my limbs. Their past feebleness seemed to be made up for by supernatural strength: at all events, whether in the strength of frenzy or terror, I darted from the cavern, sprang the precipice, and swam the torrent —to any one of which no bribe of earth could have tempted me half an hour before. I here found the hospitality to which I acknowledge myself so deeply indebted; and I began to hope that the vision had been merely one of those fantasies that play on the mind, exhausted by the considerable fatigue that I had undergone since morning, and shaping the absurdities of superstition into reality.

"But the glare upon the wall of this chamber, seconded by a certain indescribable sensation as if danger were near—such a sensation as a blind man may experience who knows that he is treading on the edge of a gulf, without knowing on which side of him it lies—told me that the time of the visitation was come. The figure that passed over the ceiling decided the question. It was, in every feature, the one that I had seen come forth from the solid block of marble, which opened and closed, as if it had been a curtain shaken by the wind."——He paused, and his wandering eye seemed involuntarily searching for the phenomenon. Then, with an effort to smile, he resumed:—

"If I have exhibited any perturbation, I trust that it was not unmanly, nor beyond the natural embarrassment of finding oneself in so peculiar a position. You will forgive me, I know, for my talking no more on this painful subject. I perhaps have already said more than I ought, when the very presence of this extraordinary being may be visible the next moment."

His voice sank, and he sat in an attitude of the deepest dejection; his countenance grew yet more depressed than when it first shocked us, and I insisted on his trying to rest. We actually feared for the life of this interesting and unfortunate man, whether the victim of his own heated fancy, of fever, or of fact, still alike unfortunate and in danger.

As I assisted him to the door, he turned, and said, almost in a tone of despair, "If you should find me by to-morrow, gentlemen, under the circumstances to which I have alluded, deprived of my faculties, or even beyond all the sufferings that can depress the human heart, do me the justice to believe that I deeply thank you for your forbearance with my strange malady; and do me the farther justice to believe, that I fell a victim to a desire of doing public service.—To you, sir," said he to me, "I leave the painful but friendly task of acquainting my relatives in Bavaria with the event, though I wish that as few particulars of this unhappy night may be given as possible. Would that I had died as a soldier, in the service of my good and gallant king, and of my loved and honoured country!"

We all listened with profound deference, and promised.

At the door a sudden thought flashed across him, and he stopped again.—"Gentlemen," said he, "there is one thing that, in my confusion, I had forgot. I heard among the peasantry, that the only hope of escaping the wrath of this fatal being was remaining sleepless, at least until daybreak. I leave you now only because I feel myself unfit for society; but I shall try to resist sleep, unless that too be a part of the infliction. May I make it a solemn request, perhaps a dying one, that you will remain together till morning, or, if you should go to your chambers, that you will not suffer yourselves to be overtaken by sleep."

He waved his hand with a graceful and sad farewell, and, led by me, tottered to the lowly recess which was all the receptacle that the wirthhans afforded on occasions of superfluous tenantry. Grave discussion of the whole story was occupying my guests when I returned. In the spirit of master of the board, I proposed a round of toasts to the better health of the Bavarian: the proposal was honoured, but we were not the merrier. At last the German, with a yawn deep as the North Sea, declared that he must go to bed, though fifty witches were waiting to carry him on their broomsticks over every hill in the empire. I combated the motion; but sleep was in my eyes, contradicting my eloquence; and my resistance only inspirited the Italian to let out a little of his secret soul, and scorn alike the wonders of earth, air, and friars. The Frenchman was asleep during the last half-hour, but, on being roused by the bitter sneer of the Italian, declared that the witch had very handsome eyes, the better in his estimation for being *un peu malins*; and that a visit would be quite an adventure after his own heart. The hint of danger, in fact, made it an obligation on us to take our chance. The question was put and carried by a general yawn; our last laugh was given to the nonsense of being kept out of our beds by the whims of an unlucky devil of a Bavarian, shaking in mind and body with the ague; the simple sight of our beds was a resistless spell; and, to judge by the universal snore that echoed from cell to cell in the first five minutes, my whole company were of the most ghost-defying description.

But the snore began to sound more distant in my ears. I was anxious to keep awake, if for no other reason than to assist the invalid during the night. But nature said otherwise. I tossed and turned—walked about my chamber—broke my shins against bedposts, chairs, and the crazy table—sat down to think what I should do next to rub the poppies from my sensorium—and, in the act of discovering an infallible contrivance for keeping awake for ever, dropped back on my pillow, and was, as the bards of the almanacks say, instantly lulled in the feathery arms of Morpheus.

My sleep was, like that of every man who finishes his day in the jovial style of mine, crowded with dreams, and every dream was, of course, a new version of the tale of the day. The Red Woman was flying about me, over me, with me, frowning, howling, fixing her flame-coloured fangs in my throat, and drying up my circulation with her intense eyes. At last the struggle broke my sleep. The Red Woman herself was standing before me! —I never remember to have been so thoroughly overpowered.—I could not breathe.—My pulses were dead; my limbs were stiffened into stone. The sight had paralyzed me as it had the unfortunate colonel. The phantom stalked slowly through the chamber. I saw her lay her hand on the table, which returned a pale gleam. She approached the pillow, and leaned over me. I was looking full at her. She started back; waved her hand in solemn adjuration; and with a low and ominous moan walked through the stone wall.

Whether I continued awake after this, or fell into a doze, I cannot tell to this day. But I still could not have stirred, from the singular dizziness of my brain, and the feebleness of my limbs. At length a confused sound and a broad burst of light completely roused me. I thought that the catastrophe was come, whether it was to be insanity or extinction; and bracing up my lost fortitude, determined, if I must perish, to leave behind no ground for suspicion that I perished like a craven. On throwing open my shutters, I was rejoiced to find that the glare was from the sun, then not far from his "meridian tour." The sounds were still to be accounted for, and they grew more unaccountable every instant—a chaos of exclamations, rage, imprecations, and laughter.—I heard tables roll about, chairs dashed against the wall, the old windows crashing in all quarters. I was beginning to doubt whether the witch's vengeance had not already fallen on the sleepers, or whether the frenzy was my own. I at length opened my door—the passage was full of broken furniture, in the midst of which stood the Italian in violent fits of laughter. The German was forcing his heavy frame across a bar that held one-half of his door fast, the other half he had contrived to tear down. The Frenchman was still barred in his dungeon, which he was belabouring on all sides with a poker; and venting his fury in screams, roars, and imprecations, on the hand that had thus encroached on his natural liberty.

The Italian's laughter was contagious, and I joined him by the strength of sympathy, to the increased displeasure, as I was sorry to see, of the honest German, who grumbled something about "a couple of fools." But as I appeared to pay more attention to the remark, than under the circumstances it perhaps deserved, my bulky friend recovered his temper, and with the face of a Diogenes, in jest, asked me, "What o'clock it was?" I felt for my repeater.—It was gone.—"I must have left it in my chamber."—It was not there. My repeater was not the only absentee.—My purse, my pistols, my valise, my boots, my whole wardrobe, were gone along with it.

Every man of the party was in the same condition. The accident of sleeping in our clothes alone prevented us from being stark naked. I roared for the landlord. He was "deaf or dead;" no answer came. I darted down stairs; every door was bolted and barred as firmly as if it were midnight. I thought of my invalid—he too was "deaf or dead" when I knocked. On second thoughts I kicked the door open.—The bird was flown.—The Red Woman had robbed us all.—There was not a florin, a brooch, a ring, a snuff-box, or a second shirt in our whole *coterie*.—The spoliation had been managed with matchless dexterity.—We might be thankful that it had pleased the Red Woman to let us keep our skins.

To make the *dénouement* more palatable, the story spread over the neighbourhood with a rapi-

dity worthy of the Red Woman herself, and while we were considering how we should exist for the day, crowds came pouring about the house, and honouring each of us that appeared at the window with roars of merriment. As the tale spread, the neighbouring nobles came in to enjoy their share of the amusement, and in our dismantled condition we were thus compelled to run the gauntlet of laughing condolence and burlesque compliment on our sagacity, from fair ladies and magnificent lords, who had seen us flourishing away among the circles of Vienna.

A year after, as I was on a mission to inspect the fortresses along our Rhenish boundary, I was struck with a familiar face among the prisoners working at Ehrenbreitstein. The fellow turned away; but I had marked my man, and on the bell's tolling for the close of their work, I accosted my old acquaintance, the Herr Michael Squeezegelt.

He had one surviving virtue, candour in great abundance, and when I had satisfied him that his story should not diminish his rations nor increase his chains, he was willing to let me have every secret of his soul. I, however, confined my curiosity to the "Red Woman," and her victim.

"That fellow," said the Herr, "was the cause of my ruin. He and I became acquainted in the course of the war, in which he had deserted from the Archduke's army the night before he was to be hanged as a French spy, and deserted from Napoleon's army the night before he was to be hanged as an Austrian one. He was a clever knave, however, and as trade was low at the gasthaus, I found him now and then useful to bring it up by a little smuggling, a little gambling, and I am afraid, by a little tax-gathering among the gentlemen who came to see the beauties of the country."

"But the Red Woman, the lights, the procession on the walls and ceiling—what were these? juggling?"

"My comrade had been twenty things after his escape from the gallows, for it is hard, in these times, for a man with but one trade to live. Among his talents was firework-making, and he could do what he pleased with figures and lights of all kinds. His equal never sent up a rocket from the Prater. I had overheard you, some days before, asking questions about the Durrenstein and the odd lights that every ploughman in Lower Austria is ready to swear to. I had laid a little plan to raise a trifle on you myself out of the story. But the coming of the whole party in the storm, made me give up my own idea for Signior Ignatio Trombone, which was to take in the entire company. His appearances and disappearances on the mountain, his sudden illness, for which he painted his face as it was lying on the table, and a couple of bottles of my best prepared claret put in the place of yours, when the palate could not have distinguished brandy from beer, put you all in the proper state. His recommendation that no one who was afraid should go to bed, would, he knew, only make gentlemen, particularly when heated by wine, the surer to defy the consequences; and, at all events, he knew that his opium would do its business. The signior played the Red Woman in person, and startled as he was by finding you bread awake, he contrived to go through the affair in a tolerably complete style."

The fellow could not help laughing at the feat, and I own that I could not help joining him.

"But you ran away and left your trade to shift for itself?" said I.

"It had done that long before," was the answer. "I was on the point of running away the week you came to the house, but you paid handsomely, and I waited for something to turn up worth making a grand exit. The plunder of the company on St. Michael's night, was a grand prize in the lottery, and with it the signior and I took our leave of the Durrenstein."

"But where is the signior now?"

"He robbed me as we were passing the frontier. I swore I would give him up to justice. He knew that I was a man to make my words good, and, accordingly, he lost no time, but brought a pair of police officers to my bedside; I saw him receive the reward for my caption, and walk off free as air, while I was sent to dig in these ditches. The last I heard of the signior was, that he had set up a *rouge et noir* table, a coach, and an opera-box in Paris; though which of us will be hanged before the other, not even the Red Woman would be able to tell. But here comes the guard—and now for clean straw, horse-bean soup, and duck-weed water."
—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE CUPBEARER.

Come, Leila, fill the goblet up,
Reach round the rosy wine,
Think not that we will take the cup
From any hand but thine.

A draught like this 'twere vain to seek,
No grape can such supply,
It steals its tint from Leila's cheek,
Its brightness from her eye.

From the Arabic.

BACCHANAL.

By the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told,
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play;
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

DALTON.

NON-SEQUITUR.

BY EGERTON WEBBE.

Pomposus miles: "Pol, hôc certamine factum
"Gloria, ni fallor, mira secuta meum est."
O Pompose, tuum sequitur si gloria factum,
Adversos fugiat maxima causa viros.

THE STORY OF HESTER MALPAS.

BY MISS LANDON.

There is a favourite in every family; and, generally speaking, that favourite is the most troublesome member in it. People evince a strange predilection for whatever plagues them. This, however, was not the case with Hester Malpas. The eldest of six children, she was her father's favourite, because from her only was he sure of a cheerful word and a bright smile. She was her mother's favourite, because every one said that she was the very image of that mother herself at sixteen. She was the favourite of all her brothers and sisters, because she listened patiently to all their complaints, and contributed to all their amusements; an infallible method, by the by, of securing popularity on a far more extended scale.

Mr. Malpas was the second son of a prosperous tradesman in Wapping—a sickly child. Of course, he shrank from active amusement. Hence originated a love of reading, which, in his case, as in many others, was mistaken for a proof of abilities. Visions of his being a future Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, or, at least, an Alderman, soon began to stimulate the ambition of the little back parlour, where his parents nightly discussed the profits of the day, and the prospects of their family. The end of these hopes was a very common one;—at forty, Richard Malpas was a poor curate in Wiltshire, with a wife and six children, and no chance of bettering his condition. He had married for love, under the frequent delusion of supposing that love will last under every circumstance most calculated to destroy it; and, secondly, that it can supply the place of every thing else. Many a traveller paused to admire the beauty of the curate's cottage, with the pear-tree, whose trained branches covered the front; and the garden where, if there were few flowers, there was much fruit; and which was bounded on one side by a green field, and on the other by the yet greener churchyard. Behind stood the church, whose square tower was covered with ivy of a hundred years' growth. Two old yews overshadowed the little gate; and rarely did the sunset glitter on the small panes of the Gothic windows, without assembling half the children in the hamlet, whose gay voices and ringing laughter were in perfect unison with a scene whose chief characteristic was cheerfulness. But as whoso could have lifted up the ivy, would have seen that the wall was mouldering beneath; and whoso could have looked from the long, flower-filled glass, and the glad and childish occupants of the rising mounds, to the dust and ashes that lay perishing below; so, who could have looked into the interior of that pretty cottage, would have seen regret, want, and despondency. Other sorrows soften the heart,—poverty hardens it. Nothing like poverty for chilling the affections and repressing the spirits. Its annoyances are all of the small and mean order; its regrets all of a selfish kind; its presence is perpetual; and the scant meal, and the grudged fire, are repeated day by day, yet who can become accustomed to them? Mr. and Mrs. Malpas had long since forgotten their youth; and if ever they referred to their marriage, on his part it was to feel, too late, what a drawback it had been to his prospects, and to turn in his mind all the college comforts and quiet of which his ill-fated union had deprived him. Nor was his wife without her regrets. A woman always exaggerates her beauty and its influence when they are past; and it was a perpetual grief to think what her pretty face might have done for her. As the children grew up, discomfort increased; breakfast, dinner—supper was never attempted,—instead of assembling an affectionate group, each ready with some slight tale of daily occurrence, to which daily intercourse gives such interest, those meals were looked forward to with positive fear. There was never quite enough for all; and the very regret of the parents took, as is a common case, the form of scolding. When Hayley tried Serena's temper, he forgot the worst, the real trial—want; and want, too, felt more for others than for yourself. The mother's vanity, too,—and what mother is without vanity for her children?—was a constant grievance. It was hard that hers should be the prettiest and worst-dressed in the village. In her, the distress of their circumstances took the form of perpetual irritability,—that constant peevishness which frets over every thing; while, in Mr. Malpas, it wore the provoking shape of sullen indifference.

In the midst of all this, Hester grew up;—but there are some natures nothing can spoil. The temper was as sweet as if it had not breathed the air of eternal quarrellings; the spirits as gay as if they had not been tried by the wearing disappointment of being almost always exerted in vain. She had ever something to do—something to suggest; and when the present was beyond any actual remedy, she could at least look forward; and this she did with a gaiety and an energy altogether contagious. Every body has some particular point on which they pique themselves; generally something which ill deserves the pride bestowed upon it. Richard Malpas particularly prided himself on never having stooped to conciliate the relations who had both felt, and very openly expressed, the anger of disappointed hope on his marriage. His brother had lived and died in his father's shop: perhaps, as his discarded relative formed no part of his accounts, he had forgotten his very existence. On his death, shop and property were left to his sister Hester, or, as she was now called, Mrs. Hester Malpas. After a few years, during which she declared that she was cheated by every body,—though, it must be confessed, that the year's balance told a different story every Christmas,—she sold her interest in the shop, and, retiring to a small house in the same street, resolved on making her old age comfortable. It is very hard to give up a favourite weak point, but, to this sister, Mr. Malpas at length resolved on applying for assistance;—he had, at least, the satisfaction of keeping the step a secret from his wife.

Hester was his confidant,—Hester, the sole admirer of "his beautiful letter." Hester put it in the post-office; and Hester kept up his hopes by her own; and Hester went every day, even before it was possible an answer could arrive, to ask, "Any letter for my father?" for Mr. Malpas, fearing, in spite of his sanguine confidant, the probability of a refusal, had resolved that the letter should not be directed to his own house. Any domestic triumph, that the advice of writing, so often urged, had been taken too late, was, by this means, averted.

The day of the actual return of post passed, and brought no answer; but the next day saw Hester flying, with breathless speed, towards the little fir-tree copse, where her father awaited her coming. She held a letter in her hand. Mr. Malpas snatched it from her. He at once perceived that it was double, and post-paid. This gave him courage to open it, and the first thing he saw was the half of a bank-note for twenty pounds. To Hester this seemed inexhaustible riches; and even to her father it was a prodigious sum. For the first time she saw the tears stand in his eyes.

"Read it, child," said he, in a broken voice. Hester kissed him, and was silent for a moment, and then proceeded with her task. The hand-writing was stiff, ugly, and legible, though the letters rather resembled the multiplication-table than the alphabet. The epistle ran as follows:—

"Dear Brother,—Received yours on the 16th instant, and reply on the 18th; the delay of one post being caused by getting a Bank of England note. I send one half for safety, and the other will be sent to-morrow. They can then be pasted neatly together. I sha'nt go back to old grievances, as your folly has been its own punishment. If people will be silly enough to marry, they must take the consequences. You say that your eldest daughter is named after me. Send her up to town, and I will provide for her. It will be one mouth less to feed. You may count on the same sum (twenty pounds) yearly. I shall send directions about Hester's coming up, in my next letter.

"Your affectionate sister,

"Hester Malpas."

Poor Hester gasped for breath when she came to her own name. Even her glad temper sank at the bare idea of a separation from her parents.

"Me, father!" exclaimed she; "oh! what will my mother say?"

"*No*; as she always does to any thing I propose," said her father.

To this Hester made no reply. She had long felt silence was the only answer to such exclamations. For once, like her father, Hester dreaded to return home. "Is it possible," thought she, "we can be taking so much money home so slowly?" and she loitered even more than her father. Hester had yet to learn that no earthly advantage comes without its drawback. At length the silence was broken, and Hester listened with conviction, and a good fit of crying, to the many advantages her whole family were to derive from her adoption by her aunt. Still, "What will my mother say?" was the only answer she could give.

When we expect the worst, it never happens. Mrs. Malpas caught at the idea of Hester's going to town with an eagerness which inflicted on poor Hester the severest pang she had ever known. "And is my mother so ready to part with me?" was a very bitter thought. Still, if she could have read that mother's heart, she would have been comforted. It was the excess of affection that made the sacrifice easy. All the belief in the sovereign power of a pretty face,—all the imagination which Mrs. Malpas had long ceased to exercise for herself, were exerted for her daughter. Like all people, who have lived their whole life in the country, she had the most unreal, the most magnificent ideas of London. Once there, and Hester's future fortune was certain. Besides, she had another reason, which, however, from the want of confidence which ran through the whole family, she kept to herself. There was a certain handsome youth, the son of a neighbouring farmer, between whom and Hester she thought the more distance the better. She had suffered too much from a love-match herself, to entertain the least kindness towards such a step. The faults we ourselves commit are always those to which we are most unforgiving. Hester herself had never thought about what the feeling was which made her blush whenever she met Frank Horton. No girl ever does. It was shyness, not deception, that made her avoid even the mention of his name. The word love had never passed between them. Still the image of her early playmate was very frequent amid the regrets with which she regarded leaving her native place. The next day brought the second letter from Mrs. Hester Malpas. It contained the other half of the bank-note; and, as it never seemed to have crossed the good lady's mind that there could be an objection to her proposed adoption, she had made every arrangement for her journey the following week. She had taken her place in the coach, stated her intention of meeting her at the inn, and hoped that she worked well at her needle. There was little preparation to be made. Her aunt had said, "that she could come with only the clothes on her back," and she was taken very nearly at her word.

The evening before her departure, she went for a solitary walk, lingering amid all her old favourite haunts. Her spirits were worn out and dejected. It jarred cruelly upon her affectionate temper to find that her absence was matter of rejoicing to her whole family. The children, naturally enough, connected Hester's departure with the new indulgences, the result of their aunt's gift; and childhood is as selfish from thoughtlessness as age is from calculation. Her parents merged in the future that present which weighed so heavily upon poor Hester. She was stooping, with tearful eyes, to gather some wild flowers in the hedge, when Frank Horton, who had joined her unperceived, gathered them for her.

"And so, Hester, you are going to London, and

will soon forget all your old friends?" Hester had no voice to assure him that she should not. Her silence gave her companion the better opportunity of expressing his regrets, doubly touching to the affectionate girl, who had just been thinking that her departure was lamented by no one. Hester's heart was so full of love and sorrow, that it was impossible for some not to fall to his share; and they parted, if not with a positive promise, yet with a hope that their future life would, in some way or other, be connected together.

It was a sleepless night with the young traveller; and she awoke from a confused dream, which blended together familiar objects in a thousand fantastic combinations. She awakened up suddenly, and the first object on which her eyes opened was her mother,—the mother she had thought almost unkind, seated weeping by the bedside. Not all Mrs. Malpas's brilliant visions of the future could console, when it came to the actual parting. She bent over the fair and innocent face which looked so child-like asleep, in an agony of fear and love. To-morrow, and the music of that ready footstep would be silent in their house,—to-morrow, and those sweet eyes would no more meet her own with their peculiar bright, yet watchful look. A little corded box was on the floor; she turned away from it, and burst into tears. It was the last suppressed sob that had roused her daughter. In a moment Hester was up, and weeping on her mother's neck; and yet, sad as were the tears, they were pleasant when compared with those with which she had cried herself to sleep.

It was later than they had supposed; and the sound of the church clock striking five made them start; and Hester, with a trembling hand, began to dress. In half an hour the London coach would pass, and there were some fields between them and the high-road. This last half-hour showed Hester how truly she was beloved. The youngest child neglected the breakfast; and while her father pressed her to eat, he could not eat himself. All felt movement a relief,—all accompanied her to the gate where they were to wait for the coming stage. They had scarcely reached the road, when the guard's horn was heard in the distance. The coach appeared—it stopped—Hester took her place behind—and again the horses were at full speed. The young traveller looked back; but her head was dizzy with the rapid and unaccustomed motion. The little group, that stood watching, swam before her sight. Still she saw them, and she did not feel quite alone. Tears shut them out,—she took her handkerchief; it was raised scarce an instant, but a rapid turn in the road shut them out from her lingering and longing gaze.

The guard, under whose especial charge she had been placed, did his best to console her; but found the attempt vain, and as he had children of his own, thought it all very proper that a daughter should cry at parting with her parents. He left her to the full indulgence of her tears. Nothing could well be more dreary than the journey was to poor Hester. The bright morning soon clouded over, and a small drizzling rain covered every object that might have diverted her attention, with a thick, dull mist. Such a sad and monotonous day leaves nothing to tell; and Hester found herself bewildered, cold, tired, hungry, and wretched, in the inn-yard where the coach stopped. Such a scene of confusion had never before met her sight; and she stood, hopeless and frightened precisely in the place where the guard had helped her to alight, without an idea, or even a care, of what would happen to her next. She was roused by some one at her elbow inquiring "for the young woman that Mrs. Hester Malpas expected;" and in a moment the guard consigned her to the care of a stranger. It was a neighbour, whom her aunt had sent to meet her. Mr. Lowndes asked her how she did, received no answer, made up his mind that she was stupid and shy, considered that to talk was no part of his agreement with Mrs. Malpas, and hurried along the streets as fast as possible. The noise, the multitude of houses, the haste, the silence, made poor Hester's heart die within her. She felt indeed that she was come to a strange land, and grew more and more wretched at every narrow street through which they passed. At length her conductor stopped at a door. Hester started at the sound of the knocker. She was astonished at her guide's audacity in making such a noise, though, Heaven knows, it was but a tame, meagre sort of rap after all.

"I have brought your niece safe," said Mr. Lowndes; "and good night, in a hurry."

"Won't you walk in and have some supper?" said a voice so harsh that it gave an invitation the sound of a dismissal.

"No, no; some other night. I and my mistress will look in together."

Hester was sorry to part with him; she felt so desolate, that even the companionship of half an hour was something like a claim to an acquaintance.

"Come in, child," said the same forbidding voice; and a hand laid upon her arm conducted her into a small but comfortable-looking parlour. The light cheered, the warmth revived her, but still Hester could not muster resolution enough to look up.

"Can't the girl speak?"

Hester tried to murmur some inarticulate sounds, but gave up the attempt in despair and tears.

"Poor thing! come, take a seat; you will be better after supper." And the old lady began to bustle about, and scold the servant for not bringing in the supper before it was possible.

"Take off your bonnet."

Hester obeyed; and the readiness with which this slight act was performed, together, perhaps, with the trace of crying very visible on the face, had a favourable effect on her hostess, who parted her hair on her forehead, and said, with much kindness of manner, "Your hair is the colour mine used to be—scarcely, I think, so long;—I used to be celebrated for my head of hair." And the complacency with which the elderly dame reverted to the only

personal grace she had ever possessed, diffused itself over her whole manner. Hester now looked at her aunt, who was the very reverse of what she had imagined; she had always thought she would be like her father, and fancied a tall, dark, and handsome face. No such thing. Mrs. Hester Malpas was near sixty (her niece had left age quite out of her calculation), and was little, thin, harsh-featured, and of that whole sharp and shrewish appearance so often held to be the characteristic of singlehood. She was, however, very kind to her young guest—only once spoke to her rather sharply for not eating the nice supper which she had provided, observing, "that nowadays young people were so whimsical;" adding, however, immediately afterwards, "Poor thing! I dare say you are thinking of home." She lighted Hester herself to the little room which she was henceforth to consider her own, and bade her good night; saying, "I am a very early person, but never mind about to-morrow morning—I have no doubt you will be very sleepy." And certainly Hester's head was scarcely on her pillow before she was asleep.

Never was change so complete as that which now took place in Hester's life. Nothing could be more dull, more monotonous, than her existence;—the history of one day might serve for all. They rose very early;—people who have nothing to do always make the day as long as possible:—they breakfasted—the same eternal two rolls, and a plate of thin bread and butter. After some time, Hester was intrusted with the charge of washing the breakfast things—a charge of no small importance, considering that her aunt regarded those small china teacups as the apple of her eye: then she read aloud the chapters and psalms of the day—then sat down to some task of interminable needlework—then dinner—then (after a few weeks' residence had convinced Mrs. Malpas that her niece required exercise and might be trusted) she was allowed to walk for two hours—then came tea—the cups were washed again—then the work-basket was resumed—and Mrs. Hester told long stories of her more juvenile days—stories which, however, differed strangely from those treasured up by most elderly gentlewomen, whose memory is most tenacious of former conquests; but the reminiscences in which Mrs. Hester delighted to indulge were of the keen bargains she had driven, and the fortunate sales which she had effected. Had she talked of her feelings, Hester, like most girls, would have listened with all the patience of interest. An unhappy attachment is irresistible to the imagination of eighteen; but with those *tender* and arithmetical recollections it was impossible for any young woman to sympathize;—however, she listened very patiently—supper came at nine—and they went to bed at ten. Sometimes a neighbour of Mrs. Malpas's own standing dropped in, and everything on the table was, if possible, found more fault with than usual. The truth was, that Mrs. Hester Malpas had the best heart and the worst temper in the world, and she made the one an excuse for the other. Hester was grateful, and thought she was content—while her constant attention to her aunt's slightest wish, the unvarying sweetness of her temper, won upon the old woman more than she would have acknowledged, even to herself. She scolded her, it is true, because she scolded every body; but she felt a really strong affection for her, which showed itself in increasing kindness to her family; and scarcely a month passed without some useful present, and which Hester had the pleasure of packing, directing, and sending off by the very coach which had brought herself to London. That dreary and terrible inn-yard was now connected with her pleasanter moments. Still this was but a weary life for a girl of nineteen, and Hester's sweet laugh grew an unfrequent sound, and her bright cheek lost its rich colour. The neighbours said that Mrs. Malpas was worrying her niece to death. This was not true. Mrs. Malpas was both fond of and kind to her niece in her way, and, had she noted the alteration, would have been the first to be anxious about her, but Hester's increasing silence and gravity were rather recommendations, and as to her looking pale, why she never had had any colour herself, and she did not see why her niece should have any—colour was all very well in the country.

A year passed away unmarked by any occurrence, when, one summer afternoon, as Hester was taking her accustomed walk, she heard her name suddenly pronounced. She turned, and saw Frank Horton.

"I have been watching for you," said he, hastily drawing her arm within his, and hurrying her along, "these two hours. I was afraid you would not come out; but here you are, prettier than ever!"

Hester walked on, flurried, confused, surprised, but delighted. It was not only Frank Horton that she was glad to see, but he brought with him a whole host of all her dearest remembrances—all her happiest hours came too—she faltered half a dozen hurried questions, and all about home. Frank Horton seemed, however, more desirous to talk about herself; he was eager in his expressions, and Hester was too little accustomed to flattery not to find it sweet. She prolonged her walk to the utmost, and when they separated, she had promised, first, that she would not mention their meeting to her aunt; and, secondly, that she would meet him the following day. It was with a heavy heart Hester bent over her work that evening. One, two, three days went by, and each day she met Frank Horton; the fourth, as she entered the parlour with her bonnet on, to ask, as was her custom, if her aunt wanted any thing out, "No," said Mrs. Malpas, her harsh voice raised to its highest and harshest key, "you ungrateful, deceitful girl! I know what you want to go out for: take off your bonnet this moment, for out of the house you don't stir. Your young spark won't see you for one while, I can tell him!"

Mechanically Hester obeyed; she took off her bonnet, and sat down. She knew she had done wrong, and she was far too unpractised in it to attempt a defence. Pale and trembling, she only

attempted to conceal her tears. A few kind words, a tone of gentle remonstrance, and Mrs. Malpas might have moulded her to her will; but she was too angry, and reproach after reproach was showered upon the unhappy girl, till she could bear it no longer, and she left the room. Her aunt called her back, but she did not return. This was Hester's first act of open disobedience, and the indignation it excited was proportioned to the offence. Three more miserable days made up the week;—taunts, reproaches of every kind were lavished upon her—and what she felt most keenly was, that every person who came near the house was treated with an account of her falsehood and ingratitude, till at last Mr. Lowndes, the very person who gave the information, could not help exclaiming, "Lord, Mrs. Hester! she is not the first girl who did not tell every time she went out to meet her sweetheart."

If Hester was not the first girl, it would not be her aunt's fault if she was not the last—for not one moment in the twelve hours was there a cessation from the perpetual descant on the heinousness of her offence. On the Saturday night, after she had gone into her own room, the servant-girl came up softly, and giving her a letter, said, "Come, miss, don't take on so—I am sure no good will come of mistress's parting two true lovers; but dear, she never had one of her own—and such a handsome young man—but, Lord! is that her calling?" and the girl darted off, leaving Hester the letter.

A thrill of delight lighted up her pale face as she opened the precious epistle. Under any circumstances, what happiness, what an epoch in existence is the first love-letter!—and to Hester, who would have been thankful to a stranger for one word of kindness, what must not the page have seemed whose every word was tenderness? Frank wrote to say that he knew how she had been confined to the house—that he had kept purposely out of the way—that he entreated her to meet him as she went to church the following Sunday—that he had something very important to tell her—and that he would never ask her to meet him again. Hester wondered in her own mind whether she should be allowed to go to church—trembled at the idea of thus profaning the sabbath—half resolved to confess all to her aunt—then found her courage sink at the idea of that aunt's severity—read the letter over again—and determined to meet him. She was late the ensuing morning, when Mrs. Hester came into her room, and exclaimed angrily, "So I suppose, as your spark has taken himself off, you do not want to go out? Please to make haste and get ready for church—I am sure you have need to pray for your sins."

Hester had not courage to reply. She dressed; and, after telling her she ought to be ashamed of making herself such a figure with crying, Mrs. Malpas dismissed both her and the servant to church. Very infirm, she herself rarely left the house, but used to read the service in the parlour, which was her sitting-room.

Trembling and miserable, Hester proceeded in the direction indicated by her lover; he was there before her,—and, with scarcely a word, she followed him hurriedly till they reached a more remote street, where, at least, neither was known. As they walked along, half Hester's attention had been given to the bell tolling for church; suddenly it ceased, and the silence smote upon her heart. Never before had she heard that bell cease but within the walls of the sacred edifice.

"Oh pray make haste—what can you have to say?—I shall be so late in church!" exclaimed she, breathless with haste and agitation.

"I shall not detain you again," replied he, in a low and broken voice. "Hester, I could not leave England, without bidding you farewell, perhaps for ever!" She clung to his arm. To one who had never made but a single journey in all her life—whose idea of the world was composed of a small secluded village, and a few streets in a dull and unfrequented part of London—leaving England seemed like leaving life itself. "Yes, Hester," said her companion, gazing earnestly and sadly on her pale and anxious face, "I go on board to-day—I cannot stay here—I am off to America—I have done very wrong in renewing my acquaintance with you—but, with all my faults, I do love you, Hester, very truly and dearly. It was hard to leave my native country, and not leave one behind who would say 'God bless you!' when I left—or give me one kind thought when far far away. I ask for no promise, Hester; but when I return, altered I hope for the better in every way, you will find Hester Malpas has been my hope and my object."

She could say nothing—the surprise of this departure overwhelmed every other feeling. She walked with him in silence; she listened to his words, and felt a vague sort of satisfaction in his expressions of attachment and fidelity, but she answered only by tears. Frank was the first to see the necessity of their parting. He accompanied her back to her aunt's, and Hester let herself in, as she had the key of the back-door. He followed her into the passage—he clasped her to his heart, and turned hastily away. Hester was not aware that he was gone till she heard the door close after him; she wanted consolation—it would have been a relief to have spoken to any one—she felt half inclined to seek her aunt and confess the meeting, but her courage failed, and she hurried into her own little room, where she was soon lost in a confused reverie, which blended her aunt's anger and Frank's departure together.

Leaving her to the enjoyment (as people are said to enjoy a bad state of health) of her solitary and melancholy reverie, we will follow the worthy Mr. Lowndes out of church, who, leaving his wife to hurry home about dinner, declared his intention of paying Mrs. Hester Malpas a visit. The fact was, he had missed Hester from her accustomed place in church—thought that she was still kept prisoner to the house—and considering her to have been punished quite long enough, resolved to speak a word in her favour to her aunt. He knocked at the door, but

instead of being let in with that promptitude which characterised all the movements of Mrs. Hester's household, he was kept waiting; he knocked again—still no answer. At this moment, just as Mr. Lowndes' temper was giving more way than the door, the servant girl came up, who had loitered longer on her way from church, arrived, and let them in together. She threw open the parlour-door, but instantly sprung back with a scream. Mr. Lowndes advanced, but he, too, started back with an exclamation of horror. The girl caught hold of his arm, and both stood trembling for a moment, ere they mustered courage to enter that fated and fearful room. The presence of death is always awful, but death, the sudden and the violent, has a terror far beyond common and natural fear. The poor old lady was lying with her face on the floor, and the manner of her death was instantly obvious—a violent blow on the back of the head had fractured the skull, and a dark red stain marked the clean white cap, whence the blood was slowly trickling. They raised the body, and placed it in the large arm-chair, the customary seat of the deceased. 'Good God! where is Miss Hester?' exclaimed Mr. Lowndes. The servant girl ran into the passage, and called at the foot of the stairs—she had not courage to ascend them. There was at first no answer—she called again—the door of Hester's apartment was opened slowly, and a light but hesitating step was heard. "Miss Hester, ho! Miss Hester, come down to your aunt." Hester's faint and broken voice answered, "Not yet, not yet—I cannot bear it."

Fatally were these words remembered against her. That evening saw the unfortunate girl confined in a solitary cell in Newgate. We shall only give the brief outline of the evidence that first threw, and then fixed the imputation of guilt upon her. It was evident that the murderer, whoever he was, had entered by the door:- true, the window was open, but had any one entered through it there must have been the trace of footsteps on the little flower-bed of the small garden in front. The house, too, had been rifled by one who appeared to know it well, while nothing but the most portable articles were taken—the few spoons, the old lady's watch, and whatever money there might have been, for not a shilling even was to be found anywhere. A letter, however, was found from Mr. Malpas to his sister, mentioning that Frank Horton, who had long been very wild, had been forced to quit the neighbourhood in consequence of having been engaged in an affray with some gamekeepers, and it was supposed that poaching was the least crime of the gang with whom he had been connected. The epistle concluded by a hope, very earnestly expressed, that if, as common report went, Frank had gone up to London, he might not meet with Hester, and begging, if he attempted to renew the acquaintance, a stop should be put to it at once. It was proved that Hester had met this young man several times in secret, the last in defiance of her aunt's express prohibition; that instead of going to church she had met him, and he had been seen leaving the house with all possible haste about the very time the murder had been committed, and he was traced to the river side. Two vessels had that morning sailed for America, but it was impossible to learn whether he was a passenger in either. Hester's own exclamation, too, seemed to confirm every suspicion, so did her terror, her confusion, and her bewildered manner. Every body said that she looked so guilty, and the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict for her committal.

It was a fine summer evening when Mr. Malpas and his family were seated, some in the porch of the cottage, while the younger children were scattered about the garden. There was an expression of cheerfulness in the face of the parents very different to the harsh, hard despondency of a twelvemonth since; and Hester, as her mother always prognosticated she would, had, indeed, brought a blessing on her family. Many an anxious glance was cast down the road, for, to-day, the post came in, and one of the boys had been despatched to the village, to see if there was a letter from Hester. The child was soon discovered running at full speed, and a letter was in his hand. "It is not my sister's handwriting," said he, with the blank look of disappointment. Mr. Malpas opened the epistle, which was from Mr. Lowndes, and broke kindly, though abruptly, his daughter's dreadful situation. The unhappy father sunk back senseless in his seat, and, in care for his recovery, Mrs. Malpas had a brief respite—but she, too, had to learn the wretched truth. How that miserable day passed no words may tell. Early next morning, Mr. Malpas woke from the brief but heavy sleep of complete exhaustion; the cold gray light glared in from the window—he started from his seat, for he had never gone to bed—it was but a moment's oblivion, for the whole truth rose terrible and distinct. In such a state solitude was no relief, and he sought his wife to consult with her on the necessity of his going to London. He found only his other daughter, who had scarcely courage to tell him that her mother had already departed for town, and to give him the few scarcely legible lines which his wife had left.

The next evening, and Mrs. Malpas had found her way to the cell of her unhappy child. All was over—she had been tried and found guilty, not of the actual murder, but of abetting and concealing it, and the following morning was the one appointed when the sentence of the law was to be carried into effect. "This is not Hester!" exclaimed Mrs. Malpas, when she entered the cell: and, even from a mother's lips, the ejaculation might be excused, so little resemblance was there between the pale emaciated creature before her, and the bright and blooming girl with whom she had parted. Hester was seated on the side of the iron bedstead—her hands clasping her knees, rocking herself to and fro, with a low monotonous moan, which would rather have seemed to indicate bodily pain than mental anguish. Her long hair—her long and

beautiful brown hair, of which her mother had been so proud—hung dishevelled over her shoulders, but more than half of it was gone. Her eyes were dim and sunk in her head, and looked straight forward—with a blank, stupid, expression. Her mother whispered her name—Hester made no answer; she took one of her hands—the prisoner drew it pettishly away. That live-long night the mother watched by her child—but that child never knew her again. After some time she seemed soothed by those kind and gentle caresses, but she never gave the slightest token of knowing from whom they came.

Morning arrived at last. With what loathing horror did Mrs. Malpas watch the dim gray light mark the dull outline of the grated window! The morning reddened, and as the first crimson touched Hester's face, as it rested sleeping on her mother's shoulder, somewhat of its former beauty came back to that fair young face. She slept long, though it was a disturbed and convulsive slumber. She was roused by a noise in the passage—bolt and bar fell heavily; there was the sound of many steps—strange dark faces appeared at the door. They came to take the prisoner to the place of execution! The men approached Hester—they raised her from her seat—they bound her round childish arms behind her. The mother clung to her child, but that child clung not in return. Mrs. Malpas sunk, though still retaining her hold, on the floor. With what humanity such an office permitted, they disengaged her grasp—they bore away the unresisting prisoner—the door closed, and the wretched mother had looked upon her child for the last time.

It was about a twelvemonth after the execution of Hester Malpas that the family were seated again, on a fine summer evening, round the door of their cottage; but a dreadful alteration had taken place in all. The father and mother looked bowed to the very earth—the very children shrunk away if a stranger passed by. Mr. Malpas had inherited his sister's property, much more considerable than had ever been supposed; but, though necessity forced its use, he loathed it like a curse. An unusual sight now—the postman was seen approaching—he brought Mr. Malpas a newspaper. He shuddered as he took it, for he knew Mr. Lowndes's handwriting again. He opened it mechanically, and a large "read this" directed his attention to a particular paragraph. It was the confession of a Jew watchmaker, who had just been executed for burglary; and, among other crimes, he stated that he was the real murderer of Mrs. Hester Malpas, for which a young woman, her niece, had been executed. He had entered the window by means of a plank thrown from the garden railing to the casement, when, with one blow, he stunned the old lady, who was reading. Mr. Malpas went no further—the thick and blinding tears fell heavily on the paper—he could not read it aloud, but he put it into his wife's hand, with a broken ejaculation, "Thank God, she was innocent!"

_ The facts of the Jew committing the murder, and the old lady's niece being hanged, are perfectly true. It happened in Wapping some forty years since.

Miss Landon's prose writings rarely evince so much of the earnestness of real life as we find in this story. There is nothing in it of that morbid and fantastic sentimentality which was the distinguishing mark of nearly all her early works, and which darkened, more or less, even her most matured productions. In this little tale she treats a natural series of simple incidents with pure and unaffected feeling; and the action progresses gently, seriously, and without exaggeration, until it arrives at that point where it takes a violent plunge into unexpected horrors, which suddenly change the complexion of the interest, very much to the disappointment of all those readers who prefer the average probabilities of experience to dismal and melodramatic exceptions. The plea that such things have happened, can never be admitted as a justification of the judgment by which they are selected for the uses of fiction, the legitimate business of which lies in universal truth, rather than in wonderful or monstrous facts. The wide difference between a fact and a truth need not be insisted upon here.

But many cases of circumstantial evidence have occurred, quite as appalling as that with which Miss Landon has wound up the sorrows of poor Hester Malpas; and nobody, therefore, upon that ground, can censure the tale as being overcharged or extravagant. The principal interest of such cases arises from the extraordinary combination of stray or accidental proofs—the clear and distinct bearing of fortuitous coincidences upon a single point, or upon a succession, or chain of events—and the want of all evidence by which the accumulated mass of probabilities can be shaken or overturned. In this respect the catastrophe is defective. The toils wound round the accused are not sufficiently intricate and conclusive. In short the case made out against Hester is a weak one, and a skilful advocate could have had little difficulty in vindicating her innocence. If we make a reasonable allowance, however, for the delicate hand that traced the story, there is ample space left for admiration of the genius of the writer in the truthfulness of the pathos with which she conducts the narrative to its melancholy close.

A case, very similar to this, occurred some years ago on the northern circuit, in which the parties were as closely related, while the circumstances were of a still more involved and startling description. It was recently referred to by Mr. Charnock on a trial in which he was engaged; and as it sometimes invests fiction

with a deeper interest to illustrate it by actual events, we give this remarkable instance of circumstantial evidence literally as we find it recorded.

A respectable farmer was indicted for the wilful murder of his niece, to whom he was left executor and guardian. A serious quarrel had taken place between the uncle and his ward, and the former was heard to say that his niece would never live to enjoy her property, although she wanted but a short period of becoming of age. Shortly after this declaration and quarrel, the niece was suddenly missed, and no one knew what had become of her. Rumours were quickly spread to the disadvantage of the farmer, until it was at length publicly reported that he had murdered his niece for the sake of possessing himself of her property, and that he had concealed the body. On his being apprehended on a charge of murder, various spots of blood were found on his clothes, those being the garments he was in the habit of wearing. Appearances went so much against the prisoner, that he was committed for trial. At the assizes application was made to the judge to postpone the case, on the ground that public indignation was so generally excited against the prisoner, that he could not safely go to trial, and an affidavit was put in that, if time was granted, there was no doubt that the niece would be produced in court, and the prisoner proved to be entirely innocent of the murder. The application was successful, and in the interim the most strenuous exertions were made on behalf of the prisoner and his friends to find the niece, but all to no purpose, and the search proved fruitless. The period of the assizes at length came round, and being unable to produce the niece, the prisoner, to save his life, resorted to a deception, the fatal adoption of which procured his condemnation and execution within forty-eight hours after trial. A young lady was produced in court exactly resembling the supposed murdered female; her height, age, complexion, hair, and voice were so similar, that many persons in the court, who were acquainted with the niece, were satisfied she was the same, and some witnesses actually swore to the identity. An intimation, however, was given to the counsel for the prosecution, that the female in court was not the niece of the prisoner, but the resemblance was perfect. By the most skilful cross-examination by the counsel for the prosecution, the artifice was at length detected, and the jury, without hesitation, pronounced the fatal verdict of *Guilty*. His Lordship, in passing sentence of death, said it was impossible the jury could have come to any other conclusion, and sentenced the unfortunate man to be executed on the following Monday. On the scaffold, with his last breath, the unhappy convict declared his innocence, but the clergyman rebuked him for his hardihood, and the crowd of spectators who had witnessed the execution were satisfied he died a guilty man. Within two years after the execution, the niece actually made her appearance, and claimed the property to which she was entitled. It appeared that on the day after the unfortunate quarrel, the niece eloped from her uncle's house with a stranger to whom she had recently become attached, and had never been heard of until her sudden and unexpected return, and that she had only by accident heard of her uncle's execution.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

There is a peculiar beauty in this little poem, to which we are anxious to direct the attention of the reader. It reflects, with singular felicity, the mazy indistinctness of a dream, the thronging of indiscriminate images, and that voluptuous prodigality of imagination which sometimes produces in sleep such a rapid succession of passionate emotions. The versification is also deserving of notice for the freedom, breadth, and airiness by which it is distinguished.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

BY W. B. SCOTT.

I had a Dream: more pleasant than the truth,
And pliant as 'twas pleasant,—*must* it be
Only a dream? A Fancy that hath sprung
Blossoming like an arbour round the brow—
Wreathing into a joy, and causing care
To show his heel, up-climbing round the heart
As a silken-headed child with ignorant wiles,
Climbing a gray-beard's knees, doth make him laugh
With its innoxious mirth, although enforced
By plucking his frosted hairs:—*can* it be all
A fancy?
This it was. As through the street,
Where drays were jostling and the coachman's lash
Rang o'er the necks of his thin-haunched beasts,
I had on errand of importunate haste
Passed, till in weariness I slackened pace,
And drew my hand across my brow to feel
How the sun scorched, and mitigate its heat
By lingering in the shadow a short while.
A tide of people passed me, and some looked
At me an instant vacantly, and passed,
Hurrying somewhere with a tedious thrift;
Unto the mart, unto the desk, the ship,
The tavern, or the mall.
There was obstruction in their looks, not death,
But an obstruction of the vivid soul:
They lived, yet lived not. Had I spoke to them
What then I felt, they would have thought me mad,
And each in his own wisdom hugged himself.
Anon a little boy came sauntering by,
Whistling a merry air, that, arrow-like,
Went through my memory, and a fair Dear one
Drew me with gentle hand into the haze
Of dream. A strange transition—yet not strange,
If all the links that brought her image near
Were marked:—nor strange, since round her memories
Of hundreds of sweet moments are involved.
I left the obdurate noise. Through paths of sward,
Where never cloud of dust had fallen, I reached
An opening in a wall of sapling boughs.
I entered, and within more still and cool
It was, and freshness on the air exhaled
From all the ground. Half dusk it was, for round
And round the branches wove a screen from heaven
Of darkest green and varied leaf, 'neath which
Flies thickly humming danced. Sometimes a bird
Flew quickly through, and as its wing might brush
The leaves about your head, it seemed to fear
That it had been engaged. Flowers too were there,
Sprinkled about amidst the grass that grows,
Hair-like and thin, beneath the shade; bluebells
Tinkling to the small breeze a bee might cause,
And violets and poppies red and rough
In stem. I passed still deeper through the wood
By this cool path: a wood more kindly cool,
Or harmless of dank poisons or vile beasts
That creep, there cannot be, and yet so wild
And uncouth. Bushes of dusk fruit beside
The pathway from the ground piled up a mass
Of leaves and berries, from which flocked the birds
As I passed on, or lingered with dyed hands
Plucking them listless, and with profuse waste
Pressing their juice out. Other trees were there,
Blossoming for a later month. And now,
As if from the champaign land afar, came sounds
Of hearty laughter, mellowed by the air,
Until it scarce was audible; and song
Like a reaper's song, a very pleasant sound,
Betokening a clear breast, and heard beneath

A clear sky chequered by thick boughs—a sound
Right happy. So I also sang. The sun
Now found an opening through the stems, to fall
Upon my path; and as I walked, across
The flowers upon my right my shadow passed.
A butterfly with purple-velvet wings,
Invested with two lines of gold and dusk,
And spotted with red spots, upon these flowers
Was feeding, and anon as my shadow fell
Upon it, it flew up and went before,
Lighting again until I passed: and so
Continued it. The space more close and close
Became, and all between the trees were warped
Vine-twigs, and plants more fair than vines. Beneath
A slow stream likewise glent, and silently
Fed spreading water-lilies, and long reeds
Heavy with seed, which might have made fair pipes,
Cut nicely by the joints, from whence a leaf
Depended. But I thought not of the task,
Watching my guide's dark wings, until the path
Seemed stayed by dense convolvolus and boughs
(Largely o'ergrown without the pruner's hands)
Of the red-hearted rose. But the dark fly lowered
Its flight till nigh the ground, and passed into
The mass of greenery by an interspace
Which I had seen not: with my hands I raised,
And parted with my head, full lazily,
The luscious screen at this same space. Anon
I found myself beneath a peristyle
Of short columnar palms, before me steps
Of thickest grass descended to a space
Smooth tapestried, with living garlands bound,
And set about with cushioned seats of wood
Cut roughly from the forest, over which
Uptangling richly to the highest trees,
And waving even then into the air,
Flowers rare and unknown, and around a fount
(Of which a marble girl, with green feet through
The water and white head, seemed Nymph) bright heaps
Of rosy blooms were strewn. But all these sweets
Were nothing to the influence which came o'er
My being from some unseen power, whose grace
The whole seemed imitative of; whose smile
The light seemed intimating to the flowers;
Whose goodness all around seemed fashioned by.
Half slumbering as I stretched upon the sward,
Mazed by this unknown beauty, and the swarms
Of flies like that which here had guided me
All round, the influence became more dear,
More fixed, and I beheld a Lady. Round
Her hand, which held some sweet, the insects thronged,
And lighted on her hair. I did not start
With rapture nor surprise, nor did I deem
Myself unworthy of this gardened love,
This goddess-girl, nor said she aught to me,
But by her eyes, which never looked on me,
I said she was the spirit of my life,
And tho' I had not seen her until now
I still had known her.
She bent down beside
The sward I pressed; she leant on the rude seat
Over me. And I knew not from that hour
Whether it was myself I gazed upon;
Or whether I beheld with intense love
And sympathy [illegible] higher beings, both
Worthy of each. And she began to sing;
A language which was song was hers,—she sang;
A fragile lute upon her knees she placed,
And, balanced from her neck by a silken cord,
Her fingers made it speak, yet touched it not,
But her hands hovered o'er it like two birds
With wings still fluttering to descend,—she played.
Soft as the first tints of a rainbow bound
About an evening shower, her music first
Came on my sense scarce audible, so faint;
Then, waxing louder, it ascended heaven
With all its colours brightening. My heart
It stilled to sleep, as a sister stills a child
That murmurs not, but smiling upwards on
The watching eye, to rest unconsciously
Sinks pleased. But changing suddenly, the notes
Began to whirl together as a flight
Of swallows, and then louder still became.
Happy beyond all words, fair spirits seemed
Clamorous and clapping of their hands for joy!
Too happy beyond words, I would have wept,
Had I been in the actual world, where tears
Are bred by intense sympathy, but here
Where sympathy was life, I did not weep.
—Oh Lady, thou art beautiful! and now
The dark hair of thy song doth shade its eyes,
The eye-lid of thy music droops: it plains
Slowly and saturated with sweet pain,
Carries my soul into a sphered realm
Of everlasting melancholy.—Maid!
Who mournest for thy lover, hear the lay
And be not comforted, but mourn no more
As you have mourned. Youth! whose thirsting love
Has conjured an ideal from the land
Of Hadas, listen with a joyous hope,
And mourn not with the bitterness that thou
Hast mourned.
Awake, awake, inspired lyre!
A louder chord is struck! let grief at once
Be wept out like a thunder-rain, and pride
Go up triumphant with a purple flush
And warn of trump—the golden crown doth press
The spirit's forehead who hath conquered all!—
The earth is filled, oh! filled with gracious things!
—Oh Lady, thou art wondrous fair and good!
Slowly again to life descends thy strain—
An odour as of rose-leaves seems to fall
Upon me, and a purplish light: again
It scales the arc of higher heaven, alas!
Art thou not over me as is a God,
Oh Lady, with thy lute?——and I will faint
Utterly into Death, oh intermit
The binding of thy linked power, cease,
And let me drink a silence short and deep,
Then die into the Life that thou dost live.

THE TINKER'S SONG.

[*From a collection of the date of* 1667. *Reprinted in Mr. Mackay's interesting anthology of the Songs and Ballads of the London 'Prentices.*]

Have you any work for a tinker, mistress?
Old brass, old pots, or kettles?
I'll mend them all with a tink, merry tink,
And never hurt your mettles,
First let me have but a touch of your ale,
'Twill steel me 'gainst cold weather,
Or tinkers' frees,
Or vintners' lees,
Or tobacco, chuse you whether.
But of your ale,
Your nappy ale,
I would I had a ferkin,
For I am old, and very cold,
And never wear a jerkin.

FUNERAL CUSTOM.—An interesting funeral usage has long been observed in an old family in the north of Scotland. When the coffin has been lowered to its resting place, fire is set to a torch placed beside it, and the doors of the vault are hastily closed, not to be opened until another tenant is given to the tomb.

A man who will readily admit his ignorance, nevertheless flies into a passion if a want of *capacity* be insinuated; yet the former is mainly his own fault, the latter the chance of nature.—*Thoughts.*—G. H. LEWES.

M. SCRIBE, THE DRAMATIST.

For several years past there has been publishing in Paris in successive volumes a work entitled *Théâtre d'Eugène Scribe, dédié à ses Collaborateurs.* The very title of this publication explains the secret of M. Scribe's wonderful versatility, and of that power of rapid production which has kept up his name so long in connexion with the French stage. No single man could have accomplished in a whole lifetime the numerous dramas, large and small, that have appeared within the last twenty years under the name of Eugene Scribe. But the fact is, that Scribe stands sponsor in the majority of instances for the works of others; and he confesses as much, with praiseworthy candour, when he dedicates his Theatre to his Collaborateurs.

Such combinations directed to such trivial ends, are not only unknown in England, but scarcely intelligible. We have no notion of two or three dramatic authors sitting down to the construction of a one-act farce; yet such things constantly take place in Paris. There is *La Vengeance d'une Italienne*, for example, one of the slightest pieces imaginable, with the slenderest thread of plot, little better than a single incident worked up with consummate skill in the brisk dialogue, and this trifle is the joint production of no less than three well-known writers — Scribe, Delestre, and Desnoyers. But the mystery is easily explained. Scribe is a complete master of stage tact; he understands the art of putting pieces before the public better than the managers or the actors themselves; and he follows it as a regular craft, keeps a play *dépôt* just as Obbard keeps a masquerade warehouse, and is ready to let out characters and "situations" as the masquerade man hires out dresses, masks, and hoods. It is not Scribe who writes all these comedies, operas, and vaudevilles. It is Scribe and Co. Does the Vaudeville or the Ambigu want a clever, lively interlude by a certain night? Is there a terrible melodrame suddenly required to fill a gap at the Gymnase? It is supplied at a moment's notice by the expert and experienced members of this indefatigable joint-stock company.

The result of this union of knowledge and ability is unquestionably singular excellence in the article thus carefully manufactured. The brother dramatists work together with wonderful unanimity of purpose, and leave nothing to be done, as is so often the case on the English stage, after the play has been produced. It is brought out as perfect as the materials of which it is composed will admit. The humour, generally, too, is of a very *dangerous* cast, is carried to the extremity of that point beyond which it might be hazardous even in Paris, and the adroitness with which this delicate speculation is managed, constitutes in itself one of the principal charms of the piece. Then there is not a superfluous word in the dialogue. It is weeded with an unsparing hand before it is put into rehearsal. There is not the least risk that the performance will occupy five minutes longer than the time prescribed by usage for its duration; and every item of the scene, from the disposition of the *tableaux* to the piquancy of the accents, is brought out with faultless precision and completeness of effect. All this exactitude and certainty may be referred to the intimate relations subsisting between the dramatists and the artists engaged in the theatre. They are all practical people, and understand thoroughly the whole machinery of stage effects. They know beforehand how such and such points will *tell* before the audience, and they prepare their pieces accordingly. The dramatists write literally *dans les coulisses;* and may be said to carry on their plots as great chess-players carry on their games, by a sort of telegraph with the carpenters and actors.

The way in which these conjoint pieces are concocted varies agreeably to the accidents in which they originate. Sometimes a young dramatist, full of energy and hope and fresh invention, writes a play; but it is not sufficiently *stagy*, or he wants interest to get it acted, or, whatever may be its merit, the managers require that it shall be backed with a popular name. He is accordingly sent to M. Scribe, the undertaker in general of all young dramatists' first fruits, and he may consider himself fortunate if M. Scribe discover enough of vitality in it to expend his time in adapting and dressing it up for representation. It often happens that pieces of this description, utterly unfit in their original crude state of wordy efflorescence for the use of the theatre, contain nevertheless new ideas, and the elements of striking scenes. Scribe's practised eye at once detects these latent capabilities, and with a few magic touches he reduces the chaos into an available form. The drama, thus remodelled and invigorated, goes forth under his triumphant auspices; and the author has the curious delight of finding his own suggestions, and much of his own actual labour crowned with the intoxicating honours of popular applause, lavished enthusiastically upon—M. Scribe. In other cases a plot is suggested by one, improved upon by others, and then distributed for exe-

cution among the whole. Sometimes it is struck out at a heat over a bottle of Burgundy or Château Margaux; and sometimes written in partnership scene by scene, the authors comparing notes from time to time as they proceed.

There is an old adage, that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well; and never was this adage exemplified to such an extravagant extent as by these joint-stock dramatists. Their labours, if not calculated for permanence, are at least extremely clever, full of tact and sprightliness, and always having enough of characterization in them to carry off the pleasantries of the scene with something of the subtler air of comedy. They are infinitely superior in brilliancy, and in the rapidity with which they seize upon social traits, to the whole race of modern English farce-writers; and it is only justice to our skilful contemporaries to add that nine-tenths of the minor pieces produced upon our stage as veritable originals are scandalously pilfered from them without acknowledgment. As it is a trade in France to prepare such matters *exprès* to meet the exigencies of the theatre, so it is a trade in England to steal and disguise them and pass them off, gipsy-fashion, for novelties.

Eugene Scribe is at the head of his class. He never can be ranked as a *great* dramatist. He saw, from the first, that the school of Racine and Corneille and Voltaire was fast going out of fashion, and he resolved, from the first, not to trust his fortunes to a falling house. He addressed his versatile and fluent powers to the one sole purpose of pleasing his mercurial and changeable public. He did not dream of fame; he was content with the humbler ambition of working for popularity. He wrote avowedly for success and for money; and dedicating himself to the service of the Gymnase, he left the empty glory of the legitimate drama, and the empty benches of the Français to such leaden geniuses as MM. Jouy and Casimir Bonjour. The tact of Eugene Scribe is above all praise. There never lived a writer who could hit off the fluctuating demands of the town with such felicity and despatch. He was not the man to spoil his market by any quixotic attempt to refine or elevate the taste of his audience; he took it as he found it, and catered for it with the most unscrupulous zeal and unparalleled industry. Amidst these indiscriminate productions, one following another before the ink of its predecessor was dry in the prompter's copy, some failures must have been calculated upon. It was impossible for a man who invented so much, and who constructed and wrote so much more, not to miss his mark occasionally. And Scribe did fail now and then. But he could spare a greater number of failures than would have made the fortune, even in failing, of a meaner hand. His success has borne so overwhelming a proportion to his ill-fortune, that he is known only as the most prosperous dramatist of his age. He began his career somewhere about 1813, and from that time to the present he has contributed a greater number of pieces to the French stage than any half-dozen of his contemporaries. Including all the dramas, of every possible kind (except tragedy, which he has had the prudence to eschew), written entirely by himself, or in conjunction with others, the total number reach to some hundreds. Many of them have perished from the stage, extinguished by the newer attractions of their successors. From this numerous and motley offspring, the author has long derived an enormous income—enormous certainly in France, as it would be extraordinary even in England. For many years his annual revenue from the provinces averaged 60,000 francs, but it has long considerably exceeded that amount, and was reported two or three years ago to have reached the almost incredible sum of 200,000 francs, about 8000*l.*

Scribe's notoriety is European. He has furnished the theatres of the continent with an inexhaustible stock of amusement. His name is familiar in every language, through translated and adapted specimens. But it is familiar only as that of a dramatist. It is not so well known that he is also the author of some narrative tales. Five or six years ago, he published a couple of volumes called *Tonadillas, ou Historiettes en Action.* These volumes are filled principally with dramatic proverbs, a species of composition very popular in France; but they contain also two or three tales, one of which, "The King of Diamonds," we have the pleasure of introducing to our readers. It will be, at all events, a novelty, to see the famous vaudeville-writer divested of scenery and action, and depending entirely upon the innate vigour of his own genius.

A translation of one of Scribe's tales appeared some years ago in "Blackwood's Magazine," and a free version of another (in which undue freedom was taken with the original) appeared recently in "Tait." But we are not aware that "The King of Diamonds" has been published before in an English dress.

Our aim in this translation has been to keep as closely to the style and manner of the author as the necessities of idiomatic expression would permit. We have not desired so much to make what is called an elegant as a faithful version, in order that the mere English reader

may have an opportunity of getting as much of the flavour of the French fiction as can be got without a knowledge of the language. It is imperative upon us, however, to observe that we have made a slight, but important alteration in the close of the story. The exercise of a discretionary licence of this kind is generally unavoidable when we come to render French tales into English. There are some exotics that do not flourish in our climate; and French licentiousness, we rejoice to say, is one of them. We shall be very careful not to let any of them creep into the STORY-TELLER.

In the original of this story, *Le Roi de Carreau*, Scribe displays exquisite art. The delicate turns of expression, the grace and sensibility with which the various aspects of the sentiment that runs through the narrative are *phrased*, defy translation. But the reader will readily discover the hand of the practised play-wright in the adroit conduct of the little narrative through a progression of separate and well-conceived scenes. The form is narrative, but the spirit essentially dramatic.

THE KING OF DIAMONDS.

The ball was splendid,—yet those two young girls stood quietly talking by the fireside;—girls of fifteen or sixteen, talking instead of dancing!

How interesting must have been the subject of their conversation! I could not resist the temptation of listening: it was wrong. But in whom is curiosity excusable if not in a dramatic author? That which is a fault in others, in him becomes a mere matter of business; he must observe, must listen—and then those young creatures were so pretty, so elegant—there was such a charm, such *naïveté* about them, they were so full of joy, so thoughtless of the future! One was a blonde, and spoke rapidly, with a low, quick voice; the other had dark chestnut hair, and was listening with downcast eyes, while she unconsciously pulled and scattered the leaves from a bouquet of white camellias she held in her hand. She was evidently undergoing a cross-examination, to which she would give no reply; but in an instant, she raised her sweet blue eyes with an expression of innocence, which said more plainly than words, "I assure you, I do not understand!" to which the laugh of her companion as clearly responded, "*I don't believe a word of it.*"

The mystery was at once explained. I was now perfectly *au fait* to the subject of their conversation. Still I was curious to hear a little more. The mistress of the house offered me a seat at a whist-table. I hate whist, but this time fortune favoured me; my seat was close by the pretty gossips, and they prattled on without paying the slightest attention to us. For them, and at their age, a ball consists of young girls, splendid dresses, jewels, dancers, and partners—whist-players go for nothing; in fact they have no existence—they merely constitute four arm-chairs more or less in the saloon.

"But my dear, have you never thought about it?"

"Never."

"Not even in your dreams?"

"How should I when I sleep so soundly?"

"And has your mother never spoken to you about it?"

"Not yet."

"*I* have already refused two offers."

"And why?"

"Not sufficient fortune. For me, he must be rich. And you?—"

"For me? He must be young and very clever."

"Clever! Bah! all the world is clever. Mine must hold a place at court, that I may be presented."

"And is that all you require?"

"Certainly. That day, what a dress I shall have!"

"What! in marrying would you think of a toilet?"

"Unquestionably."

"And your husband?"—

"Sir!" exclaimed my partner, "is it possible you have no clubs?"

"I beg a thousand pardons. I was listening—that is, I mean, I was counting those that had already been played."

During this interruption, I lost several of the little speeches which were spoken behind me, but the conversation still went on.

"Love him?—certainly—that is if I could—that is——"

"Oh! that before every thing else in the world."

"Indeed!"

"Oh yes! And therefore I should wish him to be near my own age, that we might have the same tastes and almost the same faults, that he might be the more indulgent to mine. As to his, I forgive them all beforehand, provided he loves me, and me alone."

"My aunt says it is impossible."

"Why should it be? I should be so fond of him!"

"Are you out of your mind?"

"It would be my duty, and so sweet a duty—"

"But suppose he ceased to love you?"

"What then! I would still love him—it would be my duty."

"And if he were unfaithful to you?"

"Ah! that would kill me!—but I should love him still!—"

"Three tricks lost!" cried my partner; "I pass hearts three times, clearly showing my hand, and yet you never once follow my lead!"

"But, sir—"

"But! I had my hand full of little trumps—"

"Excuse me, I really am no player—I—I have lost you the game." I thought in my own mind that I had lost a great deal more myself, for I missed the end of that conversation. The young girls had departed—I followed one of them with my eyes, I was so deeply interested in her.—I would have given any thing to have ascertained her name.

"Cecile," said a tall lady, with a haughty air, and a singularly angular figure,—"Cecile, put on your shawl, and let us go."

"Willingly, mamma! but I am just engaged for the next dance, and I must explain—"

"I could not allow it!" cried the mistress of the house; "Madame Orthès will give us one quarter of an hour more." Then seeing me, and taking me by the hand: "*Madame la Vicomtesse,*" she said, "is most anxious to know you, and has begged me to present you to her."

One of the greatest annoyances on earth is a presentation—but I felt that that this would give Cecile time for her *contredanse,* and I was not sorry to begin our acquaintance by a sacrifice. This was truly one. Madame la Vicomtesse d'Orthès was a woman of high family, high birth and great pretensions. She wrote books which found many more admirers than readers. It was so well understood that all her works must be religious, monarchical, and sublime, that her friends did not consider it necessary to take the trouble of reading them, in order to compliment her upon their merits.

Madame la Vicomtesse talked to me of my works; I, of course, talked of hers—of her daughter, the very best without dispute, although the one of which she seemed the least proud. It is always thus; authors are generally the worst judges of their own productions.

The conversation lasted so long, that Cecile, instead of one *contredanse,* had danced two. The poor child scarcely knew how to thank me, and while she was hesitating, her mother carried her off. She gave me a smile, however, so sweet and gracious, that, recalling the words I had heard, I mentally exclaimed, "Happy the young man who may please thee! Happy the husband of thy choice!"

During that year, and the following winter I saw no more of Cecile: I so seldom go to balls.

In the spring of 1833 I met some severe trials. It would be of small interest to the reader were I to detail them, so with his permission I will merely inform him, that as a remedy, and the very best it is for evils of all kinds, I took post, and, seeking some subject for a comedy, I visited Auvergne, and the Pyrenees.

How few people know any thing of these two places. There is not a merchant, or a retired tradesman, or a lawyer, or an *avocat* in the long vacation, who does not make a journey into Switzerland, that he may say to his wife and children, "I have seen the valley of Lauterbrun, the lake of Brientz, and the Grindewald—which route, by the way, is just as well known to the whole world, as the high-road from Paris to Saint-Cloud—and nobody ever thinks of going to Auvergne or the Pyrenees. Parisian tourists, who perpetually follow each other in the same beaten track, how little do you know of the charms of your own fair France, where you may find cascades quite as wonderful, avalanches as terrible, and rocks every bit as savage as any in the Alps themselves!

Arrived in the country, I took a guide to Lake Pavin, and having thrown myself upon the grass, I was gazing upon the pure transparent waters, when I heard steps behind me. Some other travellers were near. An elderly man leant upon the arm of a young girl, and cried with an air of ill-humour, "Do not walk so fast—I cannot keep up with you." I raised my eyes and fancied I recognised the graceful *tournure* and exquisite figure of my pretty dancer; and my doubts were changed into certainty when, a few paces behind, I descried a lady with an album in her hand, in which she was writing as she walked along. It was the vicomtesse composing a grand description of Lake Pavin. After a few mutual exclamations of surprise, and some commonplaces about scenery and climate, I begged to be presented to Mademoiselle Cecile.

"Mademoiselle!" exclaimed the vicomtesse, with an air of surprise, "why Cecile is married!"

"Indeed!" and looking around, I sought in vain for the young husband, wondering how he could have suffered his wife to go alone.

—"This is my son-in-law," continued Madame Orthès, presenting me to the elderly gentleman, and pronouncing his name with considerable emphasis. I suppress the name, for good reasons. He was a man of the highest nobility, general under the emperor, duke and peer under the restoration, holding at that time an important military command, and possessed of an immense fortune, and many excellent qualities. These excellent qualities, however, he had unfortunately possessed too long, for he was sixty; besides which, he had wounds, rheumatism, and even, from time to time, gout itself with all its prerogatives, impatience, harshness, and ill-temper. The best that can be said of him on this score is, that he was very amiable when he was in good health; but then, unluckily, he was an invalid for ten months in the year.

Such was the husband of Cecile.

I recalled to my recollection her conversation in the ball-room, the young husband of whom she dreamed, and all her projects of future bliss; and in spite of myself, I regarded the poor young creature with an air of interest and compassion, which she almost seemed to comprehend; for at the end of a few minutes we were the best friends in the world.

Her old husband seated himself upon the grass, her mother continued writing, and Cecile and I talked. Her conversation was simple and unaffected; full of gentleness and touching melancholy. I gradually brought round the subject to her husband; she spoke of him in the highest terms, mentioned with gratitude the titles, the considera-

tion, and the fortune he had bestowed upon her; but she said not one word of the happiness of which he had deprived her. Noble and virtuous soul! where all was resignation, devotion, and the sense of duty. Yet in this speaker so grave, and so solemn, who could have recognised the youthful being I had seen two years before, so wild, so naïve, and so joyous? What judgment now! what tact! what reasoning! My heart whispered me that she must have suffered deeply to have acquired all this so rapidly.

We were upon the border of the lake. In its purity, depth, and clearness it was the type of her soul. I said this to her; she smiled, but it was a smile which brought tears into my eyes, as she replied, "Yes, calm upon the surface—"

"And beneath, perhaps," I rejoined, pointing to the lake. I did not finish the sentence; but she guessed its meaning, and hastily replied,

"No, monsieur, no!" and she raised her eyes to heaven!—Was it to take heaven for a witness, or to ask its aid?

At this moment the harsh voice of her mother interrupted us. The general was cold; the air of the water had chilled him; and we were requested to return. I wished to offer my arm to Cecile, but she had already taken her husband's. Her mother, however, remained; this was no compensation, but the reverse, for we were at once upon literature. She was writing a new romance, which she wished to read to me, as soon as it was finished;—to me,—and I was travelling for pleasure!

"I fear, madam, I cannot hope for that honour, as I am starting for the Pyrenees."

"And so are we. The general is ordered to the waters at Barèges, which are peculiarly efficacious for wounds."

"I thought the general was staying at Mont-d'Or?"

"By chance only, and *en passant*, he chose to try these waters, which last year succeeded so well with Marshal Soult; but after a few trials he gave them up; and we leave in a few days for the Pyrenees. I hope we may make the journey together?"

I bowed respectfully.

"Where are you staying at Mont-d'Or?"

"At the hotel Chabaury, madame."

"The very house where we are staying; I beg to-day, at least, you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner."

I bowed again. Behold me then installed as table companion, fellow-traveller, and friend of the family.

Friendships grow rapidly in travelling, and above all at watering-places. I profited by my new title, for it gave me the right and ample opportunity to speak of Cecile. I even ventured to hint to Madame Orthès, that this marriage, so unexceptionable in all respects, raised some fears for the future happiness of her child.

"You do not know my daughter, monsieur. If you knew the education she has received!—She was brought up at Sacré-Cœur, like all the noble young ladies of my acquaintance. Then she has read all my works—indeed she reads them every day; and the principles which they inculcate—"

"Are without doubt most excellent; but still your daughter is very young, and if her heart should be engaged—"

"It could not be engaged, monsieur! hearts were never known to be engaged in *our family*."

"I can readily believe that in the past," said I, looking at her, "but for the future—"

"Monsieur!" and she measured me from head to foot, "in whatever situation we may be placed we can never fail in our duties when we have religion and good principles! With religion and good principles there can be no disproportioned marriages—no dangers—you understand me!"

"You are perfectly right, madame."

We arrived at the hotel.

The general was unwell, and his ill-humour was increased on finding letters to answer, and orders to despatch.

"If Henri were here," said he to his wife, "he would assist me, and take all this trouble off my hands; but you did not choose that he should come with us."

"We were already three in the carriage, and my femme-de-chambre was indispensable."

"Just like a woman's reasoning; and so, for the sake of your femme-de-chambre, you have deprived me of a nephew whom I love, and an aide-de-camp who would be invaluable."

"You forget that my mother and I are here to assist you; and besides that Monsieur Henri de Castlenau, your nephew, ought to remain in Paris for your own interests."

"Say rather for your caprices,—and because poor Henri does not please you; because you hate him."

"I! monsieur?"

"Yes, it is plain enough: you scarcely look at him even when you deign to speak to him; and he must indeed be courageous to return to my house at all after the cold reception he gets from you."

"You accuse me unjustly, monsieur: the nephew of my husband must always claim my respect."

"That's very well!—I should like to see you fail in it, *morbleu!* If either of you have a right to complain it is surely my nephew—who was my heir, and who is deprived by this marriage of all my fortune."

"I trust not," cried Cecile, hastily.

"A great portion of it, at any rate," rejoined the general. "Well! so far from showing resentment to his young aunt, he always speaks of you with the greatest kindness. He lavishes all sorts of attentions on you, and on your mother; would run all over Paris to oblige you, and tire down his horses from morning till night in order to get you a ticket for a ball or a box at the opera."

"That is quite true," said the vicomtesse, and

were it only for your husband's sake it is your duty Cecile, to be on better terms with Henri."

"I know my duty, mamma," replied Cecile, coldly, but decidedly.

"Go to the devil!" cried the general in a rage, "there was never such an obstinate head! Sometimes she is as tractable as an angel, and at others nothing on earth can move her!—This at seventeen!—It promises well indeed! I don't know, madame la vicomtesse, how you have brought her up, but it is against all common sense!"

"Monsieur, she has read my works."

"I suspected as much!"

"General—you forget yourself!"

"You are right—and I forget that dinner is served too.—Forgive me, monsieur," he continued, turning to me, "for having thus made you witness of a family scene; I hope you will not betray us, and put us all into one of your comedies."

He took my arm, and placed me at table by his side, and during the repast was sulky to every one except his solitary guest.

I ought to observe, however, that his ill-humour was chiefly directed against his mother-in-law.

A letter was brought to the general, during the dessert, and he had scarcely glanced at its contents, when, striking the table as if he would break every glass upon it, he exclaimed,

"There. This is all that was wanting! Henri is wounded!"

Cecile turned pale and her lips trembled.

"Yes, wounded. He has received a sword-wound, the novice. Compose yourself," said he to his stepmother, who was quietly sipping a cup of coffee; "he is out of danger this week past, he is recovering; but his physician has ordered him the waters of Barèges, and he will be here to-morrow."

"To morrow!" exclaimed the vicomtesse, joyfully.

"To-morrow!" said Cecile, coldly, and her features relapsed into their usual calm.

I looked forward with impatience for *to-morrow*.

A travelling-carriage is an object of interest to all the small towns in the world, but more especially to the inhabitants of Mont-d'Or; for the only interest that seems reserved for them, is that of watching the arrival and departure of visiters and travellers. All heads were therefore out of the windows, when at ten o'clock a calèche was heard rapidly advancing.

Monsieur de Castlenau entered the drawing-room, affectionately embraced his uncle, and respectfully saluted both the ladies.

He was five-and-twenty, tall, well made, of distinguished manners, and in a word, a very fine fellow; but what is better, he was so satisfied with himself upon the point, that he no longer thought about it, consequently all his cares were given to those around him. His features, frank and open as they were, bore the traces of much suffering. The fatigue of the journey, or other causes perhaps, might have made his wound more than usually painful.

I observed Cecile: not the least emotion was visible in her countenance; she received Henri with marked politeness, and inquired after his health with an interest that was most amiable, but not at all such as I expected.

Henri was evidently much agitated. He could scarcely speak; and I did him a great service in talking to him about his journey, and about the weather, which was dreadful. In fact the *ennui* of this conversation restored him a little to himself, and he breathed more freely. There are times when bores are extremely useful.

During the day we walked to the cascade de Coureuil and to La Venière. Henry loitered repeatedly near Cecile, but she constantly gave her arm to her husband or to her mother, and when she spoke she addressed herself to me.

In the evening he was engaged with the general, read the paper to him, sent off despatches, and listened with attention worthy a better fate, to the long dissertations of the vicomtesse. Still from time to time his large eyes would steal towards the spot where Cecile was quietly working, evidently without the slightest thought of him.

It is quite clear that I deceived myself; my conjectures were all wrong. The poor young man may love Cecile, but she cares nothing for him. The next evening, the one preceding our departure, while her mother was writing near her, Cecile seated herself at the piano, and the air she played was so lively and joyous that all my doubts were dissipated. It is impossible, said I to myself, for any one to be suffering from a secret passion, who can play such variations as those, and particularly one who can play them so well.

At this moment a young physician of my acquaintance entered the room; he had just come from Paris with an invalid nobleman who was ordered to the waters of Mont-d'Or. Military men talk of their mess-room, authors of their works, medical men of their patients; it is their privilege. So, my young doctor, at the risk of annoying the ladies, began to relate the wonderful cures he had performed, interspersed with anecdotes, more or less piquant, but to which no one paid the slightest attention except myself; for, as I have said before, I am a good listener.

He told us, amongst other things, that he had lately been called in to a young man who had received a sword wound, which though rather a severe one, was the most extraordinary he had ever seen. The wound was not straight, nor was it given from below, but from above; and as the sufferer was himself very tall, his adversary must have been at least ten feet high to have given him a thrust downwards in that way. At length, hard pressed by questions and conjectures, the wounded man had confessed that he himself had struck the blow. And why? "You would never guess such extravagance," said the physician. "Because he wanted a pretext for going to the waters at Barèges, and

he entreated me to order him there—which I did instantly—poor young man! for this order he paid me most liberally, imploring me to keep his secret."

"And you have kept faith with him," said I, smiling.

"There is no danger with you."

The door opened; the general appeared leaning on the arm of his aide-de-camp. Henri, perceiving the young doctor, ran to him exclaiming, "You here, doctor!" then taking his hand and presenting him to us, "Ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, "this is my Esculapius, who has cured my wound and ordered me to the waters of Barèges! is it not true?"

The doctor muttered something, and took leave—his invalid was expecting him. The general seated himself quietly in his arm-chair; Henri, with a smile on his lips, remained standing near the chimney; the vicomtesse, struck with surprise and indignation, wished, but did not dare to speak. Cecile, pale and abstracted, leaned her head upon her hand in silence; for me, I narrowly watched the whole party finding the scene *fort bien posée*, and waiting with the utmost anxiety for the turn it would take next, and, above all, for the *dénouement*.

The general was the first to break silence by humming a little air which he fancied mightily. It was a new air, but the composer himself would not have recognised it, so completely had the general appropriated and made it his own by his manner of singing it.

"Well, ladies," cried he, after this sort of *ritournelle*, "it is fixed, then, that we leave to-morrow for the Pyrenees, and go for one month to Barèges?"

No answer: each kept silence; but a ray of joy lighted up the eyes of Henri.

"*Ma belle-mère, et ma femme*, all the preparations completed? All the caps and bonnets packed up? Every thing ready for our departure?"

"Yes, sir, for yours," said Cecile, striving to bring up her courage.

"How for mine—do we not set off together?"

"No, sir."

"And why so, if it please you?"

"My mother and I will accompany you as far as Pau, where you have an estate, and a magnificent château, that we have never yet seen; and it is our intention to install ourselves there till your return."

"Aud to leave me to go alone to Barèges.—That is well."

"No sir, that would not have been well, and as a proof, we had determined to accompany you; but now that you have your nephew, Mons. Henri, our cares are no longer necessary."

"What has that got to say to it?"

"And I will confess that a month's visit to these horrible mountains, does appear to me the most wearisome disagreeable thing in the world,—at least if I may judge by the three days we have just passed here."

During this time the general fidgeted on his chair, rubbed his snuffbox, and I foresaw the storm that was ready to break out.—But what I could not see without being touched with pity, was the figure of Henri, who, pale, and scarcely able to sustain himself, was forced to lean against the chimneypiece. Despair was stamped upon his features, and I could guess what was passing in the mind of the unhappy young man! To have been wounded for her—for the happiness of passing a month near her—and to be robbed of this happiness—by a caprice!

"*Corbleu!*" cried the general, rising in a great passion, pushing back his fauteuil, and upsetting it in the middle of the room; "do you take me for a conscript?—do you expect that I am to be managed by my wife, by a mere child? You shall come, madame, for I have said it—you *shall* come!"

Cecile rose, trembling all over, but she said coldly,

"I shall not go."

"And why not? *Morbleu!*"

"Why?"—Cecile trembled no longer; her resolution was taken; resigned to consequences, and listening only to her duty—she replied in a low voice, but with firmness, "Because I do not wish it."

The general, furious, sprang towards her; but at the instant a low groan was heard—it was Henri, who fell fainting on the ground. I supported him in my arms—and the anger of the general was instantly changed in its object; he turned towards his nephew:

"What folly, what imprudence! he has been standing for more than an hour—there is nothing so bad for him—his wound will reopen—I am always telling him so;—but nobody here listens to me—nobody obeys me—the devil take you all!—Well! well! is he reviving?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cecile, who had flown towards Henri, holding her salts to him, and lavishing on him the most tender attentions.

"Ah!" said the general, "he is opening his eyes at last."

Cecile instantly left his side, and entered her own room, followed by her mother. The general soon after rejoined them; but it appeared that his prayers and menaces were equally useless, for in the evening he said to us, "That little girl is as obstinate as iron."

"She will not go to Barèges," cried Henri.

"*Non, mon ami*—we two must go together, and she will wait for us at my château de Lescar in the environs of Pau."

"What! general, you have given up your point then?" said Henri, in a tone of reproach.

"What could I do? unless I killed her! There was but that alternative.—I did threaten her. *Parbleu!*"

"And what did she reply?"

"She replied, 'If you kill me—so much the better—I shall not go to Barèges'—the argument was unanswerable!—An obstinate, self-willed!—I

tell you, if it was not for that she would be the best little wife in the world."

The next morning, very early, the two carriages were at the door. "All the packing has been done by madame herself," said the femme-de-chambre to me, "she has not slept the whole night." The horses were harnessed; Cecile mounted hastily into the berline, and as I offered my hand to the vicomtesse to assist her into the carriage, she said, "Well! monsieur, you see that with religion and good principles there is no such thing as disproportioned marriages—no dangers!"

"At any rate there may be mental conflicts and much suffering," said I to myself, looking at the pale face of Cecile, and the tearful eyes which she would willingly have hidden from the whole world; for seeing her husband advance towards her leaning on the arm of his nephew, she hastily exclaimed, "Off! off! postilion!" The whips cracked, the horses started, and the carriage disappeared, while the old general exclaimed, "Well—well—think of the madcap—to set off without even bidding us adieu—without embracing us! *Ma foi*, monsieur, you who are seeking a subject for a comedy, why here is one to your hand!!"

"Or rather a drama," said I to myself contemplating the features of Henri, who incapable of seeing, hearing, or speaking, allowed me to place him by the side of the general in the carriage. He did not even thank me—nor say farewell. "Poor young man, he will certainly die," said I to myself.

Some hours after, I too set off to the Pyrenees. During my journey, and whilst clambering up the mountains, I had picked up in one of La Fontaine's fables, the subject for a comedy in five acts, which, applied to some late events would be sufficiently striking. I remained at Barèges to write it. I hired a pretty house in a charming situation, close by the mansion of Monsieur Lugo, and looking towards the Allées de Maintenon. Here I passed one of the happiest and quietest fortnights of my whole life, working hard morning and evening, and during the day exploring the beautiful country around me. How pure is the air of those mountains, of those laughing valleys, they seem to restore you at once to youth and joy! On the summit of a mountain, every thing is forgotten, pain of body and anguish of mind. Every thing! Unfortunately, as we descend we find them again in the plains, or in the city where they are awaiting us!

My five acts finished, I must return, must quit this charming country. I turned my steps towards Pau, where many inducements called me. I had a friend, an amiable and excellent young man who, with his pretty wife and family resided at the Château Royal at Pau, and I could not quit the south without embracing them; and besides in the environs was the domain of Lescar, where the Vicomtesse d' Orthès and the general had made me promise to spend a few days. I had the greatest desire to see Cecile once more, and accordingly went to the château.

It was a fine edifice, admirably situated; the park extended to the banks of the Gave, the windows of the drawing-room commanded the hills of Jurançon, with the blue mountains and snowy peaks of the Pyrenees, though fifteen leagues distant.

On leaving the carriage I was met in the kindest way by the vicomtesse and her daughter, who welcomed me to the château, and told me that the general was still at Barèges, though they were expecting him from day to day; but what was my astonishment on entering the saloon, to perceive Monsieur Henri de Castlenau quietly seated on a sofa reading the newspapers!

"The general sent him on," said the vicomtesse to me in a low voice, "with some despatches to the governor of Pau, and also to inquire about Cecile, who has been extremely ill."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed with alarm.

"It was nothing serious, she is better now, and in waiting the arrival of the general, Henri could only remain at the château of his uncle; besides it was by the express desire of my son-in-law, who for the last week has been expected daily."

"Then Mons. de Castlenau has been a whole week here?" said I to the vicomtesse, who, guessing what was passing in my mind, hastily replied,

"Make your mind easy, monsieur; you do not know my daughter, and more than that I can safely affirm I have not left her one single minute during the whole of that time."

She said truly. Cecile remained in the drawing-room, constantly working by the side of her mother, and in their walks in the park, Henri was never alone with her. I must also say that he never seemed to desire it.

His behaviour and his manner were admirable, though the most tender affection was breathed in all the little gentle offices he lavished on her; not a word, not a look could have betrayed to an observer the secret of his soul. He had even recovered his gaiety and cheerfulness; he was less absent, he joined in our conversations, and it was only then I discovered that he was most amiable and accomplished, and that to an extreme modesty he united a brilliant and pointed wit, nobility of character, elevated taste, and a crowd of admirable qualities.

The vicomtesse read an article in the paper relating to some suicide.

"Unfortunate being!"—cried Cecile, with an air of sympathy, that almost amounted to approbation.

"Madman!" cried Henri, almost with contempt.

"That could never happen to you then?" said I, quickly.

"Never, monsieur! never! To die for oneself, is to rob oneself of the greatest happiness!"

"What do you mean?"

"The happiness of dying for those we love!"

Allons, said I to myself, he will always love her, but he submits to his fate with courage and resolution. He will have strength by and by, to strive against it, and to conquer!

The vicomtesse proposed to read her last romance to me. I accepted the offer and followed her into her study, expecting that for once the *amour propre* of the author might triumph over the watchfulness of the mother, and that she would thus leave Henri to a tête-à-tête.

But I deceived myself. He did not even care to avail himself of it! The reading, which I bore with heroic fortitude, was tedious. — I glory in it. — During the whole time, I heard Cecile playing on her piano the saddest and most melancholy airs; but she was alone, for I saw Henri far off, walking in one of the alleys of the park, and when I returned to the drawing-room she was still alone, seated in a large arm-chair, her head resting upon her hand, and her eyes very red! She rose quickly and came towards me with a smile upon her lips. In rising she dropped her handkerchief, and I hastened to pick it up — It was wet! — She saw that I perceived it, and observed, pointing to a book upon the chimney-piece, "I am very ridiculous, am I not? — I have been crying over this romance." It was a work of her mother's! I did not want this proof to convince me that she was deceiving me.

That evening there was a party at the château. All the gentry of Pau and its environs were invited. Cecile did the honours of her drawing-room with an ease and grace which seemed natural to her; she attended on every one, excepting Henri, to whom she merely gave orders from time to time respecting the card-tables. I was placed at a whist-table with three dignitaries of the department; the old gentlemen were set to piquet, the old ladies to boston, under the superintendence of the vicomtesse. The *receveur de contributions* played at billiards with Mons. le Maire, and Cecile, taking the young people under her own charge, proposed some games for their amusement, which were accepted with enthusiasm. These round games still hold an honourable place in the provinces, and particularly in the department of Les Basses Pyrénées.

While I was playing I made all sorts of mistakes, giving my partner a very bad opinion of the whist-players of the capital; but it was Cecile's fault. She always made me lose at whist; and now again I was thinking much more of her than of my play. My eyes were constantly roving to the happy circle over which she was presiding.

Henri was not amongst them; he was looking at the billiard-players; the young people, however, called the handsome aide-de-camp, and *bon gré, mal gré*, would insist on his joining them. He chose a seat at a distance from Cecile, and in the penances he ordered, he avoided any thing that would bring him near her. Once, however, according to the strict rules of the game, she was condemned to go and kiss the young aide-de-camp. She rose. At that instant I threw away my best trump!—my partner was horror-struck; what did I care?—my whole attention was engrossed by the young creature, who, with the utmost tranquillity, walked towards Henri, and presented her two fresh and rosy cheeks.

Henri touched them slightly with his lips. He did not blush, he did not turn pale, he did not faint, as I expected; he was perfectly calm and self-collected.

Assuredly, said I to myself, he is a hero! I admired him, and I pitied him, and unconsciously, and against my will, I found myself offering up a prayer for him, and for his hopeless love!

All the forfeits being redeemed, some of the young people seated themselves at a round table in the middle of the room, and began turning over the albums, reviews, and engravings. Some begged for a pencil to draw, others sketched, in sepia, some points of view from the environs; and Henri, to oblige a little girl who was sitting next him, carved with an English penknife a piece of wood into something resembling a hermit. This sort of work is practised with much success by the shepherds both of the Alps and Pyrenees. The wood was hard, the knife very sharp, and, by a careless movement, the blade slipped, and gave Henri a rather severe cut in one of the fingers of the left hand.

Cecile uttered a cry, and became quite pale. A moment after she laughed at her folly. The wound was nothing, but it bled very much. All the handkerchiefs of the ladies were instantly in requisition; every reticule was opened; one brought English court-plaster, another cut it, and twenty small white hands were eager to assist in dressing the wound. There was a great deal of laughing, and very little done; indeed it was rather a difficult case. The cut had passed the second joint of the finger, and the dressings would not keep in their place, the slightest movement deranging the whole affair.

"Monsieur, you must be still; and above all do not bend your finger."

"Ah, ladies, that is easily said. But I do it unconsciously."

"Monsieur is right," cried I, "and in order to keep the finger straight, we should get, what the surgeons call some—some—"

"Splints," cried Henri, "as for a broken arm or leg."

"Exactly!"

"But where are they to be found?" cried every body, laughing heartily.

"Behold!" and as our whist-table was finished, I took up a card. I believe it was the King of Diamonds; I rolled it round the wounded finger, some of the ladies tied it up with a bit of sewing silk, and thus secured there was little danger that the finger would move or the cut reopen. The operation was concluded amidst the shouts of delight and applause of the whole party, who complimented me upon my skill in surgery. Henri entreated me to send in my bill for my expenses and fees, and Cecile promised me her patronage in case she should wound her finger with a needle or pin.

At length eleven o'clock arrived, and the guests departed, and I entered my own room, fancying I could still hear the bursts of merriment along the corridors from those young and happy beings.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, I re-entered the drawing-room, and was chatting with the vicomtesse, when, to our great surprise the general walked in.

"*Bon jour, mes chers amis.*"

"*Eh! mon Dieu!* general, where do you come from? when did you arrive? I did not hear your carriage in the courtyard."

"Because I arrived this morning at five o'clock, while you were all asleep."

"Indeed!"

"I did not wish to disturb anybody, so I mounted straight to my wife's room. Poor Cecile! she was so frightened. She thought the Spaniards or the smugglers had seized upon the château. Well!—all in good health ever since?"

"Perfectly well."

"I suppose you were tired to death in my long absence. How did you contrive to amuse yourselves?"

"Oh! tolerably. We had a large party yesterday. They played whist and boston."

"Exactly, and that is the very thing I want to scold you about, *ma belle-mère.* You will absolutely make your daughter a gambler."

"A gambler!"

"A determined gambler. It seems she thinks of nothing else, night or day. Look!" continued he, laughing heartily, "here is a card—the King of Diamonds!—I caught her this morning at her toilet hiding it in her bosom, and I dare say she has the whole pack stowed away in her reticule. Droll enough, is it not?" and he laughed more loudly than before.

I forced myself to laugh boisterously, for the purpose of diverting the general's attention from the anguish of the vicomtesse, who appeared thunderstruck.

"See—see—" cried the general, giving fresh vent to his humour—"she doesn't laugh—she is quite disconcerted—she knows well enough she is guilty!"

"Yes—very guilty!" said I to myself.

At this moment, Henri came in—then Cecile. They sat down to the breakfast-table. There was nobody present but our own family party, and, as on the previous evening, there was the same reserve, the same external indifference:—but, better instructed now, how much love could I discover in those averted eyes, in that coldness of manner, in that mutual silence, and suppression of emotion!

We rose from table, and sauntered out into the park. Finding myself behind the rest of the party, with the vicomtesse, I could not resist the opportunity of whispering to her—"Well, madame, do you still believe that, in spite of the best principles, there may be danger in disproportioned marriages?"

"Much!" said she—"Here is the general."

He approached us, lighted up with gaiety, and laughingly asked me—"Have you found a subject yet for a drama amongst the Pyrenees?"

"Oh! yes—one in particular, most piquant!"

"And you will turn it into a comedy?"

"No, general, I shall turn it into a novel!"

"MRS. SIGOURNEY AND HER TRADUCERS."

The following article appeared in the last number of the *Athenæum.*

"We have received the following letter, headed 'Mrs. Sigourney and her Traducers:'—

"Will you allow me, in the character of the 'friend' of this high-principled and much respected lady, to afford two words of explanation to the very harsh and unjust remarks which you, inadvertently, I am quite sure, quoted from a contemporary last week; I allude to the passage in which she is charged with '*interpolating*' Mrs. Southey's letter with '*phrases implying intimacy and ejaculations of pathos, not one of which she ever penned!*' Surely, before you quoted this harsh and sweeping sentence, it might have been advisable to verify it, by turning to the letter itself, as given in Mrs. Sigourney's 'Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands.' Had you done so, you would have seen, that not only there are no '*phrases implying intimacy,*' but also no '*ejaculations of pathos*' contained in the letter, and, of course, the whole of this calumnious charge falls to the ground! Nothing can be easier than for you to convince yourself of the truth of this assertion; but as all your readers may not have the book alluded to at hand, allow me to request, as a matter of justice, that you reprint the passage, that thus they may judge for themselves.

"Yours, &c.

"HIRAM BEECHER.

"Upper Baker-street, April 12, 1843."

"It is unnecessary to republish the passage, as our readers can refer to it, *ante*, p. 139. But what can Mr. Beecher mean by asserting that it contains 'no phrases implying intimacy, no ejaculations of pathos?' Have we not both in the single exclamation, 'Alas! my friend?' But this is a very minor point, and we are quite content to leave it in abeyance. The real question is the moral wrong in publishing a private letter at all, especially such a letter so obtained—a letter which we felt to be so 'painful and affecting,' that we noticed it with reluctance—a letter which we described as too 'sad and sacred' for the common gaze—a letter so solemn in its revelations that, in our charity, we assumed that it could only have become public by strange inadvertence or accident—but which we now learn was published by this 'high-princlpled lady' herself, as soon after her return to America, as she could hurry a volume through the press."

We have nothing to add to the remarks of the *Athenæum.* Our contemporary expresses, in a spirit of forbearance for which Mr. Beecher ought to be grateful, the opinion of the whole press of England on this subject—an opinion which must be entertained by every honourable mind even in America. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Sigourney's "friends" in this country are not more judicious in their attempts to protect her character against the just indignation of the literary world. The best thing they can do for her is to let her answer for herself; seeing, as in this instance, that they may supply her with a species of defence which she will be very glad to disown on the first opportunity.

As to Mr. Beecher, we recommend him, when he next comes to the rescue of any of his American friends, to be a little more particular about his facts and his language. That gentleman must be much in want of friendly advice who is so flippant and rash as to assert "that not only there are no phrases implying intimacy," *but also* no "ejaculations of pathos" in Mrs. Sigourney's published letter. He might as well have asserted that not only there are no misstatements, *but also* no blunders in his own letter.

What does Mr. Beecher mean by employing the word "traducer?" Let us remind him that the statement originated in this journal. *We are responsible for it*—and we REPEAT it circumstantially, on the authority of Mrs. Southey. We fling back the term with contempt, if he meant to apply it to us.

THE CAMBRIDGE MYSTERY.

BY F. STUART.

PART I.

SOME forty years since, or thereabout, as chroniclers are wont to say, the University of Cambridge was visited by a plague, that kept its members in a continual state of alarm and anxiety. It was neither famine nor drought. It was neither fire nor pestilence—it was neither wizard nor witch, nor demon of darkness—that, night after night, dispelled the slumbers, and disturbed the peace of the weary watchers—it was none of these, nor any thing half so romantic. It was simply a *thief*, whose *magic* consisted in a truly wonderful facility of picking locks. To him the best Bramahs—had they then existed—would have been as straws; nor bolts nor bars cared he for; he went wherever he listed, in spite of all obstacles. Fortunatus's cap was not more propitious to its wearer than the keys of this accomplished thief to him, and though Bow-street runners were had down from town, and every precaution to prevent robbery was put into force, it was all in vain. The thief won the day upon every occasion, and laughed in his sleeve at Alma Mater and her children.

I need not say that this state of things created great consternation through the town. Forty or fifty years ago, people were not so enlightened as they are now; and they must, therefore, be forgiven, if a secret suspicion, hardly confessed even to themselves, of some black art having been practised, did at times occur to them. As to the servants of the colleges, mostly natives of the county, and brought up in as firm a faith in witchcraft as in their bible, it is not to be wondered at, if their matinal descriptions of the visions of the night were rather terrific; and however absurd the story, it was sure to obtain a favourable hearing, and implicit credence from the knots of idlers who are always to be seen in a town hanging about the gateways and corners of streets.

At length, and by the merest accident, all those supernatural fears, which, in spite of their terrors, people rather take delight in, were laid at rest by the discovery of the real thief; who, as I have before observed, turned out to be neither demon, nor imp, nor even a magpie, but a common mortal like themselves. That he was a clever one, the fact of his having robbed every college in the University of a quantity of plate, and some of them under circumstances of great difficulty, leaves not a doubt.

In St. Andrew's-street, at the time I speak of, lived Alderman B——, a gentleman of wealth and consideration in the town, and a lawyer to boot. His house was one of those fine old buildings, the like of which one sees still in some obscure court or alley in the heart of our great city, reminding one of a gem of the ocean, or desert flower, that one sighs to see so lost. Though dingy looking, it was rich in architecture, and albeit in the midst of a town, possessed all the comforts of a country place, his establishment was suitable to a man of fortune. And, like other men of fortune, he was known to have a magnificent service of plate.

One night the alderman gave a party of unusual splendour, and the whole of his plate was in use on the occasion. The next morning, his butler came to him, with a face pale with affright, to announce that every atom had disappeared to a *spoon!* Expecting the whole weight of his master's vengeance to fall upon him, and that nothing less than instant dismissal would follow, it may easily be conceived how astonished, as well as relieved, he was to hear the alderman, in a soothing tone of voice, desire him to take no notice whatever of the robbery, and not to let a single individual out of the house know that such a thing had occurred. The alderman was obeyed to the letter, and the gossips of Cambridge lost the rich treat of canvassing this most audacious affair.

In the mean time the midnight thief continued his depredations; not a chapel or a buttery in the numerous colleges escaped his visits. The quantity of plate stolen was incredible, and the *manner* of its abduction was still as great a mystery as ever. But the alderman, though he did not bemoan his loss, or express his sorrow to the gaping crowd, was not idle; with true lawyer-like sagacity he was silently watching for a clue, which from the first he was convinced he should find. Nor had he long to wait.

He had observed every day after the robbery, a little sweep stationed near his house, evidently for the purpose of observing his movements. Whenever he appeared, there was the boy lurking in some corner, or behind a door way; and wherever he went, he was sure to perceive his dingy familiar in his wake. "Oh! oh!" thought the alderman, "Have I got it at last? this boy evidently has a motive for following me, and that motive, whatever it be, I shall discover by the most summary magisterial process." Securing accordingly the attendance of a constable on his next appearance outside his door, he accosted the boy who was at his usual post. "Who do you belong to, boy?" "To Grimshaw, the sweep," replied the little urchin. "Where does he live?" "At Barnwell." "Take me to his house then instantly."

Away went the alderman and constable, conducted by the spy, who dared not refuse, to a miserable hut in the environs of Barnwell. The sweep was at home; his evident terror at the sight of the boy's companions proclaimed his guilt without the intervention of judge or jury; the constable, armed with his warrant, commenced an immediate search, and under the stairs of the hovel discovered the whole of the missing plate. The alderman, it may be imagined, was highly gratified at the success of the enterprise, and blessed his own skilful management that had produced it; but of course, as a good citizen, he took care to secure Grimshaw, who, in due course of time, received the well-merited reward of his crime, having been formally tried, condemned,

and hanged; and so great and universal was the delight of the Cambridge folks at his capture, that Alderman B——, who had been a very great man before, now came to be regarded as a perfect hero. People never seemed weary of hearing the story related in all its lights and shades, and I don't know how many pressing invitations were declined by the alderman, from an absolute dread of being called upon to repeat the oft-told tale. In fact, the event made a marvellously choice piece of gossip, and far transcended in local interest and importance the common nine days' wonders of the world.

But Grimshaw though a thief, and the purloiner of Alderman B——'s plate, was after all only a tool, an instrument in the hands of another, whose apprehension followed immediately afterwards, in consequence of some disclosures that were made on Grimshaw's trial. The real delinquent was a shepherd, one who had passed his youth and manhood in the fields, but possessing a mechanical genius that was perfectly wonderful, had come to Cambridge, and turned it to no better account than plunder. He it was who planned, and enabled his coadjutors to perpetrate the numerous robberies that had spread such dismay throughout the University, and baffled the well-tried tact of the Bow-street runners.

Connected with these two, was a Jew, the convenient go-between so necessary to thieves, who conveyed the stolen plate at once from the scene of its abstraction to the crucible—hence the means by which they were so long enabled to elude discovery. *He* also was apprehended, and on the trial of Grimshaw was allowed to turn approver. It was established by this man beyond a doubt, that Grimshaw was the sole planner and executor of this last robbery; that *he* had had nothing to do with it, or the plate would never have been found; and that the shepherd, though the prime mover of all the other robberies, was innocent of that committed on the alderman; that on the contrary, he had earnestly recommended Grimshaw to abandon the intention, declaring that if he robbed the alderman, he would be putting a halter round his own neck. But the cupidity of his companion was too strongly tempted, and the truth of this friendly prophecy Grimshaw learned when too late.

Amongst other curious facts that came out on the trial was the following. At King's College chapel there was a pair of silver candlesticks of great magnificence, and so massive, as to require the strength of two men to lift them. These had long been the peculiar objects of their regard; the Jew in particular was constantly expressing his admiration of *his favourites* as he called them, and his anxiety to see them removed from a spot, where, to his thinking, they were so utterly useless. But how accomplish this wish of their hearts? The locks were peculiarly constructed, and defied even the shepherd's ingenuity to pick; but he was not a man to be baffled by trifles, or to lose a rich prize because a few difficulties stood in the way. Every morning and afternoon, when the cathedral service was performed in this chapel, the shepherd was seized with a fit of devotion, which lasted till he had possessed himself of a model of the keys. Fac similes were soon made, all difficulties conquered, and at the solemn hour of midnight these unholy men stood at the altar of their God to desecrate it. But oh! the terrors of conscience! Over the altar is a magnificent picture of our Saviour descending from the cross—they are alone in that sacred pile—the city sleepeth—they have their hands upon those long coveted treasures, yet they *dare* not take them, for the eye of God is upon them!—they fancy he frowns on their dark deed—that he is advancing to them,—and with a shriek of terror they rush to their confederate the Jew, who has been awaiting their return with fears of another kind. *His* greeting recalls them in some measure to their scattered senses. "So help me G— Almightish! my loves, vhy didn't you bring my favourites?" The two tremblers, still labouring under the influence of fear, declare they dare not touch them, for the Lord shook his head as they approached. The Jew tries to laugh them out of their fears, but in vain; they tell him if he wants his favourites, he must fetch them himself. "So help my G— I vill then, my loves," and he advances a few paces, but unbeliever as he is, even his courage is not equal to the exploit of going alone—he returns dismayed to his companions, the favourites are given up, and they remain to this day I believe the chief ornaments of the altar.

The result of the trial was, that Grimshaw was hanged, and the shepherd transported, and all Cambridge rejoiced thereat, for now did peace with gentle wing fan the slumbers of its inhabitants.

PART II.

It might be about eight or ten years after the shepherd's departure, when his existence, and the events connected with it, had passed from the memory of the townspeople, that a weather-beaten traveller, carrying a knapsack, entered the parlour of the Bell. Mine host, whose dignity was rather ruffled on seeing such a liberty taken with his *best* room, hitherto held sacred for the *elite* of his customers, soon followed to obtain a more minute survey, and ascertain whether the pocket of the intruder sanctioned such presumption, in which case certainly, as he observed to his spruce helpmate, the knapsack might be excused. The introductory hem of the landlord caused the traveller to turn round—the landlord started! for surely he had seen that face before. Yes! he was certain. Yet, no! it was ridiculous, it could not be. No! no! *he* was safe enough beyond seas, it was merely one of those striking resemblances so often found even between the greatest strangers. The traveller spoke. However the features or complexion may alter by time and travel, the voice remains unchanged, at least until that stage when the big, manly voice shrinks into the shrill treble. Now the stranger was a middle-aged man, yet his voice rang on the ear of the landlord, like an old, familiar

sound, and he arrived at the conclusion in much less time than it has taken me to write it, that it was his old acquaintance the shepherd, and no one else, who sat before him.

And so it was. There sat the shepherd, indeed, looking in no wise *sheepish*, or as a returned convict might be supposed to look. He shook hands heartily with his host, inquired after old friends, and, expressing the great satisfaction he felt on returning to his native place, made the landlord echo the sentiment in a bumper.

He of the Bell all the time sat on thorns. He could not for the life of him participate in the joy of the shepherd; he felt assured his townsmen would not—but he appeared to have money, and what will not money do? So he treated his customer with very great respect, but escaped from him the moment he could civilly do so, to inform all the town that the plague was amongst them again. Yet there was no longer any cause for fear. The shepherd had returned a reformed character, and with a free pardon granted him by the Governor, Colonel Davies, of whom an amusing anecdote is told.

The colonel, an old field officer, at that time commanding the Cambridge district, bethought himself of applying to Lord Liverpool for the governorship of Van Diemen's land, having been on service in that country when it first became colonized. The premier professed his willingness to serve the colonel in any way he possibly could, but delicately hinted that he thought him rather too old for that sort of thing. "Oh!" said the colonel, who was an eccentric man, "you think me too old, my lord, do you? I'll soon show you if I am old, whether I am active or not;" and retreating a few paces, without another word of warning, or using the slightest ceremony, he vaulted over the official table, which he cleared in true sporting style, without disarranging a single paper. This was such a convincing proof, that time, if he had bestowed a few wrinkles on the colonel, had at least not robbed him of his youthful activity, that the premier, as soon as he could recover from the amazement this singular feat had produced, made the colonel happy by granting his boon, and a fortunate thing it proved for the shepherd.

From the moment of the colonel's arrival in Van Diemen's Land it became the unceasing aim of our hero to find favour in his eyes, and so much did his good conduct, coupled with the fact of his having come from Cambridge, work upon the colonel, that in the course of a very few years he exercised his prerogative by granting him a free pardon; and he returned, as has been stated, to his native place, to lead a perfectly new life.

His first step was to buy a house, and begin to turn to good account that mechanical genius which had before made him the terror of the place. He became a maker of wooden clocks, with which, like Sam Slick, he travelled the country, and if not blessed with so large a share of *soft sawder* as his prototype, his own story embellished with the wonders of a new world, cleverly worked up by the shepherd, who in those days had no fear of meeting any one to contradict his tales, generally took a clock off his hands wherever he went.

But how could a returned convict buy a house? may be asked. To be sure, he might have worked hard whilst abroad and saved money, or Colonel Davies, in giving him his pardon, might have generously given him the means of living *honestly* in his own country. These are natural conjectures, but they are not the true ones, and now comes the pith of my story. It was in a field near Grandchester that the shepherd found the means of becoming a respectable man. When Grimshaw was apprehended, the Shepherd had a large sum of money in his possession, the fruits of his many robberies; this he immediately buried in a field, and was wise enough never to divulge the fact to a mortal; and at the end of his eight or ten years' transportation, he found that money, for which he had perilled body and soul, *safe* where he had placed it. No one could deny that it was his own, and that he had a right to it, and so uniformly correct and steady was his conduct, that I really do not think any one ever envied or grudged him its possession. After all, it must be confessed, the Cambridge Shepherd was one of Fortune's favourites.

This very curious narrative, now made public for the first time, is, we are assured, undoubtedly authentic.

THE HAUNSTEIN.

[*From the Poems of the reigning King of Bavaria.*]

Lo! near the hermit's cell there stand
  Upon the lofty rocks,
The fragments of a castle grand,
  Daring the earthquake's shocks.

And from within, so sad and drear,
  Deep sighs and groans are heard;
A moaning, horrible to hear,
  Answers Minerva's bird.

Once in these castle-walls there dwelt
  A generation bold,
For brav'ry every baron felt,
  Within his rocky hold.

They honest, manly, happy were,
  (Two brothers were their lords),
Till avarice came and enter'd there,
  And claim'd their hostile swords.

Near to that green and verdant mead,
  Where soft the streamlet glides,
The earth their mould'ring corses feed,
  The turf their history hides.

Deep sorrow dwells upon the spot;
  And spirits in the air,
With silent dread and horror float
  Amid the ruins there.

Upon the day the deed was done,
  Two flaming lights are seen,
And blows at midnight are begun,
  And heard upon the green.

And on the spot those lights shall wait,
  Yearly at midnight time,
Until one brother expiate
  The other's fearful crime.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

At a time when China has become an object of such popular curiosity in this country, it will not be unacceptable to bring a specimen before our readers of the literature of the celestial empire. By and by, when some three-tailed mandarin of the first class shall have been accredited to the court of St. James's, we shall probably be inundated with Chinese novels and propitiatory lyrics from Pekin; in the mean while a sample of the short popular fictions of that stately empire may help to prepare the way for the profounder speculations of enterprising publishers.

The following tale is extracted from a valuable work published about twenty years ago by that accomplished orientalist, Mr. Davis, in which he furnished three characteristic specimens of Chinese stories, introduced by a learned dissertation upon the language and literature of the people. The volume is, we believe, scarce; but we hope to see it republished. It is one of the few books of its class that may be described as being at once erudite and popular, displaying an intimate knowledge of the more recondite productions of a nation hitherto shut up from external intercourse, yet as entertaining in its matter as if it treated of the most familiar topics.

This story is remarkable in many points of view. If it lack the vivacity and excitement of European fiction, it possesses the distinctive merit of not being an imitation. Its characteristics are all original and unique. It depicts a state of society and manners, as far as it goes, totally unlike any thing within the range of our experience—a state of society as monotonous as it is fixed in the rigour of ages, cold, and ceremonious. For this reason alone, it is worthy of more consideration than stories nearer home a hundredfold more amusing. It presents a fair image of the eternal dulness of the Chinese imagination, which plods on for ever and for ever in the same unvarying round; and it introduces us to a clear view of the domestic life of the country. The strange bridal customs, the employment of negociators, the formalities observed in family intercourse, the usage of contracting marriages for young people who had never seen each other, and the old eastern habit of polygamy, are peculiarities that impart a special interest to such fictions. This tale is, probably, one of the best of its class—neatly and even carefully written, with no inconsiderable delicacy of taste (for which, indeed, it is only justice to the Chinese to say, their dramas and novels are generally distinguished), and not wanting in a graceful tinge of poetical feeling.

The ordinary subjects of Chinese stories are the feuds of families, the interference of magistrates (who possess a sort of summary jurisdiction in such affairs), the troubles of lovers, the plans and tricks of people to overreach each other, and the usual difficulty about settling the lovers in the end conformably to their own wishes, without infringing the conventions of class, or the moral obligations of submission to the parental will, or to the will of the magistrates—a difficulty which is almost invariably got rid off by marrying the gentleman to the lady of his parent's choice, as well as to the lady of his own. The law allows this escape, and the author awards it; and hence the use of polygamy is quite as convenient to the Chinese novelist as it is agreeable, as a safety valve, to the Chinese lover. How the ladies settle these matters amongst themselves is a problem unsolved in the fiction; but we have a striking evidence in this very tale of "The Shadow in the Water" that they are nothing loth to divide the gentleman between them, the one lady actually communicating to the other the plot by which the lover is to be bestowed upon them both, a communication which is received by the other lady with manifest delight. This, it must be confessed, is a very ingenious resource in a country where the father and mother give away one bride, and the novelist, by way of poetical justice, balances the outrage against the natural affections by giving away the other.

The English reader will probably complain of the Arcadian drowsiness of this love tale; but he must remember, that it is all the more expressly Chinese on that account. The figures in this, as in all other tales from the Empire of the Sun and Moon, very much resemble those which we find on our cups and saucers, with bald heads, pink eyes, and vacuous unspeculative faces; they have no higher intelligence than the three men on the bridge in the immortal "willow pattern," and possess no nearer claims upon our sympathies. Yet in this story, the old people are not entirely deficient in a certain sort of elderly respectability and old-school caution in the sly mechanical way in which they deal with each other; and the lovers have, now and then, a touch of real flesh and blood love in them, such as when Hero runs away in a girlish fright from her Leander, and when Leander plunges into the water in a fit of enthusiasm, and hides himself behind the pavilion to get a peep at the lady. That was a great deed for a Chinaman.

THE SHADOW IN THE WATER.

SECTION I.

During the reign of a certain Emperor of the Yuen dynasty, in a district of the province of Canton, there lived two persons of rank, who had retired from the toils of office. Their names were Too and Kwan, the former of whom had obtained the highest literary distinctions, and had exercised the office of an Inspector-General of a province, while Kwan had attained to a lower rank, and an inferior office. They had married two sisters, and as their common father-in-law had no son, they both lived with his family. The abilities and knowledge of these two persons were pretty equal, but their dispositions were very dissimilar. Kwan was of an austere and strict turn of mind; while Too possessed a natural inclination towards pleasure and enjoyment. The dispositions of their wives were originally similar; but after marriage each of them conformed to that of her husband, and they gradually became estranged from one another. She who was accustomed to listen to grave discourse could not endure to talk of pleasure, rejected whatever savoured of gravity and learning; and thus these two married couples, though they were related in the closest manner, yet, simply from the diversity of their inclinations, disagreed with each other, and day after day were involved in quarrels and disputes.

For a little while they nevertheless continued to live together, but after the death of the father and brother-in-law, they divided the house into two parts, and separated them completely by means of a high wall, so as to prevent each being overlooked by the other. In the midst of the garden, however, were two pavilions, or summer-houses, on each side of a small piece of water, and one of these fell to the share of each of the brothers-in-law. As far as the dry ground went a wall of separation was readily built; but as the water was deep, it was not easy to lay the foundations in it. However, the wall was still carried over, a little way *above* the water; for Kwan, although there was enough of the pond to have formed as effectual a barrier as the Yellow river itself, being jealous lest his brother-in-law should be able to look into his domestic haunts, spared no trouble *nor* expense, but contrived by means of stone pillars in the midst of the basin, to carry over a wall as a screen, from one side to the other. From this time not only the male part of each family had no opportunity of seeing the females of the other, but even the men themselves did not meet above once in a year.

Too had a son, Chin-seng, and Kwan had a daughter, whom he called Yu-kinen. They were both very nearly of an age, and were so like each other in the face, as to resemble two impressions of the same seal. Their mothers, being sisters, were very much alike, and were besides very handsome; nor did their children degenerate from them in this respect. While they still rode about on the backs of their nurses (which was previous to the separation of the families), it was not easy to discover which was the pearl and which the gem. The lady of Too sometimes took Yu-kinen into her arms, and treated her as her son; and sometimes the wife of Kwan placed Chin-seng by her side to sleep, as if he had been her daughter; and this became a frequent custom with them.

It is said, that the faces and figures of children are very much influenced by their nurses: which perhaps arises from the connexion between the milk and the blood. While they were together, being as yet infants, and without knowledge, this pair were unconscious of their resemblance to each other: but after the separation of the two houses, when they were old enough to have their heads dressed according to the different fashions of the two sexes, they heard people talking about this resemblance; their curiosity was raised, and they wished for an opportunity of making the comparison, to see if what people said was true. But they were divided as completely as the north from the south, and there was no possibility of meeting.

Yu-kinen, being a female, could not go over to visit her cousin, though she very much wished it.

Chin-seng, however, being of the opposite sex, said to himself, "The quarrels of our parents do not concern us, their children: then let me go over occasionally, and by that means preserve the feelings of relationship. If our mothers may see each other, are the children to be totally debarred?" So saying, he broke through the old custom, and went over to pay a visit.

To his surprise, however, his uncle, as if being aware of it, had already pasted up a prohibition in large characters, to the following effect:—"No relations are allowed to come in here, as it is thought expedient to exclude them. All are desired to pay attention to this, whatever may be their degree of kindred."—When Chin-seng saw this, he stopped immediately, and did not venture to go farther. He saw Kwan, however, and requested him to ask his aunt and cousin to come out and see him. Kwan only called his wife, and would not say a word about his daughter. When Chin-seng again hinted her to him, he pretended to be deaf, or ignorant of his meaning, and gave no answer. Chin-seng, seeing his determination, did not venture to press him further, but, after sitting some time, took his leave.

From this time both Chin-seng and Yu-kinen gave up their foolish curiosity, and knowing that they could not verify the reports which they heard, did not care any thing more about the matter, but became quite indifferent as to whether the resemblance existed or not. It seemed, however, one day, by a strange chance, that fate was determined to bring them together; and that they, who could not contrive to meet on dry ground, should view each other by the mutual reflection of their images in the transparent wave.

It happened, about the middle of summer, when the heat was very oppressive, that this young gentleman and lady both came to the summer-houses at the same time, for the purpose of enjoying the

cool air. There being but little wind, the face of the water was unruffled, and the two pavilions were clearly reflected in it. As Yn-kinen was gazing on the water, she started on a sudden and exclaimed, "How happens it that my shadow makes its appearance on the opposition side, while I am on this!—This surely must be some unlucky prodigy?"—After a little consideration, however, she changed her opinion, and found out that this shadow must be the reflected figure of her cousin, who, being without his cap, was to all appearances a female; and from this circumstance, in fact, arose her mistake. She then regarded it attentively, and acknowledged that it was indeed the very image of herself, and that there was hardly the least difference between them. Being thus compelled to give up the exclusive claim to good looks, she began to have a sort of fellow-feeling for what so nearly resembled herself, and by degrees to feel resentment against the parents who could separate such near relations.

Chin-seng, as he sat and leaned against the rails, also caught a sight of the reflection on the opposite side, and began to dance with joy. He strained his eyes, and examined it awhile attentively, and was then conscious that what people had said was very true, and that *he* was not to be compared with his cousin. His passion being greater than his discretion, he called out to the shadow, saying, "Are you not Yn-kinen? Yes, you are the counterpart of myself! What should prevent our meeting, and becoming companions for life?" As he spoke, he extended his two arms towards the water, as if to lift out the object.

Yn-kinen, who heard and saw this, felt an increase of the regard which she had already conceived for him, and would willingly have returned these signals; but she was afraid of the consequences if discovered, and having as yet never uttered or done any thing contrary to rule, felt a natural impediment. She therefore merely conveyed the sentiments of her heart in a smile.

Chin-seng, who was exactly like his father in all respects, knew very well, that, in order to discover if a woman was favourably disposed towards you, it was only necessary to observe if she smiled: it was a good omen. The love-knot was already tied between these two, through the medium of their shadows. From this time, they came regularly every day to the same place, to avoid heat; nor would they permit any of their attendants to come with them; but preferred sitting there alone, that they might lean over the rails and converse with each other's shadows in the water. On these occasions, however, Chin-seng had had most of the conversation to himself; and the lady only made use of her hands to convey her sentiments; for she was afraid, that should she speak, and her father and mother hear her, she might not only be exposed to severe chastisement, but even her life might be endangered. In this first section has been related only the intercourse between the two shadows: in the next you will find what happened after the originals met.

SECTION II.

The two lovers, although from the first rencontre they daily conversed with each other's shadows, were unfortunately still separated by a high wall, which prevented their personal meeting. It happened one day that Yn-kinen, in consequence of disturbed sleep, had risen rather late, and by the time she was dressed, it was already ten o'clock. When she went to her summer-house, she could not see Chin-seng's shadow in the water; but said to herself, "He must have waited here until he saw that I was not coming, and then have gone away." Upon turning round, however, she saw, to her great astonishment, that the shadow was changed into the substance, which stood by her side, and with extended arms essayed to salute her. The fact was, that Chin-seng being determined upon a meeting, had seized the opportunity of her non-arrival to get across the water, and hide himself in a nook, from whence, as soon as she came, he could sally out. Yn-kinen was a timorous creature, and as she was before fearful lest the slightest whisper should betray them, how much greater was her terror now, lest, in the face of open day, she should be found in company with a young man! With a sudden exclamation she flew into the house, and for four or five days did not dare to go to the pavilion. Chin-seng, seeing her thus cry out and run away, had been in no less alarm himself: he turned about instantly, jumped into the water, and got over to the other side. Yn-kinen's hasty retreat was partly caused by sudden fright, and partly by the dread of discovery: but she had no desire to break off the communication with him. After a little time she began to repent of her precipitation. She wrote down a few verses, and enclosing them in a flower, rolled the whole up in one of the large leaves of the water lily, to preserve it from the wet. When she next saw Chin-seng's shadow, she threw the roll into the water, and called out to him to take it up. As soon as he heard her, he ran joyfully from the summer-house, and took up the roll, in which he found the verses, of which the purport was—"That the troubled face of the water was the image of her mind; that she had been greatly surprised by his coming over to that side; but that in running away from him with such haste, she had been prompted only by fear of discovery and punishment." When Chin-seng had read this, he was delighted beyond measure, and speedily writing some verses in reply, placed them in the roll, and threw them across. In these he observed that, "their present mode of communication was nothing more than gathering flowers in a dream, and that they must endeavour to make it more unfettered, as well as more intimate for the future." Having perused this, Yn-kinen was immediately aware that he was determined to come over at all hazards, let what would happen, and that it must certainly end in some terrible catastrophe. She therefore wrote him

back one on two lines, in which she said, that his "first adventure had ended in nothing worse than a severe fright on her part, but she could not tell what might be the consequence of another visit. That her father was not like *his*, but would certainly put them both to death; and that, therefore, he ought to be considerate and prudent." Chin-seng finding that she gave him this determined answer, wrote back a formal proposal of marriage, in which "he bewailed the unhappy circumstances which opposed their union, but advised that they should wait to see how things turned out, and seize some more favourable opportunity. Yn-kinen was not only set at ease by this, but readily consented to his proposals, and answered him in a few lines, in which she expressed her willingness, and declared "that she considered herself so devoted to him alone, that death only should absolve them from this vow, which was made in the face of Heaven." Chin-seng, on the receipt of this answer, was greatly rejoiced, as well as consoled, for the misery of separation. From this time, he every day had some conversation with the shadow, with the ultimate view of obtaining the substance. He was constantly writing verses, of which the "shadow in the water" was always the burden. In about six months he had composed a little poem, which he called, "The Rencontre of the Shadows," and which, having left it open upon his table, his father and mother chanced to see. They discovered by this, that he had not degenerated from his parents, but that he resembled his father in the direction of his studies, and was likely to realize his mother's wishes. They felt much rejoiced, and were desirous to form a suitable match for him. They thought of Kwan, but were apprehensive that he was too cross-grained to acquiesce in what tended to the good of others.

There was a person named Loo-kung, of the same rank and standing as Kwan, who had filled some subordinate office, but was now, like Kwan, unemployed. He was of a disposition which was inclined both to learning and enjoyment, and since he partook equally of the tastes of Too and Kwan, it followed naturally that he should be very intimate with both of them. After consulting with his wife, Too determined that this person was the most proper person to conduct the negotiation. He, therefore, sent a person to Loo-kung's house, to ask the favour of his mediation, saying "that as his brother-in-law and himself had for some time been at variance, he hoped his friend would act the part of a peace-maker, and endeavour to restore their former unions: that the proposal of the match might then be successful." Loo-kung replied that, "since they were such near connexions, it was highly requisite that they should be good friends: and that he would use his utmost endeavours on the occasion."

Loo-kung, soon after, had an interview with Kwan. He commenced by asking his daughter's age, and whether she had yet been betrothed to any one. He then gradually introduced the subject with which he had been entrusted by Too. When he had fully understood him, Kwan smiled without returning any answer, but with a pencil, which he held in his hand, wrote down a few lines on the table at which they were sitting, to the following effect: "Since the disagreement and enmity have so long existed, it is not an easy matter to effect even a reconciliation: but to think of marriage is little better than a dream."

Loo-kung, seeing how he received the proposal, knew that it was useless to press him further; and therefore said nothing more on the subject, but went away to inform Too. He merely told the latter that Kwan had obstinately refused his consent; but suppressed the exact words which he had written down on the table. Too and his wife, upon this, gave up the idea entirely, and began to look out for another match for their son. They recollected that Loo-kung himself had an adopted daughter, named Kin-yun, who, in respect to both her mental and personal qualities, was in no-wise inferior to Yn-kinen. They, therefore, engaged a person to go over and propose the match. Loo-kung said in reply, that marriage being a thing of great moment, it was not proper to be guided by one's wishes alone; but that the Pa-tse (eight characters) on both sides should be compared together. If, on comparing these, it appeared that the combinations did not portend any thing unfortunate, the match might take place. Too then took his son's Pa-tse, and went to Loo-kung. As soon as the latter had looked at them, he was greatly astonished; for it appeared that Chin-seng's eight characters were precisely those of Kin-yun; that these two were born in the same hour, of the same day, of the same month of the same year. He then exclaimed, "It plainly appears, from this, that the match is ordained by heaven, and, therefore, it no longer rests with men to oppose it. There can be no more doubts on the subject." The negotiator of the marriage returned with this answer to Too and his wife, who rejoiced very much, and, without saying a word to their son, concluded the match.

But how did it happen that Chin-seng, who was very quick and intelligent, should not discover what his father and mother had been doing for him?

The truth is, that from the first moment he saw Yn-kinen, this young gentleman seemed to have transferred his very soul to the shadow in the water, and became, to all appearance, more dead than alive. If he was called, he made no reply; if he was questioned, he returned no answer. He would do nothing but sit in the summer-house, and lean against the rails; nor would he allow a single person to come near him. In this way, he could hear nothing about the concerns of his family; and even his own marriage was agreed upon for some time without his knowing any thing about it.

By chance, however, Yn-kinen heard somebody mention it, and began immediately to fear he had broken his faith with her. She wrote him a most cutting letter, expressing her resentment, and by this means Chin-seng became acquainted with the fact. He went immediately to his father and

mother, and, as soon as he understood the circumstances, began to cry out like a froward child, and to intreat them, as they valued his life, to break off the match. He was enraged, too, with Loo-kung, and began to abuse him, saying, "The refusal of my uncle's consent is merely a fabrication of his; and it is plain that he himself wanted me for a son-in-law; and unwilling to give me up, has contrived this scheme. If any one else had been the negotiator, my wishes would have been accomplished by this time." He then called him by all sorts of names, and abused him heartily. Too would have corrected his son for this; but having formerly indulged him, he could not now exert his authority. He knew, also, that Chin-seng's disposition was the copy of his own; and since he could not restrain his own passions, how should he govern those of his son? He, therefore, let him have his own way entirely; but advised him to moderate his grief, and let *him* manage the affair. Chin-seng was for fixing a certain time, within which the one match should be broken off, and the other concluded; and vowed, that were he disappointed in this, he would find out a short way of cutting off his family's posterity. Poor Too had no help for it, but was obliged to go as a self-condemned criminal to Loo-kung. He first entreated pardon for his mistake, and then informed him of his son's determination. Loo-kung, when he had heard him, changed colour, and exclaimed, "What sort of person do you take me to be, that you may thus agree with me upon a match, and then break it off again? When my friends hear of it, how will they not ridicule and despise me? Since your son is averse from an alliance with my family, he must have some prior engagement: pray inform me who the person may be." Too answered, "His mind is fixed upon the daughter of Kwan. Though he knows he cannot obtain her, he yet wishes to retain a shadow of hope, and await the vicissitudes of fortune." When Loo-kung heard this, he smiled to himself, and then read to Too the strong answer which Kwan had written down, when the match was proposed to him. Upon this, Too could not refrain from weeping violently, and exclaiming with a deep sigh, "If it be thus, my poor son will certainly die, and I shall become a childless ghost!" Kwan replied, "Why so? Your son has no doubt had some intercourse with the lady, and contracted an inviolable engagement." Too answered, "Nothing of consequence has passed between them, though they have had some slight intercourse with one another. Without having ever met, they have for half-a-year been enamoured——of one another's shadows; and the mutual feeling is now so strong, that it is impossible to conquer it. How can you assist me, my friend?" So saying, he presented to Loo-kung his son's poetical composition on the subject."

When he had read it, the latter showed some anger, but soon laughed, and said, "Although this is a very vexatious affair, it still constitutes a very pleasant story. Making love by shadows is a thing which has never happened before; and the tale will certainly be transmitted to posterity. The parents however should not have let it come to this; but since it *has* come to this, the sooner it is settled the better. Let it all alone to me; and I will contrive to bring it to a happy conclusion. It is better that my (adopted) daughter should be disappointed, and encounter the disgrace of having been rejected: I will find out another match for her." Too said, that "if he did this, he should be for ever obliged to him;" and going home, he informed his son of the conversation. Chin-seng, from being very sorrowful, became extremely happy, and not only ceased to abuse Loo-kung, but began to sing his praises. From this time Loo-kung at once sought another son-in-law for himself, and laboured to promote the cause of Chin-seng. He pretended that Chin-seng had not answered his wishes, and that he himself had broken off the match, thinking it was disadvantageous. He was not aware that his daughter would contrive to elicit the real truth out of the feigned story.

Kin-ynn had already discovered that Chin-seng's eight characters were the same as her own. She had heard, too, that her intended husband was extremely handsome, and she congratulated herself on these circumstances, and hoped for an early conclusion of the marriage. When, therefore, she suddenly learned that the match was given up, she was very much disturbed; and her maids also expressed their resentment against their master, for "breaking off so excellent a marriage, when it was already determined upon. When his intended son-in-law, too, came to his house on the subject, he had persisted in refusing him. Since he refused him, he ought at least to have broken off all further intercourse; why, then, did he assist him in his pursuit of another object, and thus throw away so excellent a son-in-law?" Kin-ynn hearing this, was very much incensed, and said to herself, "I am only his adopted daughter, and therefore he does not care what befalls me: if I were his own child, he would never have treated me in this manner!" After some days, her agitation of mind ended in disorder of body. It is very truly said, that "there is no grief like the grief that does not speak; there is no pain like that which seeks not relief." She would not communicate her troubles to any one, but buried them within her own breast. The consequence was, that they became intolerable, and nothing would cure her malady. That a gentleman should fly from a lady, and a lady be in despair for a gentleman, is a case which never happened before since the beginning of the world!

Our readers may stop here, and consider the subject, and then proceed to learn what followed.

SECTION III.

It has been observed that Kwan was very strict in the regulation of his family. His suspicions being now excited by Loo-kung's proposing the match, he immediately stopped up the space under the wall by means of earth and bricks, and ordered

that some one might always attend on his daughter, nor suffer her to be alone. From this time the lovers were not only prevented from seeing each other personally, but even their very shadows were separated. As Chin-seng could have no further communication with Yn-kinen, he made some more verses, of which the subject was this separation, and added them on to the end of his former ones.

Yn-kinen had only understood his having courted some one else, without knowing any thing of the match having been broken off. She inveighed bitterly against her lover, who could thus break his vow, and leave her to misery.

She was also very much incensed against the selfishness of Loo-kung, who (she thought) had taken the intended son-in-law of another to himself, and, instead of being the negotiator of a match, converted himself into a father-in-law.

She felt convinced that his proposal of the marriage to her father was insincere, and nothing more than a way to save appearances; and that therefore her father had refused him. This vexation of mind having lasted some time, at length ended in her refusing both food and drink; and by degrees she became seriously indisposed.

The injury which Kin-ynn thought she had suffered was nothing more than a mistake, as was the resentment of Yn-kinen towards Chin-seng; and though their sickness proceeded from different causes, they were both founded originally in an error. Chin-seng was affected with an indisposition, which partly resembled that of Kin-ynn, and partly that of Yn-kinen; for when he thought of the latter, he looked upon Kin-ynn as his enemy, and said that she was the cause of his disappointment; and when he thought of the former (who was not inferior in beauty, and whose age corresponded with his own), he looked with resentment upon Yn-kinen, and inveighed against her perfidy and deceit, saying, that when she heard of his having proposed to Kin-ynn, she had gone to her father and asked him to close up the wall, thus assuming a pretension to great virtue and correctness. His father and mother, seeing he was not likely to marry either of them, could only let matters take their course, and wait the event.

The more indisposed Kin-ynn became, so much the more desirous was Loo-kung to conclude another match for her: and her indisposition seemed to increase in proportion to his anxiety on this point. Being ignorant of the real cause of her uneasiness, he thought that it arose merely from being disappointed of her wedding, and that it was only necessary to find another husband in order to restore her spirits. He therefore commissioned people to look out, but it so happened that all the suitors who came to his house were particularly frightful and disagreeable; so that the maids, when they saw them enter one after another, could not help screaming with affright. After a succession of these disagreeable events, Kin-ynn became more and more sick and reduced, and she lay upon her bed, almost ready to die.

When Loo-kung saw this, he became somewhat alarmed, and inquiring carefully of her maid, discovered the real cause of her indisposition. He then began to repent of what he had done, saying, "When a woman has been engaged, it was a very improper thing to change; and there is no wonder at her being hurt. It is all my fault! When Too came to me, in order to get off the match, I ought not to have given my consent; but having once given it, I cannot again go and urge him on the subject. Besides, I have engaged to do my good offices for Chin-seng, and as an honourable man values his word more than gold, how can I break my promise? The only way will be to convert the two matches into one, and bring all the three people together, but keep old Kwan in ignorance of a part, until the whole is concluded, and then let him into the secret, for when it is irrecoverable, though he should be ever so violent, he cannot alter it." There was still, however, a difficulty, in regard to the precedence of the two wives; but having considered carefully for a while, he found out an expedient even for this, saying, "Of old, when Ngo-hwang and Nin-ying, both of the family of the Emperor Zaon, espoused the great Shun, they surely were not distinguished into first and second wife, but styled each other sisters."

Having made up his mind, he directed the attendant to comfort Kin-ynn, and invited Too to come over to a conference with him. He informed him, "that there was a way by which all parties might be accommodated, which would prevent his own adopted daughter having a second lover, and by which the character of Kwan's daughter might be preserved; that his son Chin-seng was extremely fortunate, and that the good which awaited him seemed to be the especial result of his happy destiny." Too was extremely glad to hear this, and asked him how it was all to happen. Loo-kung answered, "Your brother-in-law is of so obstinate a disposition, that it will be better not to appeal to his feelings, but to bring him round by stratagem. I have arrived at the middle of life, without having children, and he has often advised me to adopt a male successor. I shall now tell him that I have adopted one, and that I am desirous of obtaining Yn-kinen as my daughter-in-law. When he considers our friendship, he certainly will consent. After his consent is obtained, I shall also tell him that as my daughter is unmarried, I wish to invite Chin-seng to become her husband, and request him to agree to the compound alliance to complete the harmony of all parties. If he then persists in remaining at variance with you, he will lose my friendship also. But having once given his consent, he cannot, I think, well alter the agreement. I shall then choose a fortunate day, and under the pretence of his daughter's marriage on the one hand, and of your son's on the other, get the three people together, and complete their union. Is not this an excellent plan?" When Too had heard this, he smiled, and could not help bowing down to the ground, exclaiming, that "Kwan's

ability and kindness were both of them supernatural."

Too next proceeded to report this unusually good news to his son, Chin-seng, who, amidst his twofold sorrow, receiving this double portion of happiness, could set no bounds to his joy. Though his grief and uneasiness had been great, the present remedy was fully adequate to curing them. Kin-ynn, too, when she heard the same from her attendants, and understood the change that had taken place in her favour, got well without any physic. She had only to wait till the time appointed for the marriage, to become "the sister of Nin-ying and the wife of Shun." Unhappily, however, only two out of the three sick persons were as yet recovered; and Yn-kinen, the third, had not heard the good news. Loo-kung had an interview with Kwan, and entrapped him in the snare which they had prepared for him; for Kwan, seeing the severe indisposition of his daughter, had a natural wish to see her married as soon as possible, and as Loo-kung was his particular friend and colleague, he was glad to cement their intimacy by the match. He therefore gave his hearty consent, and made not the slightest difficulty; Loo-kung, fearing that he might possibly repent, waited only a day or two before he sent the marriage presents. When these had been received, he mentioned the match with Chin-seng. Kwan, though he did not express his disapprobation, could not help feeling displeasure at this. He laughed at Loo-kung, and told him that he had chosen a good daughter-in-law, but a bad son-in-law; and that while he was admitting a friend at the great gate, the devil had got in at the postern; in short, that what he had gained was not equal to what he had lost. Still, however, as the thing was done, it was useless to speak, or to take him to task about it.

Yn-kinen, when she heard that her lover was about to espouse Kin-ynn, and that she herself was to marry into Loo-kung's family, and live with her great enemy, was unable to express her resentment at the additional disgrace and insult. She was for instantly writing a secret letter to Chin-seng, telling him her sentiments on the occasion: and then throwing herself into the water, or suspending herself from a beam, in order to put an end to her existence. Her maids, however, kept such strict watch, and her parents were so cautious, that she could not only not find a messenger to carry her letter, but had not a place wherein to write it.

One morning an attendant came in to announce that Kin-ynn, hearing her friend was unwell, wished to come over in person, and ask after her health. Yn-kinen hearing this, was very much disturbed, thinking that the other, after having won her lover, and snatched away her hopes, was coming, in the exultation of her heart, to boast her success over her; and that, unable to wait until the period when they were to meet, she had anticipated the time for insulting her. She was determined, however, that Kin-ynn should not be gratified in her malice, and urged her mother to send a person immediately with an answer.

She was not aware that Kin-ynn, far from having any bad intentions, wished to imitate the bird which is the messenger of glad tidings, and fly to her ear with the secret intelligence. Loo-kung was very desirous to hasten the union, knowing that Yn-kinen, the daughter of such a man as Kwan, would not consent to lose her respectability, but as soon as she heard that she was contracted to somebody else, without knowing the real truth, would certainly put an end to herself. If he sent a note by any other person, her doors were so strictly guarded that no admittance could be gained: he therefore made use of his daughter as a messenger to communicate the intelligence.

When Yn-kinen saw that the answer which she had returned had not the effect of stopping Kin-ynn, she was obliged to let her come in: but she previously put on the face of a person who had suffered a great injury and disgrace, and resolved, that as soon as the other had uttered what she had to say, she would overwhelm her in return, with a sharp and chilling answer. To her surprise, as soon as the ceremonies of meeting were over, Kin-ynn stretched out her two hands, and placing them on Yn-kinen's shoulder, drew her a little towards herself, like a person who had something particular to say which she did not wish others to hear. Yn-kinen was much amazed, and as soon as they had taken a little tea together, led her visiter into another room, and asked the reason of her behaviour. Kin-ynn answered, "The purpose of my coming here to-day is not so much to inquire after your health as to communicate to you some joyful intelligence. The poem concerning the rencontre of the shadows has already been converted into a romance, and it is right that we bring it to a finale. In addition to the principal female performer in the drama an inferior one has been added; but you need not be anxious about the result" Yn-kinen, with great surprise, asked her meaning. Kin-ynn then explained minutely from beginning to end her father's plan for the union; at which the former was pleased. All three of the sick persons had found a cure for their indisposition, and they agreed together upon the means to be pursued, only keeping in ignorance one person, who was Kwan. Loo-kung fixed upon a fortunate day, and at once got Chin-seng and Yn-kinen to his house, where his daughter awaited her nuptials. The marriage was then concluded, and all three appeared in the hall together, and went through the regular ceremonies. When the marriage had been concluded three days, Loo-kung directed a feast to be prepared, and invited Too and Kwan to a meeting of relations. As, however, he was apprehensive that the latter might not come he wrote a short note, and folded in it a ticket of invitation.

In this, he called to Kwan's recollection, "the words which he had written down on the table, about dreaming, and exhorted him, as he was now

become a connexion of his, not to suffer a trivial animosity to interfere with the due celebration of the important ceremonies; and he again fixed the day for the meeting." The commencement of this note had no effect on Kwan, but when he came to the mention of the important ceremonies, he could not throw off the obligations of propriety, and he felt that it would not be right to borrow a pretext for refusing to go. On the day appointed, therefore, he went over to the meeting of relations; and, when he arrived, found Too already there in his proper place.

Loo-kung, having ordered a carpet to be spread, requested his friends to stand in the highest place, and himself taking the lowest, they all bowed down four times. He then requested Too to step aside, and himself bowed down four times before Kwan, saying—"The four first prostrations were on account of our meeting; the four last are to request your forgiveness for myself; and I rely on your liberality for excusing all the errors I have committed from the beginning." Kwan answered—"You have hitherto been a plain and straightforward sort of personage; whence comes it, then, that you are so ceremonious on a sudden? Perhaps, knowing me to be rather a punctilious character, you have a mind to take me off."

Loo-kung replied, "How could I dare to act thus? From the time when we agreed upon the marriage, I have committed a great many errors; as innumerable as the hairs on my head; and I have only to entreat you to consider our present close connexion, and extend your liberal forgiveness towards me. The proverb says, 'when the son has offended his father, he can do no more than carry to him the instrument of his own punishment'—this applies with equal truth to our case.' I have already performed my prostrations; the marriage is concluded, and if you were inclined to punish me, it would be of no avail." Kwan could not understand the meaning of all this, and still thought it must be a mere affectation of humility; but as soon as Loo-kung's speech was over, the music on both sides of the steps struck up, and deafened all their ears like thunder, so that they were not only ignorant of what each other said, but could not hear even themselves speak. In the midst of this uproar, in came a number of attendants, with the three newly married persons, to the hall; these, arranging themselves on the carpet, only waited for the signal to prostrate themselves.

Kwan stared for some time, and saw his daughter alone on the left; but all the rest were strangers, and he could not perceive his son-in-law. Then raising his voice, he cried out to her, saying,—"Who are you, that are thus standing there alone, without paying any regard to propriety, and disgracing yourself by such irregular behaviour?—Do you still remain?"—He then raised his voice still higher, in a rage, but nobody could hear him. When the three prostrated themselves, Kwan turned round, and wanted to go away, but his two friends came up to him; and one of them holding him, by each arm, not only would not let him out, but likewise prevented his returning the ceremony; thus squeezing him on each side, like a pair of torturing sticks. When he had received the twelve prostrations, (four from each) in due form, the two ladies immediately retired, and the musicians were then ordered to cease. Kwan changed colour, and exclaimed to Loo-kung, "When my daughter appeared in the hall, how is it that I did not see your son? *Your* daughter and *your* son-in-law are not sufficiently near relations to perform their prostrations to me on this occasion. I cannot understand the meaning of this ceremony, and must request you to explain it."—Loo-kung answered, "I will not deceive you. Your nephew is my adopted son, and my adopted son is your son-in-law, and your son-in-law is also my son-in-law. He has on this occasion acted a double character, and hence, in the performance of the late ceremony, you received twelve prostrations. You are a very intelligent personage, and must surely understand it now."

Kwan considered a little, but still could not make it out, and said to Loo-kung, "I cannot comprehend a single word of what you say: it is a mystery which I cannot unravel. Am I to come to a meeting of relations, or am I in a dream?"—Loo-kung answered, "I mentioned the subject of dreaming in my note to you, and you should be aware that it is a subject which was first started, not by me, but by yourself, when I proposed the match to you, and when you wrote down your answer on the table. You then sowed the seeds of that dream which has now come to maturity. But man's life is a dream; why, then, need you make a great stir about it? I advise you to take the thing as it comes, and bring this dream to a happy conclusion!" When Kwan had heard these words, he began to comprehend it, and asked Loo-kung, "how he, so correct a man, could practise such deceit; that if he wanted to act as the negotiator of the match he should have spoken clearly, and not have laid this trap for his unwariness." To this Loo-kung replied, "and did I not speak clearly? but you, instead of giving me a plain answer, thought proper to deal in tropes and figures, as if you wanted to set me a dreaming. I, therefore, could not speak to you in a straightforward manner, but was compelled to act to the best of my abilities. If, indeed, I had only sought my own particular good, and, deceiving you into the marriage of your daughter alone, caused you to look ridiculous,—this would have been an unpardonable offence; but by giving *my own* daughter in marriage, I also effected the marriage of yours. On performing the ceremonies in the hall, I still gave your daughter the higher place, and my own willingly took the lower. There certainly, then, never was such another conscientious contriver as myself. I intreat you to relinquish your angry intentions, and practise the rule of forgiveness." Kwan, when he heard thus far, relaxed the rigidity of his visage; and after a little more explanation, all parties having become good friends, they closed the day with feasting and merriment.

DAMASIPPUS.

[*Scene—Rome. A Cook's Shop. Time—Night.*]

DAMASIPPUS.	GETA.
SYRINX.	MARSYAS.
CYANE.	A MESSENGER.

Dam. (*entering*). HILLOA! black dweller in darkness! Hilloa! monarch of perfumes and placentæ! how long am I to kick my royal feet before thy damnable dwelling-place, like a half-buried ghost before Charon, or a half-witted Grecian before Troy? Shrivelled imp of Hades, answer me! Was it for me,—for me, reptile, the lord of all misrule, the bosom friend of every felon and flagon in Rome, the deepest drinker that ever kissed Chian—saving always the emperor, whom the fates and the furies preserve—was it for me to stand for an hour, roaring "Syrinx, Syrinx," louder than ever poet cried Evoe! over his sour verses and sour vinegar, with not a hand of those who live by me, to take the bolt from the door, and the seal from the bottle? Now, by Pollux,—

Syr. Prince of patrons——

Dam. I tell thee, foul fiend, all Rome has been at my heels, hooting and hallooing, sweating and swearing, making a very chaos of greasy caps and grievous imprecations, red flambeaux, and faces almost as red, cooks and cobblers, slaves and centurions, money borrowers and money-lenders. By Pollux, again I say, Themison is not more weary when he has prescribed for his twentieth patient, nor Palemon, when the last disputant of his hundred has murthered grammar and great Julius together.

Syr. Merciful lord——

Dam. Hecate! we are come to a pretty pass, when a man of my blood may not walk in the dark, and swear in a mask, and kiss a girl in the capitol, and cudgel an usurer in the Suburra—but fathers, and brothers, and cousins, ay, by the gods of the hearthstone! and mothers and aunts to boot, must stand up, like the Argonaut's harvest, scouring and screaming in all the streets of Rome, and all the dialects of its promises. Marry, hang them! is there no respect or reverence for my this year's chariot, or my last year's fasces? Nay, then honour may hide in a cloaca, and fashion walk a foot; patricians shall patronise the tunic, and consulships be sold for an as.

Syr. Most munificent of revellers—

Dam. And for thee, scum of Ethiopia, for thee to keep thy supporter, and thy sovereign lingering thus long before thy threshold, and listening to the cries, and the curses, and the distant murmurs of a mob. May I never fling Venus again, may I never lip Mela's Falernian, may the black plague poison my pickles, may the green jacket fail in the circus, if ever I danced the client so long;—no, not before the emperor's gate;—no, not under Triphenion's window, though she be witty, and wicked, and gay, and golden-haired, the fairest, and the fondest of the daughters of Corinth! Epona! belike thou hast forgotten me; there is nothing to be remembered in my forehead and my features! look at me, villain, slave, who am I?

Syr. My most admirable and excellent master, I lick thy foot. Thou art the supreme of sin and song, the chief choice of charioteers, the love of all thy slaves, the envy of all the senate, priest of pledgings and king of cups, the Mars of midnight, the Cupid of costume, the Jupiter of all joviality?

Dam. Excellent well! I had not deemed thy recollections so good; marry, thou mayest, perhaps, recollect the far-back landing, and the lorn look, and the chalked sole, and the bored ear; and thou mayest, perhaps, have some slight vision of thrushes fried to dust, and boars burned to powder, and the inflicted scourge, and the threatened crucifixion. I thought that withered skin of thine had undergone metempsychosis, or that thou hadst found the two springs of Lethe in Vindicta and Vertigo.

Syr. Prince of men, it is not so lightly that I forget my native dust, or the hand that raised me from it. All I have is thine own; take of it to eat or to drink, or to wear or to waste; set thy slipper on my head, and crush my brains beneath thee; give me thy dagger, and let me pledge a health to thee in my best heart's blood.

Dam. Honest Syrinx, I forgive thee! let there be new peace and old wine between us. Ha! little Cyane, where hast thou hidden thy mirth and mitra? Come hither, little Cyane!—What! I warrant me thou wert afraid of me, because my frown was somewhat grim, and my posture somewhat gladiatorial. But mine anger is vanished; I am as cold as the snows of Hæmus, or the pleadings of Pedo. Sit by me, Cyane, we will have music anon.

Cya. Now, by Venus, I had not dreamed we should see you again, Damasippus! Have you been grieving with the jaundice, or grappling with the Gauls? Have you hunted Parnassus and the columns, or cultivated philosophy and a beard? Ah! now I bethink me, there were two tormentors who kept your sweet looks from us; soldier and sophist they were, uncle and father. Tisiphone, whip them for it! And what hast thou done with them, dear Damasippus; him of the civic crown, with his sword and buckler, his sour look and sagum; who prated to you of cohorts and coquets, warfare and wounds, Syria and Armenia, Ister and Rhine? and him of the stoic school, with his good morals and grave face, his short breath and long speeches, who only lived for profitless dispute and endless enthymeme, and meaningless maxim and senseless syllogism. Mercury! but they were a valuable pair to all the lovers of laughter.

Dam. They were, Cyane, they were, but they were loathsome poisoners of enjoyment, and detestable marrers of mettle. Here is to the quiet of their encampment. Mine uncle, the gods be thanked for that, is with the Prætor in Spain; and my father, the gods be thanked for that too, is with his ancestors in the Islaminian; and I am here, sweet

Cyane, the gods be thanked for that, above all, sufficiently merry and reasonably drunk. I thought I should have died before supper. A hundred plagues have haunted me since daybreak. My head was out of order, and my physician out of town; and my mistress broke an appointment, and my curricle broke down; and the theatres were empty, and the courts were full; and merry Marcus was swearing in the sullens, and solemn Saleius was reciting in the baths. Phœbus blight him for it! A decree of the senate would never stop that eternal babbler; it would, be easier to silence the Danube. Does he think that man, whose life is fourscore years, has nothing to study and care for here but warrior and amazon, epic and ode, maidens shrieking in sapphics, and heroes howling in hexameters.

Cya. Nay now, sweetest soul of mine, you are very rude to the poets. May I never see a solidus again, if I do not love a poet as I love my own soul! They are all so humble, and so obedient, and so starving. Poor Saleius never fingers a denarius, but it comes straight to us at the Jews' gate. And then he is so happy and so agreeable, and so fond of his liquor and his laurels; and after his second cup, "Cyane," says he, "did you never hear my Orestes? Never, I'll be sworn! woe for thy education, Cyane; thou wert born among savage barbarians, and suckled by tigresses, and cradled in rocks and stones. But it shall be amended. 'Learning,' as Ovid sung before me,

'Learning and love are good lustrations,
And purify all rude sensations.'"

And then he throws himself into an attitude thus—takes off his cup with a tragic smack of the lips, and "Cyane," quoth he, "thou shalt hear sounds which Hercules might have earned by the repetition of his old labours, which Cleopatra might have bought with the brightest jewel in her crown. Their melody might make a client pause when he throws his first glance on the sportula, or a lawyer when the last drop of his clepsydra is putting him into a passion and a gallop. They might wake a stoic from his mutterings, or a spendthrift from his debauch, or a lover from his dream, or a Christian from his cloud-worship. Listen; I am to recite them at Carus's to-morrow, and would fain have thy judgment, Cyane, on my voice and manner. By Phœbus, there is some fascination in both, and I could tell thee of some bright-haired ladies who have thought so. Ha! — upon which I compose my features into a greedy gaze of admiration, and bid Syrinx hold the bottle, and Marsyas hold his tongue; and so my man of loud verses and cheap drink prologuises.

Dam. Let me bathe my lips in the Chian but once more, and so begin, Cyane; thou art an incomparable mimic; Bathyllus is but dirt by thy side.

Cya. What will you have, then, sweet Damasippus? Adipus, the expounder of riddles, or Ajax, the slaughterer of sheep? Medea, with her brats and dragons, or Orestes, with his rags and snakes? For he has stored me with specimens of all.

Dam. The last I pray thee, the last; let me hear what Orestes says to his tormentors, that I may know how to answer mine. Marry, the friends in the fish-market are becoming so tumultuous now, that a nobleman knows not wherewithal to reply, unless he ransacks the poets for complimentary language.

Cya. Thus then,—"It is necessary that thou shouldst understand, Cyane, how that Orestes is the murderer of his mother; a wicked thing, by Themis! a wicked thing; but justifiable in particular cases: Æmilius argued it so the other day, and saved his client: Publius it was, who had succeeded somewhat too suddenly to an inheritance. Alas! Avarice never walks abroad, but she carries aconite fastened to her girdle. But I said Orestes has murdered his mother, and that he rushes upon the stage with long hair, and short breath, and torn garments, and wandering eyes; and fifty furies are in readiness without, with snaky ringlets and blazing torches, which thou knowest, little Cyane, are the ornaments which the furies most conceit. When Serranus played his Megæra, the torches went out; but those things shall be better cared for when I—but I lose time; listen! Orestes begins thus, faltering a little from fear, as is natural:

"Dark goddesses, swift-footed, serpent-haired,
Red-eyed, black-lipped, hell s offspring, earth's annoy,
Avaunt, I spit upon ye! King Apollo,
Lord of the beaming bow and echoing string,
Fair-browed, far-darting Prince of Poetry,
Art thou a juggler? are thine oracles
Mere webs for witching flies? Behold! they come!
Railing and roasting, scampering and scaring,
All hot from hissing Tartarus! Oh God!
Pæan, Lycean,
God of music, god of day,
Delian, Patarean,
Help, help; and let me see an
End of these calamities as soon as I may!"

Dam. Ha, ha! may Æsculapius put life into my father's ashes, if I do not love thee entirely. The poet is under infinite obligations to thee; if thou wouldst only study this trade, the dirty Quirites would run from their bread; by Pollux! I think they would run from their games, to hear thee. And now the answer, pretty Saleius, the response of the Avengers!

Cya. Let me unfasten my mitra, and perform it in costume. There!—"Now, Cyane," he says, "thou must suppose, what doubtless thou hast already suspected, that the goddesses rush in with their shrivelled arms and terrible eyebrows, dancing, in groups of three, or four, a dance dreadful to look upon,—such a dance as Pomponia's slave performs when he is whipped, or Paulus's mistress when she is intoxicated;—thus, Cyane, a rapid agitation of the right foot, then a corresponding movement of the left, with vibrations of the arms, and contortions of the neck in unison. Presently the chief of them chants these terrible verses in a low and dismal scream:

"Ye raven-headed goddesses,
Who in your cloudy boddices,
Hover with me around this ball of earth,
And ever love to mix
Dark drops from your own Styx
With every rivulet of living mirth,
Fit followers of mortality,
Fine teachers of morality,
Eternal servants of the Olympian thunder,—
Dwellers in murky mists,
By whose unyielding wrists
Strong frames are racked, fine heart-strings rent asunder,—
Come hither, solemn sisters,
Rain, rain your boils and blisters,
Heart-thrilling ache, swift stripe, and searing cinder,
Come hither, oh! come hither,
And let him waste and wither,
Roaring like twenty bulls, and rotting into tinder!"

Dam. Ho! ho! ho! stop, dear girl, or thou wilt murder me indeed; thou art very Saleius from head to foot; investigate the flagon and proceed: I would bring thee to the emperor's hearing, Cyane, had I not some scruples of jealousy in my composition. But thou must be chary of thy parlous wit, for those singing-birds are marvellously inflammable; I have known them in their wrath more rude than a Briton, and more robust than a rhinoceros. Codrus broke my skull in the first week of my consulship, because I asked him how often he had dined upon his Theseid; and Serranus has written five-and-twenty lampoons upon me, because I told him that Podalirius recommends cold water for a December cup. And I need not tell thee that these male semstresses of absurdities have at their beck and bidding sword and dagger, plague and pestilence, balista and bowl,—ay, by my head, and lightning-flash and thunderbolt to boot, and the whole armoury of the skies. But go on, sweetest of all the furies; maledictions from such lips as thine are worth blessings from any others.

Cya. I have done!—Never was Sibyl more weary after an hour's raving. But Damasippus hath noticed none other of his friends. Geta is here, and Parmeno, and little Amphitryon, and tall Antigonus. Come, do throw away a word upon them; it is long since they have looked upon their master.

Dam. Geta, worthy Geta, sovereign reducer of ringlets and princely mower of beards, how fares the world with thee? Well,—as I can divine by thy red nose and round external. What! do the gallants still linger to babble truth and falsehood in the shade of thy dominion? Come, let us know what scandal is toward.

Geta. I prate scandal! Now Mercury forbid! It is true that idle persons do consort to me often; and, as my worshipful master knows, much talk will arise of princes and patricians, and matters with which the like of Geta are little concerned. But do I ever report a syllable? Now Mercury forbid! 'Twas but yesterday that young Nasica was telling of the quarrel between Aurelius and his wife; did you hear? She must go on the arena forsooth; nothing would serve her but helm and sword, glory, and fencing. "Why not," quoth the lady; "was not Julia in training with Capella, and had not Lucia foiled her master after three weeks' learning?" Marry, Aurelius was but little moved by authority or precept. He stilled her arguments by oaths, and sold her paraphernalia by auction; carried her into the country on a lean mule, and confined her in what he calls his Tusculan, where he collects together gems he cannot name, and books he cannot read, busts with broken noses and bailiffs who talk philosophy.

Dam. Bravo! and has the lady laid her propensities on the shelf?

Geta. No; she has put her baggage on board. She has gone off to sea with that long-armed destroyer of tigers, Cleobulus. The amphitheatre never saw a firmer hand or a quicker eye. But do I ever mention the story? Now Mercury forbid! Then there was merry Tiberius, ah! ah! a clever young fellow, and one who stands well with the court; and he was telling how Sulpicia tore the old Prætor's hair to shreds, because he had never read Homer, and whipped a slave to death because he brought her some perfumes wrapped up in a page of old Horace. A strong woman, and terrible when moved! But do I circulate these tales? Now Mercury forbid!

Dam. Thou art the most silent of babblers, the most veracious of liars, the most honest of knaves! I would trust in thy keeping, dear Geta, all secrets that men strive most to conceal. I would breathe in thine ear my successful amours and my anonymous writings, my own merits and the failings of my friends.

Geta. Ah, Damasippus was always witty with his slaves. But I suppose you have not heard of the tumult at Glycerion's last night. I have heard mention of nought else to-day. Vallo has said nothing of the Gauls, and Varus has been silent upon his lawsuit.

Dam. Prithee, now what was the manner of it?

Geta. You know, Glycerion? the little light-eyed Lesbian, and you know Titus too; and you used to cling as constantly to his side as the lictors to the consul or the duns to Flavinius. Well; he was shivering before her door last night in a thin cloak, and sullen mood, with a lute in his hand, and a garland on his head, and perfumes enough on his apparel to convert Tartarus into Ida, and make Atinia herself endurable. A rival comes up; a young fellow in a long robe, masked, and walking on tiptoes. Swords are drawn—crossed—thrusts given and returned; and Titus discovers that the sober votary of pleasure, the quiet Clodius, the dissipated Hippolytus, is no other than ——. Guess now! You may study until a second Virgil rises, until the sunsets at daybreak, until I talk Greek, until my wife talks reason, and you shall never come near the mark. No other, by Jupiter and his transformations, than his studious and stern brother Caius.

Dam. Now, by Pollux, I am glad of it! Caius

is a handsome young fellow, and deserves not spoiling by learning and sobriety.

Geta. But the beauty of the jest remains behind. They explain,—coalesce,—beat the door from its hinges, and find in the citadel Caius's long-winded and long-bearded tutor, wrinkled Terentius, solacing his tired brain with stewed vegetables, golden smiles, and a goblet of damaged Falernian.

Dam. I will sacrifice a hetacomb. Thus it should ever be.

Geta. But do I tell these stories? Do I repeat what may hurt reputation?—Now Mercury forbid! They told me, and it is indeed true, but do I repeat it?—Now Mercury forbid!—that Aurunculeia was seen in the Suburra three nights ago in a mantle and hood, hastening to meet Lentulus, the——

Dam. Aurunculeia! Now, by Olympus and all its sojourners, I will drive the foul falsehood down thy black and calumnious throat. Withered imp of iniquity, cunning scatterer of poison, lie there! I put my sword's point to thy throat, and recommend to thee silence, and thy last testament.

Syr. Noble Damasippus!

Mars. Sweet prince, have mercy!

Dam. Mercy is not for him! He shall never smooth a chin, or fabricate a lie again. Come hither, Cyane; take off thy scarlet slipper, girl, and beat him till he confesses.

Cya. Good Damasippus do not be thus moved by a slave!

Geta. Slave, quotha? I beg no mercy, I! Mercury forbid! I will speak out, and be gagged for no man. What now, master of the whip and wheel! do you dream that you are in the company of your cattle, where lash and blow are law? I do most cordially hate thee; and I tell thee, moreover, that if thou comest, braving it and bullying it with loud tongue and long rapier, I have here a stout flagon of Saguntum, which has made flaws in heads of stouter manufacture, and—

Dam. Why, thou foul-mouthed blasphemer of greatness!

Geta. Thou impotent imitator of buffoons!

Dam. Thou idol of cobblers!

Geta. Thou scorn of nobility!

Mar. Syr. Cya. In the name of the gods, Damasippus!—Jove! there will be a goodly tumult!

Messenger (*without*). What, Syrinx!—Syrinx, I say!

Syr. See now, if the Prætor be not here with a force!

Mess. Syrinx, I say,—is Damasippus here to-night?

Dam. Well, fellow, who sends for Damasippus?

Mess. Truly, one that must send and find.—The emperor.

Dam. The emperor. Hang ye, pestilent curs! give me my sandals,—quick,—and my cloak. So! am I steady Syrinx; thy venomous wine hath somewhat —— Adieu, Cyane; I will visit thee again, ere long!—A pest upon the emperor!

THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON-SHIP."

[*The main event of this story is founded on a fact.*]

It was on the evening of her departure for a transatlantic voyage, that the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war, lying in the Tagus, was splendidly illuminated, in honour of a farewell entainment given by the British officers to a favoured selection of the residents of Lisbon.

No scene of gaiety presents a more picturesque appearance than that exhibited by the festive decorations of a full-sized man-of-war; and, on the present occasion, the *Invincible* was not behind her sisters of the ocean in the arrangements of her marine festivities. Her quarter-deck was covered by an awning of gay and party-coloured flags, whose British admixture of red glowed richly and gaily in the light of the variegated lamps, which, suspended on strings, hung in long rows from the masts and rigging of the vessel. To a spectator, standing on the verge of her stern, the quarter-deck, with its awning, gay lights, and distinct groups of figures, might almost have resembled the rural and diversified scene of a village pleasure-fair; while behind, the faces of hundreds of sailors, peeping from comparative obscurity on the gaieties of their officers, formed a whimsical and not unpicturesque background. Below, the tables of the ward-room were spread with the most delicate and even costly refreshments. All was mirth and apparently reckless gaiety, and it seemed as if the sons of Neptune, in exercising their proverbial fondness for the dance, and acknowledged gallantry to their partners, had forgotten that the revolution of twenty-four hours would place a world of waters between them and the fair objects of their devotion, and would give far other employment for their limbs than the fascinating measures to which they now lent them.

There were, however, two beings in that assembly whose feelings of grief, extending from the heart to the countenance, communicated to the latter an expression which consorted ill with the gaiety of the surrounding scene. One of these countenances wore the aspect of an intense grief, which yet the mind of the possessor had strength sufficiently to keep in a state of manly subjection; the other presented that appearance of unmixed, yet unutterable woe, which woman alone is capable either of feeling or meekly sustaining in silence. Christian Loëffler and Ernestine Fredeberg had been married but seven days, yet they were now passing their last evening together ere Loëffler sailed, a passenger in the *Invincible*, to the Brazils. Why circumstances thus severed those so recently united in the holiest ties, and why the devoted Ernestine was unable to accompany her husband, are queries that might be satisfactorily answered if our limits permitted. But the fact alone can here be stated.

The revels broke up; and ere the sun had set

on the succeeding day, the so recent pleasure-vessel was ploughing her solitary way on the Atlantic; her festive decorations vanished like a dream, and even the shores that had witnessed them were no longer within sight.

On the second day of the voyage, the attention of Loëffler was forcibly arrested by the livid and almost indescribable appearance of a young seaman, who was mounting the main-shrouds of the vessel. Christian called to him, inquired if he were ill, and, in the voice of humanity, counselled him to descend. The young man did not, however, appear to hear the humane caution; and ere the lapse of a few seconds, he loosed his hold on the main-yards which he had reached, and rushing, with falling violence, through sails and rigging, was quickly precipitated to the deck. Loëffler ran to raise him; but not only was life extinct, even its very traces had disappeared, and—unlike one so recently warm with vitality—the features of the youth had assumed the livid and straightened character of a corpse long deprived of its animating principle.

The log-book, however, passed a verdict of "accidental death, occasioned by a fall from the main-yard," on the youth's case; and as such it went down in the marine record, amid notices of fair weather and foul, notwithstanding Loëffler's repeated representation of the young seaman's previous appearance. Christian's testimony was fated ere long to obtain a fearful credence. On the succeeding day several of the crew sickened; and ere the lapse of another twenty-four hours, death as well as sickness began to show itself. The captain became alarmed, and a report was soon whispered through the vessel that the hand of some direful, base, or revengeful Portuguese had mingled poison with the festive viands which had been liberally distributed to the whole crew at the farewell entertainment of the *Invincible*. Loëffler, although a German, was no great believer in tales of mystery and dark vengeance. A more fearful idea than even that of poison once or twice half-insinuated itself into his mind, but was forced from it with horror.

The wind, which had blown favourably for the first ten days of the voyage, now seemed totally to die away, and left the vessel becalmed in the mid-way ocean. But for the idle rocking occasioned by the under swell of the broad Atlantic waves, she might have seemed a fixture to those seas; for not even the minutest calculable fraction in her latitude and longitude could have been discovered, even by the nicest observer, for fourteen days. All this while a tropical sun sent its burning, searching rays on the vessel, whose increasing sick and dying gasped for air; and unable either to endure the suffocation below, or the fiery sunbeams above, choked the gangways in their restless passage too and from deck, or giving themselves up in despair, called on death for relief. The whole crew were in consternation; and they who had still health and strength left to manage or clear the ship, went about their usual duties with the feelings of men who might, at a moment's warning, be summoned to death and eternal doom.

Loëffler had shown much courage during these fearful scenes; but when he beheld sickness and death mysteriously extending their reign around him, and bearing away the best and bravest of that gallant crew, he began to think that the avenging hand of God was upon her; and turning his eyes towards the broad sheet of ocean waves which rolled between him and the north-eastern horizon, was heard to murmur, "Farewell!—farewell!"

One night, after having for some time tended the beds of the sick and dying, Loëffler retired to his couch, and endeavoured to gain in slumber a brief forgetfulness of all the thoughts that weighed down his spirit. But a death-like sickness came over him; his little cabin seemed to whirl round as if moving on a pivot, while his restless limbs found no space for their feverish evolutions in his confined berth. Christian began to think that his hour was coming, and he tried to raise his soul in prayer; but while he essayed to fix his thoughts on heaven, he felt that his reason was fast yielding to the burning fever which seemed almost to be consuming his brain. He called for water, but none heard or answered his cries. He crawled on deck, and, as the sun had now set several hours, hoped for a breath of the fresh air of heaven. He threw himself down, and turned his face towards the dark sky. But the atmosphere was sultry, heavy, oppressive. It appeared to lie like an insupportable weight on his chest. He called for the surgeon, but he called in vain; the surgeon himself was no more, and his deputy found a larger demand on his professional exertions than his powers, either physical or mental, were capable of encountering. A humane hand at length administered a cup of water. Even the very element was warm with the heat of the vessel. It produced, however, a temporary sensation of refreshment, and Loëffler partially slumbered. But who can describe that strange and pestilential sleep! A theatre seemed to be "lighted up within his brain,' which teemed with strange, hideous, and portentous scenes or figures whose very splendour was appalling. All the ship seemed lit with varied lamps; then the lamps vanished, and instead of a natural and earthly illumination, it seemed as if the rigging, yards, and sails of the vessel were all made of living phosphor, or some strange ignited matter, which far and wide sent a lurid glare on the waters. Loëffler looked up long masts of bright and living fire, shrouds whose minutest interlacings were all of the same vivid element, yet clear, distinct, and unmixed by any excrescent flame which might take from the regular appearance of the rigging; while the size of the vessel seemed increased to the most unnatural dimensions, and her glowing topmasts—up which Loëffler strained his vision—seemed to pierce the skies. A preternatural and almost palpable darkness succeeded this ruddy

light; then the long and loud blast of a trumpet, and the words "Come to judgent, forgetters of your God!" sounded in Loëffler's ear. He groaned, struggled, tried to thrust his arms violently from him, and awoke.

He found his neck distended to torture by a hard and frightful swelling, which almost deprived his head of motion, and caused the most excruciating anguish, while similar indications on his side assured him that disease was collecting its angry venom. The thought he had often banished now rushed on Christian's mind; and a fearful test by which he might prove its reality, now suddenly occurred to him. It seemed as if the delirium of his fever were sobered for a moment by the solemn trial he was about to make. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He dragged himself, though with difficulty, towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were clustered at his heart. Loëffler saw himself lost. Again he cast a languid and fevered glance towards the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and once more murmured, "Farewell!—farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next earnestly called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half-worn-out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Loëffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast, and said solemnly, "*The Plague* is amongst us!—warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for heaven's sake, your suspicions among this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction. I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested." But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered that delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection prepared to descend to the second-deck. He never reached it. A shivering-fit was succeeded by deathly sickness. All the powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence!

The scenes which followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster and faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baneful and virulent, from the increasing heat of the atmosphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Loëffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed, a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world which he had for some time quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself still above deck, but placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a sea-mess, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previous to the sleeper's awaking. Life and sense now rapidly revived in the naturally strong constitution of our young German. But they brought with them the most fearful and appalling sensations.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noontide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength, Loëffler called aloud; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention; not a sound, either of feet or voices, met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Loëffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and collecting those powers of mind and body, over which a certain moral firmness of character, already noticed (joined, be it observed, with the better strength of good principles), had given him a *master's* command—he quitted his couch, and stood on deck. God of mercy! what a sight met Loëffler's eye! The whole deck was strewed with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair; the set teeth and starting eyeballs showed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep; but the livid and purple marks of these last

corpses, scarce capable of being borne to their grave in the "integrity of their dimensions," showed that the hand of corruption had been even more busy with them than with the fiercer and more tortured victims of the pestilence. The *Invincible*, once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest-house on the waters; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Not a sound, not a breeze, awoke the silence of the sullen and baleful air; not a single sail broke the desolate uniformity of the horizon: sea and sky seemed to meet only to close in that hemisphere of poisonous exhalations. Christian sickened; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potation, to strengthen him for the task he contemplated. This task was twofold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower-decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loëffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or—as was more often the case—dispossessed of their former occupiers, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one *living* being was found amid the corrupted wrecks of mortality which tenanted the silent, heated, and pestiferous wards of the inner decks. Loëffler was ALONE in the ship! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping, and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength was further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible.

Night sank upon the waters. The German began to stir in the soul of Loëffler. He was alone—the stillness so unbroken as to be startling. Perhaps within a thousand miles there might be no living human being. He felt himself a solitary, vital thing among heaps of dead, whose corpses, here and there, emitted the phosphoric light of putrescence. He started at every creak of the vessel, and sometimes fancied that he descried, through the darkness, the well-known and reanimate face of some departed shipmate. But Christian's was not a mind to succumb to a terror which, it must be confessed, might—under similar circumstances—have overborne the stoutest heart. He felt that, under all these disadvantages, his strength was returning in a manner that appeared almost miraculous; and that same night saw many an appalling wreck of humanity consigned to decent oblivion. Sometimes the heart of Loëffler half sunk within him; sometimes he was more than tempted to relinquish his work in despair; yet on he toiled with that energy of body which as much results from mental power as from physical superiority.

On the evening of the following day, but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother-tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting beams Loëffler, with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial-rites of the church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. Loëffler cast a farewell glance on the dun waves, and then sighed, "Rest—rest, brave companions! until a voice shall sound stronger than your deep slumber—until the sea give up its dead, and you rise to meet your Judge!" The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if yet more victims awaited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew, which had now disappeared for ever.

A few sails were still furled, and, uncertain whether they were the best or the worst that might be hoisted, Loëffler determined to leave them, preferring the chance that should waft him to *any* port, to the prolonged imprisonment of the *Invincible*.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his strange and dismal office, completely overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto stifled feelings. But there was no hand to wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loëffler was no seaman; and, therefore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, *his* was not that hand. Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently the *Invincible*, who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

These thoughts suggested themselves to Christian's mind, as, gradually recovering from the senselessness of exhaustion, he lay stretched on deck, listening to the scarcely perceptible noise of the water as it faintly rolled against the side of the vessel, and as softly receded; while his soul, as it recalled the form of his best-beloved on earth, rose in prayer for her and for himself.

Week after week passed away, and still the solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled *Invincible*. She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where

she had been so long becalmed; but still, as if that were the magical, and even the malevolent centre of her movements, she seldom made much way beyond it; and light, deceitful breezes were constantly followed by renewed calms. A tropical equinox was, however, drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. The time which he had passed in the anguish of disease, and the aberrations of delirium, had appeared to him of much greater length than its actual duration; and as no tongue survived to correct his error, he had lost all calculations of the motions of time. He listened, therefore, with an ear half-fearful, half-hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loëffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and, wrapped in his sea-cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous and, apparently, concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—showed the dense masses of rent and scattered clouds which blackened the face of heaven; while the peal of thunder that followed seemed to pour its full tide of fury immediately over the fated ship. The blast, when contrasted with the still atmosphere and oppressive heat which had preceded it, appeared to Loëffler piercing, and even wintry cold: while the fierce and unintermittent motion of the vessel rendered it almost difficult for him to preserve a footing on deck. By every fresh flash of lighting, he could see wide-spread and increasing sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows. Whether any of these storm-tossed waves made their way below—or whether the ship, so long deprived of nautical examination, had sprung a leak in the first encounter of the tempest—Loëffler could not determine; but the conviction that she was filling with water, forced itself on his mind. He again cast his eyes to the north-eastern horizon, and again uttered aloud—"Farewell! farewell!"

The loneliness of his situation, to which time, though it had not reconciled, had habituated him, came upon him with the renewed and appalling sensations of novelty. National and early-acquired feelings obtained a temporary triumph over individual strength of character. The torn and misshapen clouds, as their black forms were from time to time rendered visible by the blue light that darted through them, appeared to our young German like careering spirits of the tempest; and the rent sails, as they flapped backwards and forwards, or were driven like shattered pennons of the blast, seemed, as the momentary light cast their dark shadows athwart the deck, to be foul fiends of the ocean, engaged in the malign work of dismantling that gallant vessel. To Loëffler's temporarily excited imagination, even the tossing billows seemed, in that portentous light, to "surge up" by hundreds the faces of those who had found beneath them a dismal and untimely grave; and the lost mariners appeared to be crowding round the vessel they had so recently manned. But Christian authoritatively bade away these phantoms, and they speedily left a mind too strong to give them a long entertainment.

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He slumbered on, unconscious that the main-deck was now almost level with the waves—unconscious of the dark gulf preparing to receive him! The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loëffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit showed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in paradise; nor was the thought less easily harboured that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. "And thou, too," he said confusedly—"thou, too, hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden garden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man-of-war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his solitary voyage.

RUSSIAN EPIGRAM.

What is man's history? Born—living—dying—
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave—
Struggling with storm-winds, over shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave.

BALLADS ON WAT TYLER'S REBELLION.

Few incidents in English history have produced more rhymes than the rebellion of Wat Tyler. The pouring out from various places in the country of trains of hardy artificers, accumulating increased force as they advanced towards the central point—the gathering of the rabble multitudes on the plain of Blackheath—the burlesque solemnity of purpose with which the leaders demanded the attendance of the king—the progress up to town—the bursting open of the prisons—the laying waste of Southwark and the Savoy, and the frantic riots consequent upon these headlong proceedings—the picturesque accessories of the scene in Smithfield—the audacious bravery of burly Wat and his resolute associates—the death of the leader—the dispersion of the tumultuous crowd—and even the hanging of the principal offenders, suggest tempting materials for the balladmonger and the dramatist, and they have been used accordingly in all possible forms in prose and verse. If Wat Tyler be not the hero of a hundred fights he is at least the hero of a hundred stories. His fame stands incomparably higher than that of the worthy mayor who slew him, or the valiant young king against whom he rebelled. Even Southey held him worthy of a poem, in which the nobler elements of his sturdy nature are vigorously depicted. Nor have his friends, who suffered on the gallows, escaped their share of that celebrity which was fairly due to them for their participation in his march upon London. Jack Straw was celebrated in a four-act drama towards the close of the sixteenth century, and is still remembered in many a nursery stanza; while his castle—a suburban hostelrie on Hampstead heath—still invites the thirsty pedestrian to enjoy his ease in his inn, under the shadow of an old historical recollection. Jacke Shepehearde is a famous name in later times, and we are afraid we must confess that the modern worthy of Newgate calendar celebrity eclipses in popularity the doughty patriot, who flourished his bowe and bit in the face of the king's guards in the market-place. Ball, the priest, Jack Miller (who appears to be erroneously designated Tom Miller in the following ballad) Trueman, Hob Carter, and the rest who were foremost in the insurrection, have their immortalities insured to them in various patches of antiquated doggrel.

The following poem is the most complete and authentic upon the subject. It forms part of a collection entitled "Strange Histories," published in 1607. Bishop Percy speaks of a copy, dated 1612, in which the author's name, Thomas Deloney, was inserted on the titlepage; and it is conjectured by the editor of a recent reprint, issued by the Percy Society, that there existed a still earlier edition than either of these. Thomas Deloney was one of the popular ballad-writers of his day, and some of his pieces, printed on broadsides, occasionally embellished with rude woodcuts, are preserved in the British Museum. He was contemporaneous with Nash, and appears to have been a silk-weaver by trade. Nothing is known of his personal history. He died in the sixteenth century; but his most celebrated pieces, "Fair Rosamond," "Jack of Newbury," "Thomas of Reading," &c. were frequently republished after his death.

The title of the work from which this ballad is extracted runs thus: "Strange Histories, or, Songes and Sonets of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen. Very pleasant either to be read or songe; and a most excellent warning for all estates." It consists of a selection of historical incidents—such as the imprisonment of Queene Elenor, the poysoning of King John, the murthering of King Edward II., being kild with a hot burning spit &c.: all treated in the good old legendary spirit, and in various metres.

The minuteness of the details in this legend deserves the admiration of the reader. The account is as clear and consecutive, as if it were drawn direct from a veritable chronicle; and few of the quaint masters of historical narrative could have brought out the riots, and "the villains voyd of awe" who figured in them, with more vivid simplicity than this obscure silk-weaving poet—Thomas Deloney.

THE REBELLION OF WAT TYLER AND JACKE STRAW WITH OTHERS AGAINST KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

Wat Tyler is from Dartford gan,
And with him many a proper man,
And hee a captaine is become,
Marching in field with phife and drumme.
Jacke Straw an other in like case,
From Essex flockes on mighty pace,
Hob Carter with his straglinp traine,
Jacke Shepehearde comes with him amain;
So doth Tom Miller in like sort,
As if he meant to take some fort.
With bowes and bits, with speare and shield,
On Black-heath have they pitcht their field,
An hundred thousand men in all,
Whose force is not accounted small;
And for King Richard did they send,
Much evill to him they did intend,
For the taxe the which our king
Upon his commons then did bring.
And now because his royall grace
Denyed to come within their chase,
They spoyléd Southwarke round about,
And tooke the Marshal's prisoners out.

All those that in the Kings-bench lay
At libertie they set that day,
And then they marcht with one consent
Through London with a lewd intent.
And for to fit their lewd desire
They set the Savoy all on fire;
And for the hate that they did beare
Unto the Duke of Lancasteare,
Therefore his house they burnéd quite,
Through envy, malice and despight.
Then to the Temple did they turne;
The lawyers bookes there did they burne,
And spoyld their lodgings one by one,
And all they could lay hand upon.
Then into Smithfield did they hie
To Saint Jones Place that stands thereby,
And set the same on fier flat,
Which burned seven dayes after that.
Unto the Tower of London then
Fast troopéd these rebellious men,
And having entered soone the same
With hideous cryes and mickle shame,
The grave Lord Chancelor thence they tooke
Amazde, with fearful piteous looke.
The Lord High Treasurer likewise they
Tooke from that place that present day;
And with their hooting loud and shrill,
Stroke off their heads on Tower Hill.
Into the cittie came they then,
Like rude disordered franticke men:
They rob'd the churches every where
And put the priestes in deadly fear.
Into the Counters then they get,
Where men in prison lay for debt:
They broke the doores and let them out,
And threw the Counters books about,
Tearing and spoyling them each one,
And records all they light upon.
The doores of Newgate broke they downe,
That prisoners ran about the towne,
Forcing all the smiths they meete
To knock the irons from their feete;
And then like villains voyde of awe,
Followed Wat Tyler and Jacke Straw,
And though this outrage was not small,
The king gave pardon to them all,
So they would part home quietly:
But they his pardon did defie,
And being all in Smithfield then,
Even threescore thousand fighting men,
Which there Wat Tyler then did bring
Of purpose for to meet our king.
And therewithall his royall grace
Sent Sir John Newton to that place,
Unto Wat Tyler willing him
To come and speake with our young king;
But the proud rebell in despight
Did picke a quarrell with the knight,
The Mayor of London being by,
When he beheld this villainie,
Unto Wat Tyler rode he then,
Being in midst of all his men,
Saying, traytor, yield, 'tis best;
In the king's name I thee arrest:
And therewith to his dagger start,
And thrust the rebell to the heart;
Who falling dead unto the ground,
The same did all the host confound,
And down they threw their weapons all,
And humbly they for pardon call.
Thus did that proud rebellion cease,
And after followed a joyful peace.

Having exhausted all the incidents of the rebellion, and wound up his ballad with its legitimate catastrophe, the death of his hero, our poet seems to have considered it desirable to satisfy the public curiosity concerning the small fry of minor heroes, who, although individually worthy of a separate apotheosis, could not be suffered at such a moment to distract attention from the main interest of the scene. He accordingly reserves the fate of Jack Straw and the rest for a sort of prose sequel, in which he certifies to their legal execution according to law, stating that they were all hanged in London, not being aware, perhaps, of the fact that fifteen of them were beheaded at St. Albans. The form of this sequel is curious enough in itself to justify its insertion, independently of its value in carrying out and completing the intention of the writer. The editor of the Percy reprint says, that he does not know how this piece of prose found its way into the book, that it relates to events more than a century older than the period when the volume was published, and that it is not in any way connected with the immediate subject of the ballad which precedes it. There is surely some confusion or misprint in this passage. The events referred to took place upwards of two hundred years before the volume was published, and the connexion between the ballad and the subsequent "speech" may be determined at once by a perusal of the latter.

A SPEECHE BETWEENE CERTAINE LADYES, BEING SHEPHEARDS ON SALISBURIE PLAINE.

Truly (sayd the ladyes) this was a most hardie and courageous mayor, that durst, in the middest of so mightie a multitude of his enemies, arest so impudent and bold a traytor, and kill him in the face of all his friendes; which was a deed worthy to be had in everlasting memorie, and highly to be rewarded. Nor did his majestie forget (sayd the lady Oxenbridge) to dignifie that brave man for his hardie deed; for in remembrance of that admired exploit his majesty made him a knight, and five aldermen more of the citie, ordaining also, that in remembrance of Sir William Walworth's deed against Wat Tyler, that all the mayors that were to succeed in his place should be knighted. And further, he granted that there should be a dagger added to the armes of the citie of London, in the right quarter of the shield for an augmentation of the armes.

You have told us (quoth the ladyes) the end of Wat Tyler, but I pray you what became of Jacke Strawe and the rest of the rebellious route? I will shew you (quoth shee). Jacke Strawe, with the rest of that rude rabble, being in the end apprehended (as rebels never flourish long) was at last brought to be executed at London, where he confessed that their intent was (if they could have brought their vile purpose to passe) to have murdered the king and his nobles, and to have destroyed (so neere as they could) all the gentilitie of the land, having especially vowed the death of all the bishops, abots, and monkes, and then to have enriched themselves; they determined to set London on fire, and to have taken spoyle of that honorable citie; but the gallows standing betwixt them and home, they were there trust up before they could effect any thing. And such ends (sayd the ladyes) send all rebles, and especially the desperate traytors which at this present vexeth the whole state.

With that word, one of their servants came running, saying, Madam, the rebels are now marched out of Wiltshire and Hampshire, making hasty steps towards London,

therefore, now you need not feare to come home, and commit the flocks to their former keepers. The ladye's being joyfull thereof, appoynted shortly after a banquet to be prepared, where they all met together again, by which time the king's power (having incountered the rebels on Blackheath) overthrew their whole power: where the Lord Awdry was taken and committed to Newgate, from whence he was drawne to the Tower-hill, in a coate of his own armes, painted upon paper reversed and all to torne, and there was beheaded on the 24 of June. And shortly after, Thomas Flamocke and Michael Joseph, the blacksmith, were drawne, hanged, and quartered after the manner of traytors. But when the husbands to these fair ladyes came home, and heard how their wives had dealt to save themselves in this dangerous time, they could not chuse but laugh at the matter, saying that such shepheards never kept sheepe on Salisbury Plaine before!

Stow mentions several curious particulars respecting the leading men concerned in this rebellion. It seems that they used to disperse wild incentives to insurrection amongst the people in the shape of doggrel verses, hinting darkly at the guiltiness in high places, and the design that was on foot for getting rid of it, and for working out justice and retribution after their own fashion. One of the most remarkable of these effusions is the following, entitled—

JACK TRUEMAN'S EPISTLE.

Jacke Trewman doeth you to vnderstond
That falsenesse and guile hath raigned too long;
And truth hath been set vnder a locke,
And falsenesse raigneth in every flocke,
No man may come truth to,
But he sing, si dedero;
Speake, spend and speed, quothe John of Bathon, therefore,
Swine fareth as wilde flood,
True love is away that is so good,
And clarkes for wealth worketh them wo—
God doe boote for now is time, Amen.

Another famous fellow was Jack Miller, and being a prominent man in the business, he, too, must have his turn at a snatch of mysterious rhymes. The following is printed in the original without any observation of lines or metre.

JACK MILLER'S SONG.

Jack Miller asketh helpe to turn his Mill aright,
He hath ground small, small,
The king's son of heaven shall pay for all;
Looke thy Mill go right,
With four sails and the post;
Stand in steadfastnes,
With right and might,
With skill and will,
Let might helpe right,
And skill before will,
And right before might,
Then goeth our Mill aright.
But if might
Goe before right,
And will
Before skill,
Then is our Mill misdight.

The object of such dark and menacing lines, although purposely masqued under this rude imagerial jargon, could not be very easily mistaken; and it is evident enough that "the king's son of heaven," was destined to play a very important part in the sanguinary drama contemplated by the insurgents. John Ball, a priest, who was afterwards hanged and beheaded at St. Albans for the notorious share he had in exciting the people on this occasion, wrote some strange things of this kind which he used to disseminate wherever he went. The following is one of his epistles, found in the pocket of a rebel who was taken prisoner after the riots. Much of it is now obscure, and it is for the most part little better than an enigma; but it is palpable enough that the names and allusions employed, were at that time well understood as signs and watch words.

JOHN BALL'S EPISTLE.

John Shepe, sometime Saint Mary priest, of York, and now of Colchester, greeteth well *John Namelesse* and *John Miller*, and *John Carter*, and biddeth them that they beware of *Gillinbrough*, and standeth together in God's name; and biddeth *Pierce Plowman* goe to his work, and chastise well *Hob the Robber*, and take with him *John Trueman*, and all his fellowes, and no moe.

John the Miller hath yground small, small,
The king's son of heaven shall pay for all,
Beware or be ye wo!
Know your friend from your foe,
Have th' ynough and said hoe!
And doe well and better and fleeth sinne,
And seeketh peace and holde therein!
And so biddeth John Trueman and all his fellows.

This John Ball was the author of the well-known couplet,

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman,

and frequently employed it as a sort of text for his sermons, and for those furious discourses with which he used to work upon the passions of the populace. All accounts agree in asserting that there never was a meddling priest who more richly deserved the gallows, or who laboured more indefatigably to make sure of that elevated historical distinction.

THE NOBLEST HOUSE IN SCOTLAND.—The question, Which is the reddest blood in Scotland? has been thus determined by the greatest of our Scottish, perhaps of all European genealogists, Mr. Riddell: "The ancient house of Winton, of whom the Earl of Eglinton, in every appearance, is the chief, may be now held the noblest in North Britain. It is almost enough here to add, that the ducal families of Gordon and Sutherland (in the person of the late Duchess), and the Earl of Aboyne (now Marquis of Huntly), are their cadets in the male line."—*Deliciæ Literariæ.*

ALMACK'S.—David Mallet was not the only Scot who, by changing his name, sought to conceal his northern origin. A sturdy Celt, from Galloway or Atholl, called Mac Caul, well-known in the fashionable end of the town by keeping a famous subscription-house in Pall Mall, nearly opposite the palace of St. James's, by a slight transposition of his name, gave birth to Almack's.

On few things do we dogmatise so much as on those of which we know little; for knowledge and dogmatism are antagonistic.—*Thoughts.*—G. H. LEWES.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

Prosper Mérimée, if not one of the most distinguished living writers of France, is at least one of the most varied and clever. Rapid, brilliant, and graceful, he has touched almost every style between the extremities of the Romantic and the Classical; is one of the most impassioned novelists, and, at the same time, one of the most careful archaiologists of his day; and is as much at home in the boudoir of Madame Dudevant, as in the bureau of the Minister of the Interior. The distraction and dissipation of Paris life have helped, more or less, to spoil and pervert his genius, and it is quite certain that he has not yet done full justice to his powers. But who could call up his intellect into healthy action amidst the agitation of such a career? It is impossible for the brains to do their work luminously and consistently under such maddening influences as those to which men like Prosper Mérimée are continually exposed. There must be over-action, every now and then, to make up for lost time—frightful concentration of mental labour, frequently, too, at moments when the mind is least prepared for such demands—and perpetual *wear-and-tear* of the nervous system, as well as of the faculties of thought and imagination. The necessary consequence of all this is a gradual reduction of vigour, which, no longer sustained by natural means, is fed, as occasion requires, by stimulants of all sorts—society, flattery, literary foils, the violent indulgence of the passions, the straining after notoriety, and the other ten thousand shapes of excitement, into which the one haunting dread of failure resolves itself, when a popular author begins to fear or suspect that he has exhausted either his strength or his reputation.

Notwithstanding, however, the temptations of the *salons*, and his unrestrained enjoyment of them, Prosper Mérimée has by no means worn out the original elasticity of his mind. He is not only as sensitive as ever to the delicate finesse of the tender passion, but has acquired a degree of refinement in his writings which never could have been expected from the author of "Clara Gazul." Nor is this all. He not only writes better and purer tales than he wrote under the first feverish inspirations of the artificial climate in which he lived, but he writes sensible and valuable books of another kind, which are still more likely to benefit his readers and himself. No less than three of these books are now before us—*Notes d'un Voyage dans le Midi de la France*—*Notes d'un Voyage dans l'Ouest de la France*—and *Notes d'un Voyage en Auvergne*. The titles of these books must surprise the reader who knows Prosper Mérimée only as a sort of contraband story-teller—one of the prohibited French novelists. He will be still more surprised to learn that they are the result of investigations undertaken at the instance of the French government.

Prosper Mérimée enjoys the post of *Inspecteur-Général des Monumens Historiques*, and these works are, in fact, extracts from Reports addressed by him, in that capacity, to the Minister of the Interior. French antiquarians are a very peculiar race of people. It is not at all essential to their success to cultivate the past in any other sense than as a *pastime*. (We plead guilty to the pun intentional in this case.) The French antiquarian lives quite as much in the present as any of his neighbours. He plays billiards, loves repartee, and indulges in national sentiment quite as freely as the poet or the dramatist. Even the Bretagne antiquarians (the sincerest of them all), scatter their *équivoques* and jests amongst the *bizarre* monuments of the Celts and Druids. Do not be amazed, then, to find Prosper Mérimée acting the part of expositor to the relics of the middle ages, the cathedrals, inscriptions, and tombstones of the provinces. His "notes" on the past will be found as amusing by one class of readers, as his notes on living manners are found attractive by another; and whether he conducts you over graveyards and through ruined châteaux, or threads with you the labyrinths of the populous "city," he is equally familiar with his topics, and equally felicitous in his manner of treating them.

The early works of Prosper Mérimée were utterly unfit for transplantation into our English soil. We have named one of them—a forbidden book, which found its way into English under auspices as revolting as the infamies it depicted. We might place a catalogue of such books—not long, but of an intensely vicious character—before the reader. But of what avail would it be to point out the names of publications with which we dare not meddle?

But the author's brain and heart seem to have both risen up purified out of this grossness. The tale we have selected as a specimen of Prosper Mérimée's regenerated genius, may be justly described as one of the most noble and beautiful pieces of fiction in the French language. It has the merit, too, of breaking new ground—ground which belongs especially and by right of conquest to Prosper Mérimée himself. Nobody, except himself, has ever ventured upon such close views, such accurate delineations of Corsica, of Corsican habits, customs, familiar sayings and usages, superstitions, national cha-

racter, and social peculiarities. This story of "Colomba," besides its fine dramatic interest, contains the best and most complete picture of the island and its inhabitants, with all their vital characteristics strong upon them, that has ever been written in such a form, even by a Frenchman. The actual life of Corsica was never before painted with such fidelity, such intimate truth, such familiarity and power.

Corsica, as every body knows, belongs to France; but it bears a closer affinity in all material and external aspects to Italy. The people are, like the Italians, hot, revengeful, quick in their resentments, and sanguinary in their remembrance of injuries; and, unlike the French, they are grave, sober, earnest, and moody. Their language is a kind of Italian dialect, with a strange mixture of Arabic phrases and Spanish idioms. Much of the evil of their character may be referred to the misgovernment of the Genoese, who, for centuries, exercised the grossest corruption in the administration of affairs, and gave impunity to the worst crimes by a system of undisguised bribery. The subdivision of property equally amongst children, commencing under the old Genoese laws and ratified and continued under the French government, has contributed largely to draw out into activity the baneful elements of their nature. By this system of agrarianism, fatal in the absence of capital and enterprise, every man is a proprietor, and it is an old observation amongst the natives, that a Corsican will rather starve than sell his land. Family feuds and litigious schemes are thus perpetually sown amongst the people, in further aggravation of those dissensions which are inseparable from the existence, in such communities, of *castes* and parties.

With these slight preliminary hints as to the sort of moral climate into which Prosper Mérimée is about to lead the reader, we commend the story of "Colomba" to an attentive perusal. We must observe, however, that the length of the tale (which is now translated for the first time) obliges us to break it up into parts. It will probably run through four or five numbers of the "Story-Teller."

COLOMBA.

(From the French of Prosper Mérimée.)

Pè far la to vendetta.
Sta sigur', vasta anche ella.
Vocero of Niolo.

I.

It was early in the month of October 181— that Colonel Sir Thomas Nevil, a distinguished Irish officer, alighted with his daughter at the hotel Beauveau in Marseille on their return from a tour in Italy. The long continued admiration of enthusiastic travellers has produced a reaction, and many tourists now seek to distinguish themselves from the common herd by adopting for their motto the *nil admirari* of Horace. Lydia Nevil, the colonel's only daughter, belonged to this class. The transfiguration appeared to her so-so, and Vesuvius in eruption hardly superior to the chimneys of the Birmingham factories. In a word, her capital objection to Italy was that the country lacked what the French call *couleur locale*, that it had no marked character. At first Miss Nevil had flattered herself with the hope of finding things beyond the Alps which had never been noticed before, and of which she might talk "avec les honnêtes gens" as M. Jourdain says. But soon, anticipated in every direction by her compatriots, and compelled to give up her quest of the unknown in despair, she joined the ranks of the opposition. It is in truth very unpleasant not to be able to talk of the wonders of Italy, without being taken aback by some one saying to you, "Of course you know the Raphael in the —— palace at——? It is the finest thing in Italy:"—the said Raphael being one of the very few things you neglected to see. As it would take too long to see every thing, the simplest course is to condemn every thing off-hand.

Miss Nevil encountered a bitter disappointment at the Hôtel Beauveau She had with her a pretty sketch of the Pelasgian or Cyclopean gate of Segni, which she fancied had been overlooked by the draughtsmen. Now Lady Frances Fenwick, meeting her in Marseille, invited her to look at her ladyship's album, and lo! between a sonnet and a dried flower, there was the indentical gate in question, elaborately portrayed in burnt sienna. Miss Nevil gave the gate of Segni to her waiting-maid, and lost all respect for Pelasgian architecture.

Colonel Nevil, who since the death of his wife, saw things only with his daughter's eyes, shared in this sombre mood. Italy had been guilty of the monstrous offence of having wearied his daughter, and that was enough to make it in his opinion the most wearisome country on the face of the globe. He had nothing to say indeed against the pictures and the statues; but he could speak decidedly to the fact that it was a wretched sporting country. It took thirty miles tramping through the campagna of Rome in a broiling sun, to kill a few good-for-nothing red partridges.

The day after his arrival in Marseille, he fell in with Captain Ellis, his former adjutant, who had just been passing six weeks in Corsica, and he invited him to dinner. The captain narrated in very good style to Miss Nevil a bandit story, that had the merit of not bearing the least resemblance to the tales of robbers with which our travellers had been so plentifully entertained on the road from Rome to Naples. After dinner the two gentlemen talked of field-sports over their Bordeaux, and the colonel was made aware of the fact, that in no country is

there finer sporting or a greater variety and abundance of game, than in Corsica.

"There are lots of wild boars," said the captain, "and, by the by, it is necessary to be able to distinguish them readily from the domestic swine, which they resemble surprisingly; for if you shoot the piggies you get into a scrape with their keepers. They come out upon you from a sort of coppice they call a mâquis, armed to the teeth, make you pay for the damage you have done, and laugh in your face. Then there's the mouflon, a very singular animal found no where else: it affords capital sport, but is shy. There are deer, pheasants, partridges without end. If you are fond of shooting, go to Corsica, colonel; there, as one of my entertainers said, you may fire away at all sorts of game, from quails up to men."

At tea the captain again delighted Miss Nevil with a story of a *vendetta transversale*,* still more strange than his first tale, and he put the climax to her enthusiasm for Corsica, by describing to her the savage aspect of the country, unlike every other, the original character of the inhabitants, and their primitive manners. Lastly he presented her with a pretty little stiletto, not so remarkable for its form or its copper mounting, as for its history. A famous bandit had parted with it to Captain Ellis, warranted to have been plunged to the hilt in four human bodies. Miss Nevil placed it in her belt, laid it on the table by her bedside, and twice drew it from the scabbard, before she fell asleep. The colonel on his part dreamed that he killed a mouflon for which he was made to pay by the owner: but he parted with his money without reluctance, for the animal was a very curious one, something like a wild boar, with the antlers of a stag, and the tail of a pheasant.

"Ellis tells me there is capital sporting in Corsica," said the colonel next morning to his daughter, at breakfast. "If it was not so far I should like to spend a fortnight there."

"Well, suppose we go to Corsica," replied Miss Nevil. "While you are amusing yourself with your gun, I shall ply my pencil. I should be delighted to have a sketch in my album of the grotto Captain Ellis told us of, where Bonaparte used to go and study when a child."

This was, perhaps, the first time a whim of the colonel's had met with his daughter's decided approbation. Agreeably surprised as he was, he, nevertheless, discreetly affected to see certain objections to the scheme, in order to put more mettle into Miss Nevil's welcome caprice. It was to no purpose he talked of the rudeness of the country, and of the difficulties a lady would encounter in travelling there. She feared nothing; she was above all things fond of travelling on horseback; it would be quite a treat to her to bivouac by night; she threatened to go to Asia Minor. In short, she had an answer for every objection, for no English woman had ever been in Corsica, and to Corsica she would go. Only think of the pleasure of exhibiting her album on her return!—"What a charming drawing! why do you pass it over?"—"Oh! that's a mere nothing; a little sketch I made of a famous Corsican bandit who acted as our guide."—"What! you have been in Corsica?"

As there were in those days no steamboats between France and Corsica, our travellers inquired for a sailing vessel bound to the island Miss Nevil proposed to discover. That very day the colonel wrote to Paris, to countermand the apartments that were to have been retained for him, and made a bargain with the master of a Corsican goëlette about to sail for Ajaccio. There were two cabins, such as they were. The captain swore that an old sailor of his was a prime cook, and that for toad-in-a-hole no man could surpass him. He promised that mademoiselle should find herself comfortable, and that she should have a fair wind and a smooth sea.

The colonel further stipulated, in compliance with his daughter's wishes, that the captain should not take any other passenger, and that he should shape his course so as to coast along the island, and enable the voyagers to enjoy the prospect of its mountains.

II.

On the morning of the day fixed for their departure, every thing was packed up and on board; the goëlette was to get under weigh with the evening breeze. Meanwhile the colonel was walking on the Canebière with his daughter, when the master of the little vessel came up and asked leave of him to take one of his relations on board (that is to say, the second cousin of his eldest son's godfather), who was returning to Corsica, his native country, on urgent business, but could not find a vessel. "He is a charming lad," said Captain Matei, "a militaire, an officer in the chasseurs à pied de la garde, and would be a colonel by this time, if *the other* were still emperor."

"Since he is a militaire," said the colonel. . He was about to add "let him come with us by all means"—but Miss Nevil exclaimed, in English, "An infantry officer!" (her father having been in the cavalry, she had a contempt for every other branch of the service) some vulgar bore, perhaps, who will be sea-sick, and spoil all the pleasure of the trip."

The captain did not understand a word of English, but he seemed to guess at what Miss Nevil said, from the pouting of her pretty mouth. Accordingly he began to pronounce a panegyric upon his relation in good set terms, and he wound up his harangue by averring that he was a very gentlemanly man, of a family of corporals, and that he would not cause the colonel the least inconvenience, for he, the captain, took it upon himself to stow him away in a corner where nobody would set eyes on him.

The colonel and Miss Nevil thought it odd that there should be families of corporals in Corsica, in

* A vengeance inflicted on a relation, more or less remote, of the original offender.

which the rank descended from father to son; but as they religiously believed that the person in question was a corporal of infantry, they concluded that he was some poor devil to whom the captain wished to give a passage for charity. Had he been an officer, they would have been obliged to talk to him, to live with him; but as he was only a corporal, they had no need to put themselves out of their way about him.

"Is your relation ever sea-sick?" inquired Miss Nevil, drily.

"Never, mademoiselle. His stomach's as sound as a block. Sea or shore, it's all one to him."

"Well, then, you may take him on board."

"You may take him on board," echoed the colonel, and they continued their walk.

About five that evening Captain Matei waited on them to convey them to the goëlette. At the water side, standing by the captain's barge, they found a tall young man, dressed in a blue frock coat, buttoned up to the chin, with a deep brown complexion, large, keen, black eyes, and looks that bespoke frankness and intelligence. By his carriage and his small curled moustache it was easy to recognise the soldier; for in those days moustachos were not to be seen on every face you met in the streets, and the national guard had not yet introduced into every family the costume along with the habits of the guardhouse.

The young man took off his cap when the colonel came up, and expressed his thanks appropriately and with ease for the service done him.

"Very happy to accommodate you, my lad," said the colonel with a friendly nod, as he stepped into the barge.

"Free and easy he is, this Englishman of yours," the young man whispered the captain in Italian. The latter laid his forefinger under his left eye, and pulled down the corners of his mouth. To one acquainted with the language of signs this was as much as to say that the Englishman understood Italian, and that he was an oddity. The young man smiled slightly, touched his forehead, in reply to Matei's sign, as if to signify that all Englishmen had something wrong thereabouts, seated himself beside the captain, and then applied himself very attentively, but not impertinently, to scrutinize his pretty fellow-passenger.

"They have an air of good breeding about them, these French soldiers," said the colonel in English to his daughter, "and that is one reason why so many of them make good officers." Then addressing the young man in French, "What regiment have you served in, *mon brave?*"

The person thus addressed slightly touched with his elbow the father of his second cousin's godson, and repressing a sarcastic smile, replied that he had been in the chasseurs à pied de la garde, and that he had just quitted the 7th regiment of light infantry.

"Were you at Waterloo? You are very young."

"Pardon me, colonel, it was my only campaign."

"It counts double," said the colonel. The young Corsican bit his lips.

"Papa," said Miss Nevil, in English, "ask him if the Corsicans are very fond of their Bonaparte."

Before the colonel could translate the question into French the young man answered in tolerably good English, though with a foreign accent, "You know, mademoiselle, that no one is a prophet in his own country. We countrymen of Napoleon are perhaps less attached to him than the French. As for me, though my family was formerly at enmity with his, I love and admire him."

"You speak English," exclaimed the colonel.

"Very ill, as you may perceive."

Though a little provoked by the freedom of his manner, Miss Nevil could not help smiling at the notion of a personal enmity between a corporal and an emperor. It was like a foretaste of the whimsicalities of Corsica, and she promised herself to note it down in her journal.

"Perhaps you have been a prisoner in England?" said the colonel.

"No, colonel, I learned English in France when very young, from a prisoner of your nation." Then addressing Miss Nevil, "Matei tells me you are just come from Italy: no doubt you speak pure Tuscan, mademoiselle; you will have some trouble I fear to understand our *patois*."

"My daughter understands all the Italian *patois*," said the colonel; "she has the gift of tongues; not like me."

"Could mademoiselle make out the meaning, for example, of these lines in one of our Corsican songs? They are spoken by a shepherd to a shepherdess:

"S'entrassi 'ndru Paradisu santu, santu,
E nun truvassu a tia, mi n'esciria."*

Miss Nevil did understand the lines, and thinking the quotation audacious, and still more so the look that accompanied it, she reddened up and replied, "*Capisco.*"

"You are going home on furlough, I suppose?" the colonel resumed.

"No, colonel. They have put me on half pay, probably because I was at Waterloo, and because I am Napoleon's countryman. I am returning home, light of hope, light of money as the song says;" and he looked upwards with a sigh.

The colonel thrust his hand in his pocket, and fumbling with a gold piece, began to think of some little speech that might serve his turn, and enable him to slip the coin politely into the hand of his unfortunate enemy. "Just the way with myself," he said good humouredly; "they have put me on half pay too; but you must find it hard with your half pay to buy tobacco. Here, corporal—" and he strove to slip the piece of gold into the closed hand which the young man rested on the gunwale. The young Corsican coloured deeply, drew himself up, bit his lips, and seemed on the point of replying in anger, when all on a sudden the expression of his features

* If I entered holy, holy paradise, and did not find you there, I would quit it."—*Serenata di Zicavo.*

changed, and he burst into a laugh. The colonel looked on, bewildered, with his coin in his hand.

"Colonel," said the young man, recovering his gravity, "permit me to give you two pieces of advice. The first is, never to offer money to a Corsican, for there are some among my countrymen who would be unmannerly enough to throw it back in your face; the other is, not to give people titles to which they do not lay claim. You call me corporal, and I am a lieutenant; no doubt the difference is not very great, but—"

"Lieutenant!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, "lieutenant! why the captain told me you were a corporal like your father and all the males of your line, before you."

At these words, the young man fairly falling backwards, began to laugh with such hearty good will, that the captain and the two sailors could not help joining in the chorus.

"I beg your pardon, colonel," the young man said at last; "but the drollery of the thing is really irresistible. It never struck me till this moment. It is true my family boasts of numbering corporals among its ancestors, but our Corsican corporals never wore stripes on their sleeves. About the year 1100 some communes, having revolted against the tyranny of the mountain lords, elected chiefs whom they called corporals (*caporali*). We esteem it an honour in our island to be descended from these tribunes as it were."

"I beg a thousand pardons, my dear sir!" cried the colonel. "I hope you will be so good as to excuse my mistake since you are aware of the cause." And he held out his hand.

"I am justly punished, colonel, for my small pride," the young man answered, still laughing, and cordially grasping the Englishman's hand; "I am not offended in the least. Since my friend Matei has announced me so badly, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Orso della Rebbia, a lieutenant on half-pay, and if, as those two handsome dogs lead me to suppose, you are going to Corsica for the sake of field sports, I shall be delighted to do the honours of our mâquis and our mountains for you—if indeed I have not forgotten them," he added with a sigh.

The barge was just now alongside the goëlette. The lieutenant offered his hand to Miss Nevil, and then assisted the colonel to climb on deck. Arrived there, Sir Thomas, who was still very much abashed by his blunder, and knew not how to excuse his rudeness to a man who traced back his lineage to the year 1100, did not wait for his daughter's consent, but at once invited him to supper, with many renewed apologies and much shaking of hands. Miss Nevil frowned a little, to be sure, but after all she was not averse to learn what sort of a person a corporal was. She rather liked their guest's appearance, and even began to discover in him something, I know not what, that looked aristocratic, only he had too frank and cheerful an air for a hero of romance.

"Lieutenant della Rebbia," said the colonel, taking wine with him, "I saw many of your countrymen in Spain, they were excellent sharpshooters."

"Yes, many of them fell in Spain," said the young lieutenant, gravely.

"I shall never forget the conduct of a Corsican battalion at the battle of Vittoria," the colonel went on to say. "I have reason to remember them;" here he pressed his chest. "They had been all day posted as sharpshooters in the gardens and behind the hedges, and had killed I don't know how many men and horses of ours. When the retreat was at last decided on, they rallied together and set off roundly. We expected to have our revenge in the plain, but the rascals—I beg pardon, lieutenant—the brave fellows had formed in square, and there was no breaking them. In the middle of the square, I think I see him this moment, there was an officer mounted on a little black horse. He kept close to the eagle smoking his cigar, as coolly as if he was in a café. Now and then their band struck up a flourish, by way of defying us. I sent my first two squadrons to charge them. Wheugh! instead of breaking through the front of the square, away go my dragoons right and left, then wheel round, and back they come in complete disorder, not a few horses without riders—and that infernal band going all the while! When the smoke cleared away, I saw the officer again beside the eagle smoking his cigar as before. Furious at the sight, I put myself at the head of a final charge. Their guns, foul with continual firing, would no longer go off, but the soldiers were ranged six deep, with their bayonets pointed at our horses' noses. It was absolutely like a wall. I shouted and cheered on my men, and clapped spurs to my horse to press him forwards, when the officer quietly took his cigar from his mouth and pointed me out to one of his men. I heard something like, *Al capello bianco!* I had a white plume. I heard nothing more, for a ball went through my chest. It was a fine battalion, Monsieur della Rebbia, that same first battalion of the eighteenth, all Corsicans, as I was told afterwards."

"Ay," said Orso, whose eyes sparkled at this narrative, "they covered the retreat and brought off their eagle; but two-thirds of those brave fellows are now sleeping on the plains of Vittoria."

"By the by, perhaps you can tell me the name of the officer who commanded them?"

"It was my father. He was then major of the 18th, and was made colonel for his conduct on that disastrous day."

"Your Father! A brave man, a very brave man, upon my soul! I should be very glad to see him; I am certain I should know him. Is he still living?"

"No colonel," said the young man, turning somewhat pale.

"Was he at Waterloo?"

"He was; but he had not the good fortune to fall on a field of battle. He died in Corsica—two years ago.—What a beautiful sea! It is ten years since I saw the Mediterranean. Do you not think

the Mediterranean more beautiful than the ocean, mademoiselle?"

"I think it too blue—its waves want grandeur."

"You are fond of wild beauty, mademoiselle? If so, I think you will be pleased with Corsica."

"My daughter is fond of every thing that is extraordinary," said the colonel; "that is the reason why she did not like Italy."

"I know nothing of Italy," said Orso, "except Pisa, where I passed some time at college, but I cannot think without admiration of the Campo Santo, the Duomo, the Hanging Tower, but above all the Campo Santo. You remember the Death of Orcagna. I fancy I could draw it, so strongly is it impressed on my memory."

Miss Nevil was apprehensive that Monsieur le lieutenant was about to launch out into a tirade of enthusiasm. "It is very fine," she said, suppressing a yawn. "Excuse me, papa; my head aches; I will go down to my cabin." So saying, she kissed her father's forehead, bent her head majestically to Orso, and disappeared. The two gentlemen then conversed about sporting and military matters. They found out that they had been face to face at Waterloo, and that they must have exchanged many balls. This put them upon all the better terms with each other. They criticised by turns Napoleon, Wellington, and Blucher; then they hunted together the deer, the boar, and the mouflon. At last the night being far advanced, and the last bottle of Bordeaux finished, the colonel once more shook hands with the lieutenant, and wished him good night, expressing his hope to cultivate an acquaintance begun in so ludicrous a manner. They separated and each went to bed.

III.

The night was fine, the moon played upon the waves, the vessel glided smoothly before the gentle breeze. Miss Nevil felt no inclination to sleep, and it was only the presence of a profane one that had hindered her from enjoying those emotions, with which the clear moonlight and the open sea inspire every human being who has two grains of poetic feeling in his heart. When she judged that the young lieutenant was fast asleep like a prosaic being as he was, she rose, wrapped herself in a mantle, awoke her waiting-maid, and ascended to the deck. There was no one there but the sailor at the helm, who was singing a sort of lament in the Corsican dialect to a rude and monotonous air. In the stillness of the night the strange music had its charm. Unfortunately, Miss Nevil did not perfectly understand what the sailor was singing. Amidst a great deal that was commonplace, an energetic line now and then vividly excited her curiosity; but just at the critical point there would come in some words of *patois* the meaning of which she could not guess. She could make out, however, that the subject of the ditty was an assassination. Imprecations against the assassins, threats of vengeance, and eulogiums on the deceased were all mixed up together. Some few lines of which she caught the import ran thus:—

'Twas from behind the cowards struck who quailed before his glance.
They never faced him as he faced full oft the foes of France
* * * *
My well-won cross of honour place before my dark'ning eye;
It's ribbon's red, my gory shirt is stained a deeper dye.
And when my son, now far away, shall seek his home once more,
Give him his murder'd father's cross, this shirt stiff with his gore.
* * * *
And vengeance claims, and, doubt ye not, will have its amplest meed,
The hand that shot, the eye that aimed, the heart that planned the deed.

Here the sailor suddenly broke off. "Why do you not go on with your song, my good man?" said Miss Nevil.

The sailor, with a jerk of his head, drew her attention to a figure just issuing from the shade of the mainsail. It was Orso, who had come on deck to enjoy the beauties of the night.

"Do go on with your lament," said Miss Nevil, "I was very much pleased with it."

The sailor bent towards her, and said in a very low whisper, "I never give any one the *rimbecco*."

"The what?"

The sailor made no answer, but began to whistle.

"I find you admiring our Mediterranean, Miss Nevil," said Orso, approaching her. "You will admit that such a moon is nowhere else to be seen."

"I was not looking at it. I was very busy studying Corsican. This sailor, who has been singing a most tragical lament, has just stopped short at the most interesting point."

The sailor, stooping down as if to look more closely at the compass, plucked Miss Nevil roughly by the mantle. It was evident that the lament could not be sung before lieutenant Orso.

"What were you singing, Paolo Francè?" said Orso; "was it a *ballata*, or a *vocero*?"* Mademoiselle understands you, and would be glad to hear you out to the end."

"I have forgotten it, Ors' Anton'," said the sailor; and forthwith he began to roar out a hymn to the Virgin. Miss Nevil listened to the hymn with indifference, and did not press the singer any more, at the same time determining that she would positively unriddle this mystery by and by. But her maid, who was from Florence, and understood the

* When a man dies, particularly when he has been assassinated, they lay his corpse on a table, and the women, or female friends of the family, or, if need be, other women noted for their poetical powers, deliver extemporaneous dirges, in the Corsican dialect, in presence of a numerous audience. The reader, familiar with the customs of the Irish people, will at once remember a parallel for this in the practice of *keening*, and the women called *keeners*, who are sometimes relations of the deceased; but who, not unfrequently, give their services in a professional capacity. In Corsica, these women are called *voceratrici*, or, according to the Corsican pronunciation, *buccratrici*; and the lament is called *vocera, bucera, buceratu*, on the eastern side of the island, *ballata* on the western.

Corsican dialect no better than her mistress, was equally desirous of information. Addressing Orso, therefore, before her mistress could interfere with a warning sign, "Monsieur le capitaine," she said, "what is the meaning of giving the *rimbecco?*"

"The *rimbecco!* Why it is to put the most deadly insult upon a Corsican, to reproach him with not having revenged himself. Who talked to you of the *rimbecco?*"

"It was yesterday, at Marseille," said Miss Nevil, hastily interposing, "the captain of the goëlette made use of the word."

"Of whom was he speaking?" said Orso, eagerly.

"Oh! he was telling us an old story . . . of the time of . . . I think it was about Vannina d'Ornano."

"The death of Vannina, I suppose, mademoiselle, does not inspire you with much esteem for our hero, the brave Sampiero?"

"Do you really think the deed was very heroic?"

"The savage manners of the times may be pleaded in excuse of his crime; besides, Sampiero was waging a war of life or death against the Genoese: what confidence could his countrymen have had in him, if he had not punished her who was endeavouring to treat with the Genoese?"

"Vannina," said the sailor, "had gone away without her husband's permission: Sampiero served her right to wring her neck."

"But," said Miss Nevil, "it was to save her husband—it was from love for him—she went to ask pardon for him from the Genoese."

"Ask pardon for him! That was disgracing him!" exclaimed Orso.

"And to kill her with his own hand!" continued Miss Nevil. "What a monster he must have been!"

"You know that she entreated this as a favour. Do you look upon Othello, too, as a monster, mademoiselle?"

"That is a very different case. He was jealous; Sampiero was only impelled by vanity."

"And what is jealousy but vanity—the vanity of love? Perhaps you excuse it in consideration of the motive?"

Miss Nevil gave him a look of great dignity, and turning to the sailor, she asked him when the goëlette would arrive in port.

"The day after to-morrow, if the wind holds," was the reply.

"I shall be very glad to get sight of Ajaccio, for I am quite tired of this vessel." She rose, took her maid's arm, and moved a few steps along the deck. Orso stood motionless near the helm, uncertain whether he should accompany her in her walk, or drop a conversation which seemed to annoy her.

"Blood of the Madonna, what a spanking fine girl!" said the sailor.

Possibly Miss Nevil overheard this somewhat plain spoken panegyric, and took it amiss, for she quitted the deck almost immediately. Orso too, retired soon after. When he had left the deck, Miss Nevil's maid returned to it, and having put sundry questions to the sailor, carried back the following information to her mistress. The *ballata* interrupted by the appearance of Orso, had been composed on the occasion of the death of Colonel della Rebbia, the father of the aforesaid, who had been assassinated two years before. The sailor made no question of it that Orso was going back to Corsica *to do vengeance*, that was his expression, and he took upon him to assert that ere long there would be *fresh meat* in the village of Pietranera. This national phrase being interpreted, the conclusion was, that Signor Orso proposed to himself to assassinate two or three persons suspected of having assassinated his father; persons indeed who had been tried for the deed, but who had been declared pure as snow, for this very good reason, that they could do just as they pleased with the judges, the lawyers, the prefect, and the gendarmes. "There is no justice in Corsica," the sailor added; "and I put more faith in a good gun, than in a judge of the Cour Royale. When a man has an enemy, he must choose between the three SS."*

These interesting particulars produced a notable change in Miss Nevil's deportment and way of thinking with regard to Lieutenant della Rebbia. From that moment he was become a personage in the eyes of the romantic young lady. Now, indeed, that lighthearted carelessness, that air of frankness and good humour, that had prejudiced her against him at first, became an additional merit in her eyes, for they were proofs of the profound dissimulation of a strong soul, that suffered none of its hidden emotions to betray themselves by any outward sign. Orso appeared to her a sort of Fiesco, concealing vast designs under a show of frivolity; and though it is less noble to kill a few scoundrels, than to deliver one's country, still a brave vengeance is a brave thing: besides women rather like a hero to have nothing about him belonging to politics. Miss Nevil now remarked for the first time, that the young lieutenant had very large eyes, white teeth, a graceful figure, education, and something of the habits of good society. She spoke to him frequently the next day, and his conversation interested her; he was questioned largely as to his country, and he spoke of it well. Corsica, which he had quitted young, first to go to college and afterwards to the Ecole Militaire, had remained in his imagination decked with poetic colours. He grew animated as he talked of its mountains, its forests, and the original manners of its inhabitants. As will readily be supposed the word "vengeance" occurred more than once in the course of these conversations, for it is impossible to speak of the Corsicans, without attacking or defending their proverbial passion. Orso somewhat surprised Miss Nevil, by expressing in general terms his condemnation of the inter-

* A national saying—that is, *schiopetto, stiletto, strada*, carbine, dagger, flight.

minable feuds of his countrymen. He offered some excuse for them, however, as far as the peasants were concerned, and asserted that the *vendetta* was the duel of the poor. So truly was this the case, as he said, that people do not proceed to assassinate, till they have first uttered their defiance in due form. "Look to yourself, I am on my guard," such are the words consecrated by immemorial usage, which two enemies exchange before they lie in ambush for each other. "There are more murders in Corsica," he added, "than any where else; but you will never find these crimes instigated by a sordid motive. We have many murderers, it is true, but not one robber."

Miss Nevil watched him narrowly as he pronounced the words "vengeance" and "murder," but without discovering the least trace of emotion in his features. As she had set it down for certain that he had the strength of mind necessary to render him impenetrable to all eyes—her own of course excepted—she continued in the firm persuasion that the manes of Colonel della Rebbia would not long await the satisfaction they craved.

The goëlette was now in sight of Corsica. The captain named the principal points of the island, and though they were all perfectly unknown to Miss Nevil she felt some pleasure in learning their names. There is nothing more tiresome than an anonymous landscape. Sometimes with the help of the colonel's telescope an inhabitant might be discovered, dressed in brown, armed with a long gun, and galloping his small horse along rapidly sloping ground. To Miss Nevil's imagination every one of these was a bandit, or a son going to revenge his father's death; but Orso assured her it was but some peaceful inhabitant of the neighbouring town travelling on his business, and that he carried his gun less from necessity than *par galanterie*, for fashion sake, just as a dandy never goes out of doors without an elegant cane. Though a gun is a less noble and less poetical weapon than a dagger, in Miss Nevil's opinion it was a more becoming ornament for a man than a cane, and she recollected that all Lord Byron's heroes die by a ball and not by the classic poignard.

After three days' sailing our party found themselves opposite les Sanguinaires, and the magnificent panorama of the gulf of Ajaccio opened before them. It is with good reason this gulf is compared to the bay of Naples; and just as the goëlette was entering the port, a mâquis on fire, covering the punta di Girato with smoke, recalled Vesuvius to mind, and added to the resemblance. To render it complete it would be necessary that the army of an Attila should burst upon the environs of Naples, for every thing is dead and desert round about Ajaccio. Instead of those elegant edifices to be seen in every direction, from Castellamare to Cape Miseno, there is nothing visible round the gulf of Ajaccio but gloomy mâquis, and in the back ground arid mountains: not one villa, not one dwelling; only here and there on the heights round the city, some isolated white erections stand out from a ground of verdure; those are mortuary chapels and family tombs. Every thing in this country is of a grave and melancholy beauty.

The aspect of the city, particularly at this period, still further increased the impression caused by the solitude around. There was no movement in the streets, where nothing was to be seen but a few listless figures, and those always the same: no women except a few peasants, who came to sell their produce. You never heard loud talking, singing, or laughing, as in the towns of Italy. Now and then under the shade of a tree, upon the public walk, a dozen peasants, armed to the teeth, might be seen playing cards or looking on. There was no shouting among them, no disputing; if the gamblers grew heated there would be heard pistol shots, which always came before threats. The Corsican is naturally grave and taciturn. In the evening some figures make their appearance to enjoy the refreshing coolness, but the promenaders in the *cours* are almost all strangers. The natives of the island remain before their doors; every one seems on the watch like a hawk upon its nest.

IV.

After having visited the house where Napoleon was born, after having procured a scrap of paper from the wall by means more or less catholic, Miss Nevil felt herself overcome two days after her arrival in Corsica with a deep feeling of sadness, such as naturally affects every stranger, who finds himself in a country, the unsocial habits of which seem to condemn him to complete isolation. She repented of her sudden caprice, but to go back at once would have compromised her reputation as an intrepid traveller: she therefore made up her mind to have patience, and to kill the time in the best way she could. In pursuance of this magnanimous resolution she brought out her crayons and her colours, sketched views of the gulf, and drew the portrait of a dark skinned peasant, who sold melons like a continental hawker, but who had a white beard, and the appearance of the most ferocious villain conceivable. Finding all this insufficient to amuse her, she resolved to turn the brain of the descendant of the corporals, and the project was not difficult of execution, because, far from hastening to his village, Orso seemed to find himself very much at home at Ajaccio, though he had no intimacy with any one there. Besides, Miss Nevil had proposed to herself a noble task, that of civilizing this mountain bear, and making him renounce the evil intentions with which he returned to his native island. Since she had taken the trouble of studying his character, the thought had struck her that it would be a pity to let this young man run headlong to ruin, and that it would redound to her glory to convert a Corsican.

Our travellers disposed of their days according to the following programme. In the morning the colonel and Orso went sporting, whilst Miss Nevil drew or wrote to her fair friends for the purpose chiefly of dating her letters from Ajaccio. About six o'clock the gentlemen returned laden with game;

they dined; Miss Nevil sang; the colonel went to sleep; and the young people remained to a very late hour chatting.

Some formality or another, concerning his passport, had obliged the colonel to call on the prefect. That functionary, suffering terribly from ennui, like most of his colleagues, had been delighted to hear of the arrival of a wealthy Englishman, a man of station, and the father of a handsome daughter. Accordingly, he had received him with the most marked courtesy, and had been profuse in his civilities; furthermore, very few days elapsed before he returned the visit. The colonel, who had just dined, was stretched comfortably on the sofa, very nearly asleep; his daughter was seated before a dilapidated piano, singing; Orso was turning over the leaves of her music book, and gazing at the shoulders and the fair hair of the performer. M. le préfet was announced; the piano was hushed; the colonel rose, rubbed his eyes, and presented the prefect to his daughter:—"I do not introduce M. della Rebbia to you," he said, "for you are no doubt acquainted."

"Monsieur is the son of Colonel della Rebbia?" the prefect enquired with some appearance of embarrassment. Orso replied in the affirmative.

"I had the honour to know your father."

The ordinary topics of conversation were soon exhausted. The colonel yawned frequently, in spite of himself; Orso, in his capacity of liberal, did not choose to talk with a satellite of the government; Miss Nevil sustained the conversation single handed. The prefect did not suffer it to languish as far as he was concerned, and evidently felt a lively pleasure in talking of Paris and of the great world to a lady who was acquainted with all the persons of note in European society. From time to time, in the midst of his talking, he watched Orso with a singular expression of curiosity.

"It was on the continent you became acquainted with M. della Rebbia?" he said to Miss Nevil, who replied with some embarrassment that she had made his acquaintance in the vessel, in which they had arrived in Corsica.

"He is a young man *tres comme il faut*," said the prefect, in a low voice. "Has he told you," he continued, in a still lower tone, "what is his intention in returning to Corsica?"

Miss Nevil assumed her majestic air.—"I did not ask him. You can inquire of himself."

The prefect was silent; but some minutes afterwards, hearing Orso addressing some words of English to the colonel—"You have travelled, it appears, a good deal, monsieur," he said. "You must have forgotten Corsica—and its customs."

"It is true, I was very young when I left it."

"You are still in the army?"

"I am on half-pay, monsieur."

"I make no doubt, monsieur, you have been too long in the French army not to have become wholly French."—He pronounced these words with marked emphasis.

The Corsicans do not regard it as a prodigious compliment to be reminded that they belong to the *grande nation.* They choose to be a distinct people, and they prove their title in this respect sufficiently well. Orso, somewhat nettled, replied,—"Do you think, monsieur le préfet, that a Corsican has need to serve in the French army to make him a man of honour?"

"Surely not," said the prefect, "nothing can be farther from my thoughts. I speak only of certain *customs* of this country, some of which are not such as a servant of the government could wish." He laid an emphasis on the word *customs*, and put on the gravest expression his features could assume. Soon after he rose and took his leave, having first obtained a promise from Miss Nevil that she would call on his wife at the prefecture.

When he was gone, "Well," said Miss Nevil, "I should hardly have known what a prefect was, if I had not come to Corsica. The one we have just seen appears to me to be a very agreeable specimen of the class."

"For my part," said Orso, "I cannot say as much for him; he seems to be rather an odd sort of a person with his emphatic manners, and his air of mystery."

The colonel was more than dozing; Miss Nevil casting a glance towards him, said almost in a whisper, "Now do you know I do not think him so mysterious as you would make him appear; I think I understood him."

"You are unquestionably very clear-sighted Miss Nevil; and if you see any wit in what the gentleman has been saying, why then you have put it there, that's all."

"That is a phrase of the Marquis de Mascarille, I think, Monsieur della Rebbia; but—shall I give you a proof of my penetration? I am something of a diviner, and I know what people think whom I have seen twice."

"Mon dieu! you alarm me. If you can really read my thoughts, I know not whether I ought to be glad or sorry."

"Monsieur della Rebbia," said Miss Nevil, blushing, "our acquaintance is but of a few days' date; but at sea and in barbarous countries—you will excuse me I trust—people become friends sooner than under ordinary circumstances. Do not be surprised, therefore, if I speak to you as a friend of matters of a private nature, with which a stranger ought not perhaps to interfere."

"Oh! do not use that word, Miss Nevil; the other is much more welcome to me."

"Well then, sir, I must tell you that without having pried into your secrets, I find myself acquainted with them in part, and there are some of them that distress me. I am aware, monsieur, of the calamity that has befallen your family; I have heard a great deal of the vindictive character of your countrymen, and of their manner of taking vengeance. Was it not to this the prefect alluded?"

"Miss Nevil! Can you suppose"—— And Orso grew pale as death.

"No, Monsieur della Rebbia," she said, interrupt-

ing him, "I know that you are a gentleman and a man of honour. You have told me yourself that at present the common people alone among your countrymen practice the *vendetta*,—which you are pleased to denominate a species of duel."

"Do you then think me capable of ever becoming an assassin?"

"Since I have mentioned the subject to you, Monsieur Orso, it must be very plain to you that I do not suspect you; and if I have spoken to you," she continued casting down her eyes, "it is because it struck me that when returned home, surrounded perhaps by barbarous prejudices, it would be a satisfaction to you to know that there is some one who respects you for your courage in resisting them.—Come," she said, rising, "let us talk no more of these horrid things; they make my head ache, and besides it is very late. You are not angry with me? Good night in English fashion." And she held out her hand. Orso took it gravely, and with an appearance of deep feeling. "Mademoiselle," he said, "do you know there are moments when I feel the national instinct revive within me. Sometimes when I think of my poor father—horrible thoughts beset me. Thanks to you, I am for ever delivered from them. Again and again I thank you."

He was about to say more; but Miss Nevil let fall a tea-spoon, and the noise awoke the colonel.

"Della Rebbia, five o'clock to-morrow morning. Don't be later."

"Very well, colonel."

V.

The next day, shortly before the sportsmen's return, Miss Nevil, who had gone to walk by the sea-side, was on her way back to the inn, when she saw a young female entering the town, dressed in black, and mounted on a small but strong and active horse. She was followed by a sort of peasant, likewise on horseback, dressed in a brown cloth jacket torn at the elbows, with a flask hung round his neck, a pistol in his belt, and a gun in his hand, the stock of which rested in a kind of pocket attached to the saddle; in a word, the complete costume of the brigand of a melodrama, or of a Corsican bourgeois on a journey. The remarkable beauty of the female first arrested Miss Nevil's attention. She seemed about twenty, tall, fair, with deep blue eyes, rosy lips, and teeth like enamel. Her looks bespoke at once pride, uneasiness, and sadness. On her head she wore the black silk veil called *mezzaro*, which the Genoese introduced into Corsica, and which is so becoming. Long tresses of chestnut hair formed a turban as it were round her head. Her dress was neat but exceedingly simple.

Miss Nevil had leisure enough to make her observations, for the lady in the *mezzaro* had stopped in the street to ask some one a question, in which, to judge from the expression of her eyes, she was greatly interested; upon receiving an answer she whipped her horse, set off at a round trot, and did not stop till she reached the door of the hotel where Colonel Nevil and Orso were lodging. There, after exchanging a few words with the landlord, the young lady alighted nimbly from her saddle, and sat down on the stone bench beside the inn door, whilst her attendant took the horses to the stable. Miss Nevil passed, in her Parisian costume, close before the stranger, who never raised her eyes. Opening her window a quarter of an hour afterwards, she saw the lady in the *mezzaro* still seated in the same place, and in the same attitude. Presently, the colonel and Orso made their appearance, returning from shooting. The innkeeper then said a few words to the stranger lady, pointing at the same time to della Rebbia. She coloured deeply, sprang from her seat, advanced a few paces, and then stopped short, as if she had been struck motionless. Orso stood close before her with a look of earnest inquiry.

"You are Orso Antonio della Rebbia?" she said, in a voice of emotion. "I am Colomba."

"Colomba!" exclaimed Orso; and, throwing his arms round her, he kissed her affectionately, to the no small surprise of the colonel and his daughter.

"Pardon me, brother," said Colomba, "for coming without your orders; but I heard from your friends that you were arrived, and I longed so to see you."

Orso kissed her once more; then, turning to the colonel, "This is my sister," he said, "I should not have known if she had not told me her name—Colomba, Colonel Sir Thomas Nevil.—You will be good enough to excuse me, colonel. I cannot have the honour of dining with you to-day . . My sister——"

"Why where the deuce do you mean to dine, my dear fellow? You know there is but one dinner in this confounded inn, and we have bespoken it. Mademoiselle will do my daughter a great pleasure if she will join us."

Colomba looked at her brother, who consented without much pressing, and all three entered the largest room in the inn, which served the colonel for parlour and drawing-room. Mademoiselle della Rebbia, on being presented to Miss Nevil, made her a profound obeisance, but did not speak a word. She was evidently very much scared, being probably, for the first time in her life, among well-bred strangers. Still there was nothing glaringly provincial in her manners. In her, strangeness took off from the appearance of awkwardness. Miss Nevil was pleased with her for this very reason; and as there was no vacant chamber in the inn, invaded by the colonel and his suite, Miss Nevil carried her condescension or her curiosity so far as to offer Mademoiselle della Rebbia to have a bed put up for her in her own room. Colomba stammered out a few words of thanks, and hastily followed Miss Nevil's maid, to make such little arrangements in her toilette as were rendered necessary by a journey on horseback, in dust and sun.

On returning to the sitting-room, she stopped before the colonel's guns, which the sportsmen had

laid in a corner. "What fine guns!" she said. "Are they yours, brother?"

"No, they are the colonel's English guns; they are as good as they are handsome."

"I should very much like you to have one like them."

"One of those three certainly belongs to della Rebbia," said the colonel; "and good use he makes of it. What do you think of fourteen shots to-day, and every shot killing?"

There now began a struggle of generosity, in which Orso was vanquished, to the great satisfaction of his sister, as was plain from the expression of childlike delight that suddenly lighted up her features, so serious a moment before. "Take your choice, *mon cher*," said the colonel. Orso refused. "Well, then, your sister shall choose for you." Colomba did not wait to be asked twice; she chose the least ornamented of the guns; but it was an excellent Manton, of wide bore. "This ought to carry ball well," she said.

Her brother was uneasily expressing his thanks when the opportune announcement of dinner put an end to his embarrassment. Miss Nevil was delighted to see that Colomba, who was unwilling at first to set down to table, and only gave way upon a look from her brother, made the sign of the cross like a good catholic before she began to eat. "Good!" she said to herself; "this is primitive," and she promised herself she would make many an interesting observation touching the proceedings of this young representative of the ancient manners of Corsica. As for Orso, he was evidently rather ill at ease, for fear, no doubt, that his sister would say or do something savouring too much of her village. But Colomba kept her eye constantly upon him, and regulated all her movements by his. Sometimes she gazed steadfastly upon him with a strange expression of sadness, and, at such times, if Orso's eyes met hers, he was the first to turn away, as though he would escape a question mentally addressed to him by his sister, the import of which he knew but too well. The party spoke French, for the colonel knew very little of Italian. Colomba understood French, and even pronounced tolerably well the few words she was obliged to exchange with her entertainers.

After dinner the colonel, who had noticed the sort of constraint subsisting between the brother and sister, asked Orso, with his usual frankness, if he did not wish to converse in private with Mademoiselle Colomba, offering in that case to go, with his daughter, into the adjoining room. But Orso hastened to thank him, and to assure him that his sister and he would have plenty of time to converse in Pietranera, the village where he was about to fix his residence.

The colonel, therefore, took his accustomed place on the sofa, and Miss Nevil despairing of making the fair Colomba talk, begged Orso to read her a canto of her favourite Dante. Orso selected the canto in the Inferno, containing the episode of Francesca di Rimini, and began to read with the best skill he could those sublime lines that so well portray the danger of reading a book of love, *solus cum sola.* As the reading went on Colomba drew near the table, raised her head, which she had kept bent down, her dilated pupils glowed with strange fire, she reddened and grew pale by turns, and moved restlessly and nervously on her chair. Admirable Italian organization, that has no need of a pedant's lectures to enable it to comprehend and enjoy the beauties of poetry!

When the reading was ended, "How beautiful that is!" she exclaimed. "Who made that, brother?"

Orso was a little disconcerted, and Miss Nevil replied, with a smile, that it was a Florentine poet who had been dead for several centuries.

"You shall read Dante," said Orso, "when we are at Pietranera."

"O how beautiful it is!" Colomba exclaimed again, and she repeated three or four stanzas she had retained, first in a low voice, then gathering spirit she declaimed them aloud, with more expression than her brother had thrown into them when reading. Miss Nevil was astonished. "You seem," she said, "to be very fond of poetry. How I envy you the pleasure you will enjoy in reading Dante for the first time!"

"You see, Miss Nevil," said Orso, "what power Dante's lines possess, thus to move a little barbarian that knows nothing but her *Pater.* But I am wrong: now I think of it, Colomba herself is of the craft. She stammered verses when a mere child, and my father told me in his letters that she was the greatest *voceratrice* in Pietranera, and for two leagues round it."

Colomba cast an imploring glance upon her brother. Miss Nevil had heard of the Corsican improvisatrici, and was exceedingly curious to hear one. She pressed Colomba, therefore, very earnestly, to give her a specimen of her talent, to the great mortification of Orso, who now regretted exceedingly that he had mentioned his sister's poetical powers. It was to no purpose he protested that nothing can be flatter and more insipid than a Corsican ballata, and that it would be tantamount to betraying his country to listen to Corsican verses after those of Dante. He only irritated Miss Nevil's curiosity, and had nothing for it at last but to say to his sister, "Well, improvise something, but let it be short."

Colomba sighed, looked steadily for a moment at the table-cloth, and then at the ceiling; at last, putting her hand before her eyes, like those birds that take courage and fancy they are not seen when they do not see, she sang, or rather declaimed, in a somewhat timid voice, the following lines:

THE YOUNG GIRL AND THE RINGDOVE.

In the deep and dusky valley, o'er yon mountains far away,
Where the sunbeams only tarry for one brief hour in the day,
There's a dwelling wrapt in gloom, above its roof no smoke is seen,
Its doors are barred, its casements closed, its threshold grassy green.

But at noontide, when the sun comes, a casement is displayed,
And busy with her spinning-wheel, there sits the orphan maid;
And ever as she spins, she sings in mournful tones and low;
She sings, but no kind voice responds to soothe the orphan's woe.

It chanced one day, a day of spring, upon a neighbouring tree
A ringdove lighting sat and heard the orphan's melody.
And if thou mournest, maid, thou'rt not alone in grief, it said,
The cruel hawk hath struck my mate, and I pine for the dead.

O ringdove, show me speedily the hawk hath done this wrong,
And I will lay the spoiler low, be his pinions e'er so strong:
Though scornful of thy feeble plaint among the clouds he soar,
The vengeful ball shall smite him there, the dust shall drink his gore.

But me, dejected and alone, O who will be my stay?
Or who will bring me back again my brother far away?—
If thou wilt tell me, maiden, where thy brother doth abide,
My wings shall waft thee o'er the sea, and set thee by his side.

"That's what I call a well-bred ringdove!" cried Orso, embracing his sister with an emotion in manifest contrast with the tone of pleasantry he affected.

"Your song is a charming one," said Miss Nevil. "You must write it in my album. I will translate it into English, and have it set to music."

The gallant colonel, who had not understood a word, added his compliments to those offered by his daughter. "That ringdove you speak of, mademoiselle, was the bird we had fricaseed for dinner, eh?"

Miss Nevil produced her album, and was not a little surprised to see the way in which the improvisatrice wrote down her song. The lines, instead of ranging in the usual order, were written continuously over the whole breadth of the paper; so that the well known definition of poetical composition, was no longer applicable to them—viz., small lines of unequal length with a margin on each side. Furthermore there were a few observations to make touching the somewhat capricious orthography of Mademoiselle Colomba, which more than once elicited a smile from Miss Nevil, whilst Orso's fraternal vanity was on the rack.

Bed-time being come, the two young ladies retired to their chamber, where, whilst Miss Nevil was taking off her necklace, earrings and bracelets, she observed her companion removing from beneath her gown something long like a busk, but of a very different shape. Colomba placed it carefully and almost furtively upon a table under her *mezzaro*: she then knelt down, and devoutly said her prayers. In two minutes afterwards, she was in bed. Naturally very inquisitive, and like most English ladies, slow in undressing, Miss Nevil approached the table, and under the pretence of looking for a pin, raised the *mezzaro*, and beheld a pretty long dagger, curiously mounted in silver and mother of pearl: the workmanship was remarkable, the weapon was antique and altogether such as an amateur would have highly prized.

"Is it the fashion in this country?" said Miss Nevil with a smile, "for ladies to carry such a little implement as this in their stays?"

"It is very necessary," said Colomba, sighing; "there are so many bad people!"

"And would you really have the courage to use it so?" And Miss Nevil, with the dagger in her hand, suited the action to the word, making the gesture of striking from above downwards as they do on the stage.

"Yes, if it was necessary," said Colomba, with her sweet and musical voice, "to defend myself or my friends. But that is not the way to hold it; you might wound yourself if the person you struck at avoided the blow." Then, sitting up in bed, "See, this is the way; you must strike backhanded and more upwards. In this way it is mortal, they say. Happy are they who have no need of such weapons."

She sighed, sank back on her pillow and closed her eyes. Never was there seen a more beautiful, a nobler or a more virgin-like head. Phidias would have asked no better model from which to sculpture his Minerva.

[*To be continued.*]

THE SONG OF VAIN-GLORY.

Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows;
Love doth make the heav'ns to move,
And the sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild.
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame,
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that, below,
Now as fresh as morning blow;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing does pass away,
There is danger in delay:
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Ev'ry grape of ev'ry vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me:
All the stars in heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

GILES FLETCHER. 1588—1623.

THE TALE OF THE GARDEN BOWER AT AMALFI.

A BAND of pilgrims sat at fall of evening in a garden bower at Amalfi, looking reverently at the fair sky above, and the placid sea beneath them; and as night drew on, seasoning the coming darkness with friendly talk and apt stories. One of these, though it may not be the best, is here written down.

Gentle reader, should this story please thee, she who wrote it will treasure your approval in the store-house of her heart, amidst the sweet and pleasant memories there garnered up.

My old gown—that plum-coloured damask that was my grandmother's—was not yet in the loom, when the thing happened which I am now going to relate to you. Here is a spot under the hanging vines from which we can see the bright stars and the blue sea, through the light foliage of our Pergola. Now, Rinaldo, come within the porch; and you, Fiammetta, cease twining those flowers with your fingers; and Beatrice, hush your idle humming, and sit down on the stone bench beside the Lady Geraldine and her dear mother; while the brother, Cavalier Leonardo, and Goffredo, will, with the good Padre, guard our bower from all intruders.

I have not far to go for my story, for it was there, upon that hill, above whose edge the moon is at this moment rising, that there dwelt a man who had come to the place a stranger, and seemed as if he wished to continue so; for he never went out by daylight, but when night came, it mattered not whether the moon shone, or the stars, or neither—there he was always to be seen by those who looked for him, descending the stone stairs, whose broken steps you can barely see by the pale light that just now falls on them, exactly one hour before the day breaks, or returning homewards wrapped, summer and winter, in his large cloak, with the brim of his broad hat slouched over his face, exactly as the first red streak appeared in the western sky.

The peasants of the hamlet below the rocks were poor fishers, and had not time to be curious; but their wives had; and often the talk among them was, that he who lived in the lone house between the hills was a wicked man, if he was one at all, which was much doubted; for two or three of those gossips, bolder than the rest, had one night ventured up before his walking hour, as far as the lonesome spot where the single pine tree spreads itself out against the heavens—that pine tree to whose right you see the evening star and the soft cloud near it. Well, it was there that those women halted, for none dared to venture into the dark gully where the house stood; and that night the building and all about it was as black as pitch; and though the moon shone brightly, and the windows were all wide open, no ray entered through the openings.

But while the women wondered at this, suddenly light broke out from within it, and every cranny from the roof to the ground was illuminated as if by witchcraft. The women seeing this trembled, and some felt the gripe of claws on their shoulders, others a dull whispering in their ears, and so losing their footing from terror, they rolled rather than ran down the hill, and once safely within their dwellings, would no longer venture in the bad man's path, for they now little doubted that he had dealings with the dead or the evil one.

It happened one night, that a boy who had been out fishing with his father, staid behind him, to set part of the tackle to rights, while the father and his comrade went up the rocks with their fish. It had been a hard-working day with the lad, and while he rested a little in the bottom of the boat, the tide swayed it gently backwards and forwards, with a drowsy movement, to whose influence he at length gave way, sinking down upon a heap of nets, and soon forgetting in his heavy sleep, the hard blow or the no supper that was sure to await his idleness when he got home. How long he slept, I know not, but when he awoke it was still dead night; there was no moon, and the stars were pale, as if the morning was not far off. But there was no morning or sign of it; still it was light enough to discern a sail that glided forward from a distance, and seemed to make for the point of rock under which his boat was anchored. As it neared the shore, the noise of oars was heard, and the boy, whose ear was shaped to this music, fancied they divided the waters with a strange sound, such as he had never heard before from oars. He was a hardy boy, but he trembled, and kept close without knowing why. As he lay, cowering with his eyes just raised above the rim of the boat, he saw to his amazement, as the unknown vessel shot into the creek, that a woman steered—a tall, pale woman, for so she appeared through the veil that covered her, and then he thought it was the veil which was white, and that what he had taken for a face might be its folds.

Be that as it may, the boat seemed to stop in the waters, and the woman standing upright in it, while her veil fell all round her down to her feet, said, in a voice still more strange than the sound of the oars, "Come below, Abidan; none see;" and then the sound of footsteps was heard, and the stranger was seen by the boy to descend the mountain, and the boat with the pale woman at the helm, glided into a cave under the rocks, and neither that nor the man appeared again. The boy, when all was still, and neither voice nor oar was heard, stole from his hiding-place, and crawled home with a death fear upon him; and it was not till he was within sight of his father's cottage, that his heart warmed again into life. He told his story and found willing hearers; but labour has few leisure moments, and it was some nights before any of the family had time to watch the movements of the stranger.

In the mean time a young man who was a native of yonder hamlet amidst the rocks, but who had sojourned long in distant lands, leading a wild and

lawless life, found something in the story which worked powerfully on his fancy. He was not a common man, though of common breeding, and danger was to him delight; so he chose a night when the moon was up and rode alone in the heavens; a night still as death, except when the ripple of the waves, or the cry of the sea-fowl startled its silence; and down he stole to the shore, and seeking out the entrance of the cave, hid himself closely within the crevice of a rock that lay in shadow beside it. He had not lain there long, when the drop of oars was heard falling on the waters with a strange sound and measure. It was the same sound which had made the boy quake, but the man's heart leaped joyfully. He peeped through the crevice and saw the boat approach with an odd motion, not as if the keel divided the waters, but as if it ran along upon the surface. There was neither wave nor wind. The sea (as I have said) was as smooth as glass, and yet the boat was sometimes raised up slowly, and then, as it seemed, let down again, until its sail touched the surface of the water, and swept along it, like the wide wing of the sea-gull when the storm is near.

At the helm was the woman—she stood up, and guiding it with one hand, extended the other towards the shore, as if to wave some one to her. As the boat approached, the moonshine fell about it, and the sea seemed sown with stars; but it cast no shadow, and though the sails were set, and the rowers plied their oars, and the pale woman stood up at the helm, yet neither shadow of sail, nor oar, nor woman, was there, and the light of the moon played round the bark, and touched it on all sides.

The man's soul passed into his eyes; he neither spoke nor moved, he only gazed: the woman's dress was heavy and dark, and gathered round her in thick folds, that seemed to cling to each other stonily; her head had an Egyptian covering that bound her forehead like a cloth, and over that fell the veil, with a monastic, yet strange effect, for it was hard to say whether the face was or was not seen through it, and yet there was a face, but it seemed dim, and like that of a statue; and as the man looked upon it, he again thought that it was nothing but the veil.

"Come below, Abidan; none see;" said the woman, in a voice that seemed to rise from the throat of death; and then footsteps were heard rapidly descending the rocks, and sinking behind them as if through an unseen path to the bottom of the cave; and the boat shooting by with bent sails, was presently lost in the darkness. The man waited awhile, and then heard frightful shouts, and wild laughter, as if the dead were banqueting; and again there was silence, and the dash of the waters was heard dividing the stillness.

Pietro (for that was the man's name), would, in the boldness of his curiosity, have penetrated farther into the cave; but the sea filled it in all parts, and the sides being smooth left no ledge for the foot, or gap to crouch in. He was one well used to run roughshod over danger without dreading a stumble, and his first thought was to swim in after the boat; but the total darkness and fierce yelling appalled even his bold spirit. Besides, he was a stranger to the cave, for he had left the country in his childhood, and since his return had never gone that way, being one of lonely and shut-up habits, seldom mixing with the people of the hamlet, avoiding their haunts on the shore or about the rocks, and when he wished for intercourse with man, going forth amongst the wild and reckless to seek it.

He waited an hour, still jammed within the crevice of the rock. The moon was gone, and the stars were paling and extinguishing one by one, but there was no daylight. Suddenly he heard a rush forward, and the boat whirred by him, with the pale woman at the helm, and the sound of the dead oars on the water. He stole from his hiding-place, ascended the rock, and saw it fly off from the shore, all sails spread, all oars in movement, rushing forward like a storm, as if to escape from the light of the morning. But the black clouds were fast clearing into gray, and there were red streaks appearing, and the air was freshening, and the faint twitter of the early bird was heard in the bushes, bidding its sweet good morrow to the young light, and still the boat was pressing sail, and driving onwards, and as it fled, it blackened, till the sails became sable black, and the woman at the helm became like a black spectre, with its grave clothes around it. For a time the boat seemed to rise between sky and sea, and then suddenly sinking with a hollow plunge into the waters, was seen no more—the waters closed over it, eddied for a moment, and then were smooth again. But the shadow of a boat seemed to lie upon the quiet surface, with its sail, and oars, and rigging; and the same were seen faintly in the sky, at first like a pale cloud, but diminishing to a speck, and then to nothing as day strengthened.

It is a lonely hour, that one which comes before sunrise. If we are abroad, and find none stirring but ourselves, we seem to be alone in the world, and to have come before others, or staid too long behind them. But Pietro did not make this reflection; his mind was too full to leave room for a thought about the solitude that surrounded him; yet when he arrived at the door of his cottage, and saw an unknown woman sitting on the ground before it, the loneliness of the hour struck him, and his excited imagination made her out to be something more than the mendicant which he—had the sun shone boldly—would have believed her to be. Whatever she was, she neither spoke nor raised her veil as he passed, but gathering her coarse hood about her face, rocked herself as in sorrow.

Pietro entered the cottage, and closing the door, threw himself upon a bench, where he lay for some time plunged in thought, when suddenly raising his eyes he saw the same woman who had sat on the ground before his dwelling, standing beside him.

It was now broad day, the sun shone brightly, and she seemed no more than a common beggar;

so—angry with her for breaking the thread of his musings—he bade her begone harshly, and then folding his arms sunk back into reflection. But by and by a shadow passed before his fixed eyes, and again disturbed, he looked up, and there was the beggar standing at the casement and gazing in upon him.

"Begone," he cried, "vagrant: I have told you once before that you shall get nothing here?"

"Say it again," said the woman, in a low voice.

"It is said," replied Pietro, "and if you do not go off speedily, I shall find a way to send you."

The woman turned towards him, and without raising her hood, said, in the same low voice, "I will not curse you, but may your next wish be fulfilled;" and then turned from the window.

That night some bold spirits, friends of Pietro's, came down from the mountains on sport or business, and calling at his cottage, staid to eat of his fish, and drink of his flagon; the night was far spent, and as they sat round the fragments of their rough supper, telling such tales as memory or invention furnished, one of the noisiest said, "Bartolo tells me, that two nights ago a woman tapped at his casement, and—"

"Hold," interrupted Bartolo, "let every man tell his own story. I say that she came to my casement and looked in; and though she spoke not, and pulled her cloak over her face, yet I saw that she was not the less in need for being too shy to say so, so I put half my supper (no feast either) before her, and she said others will pay you tenfold—and true enough, for luck was with us all day long, and my boy, Carlo, made a haul of fish such as was never before made in these parts."

"Why thou wouldst fain pass her for a witch," cried one.

"Or a ghost," exclaimed another.

"Who believes in ghosts?" demanded a third—"none here, I reckon."

"Not so sure of that," returned Pietro, whose lips itched with his secret; "I, for one, do."

"What! hast thou seen one?"

"Suppose I have."

"Where—when—how?" interrupted a dozen voices.

"That's my secret," said Pietro, gravely.

"If thou hast seen it," cried one who was a joker, "thy heart, my boy, was, I warrant thee, no warmer than a gourd."

"My heart," replied Pietro, indignantly, "beat as it does now—I only wish that I could see it again;—that," he added in a burst of bragging valour, "I could have it always before me!"

At that instant there was a slight rustle at the open door, and suddenly a woman stood in the hollow of the entrance, and a strange dead-sounding voice said, "I am come!"

And from that hour the tall pale woman was with him always;—if he walked she went along with him, side by side;—if he lay down at night, she looked in at his casement, or stood upright in the door-way;—if he went out to sea, she was at the helm—her eyes, if they were eyes, were always on him—her deadly and unimaginable voice rang for ever in his ear.

He clambered up to the tops of mountains, believed inaccessible to man: she was there with him—he fled to the thronged city, and as he entered the inn, where he hoped to find a respite from his wretchedness, she sat upon a stone in the old court, and spoke her horrid words to him as he passed. At length his brain became disturbed, and he wandered about the mountains, insane and furious, with his terrible companion always beside him. Often he would have thrown himself from the rocks, but she stood before him, and he could not pass her.

One day his reason returned upon him, as it sometimes did by snatches; and as he lay down on the ground, he saw before him the spire of a church on the point of a lonely rock, and close to it a monastery, whose pious inmates were cultivating their small garden. Pietro had been a lawless man, whose thoughts had never dwelt with God; but suddenly, as he raised his eyes to the cross, that was placed over the porch of the church, his heart smote him, and he thought of the good who live in holiness, and die in peace—and of the allotment of the wicked, who, with eyes open, buy their fate; and dread came upon him. So, kneeling down, he clasped his hands together, crying out in the agony of reprobation:—"Lord, if, instead of desiring the evil one, I had prayed humbly for thy help, I should not now have been the lost wretch that I am—the doomed for whom there is no hope. Remission of my punishment I dare not ask; but grant me strength to bear it, as for my crimes I ought to do."

And as he prayed, faith entered into his heart, and he felt that sin was losing its power, and that he who humbly and entirely believes, is snatched from its foul grasp—while his soul filled with comfort, he looked up from the ground trembling—and she was gone!

The humble grave-stone under the shade of that single cypress—the same which is still visited by the neighbouring peasants, as one made holy by the remembrance of the exemplary life and self-denying sanctity of its tenant, covers the dust of Father Jerome, who left his name of Pietro behind him, when he came a penitent sinner to the gate of the monastery which you see high up on the hill asking for leave to die at the foot of that cross which had been the sign of hope to his soul, in its intense and maddening moment of despondency and dread.

ANTAGONIST SYMPATHIES.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair,
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die—
His wife, that he may live.

Old Epigram.

THE REVENGE.

[*From the German of Kotzebue.*]

"You are to marry a nobleman," preached Miss Hedwig, of the ancient house of Faltenwackel, daily to the young Amelia Willmuth. "You are to marry a nobleman, that is your destiny, and ought to be your aim, intention, wish, and prayer. For what purpose has your papa traded so largely? only that his beautiful daughter might share a noble pedigree."

"Ah! no," said the gentle Amelia. "You know that my father thinks little about nobility. He always compares them to Caryatides, who appear as if the building rested on their shoulders, but are in truth merely a decoration, whether they even advance or hide the proper pillars."

"I entreat you, in Heaven's name!" replied Miss Hedwig, putting both her little fingers in her ears, notwithstanding she was deaf with one of them. "Your father is an honest man and a Christian; but, of the happiness of a noble mind, that swims in ancient noble ecstacy, he has no comprehension. Yet I always suppose it is merely dissimulation, he would not cause you any vain hopes; but should he once meet with a young man of good family, if not a thousand years old, like the kingdom of China and the Faltenwackels, but even as ancient as the large chestnut-tree on Mount Etna—take you care, for then will your papa be upon another strain. Wherefore has he also so long urged me to undertake your education? He knows very well that I, in spite of my poverty, with my sentiments, would not be proper for any merchant's house, but that you thereby should early imbibe something of a noble form."

"Ah! no, dear lady," said Amelia, "he chose you because he was acquainted with your virtues, your integrity; he knows how you acted towards your parents, how with the labour of your own hands—"

"Child, be silent," exclaimed the good old Faltenwackel: "alas! I was obliged to confide in him, because he procured me work; but if, besides yourselves, any person in the world was acquainted with it, I should be shamed to death."

"And when your parents died—"

"Well, yes; then he obliged me as it were to come to his house. You was then quite a little girl, dear Amelia, and he laid you in my arms, in my heart, and I have honestly borne you there ever since."

"Even on that account."

"No, not even on that account; no, because I am of a good old family, and because he has noble views respecting you; because a low woman as a gouvernante would not introduce you into a certain circle, and because—and because—"

So ever talked Miss Hedwig. She was the best, the most honest creature that ever bore a coat of arms; strictly moral were her principles, feeling was her heart, spotless her conduct; ridiculous pride in her ancient descent was her only fault; it was a constitutional disease, of which she herself was therefore guiltless, like a man who is born with a horny tunicle, because his father had one; she also, in the education of Amelia, mingled this seed of a weed with her grains of wheat. And really, as it usually is the case, weaknesses are not only allowed in a beloved person, but we sometimes even catch them ourselves. I have been acquainted with people who could not bear snuff, but who out of complaisance would now and then take a pinch from the box of a friend, and before the end of a year become properly used to it. Where is the wonder, then, that Amelia Willmuth, who for twelve years had daily heard, *You are to marry a nobleman*, at last in all seriousness repeated, *I will marry no other than a nobleman!* She might well say it, for she would bring her husband a yearly income of six thousand dollars, and for such a prize no coat of arms would refuse parading a tournament, and in a spiritual institution there is not even much more to do. Her mother had been long since dead, but with her father she had a battle, a severe battle to maintain, for he was a plain citizen, who had begun business with only forty dollars, and had gained tons of gold by the sweat of his brow, and would most willingly have seen an honest and worthy son-in-law take upon himself the care of his manufactory and warehouses, and continue his much-famed firm. But as a father has seldom any will against an only beloved daughter, so the old Willmuth contented himself now with frowning upon, then with jeering, at his daughter's noble whim, but in fact he left it to his daughter's free choice.

But really the passion to become a titled lady had only shot up like a flower of ice in a frosty night on a looking-glass, and so would it in spite of all the admonitions of the good Miss Faltenwackel, have easily hence come to pass, that the rogue Cupid with a soft sigh might imperceptibly melt away the ice flower, and then view himself in the clear glass; but chance would have it so, that the first citizen that courted her hand was an *incroyable* after the newest fashion; and therefore a most amiable creature. He might have been taken for an humble one, for he clothed himself in a sack, but without strewing his head with ashes; he hid his withered heart under five or six waistcoats, and his hand in the place which was the seat of his soul; he had so studied to say, and learnt from the new philosophy, that, *hors nous, et nos amis*, the whole world consisted of perfect blockheads, and he therefore composed sonnets and quibbles, and despised Wieland. We shall say no further than that his name was Flugwild, and that he was almost as rich as Amelia, and consequently resolved never to humble himself to common courtship. The pretty maiden of seventeen excited his desires; and as he conceived it impossible to be refused, he made his proposals with a noble boldness, at a public ball, whilst he was her partner in an English country dance, and that even so loud, that all her companions in the dance could hear them.

The timid, modest maid, certainly had the image

of a future husband in her heart, but not exactly resembling Flugwild. Even had he been a nobleman, she would have as indignantly flown from him, as she fled from the citizen incroyable at the end of the dance; the latter was however satisfied with having covered her cheeks with deep blushes for the whole evening, conceiving it to be a certain sign, that she (comparing her to Lucinda) would absolutely resign herself to his fury, and went boldly to her father in the morning to fix the wedding for the following week.

Old Willmuth was astonished to hear that his daughter was so near her nuptials, when she had never confided to him one word about it. However, as Flugwild most confidently asserted that he was inexpressibly beloved, the plain old man could not do less than believe it. But as it did not absolutely please him to see his future son-in-law (instead of prettily remaining by his side on the sofa) stand up during the conversation, and keep putting his neckcloth above his chin, so he answered him very politely, "that he himself had nothing to say against him, but that he had left his daughter a free choice, and would therefore talk with her about it." Upon which Flugwild shook the old man very heartily by the hand, called him father, turned over the leaves of a Bible which was lying upon the table, and said, " that the Evangelist John had been an ideal philosopher," and rushed out to invite his friends to the wedding.

But the affair really had a melancholy conclusion; for old Willmuth, after he had spoken with his daughter, wrote a polite note to "Mr. Flugwild, junior," in which he, in the most friendly manner, informed him, "that his daughter by no means thought at present of changing her maiden state, but acknowledged his well-meaning intentions with grateful thanks, and wished him all christian happiness."

Those who are well acquainted how deeply the philosophical incroyables of the present day are impressed with their own excellences—(and who is there that does not know it?)—can well conceive the monstrous rage that seized on the mortified Flugwild. Instantly he endeavoured to breathe forth his revenge in sonnets and philippics: but old Willmuth and his daughter belonged to that race of common people who never read such works of art, so with them he did not gain his point. His exasperation increased as he learnt by accident that Amelia Willmuth would only give her hand to a nobleman. Now he for the first time learnt how it had been possible for her to refuse his hand, for he was inwardly convinced that he was in possession of every excellent quality, the single one of birth alone excepted, and for which he had already long imbibed the most abject contempt. Therefore he built on this circumstance a most excellent plan of revenge; for our present philosophers in trading and tricking are but great boys, as indeed we all are, and lead every thing back to unity (namely to themselves).

Whilst Flugwild studied at Jena he met with a sprightly active youth, possessing a clear head and open heart, whose name was Distel. He was the son of a rich mechanic in a country town, whose father was, like many in the same situation of life, affected with the folly of making his son a scholar, and the summit of his wishes was to hear his little Christopher preach from the pulpit of his parish church.

"Then would his fellow-citizens, as well as the steward, pull off their hats to the good man, from whose loins sprang the light of the church." This was his blessed dream, every Sunday after divine service, when he smoked his pipe in the chimmey corner. Christopher must therefore be sent to his studies, to which the youth most willingly consented, for his father's trade of a shoemaker did not suit his aspiring genius. He passed, as thousands like him, from one college to the other, but yet he scraped up more than many others, and all was tolerably clear in his well organized head. But at the same time he lived merrily and loosely, and finished in three years what his father had been forty in raking together; run in debt, was expelled, repented, reformed, flew home, found his worthy old father dead, and his ill-fame spread amongst his townsmen.

He now, it is true, applied to pass his examination, but was not allowed, as he had been expelled the university.

Thus he beheld every way of getting a livelihood closed against him; but the excellent animal spirits with which he had been born preserved him from despair. He was about to enlist as a soldier, but, just in time, a young nobleman, who had been his fellow student at Jena, and for whom he had once suffered punishment, offered him a situation as a village schoolmaster, which he even accepted without further consideration.

The degrading idea of burying himself, in his twenty-fifth year, as teacher of a village school, he drove away as well as he was able, by various lively and humorous sallies; one of which was, his formally announcing to all his friends at the university, his elevation to the office of a village schoolmaster, and promising them his further protection.

Such a letter was also transmitted to Flugwild, with whom Distel had been in the commercial class at Jena, and the incroyable received it just at the time when he was reflecting on his revenge against Amelia. Suddenly, like as a flash of lightning striking upon a pond spouts about the mire, so the idea struck him of making this village schoolmaster the instrument of his revenge. He also recollected that Distel united with a handsome manly person an active mind; nothing more was wanting for his plan, the rest could be effected by his money. He therefore immediately wrote to Distel a very friendly and kind letter; pitied him that his talents should be confined to so poor a circle of operation; scolded him that he had not placed greater confidence in his rich friend; declared that it must be impossible for him to rusticate himself as a village schoolmaster; entreated him to take his leave of the office immediately, and to come to Hamburgh on a certain day, where he would meet Flugwild; and that he could not fail to be sa-

tisfied with the steps his dear friend had taken for his future establishment.

Christopher fell from the clouds, but not roughly; he lay very pleasantly on the green turf of hope. To resign his situation did not cost him a single sigh; his loose knapsack was soon buckled across his shoulders, and on the appointed day he walked through the gates of the more honest than free city of Hamburgh, and proceeded immediately to the hotel of Petersburgh, where admittance was refused to the dirty and mean-looking guest, until Flugwild looked down from the window, recognised him, and procured him entrance.

Distel was all on fire to know what views his old companion at Jena had to propose to him. Scarce, therefore, were some sweet moments passed in the recollection of Zwetzen and Lobstadt,* than he broke out with the inquisitive question:

"Now brother chum, what is your business with me?"—

"You shall marry a very rich and handsome girl."—

"With all my heart."—

"But she is a fool."—

"That does not signify."—

"She has refused me."—

"That was not quite so foolish."—

"Because I was not a nobleman."—

"Nor am I."—

"But you shall be one."—

"How in the devil's name?"

Flugwild now disclosed his scheme: that Distel should pass for a baron of Distelberg, a Bohemian nobleman; that he should be abundantly supplied with money; still remain for a quarter of a year at Hamburgh, to perfect himself in dancing, riding, and other noble accomplishments; then would Flugwild procure him noble letters of credit from rich houses at Vienna and Prague, on rich houses in Hamburgh, which he should desire to be exchanged for others, payable in the town where Amelia resided. Flugwild made no doubt that these new letters of credit would be upon old Willmuth, as his house was the first in the place (and he had most truly reckoned). Distel then should present himself with a most splendid equipage, produce the bills; old Willmuth would, no doubt, as was the custom, invite him to dinner; there he would become acquainted with Amelia, pay his visit to her, demand her hand, and marry her.

"But? and lastly?" said Distel, who had listened to him with open mouth and wide extended eyes.

"There is an end of the story," added Flugwild; "I shall be revenged, and you will have a young, handsome, and rich wife."

"And should the whole scheme miscarry, then have I given up my charming situation of village schoolmaster for nothing."

"Fool, it will not miscarry; but even should it, I promise you a pension of three times the amount of your schoolmaster's salary."

"When I have that under your hand, then shall I be perfectly satisfied. It is true, the whole, to be sure, looks like a cursed piece of roguery; but as the girl is a fool, she will deserve a little chastisement, that in the end will lead her to happiness; for she will have a handsome husband, and an honest harmless fellow into the bargain."

The affair was therefore concluded according to form; Distel's knapsack was changed into a full coffer, and heavy parading purse; the Baron of Distelberg occupied himself some months in Hamburgh, in perfecting himself in knightly exercises, equipped himself very elegantly, hired coachman, huntsman, and servants, proved at Hamburgh, through his letters of credit from Vienna, that he was a rich Bohemian nobleman, and received, when he was about to depart, without the least hesitation, letters of credit on Peter Willmuth, at D****.

In a splendid English carriage, surmounted with servants, he entered the stage, on which he was to perform the principal character. On the next day after his arrival, he presented himself to Peter Willmuth, delivered his letters, was politely received, gave out that he was unacquainted with any individual in the town, and naturally received an invitation to dinner. He made his appearance at the proper time! old Willmuth entertained him with the wind and weather until dinner was brought in.

"Call my daughter," said the old man to his servants, and the heart of the village schoolmaster beat high in his bosom. Two minutes after, a most beautiful girl entered, accompanied by a lusty, venerable old lady. Distel blushed, which had not happened to him before for many years; and Amelia became red, which happened to her daily.

"The Baron of Distelberg," said the old Willmuth, whilst he presented him to the ladies. Amelia bowed modestly; Miss Faltenwackel became amiable and kind, as soon as the magic word *baron* reached her ears. They seated themselves at table. Distel never took his eyes off Amelia. What a melancholy pity it is, he thought, that this girl is a fool. He had determined to eat much and talk a great deal; but he ate little, and scarcely said any thing. His eyes were more eloquent. Amelia had made a conquest; she herself thought it, and Miss Hedwig said it: and even the more zealously, as her amiable pupil, to hear the point contested, denied it.

"He is a young man of condition; that," said she, "is to be seen on the first look. The citizen can become learned, even polite, but he can never obtain that elegant, peculiar turn of manners, such as, for example, adorn the Baron of Distelberg"

In what respected the example, the good Hedwig was perfectly right; for the shoemaker's son, it was not denied, had the air and manners of a great lord. When at table the knives and forks were changed after every dish; or when he negligently, with bent back and neck, gave his orders to the servants, or picked his white teeth, any one would have sworn

* Two villages near Jena.

he had been well and highly born. The sly-boots had very soon discovered the weak side of the old gouvernante, and spoke with her as often as he had the misfortune to meet her alone, not only of nobility in general, but more particularly of the house of Faltenwackel, with ecstatic veneration; he even decoyed bright tears from the good soul, when he impudently assured her that he had read in a secret memoir of the Portuguese history, that a Faltenwackel had been extremely instrumental in placing the house of Braganza on the throne. After this discovery, Miss Hedwig became his faithful ally; according to ancient custom (for in modern times alliances are—dis-union), she received his sighs, and carried them to her to whom they belonged; he, on the other hand, out of gratitude, abused the French revolution.

He also stood very well with the father. He had, when at the university, attained some knowledge of the theory of commerce, manufactures, and the like, and now read every morning, for a couple of hours, in technical books and manuals. Thus armed, he appeared before Peter Willmuth, and—what really was the principal—he knew how most admirably to make his superficial knowledge pass current, to express himself without constraint, and with such judgment, that he frequently threw the old experienced manufacturer into the greatest astonishment. It was not long before he conducted him round all his manufactories,—an honour which he had never before done to a stranger; and Distel knew so scientifically how to praise them, that the old man, in the evening, before his going to bed, set Miss Hedwig in a flame by the remark, "that, for a nobleman, this baron was a very well-informed man."

Though Distel knew how, by means of a little art, to insinuate himself into the good graces of the father and gouvernante, yet, on the contrary, with Amelia he acted, against his will, quite artlessly. When at home, he well studied both his looks and words; but when he stood before her, those words and looks refused to be in his power. A well-projected ardent look became a languishing one; and when he had resolved to look firmly in her blue eyes, he cast down his brown ones. But this did him not the least injury with Amelia; for, in a case of love, nothing moves a maiden more than modest timidity before her charms. She was already highly delighted with the pseudo-baron, inwardly rejoiced when her father praised him, and was not angry when Miss Hedwig let fall hints of certain possibilities.

Thus some months passed away. Flugwild, to whom Distel made a nightly report of all his steps, now pressed him to declare himself, and immediately demand the hand of Amelia. Distel's honourable schoolmaster's conscience still really sometimes played the lord over his borrowed noble impudence; but his given word,—that *nothing* should drive him back when he had brought it so far,—and more than all, his desire to possess the beautiful maid, blunted the thorns of his conscience, that are generally pliant in hairbrained youth, and only stubborn in the midday blood of life. He, somewhat stammeringly, expressed his wishes to the worthy tradesman, lied pretty boldly about his estates in Bohemia, and the excellent breed of pheasants thereon; was heard with kind nods of the head, and received the promise, that the affair should be still further thought on, and the principal person consulted.

The principal person had even nothing very weighty to say against it; and although she conditioned for a Saxon delay, in order, as she said, to know the baron better, yet it was more the effect of maiden modesty than of mistrust. Miss Hedwig found it very superfluous; and even was of opinion that it was not fitting to make my lord baron wait so long. The father, on the contrary, was perfectly on the side of Amelia; and so much the more so, as he had himself determined first to make some inquiries respecting his future son-in-law.

It was in the month of May, the usual time when Amelia was accustomed to go to a beautifully-situated country-house on the banks of the Elbe. The baron of Distelberg was therefore informed, that no decisive answer could as yet be given him; but they should conceive themselves happy if he would pass a month at Amelia's cottage. This invitation certainly led him to presume that they were more than half determined to crown his wishes, and he followed her with joy.

O what happy days and weeks did he pass by the side of Amelia! Ever more familiar did her lovely heart cling to him; he well perceived that she was no fool, and that the whim of nobility, if it really clung here like a parasite plant to the tender shrub, had only been planted and nursed by Miss Faltenwackel. Daily he discovered new beauties, talents, and amiable qualities; and what really appeared as magic before his eyes, he was daily the more convinced that Amelia loved him. But what should really have made him more bold effected a timidity in him. The veil that youthful carelessness and light-mindedness had formed over his heart was burst asunder by the rays of love, that exerted its ancient rights of ennobling whatever it touched. He repented the part he had undertaken; he became dull and melancholy, and no longer ventured to express his sentiments aloud.

Amelia soon observed the change; but she explained it—as maidens are accustomed to do—to her own advantage. She supposed the baron was disheartened on account of the decisive answer being so long delayed, and Miss Hedwig confirmed her in this belief. His character she had now sufficiently proved, and she found him sprightly, complaisant, and always the same to-day as he was yesterday. This last quality she conceived, with justice, was the most recommendatory in wedlock; for, alas! when man and wife resemble the yellow rain-flower, that only unfolds its leaves in the warm rays of the sun, and closes them again before every troubled cloud! She had proved his mind and way of thinking in various ways, and had often, by surprise, decoyed sentiments from him, which it was impossible he could have pre-

pared; and she ever found a nobility and generosity, intermixed with a little carelessness; the latter love overlooked and excused, for she loved him with her whole soul.

One evening, as they were seated on the green turf, and Amelia jestingly threw her jessamine flowers at her dreaming lover, without being able to effect more than a melancholy smile, behold a messenger made his appearance through the green garden door, and brought a letter from her father. The good old man wrote, "that it was with the greatest pleasure he informed her, that the accounts he had received from Hamburgh respecting the Baron of Distelberg sounded very favourably. The correspondent to whom he had applied had expressly written, 'that he himself knew no more respecting the baron's family, than that the house at Vienna, by whom he had been recommended to them, was one of the best and most solid there: and that, at Hamburgh, the young man had by no means conducted himself like a braggadocia. He was willingly, and with pleasure, received in the best company, and the amount of his letters of credit proved that he was more than opulent.' Under these circumstances, my daughter (added father Willmuth kindly), you may, in Heaven's name, follow your inclinations, if they lean towards him."

The eyes of Amelia shone brightly whilst she read, and the slight motion of the paper betrayed a slight motion of the hand. When she had finished, she fixed her looks most tenderly upon her lover, appeared suddenly to come to a resolution, rose up, stood before him as he lay extended on the grass, gave him her hand with a smiling earnestness, and said, with an affected but firm voice:

"Distelberg, you love me, and I am sincerely glad of it. My father leaves me to my own free choice: here is my hand."

Crushed down, lay the youth at the feet of the lovely maid, in whose heavenly eyes swam a tear, whose full bosom heaved perceptibly, who tremblingly extended her swan-like hand towards him, and at last stammered the kind words from her sweet lips,—all, all seized on his intoxicated senses! He fell down before her, pressed her hand violently to his mouth, his eyes and heart burst into tears, he leaped up, would have embraced Amelia, to which she appeared willingly to consent: then shuddered, started suddenly back, pushed her almost violently from him, sighed, sobbed, and hurried away from her. Amelia looked after him, and anxiously turned entreatingly inquisitive towards Miss Hedwig.

"It is the first intoxication of joy," said the latter; "for a nobleman, certainly a little violent; but he will recover himself; only allow him an hour's time."

Amelia shook her head. She was very doubtful, and slowly with drooping head she stole into the house. The cloth was laid for supper, it was brought in, the baron did not make his appearance. A servant went to call him, he sent his excuses. Amelia now fell into an agonized emotion, and Miss Faltenwackel was of opinion it was not manners. (Silently she understood thereby *noble manners.*) Amelia did not touch a bit, but as soon as possible flew to her bedchamber, whose appellation for this night was but an empty title. With the rising sun she stole into the park, and mingled tears, pressed out by fearful forebodings, with the mild dew of heaven. "What is this? what does it mean?" she asked herself a hundred times, and always remained in debt for the answer. With eager, yet melancholy longing, she waited for the hour of breakfast, which was generally taken in company. Full a quarter of an hour earlier than usual she appeared in the garden saloon, seated before the tea-table, and endeavoured to conjure up a composed air, but which deserted her as soon as the door opened. Miss Hedwig had already been seated for a considerable time near her, had already got rid of her morning cough, longed after the Mocca draught, let it several times run through the strainer, and lost all patience.

"Where can the baron be?" she exclaimed at last, with some bitterness; "he never used to be the last. Christian, go and call him."—The servant obeyed her order.

Amelia spoke not a word, but her bosom heaved violently. The order to call the baron had already hovered more than a hundred times on her lips, but a shame, that she could not explain, prevented her from pronouncing the words. Now! she every moment expected the beloved humorist. That she might not betray the tempest in her bosom, she hastily poured out a cup of tea, spilt half of it, and raised—as she heard footsteps approaching—with trembling hand the cup to her mouth.

But it was only Christian, who, in great amazement, came in with a letter in his hand.

"The baron is gone," said he, "and hath left this letter behind for my young lady."

Amelia turned pale. Miss Faltenwackel nodded to the servant to leave the room.

Amelia had not sufficient power to break open the letter, she gave it to her governess, with a silent prayer, to open it. Miss Hedwig did so, and read:

"Longer I cannot remain silent. I have deceived you. Flugwild has abused my hair-brained folly, as an instrument of his revenge. I am no baron, I am a shoemaker's son."

Here Miss Hedwig, half-fainting, let fall the letter from her hands. Amelia, who had become pale and lifeless with astonishment at the first line, now appeared suddenly to recover her powers, hastily took up the letter, and herself read on:

"An union with me was to have turned you into ridicule. He described you as a fool, and his deception deserves chastisement. I, wretch, gave my consent to it. In the place of a fool I found an angel! I love you, Amelia, I love you inexpressibly. Curse me not; I am not a bad man. I knew not what an act of villany I was beginning!

I cannot go through with it—Curse me not! I am sufficiently punished, for I love you to madness! Never shall you behold me again—never more hear a word from

"The unfortunate Distel."

The good Faltenwackel trembled through every limb. "This I can never survive!" she repeated continually.

Amelia appeared, on the contrary, as if she would outlive it. It is true, she let her hand with the letter fall in her lap, and her fixed eyes became riveted on her knees; but her bosom did not heave so violently: now and then even a thought appeared to steal in a smile over her pale cheeks; in short, she seemed to have expected a greater misfortune. But as she continued sitting for more than half an hour immovable, and Miss Hedwig's, "*this I shall never survive*," allured no sound in reply, so the latter at last became alarmed for the deserted bride, waddled away, returned with a smelling-bottle, and wished to send for a physician.

"Not now," lisped Amelia, while she gently pushed away the smelling-bottle. "I am not ill; but order the horses to be put to the light post-chaise, I must go immediately to town."

"How? what? and wherefore?" The apprehensive gouvernante remained unanswered. Amelia persisted in her determination without explaining herself further. Whilst haste was making to obey her orders, she herself went to Distel's chamber, and found there, to her great astonishment, his huntsman busy packing up.

"How, Philip:" she exclaimed, "are you still here;"

"Ah, yes!" replied the honest fellow with tears in his eyes, "I have lost my good master."

"Why did you not accompany him?"

"His express commands."—

"Where is your master gone?"

"Ah! that I know not."

"Has he taken nothing with him?"

"Nothing at all. All his things I am to take to town, and deliver to Mr. Flugwild, together with this letter, which you may read, for he has not taken the trouble to seal it.

Amelia read.

"You would have led me to the act of a villain, but you know me. What I have of yours I send you back. Poorer than when I came to you, do I go into the world. Seek not after me, and if accident should ever lead us together, then beware of me, for, notwithstanding I despise thee, at the sight of thee anger might cause me to trace the name of Amelia in blood on your shameless forehead."

With tears in her eyes, Amelia gave back the letter:

"Fulfil your master's orders," said she with lovely sorrow, "and then return home: I will endeavour to repair your loss."

"Ah dearest, dearest miss!" sighed the huntsman, "he was so good a master! and if you knew what he suffered this last night, and if you had seen him steal out of the house before daybreak, more dead than alive—"

"Enough," replied Amelia, and slipped hastily out of the door, to conceal her emotion. The horses were put to, she threw herself into the carriage, accompanied by Miss Hedwig, and in less than three hours reached town. On the way the old woman made a hundred attempts to bring Amelia to her speech; she supposed it to be dumb despair; began to console her, by christianly abusing the abominable man, who knew so well how to ape the manners of nobility, and the end of the strain was: "I shall never survive it!" Poor Faltenwackel! still more vexatious things awaited thee, for scarce had Amelia leaped out of the carriage, than she threw herself at the feet of her father, discovered to him every thing, showed him Distel's letter, and exclaimed, with the ardent enthusiasm of restrained feelings: "He loves me really, for he could not deceive me! It was in his power to gain possession of me! He loves me, but he could not be indebted to deceit for the attainment of me—he had the courage to renounce me!—I now love him more than ever! and never, never will I give my hand to another!"

Peter Willmuth was a good worthy old man, who had now, for the first time, to learn the art of refusing his only daughter. Yet the caprice for a union with nobility was not his caprice; it was equal to him, yes, to him it would be, for before-mentioned reasons, much more agreeable, if his daughter gave her hand to a simple citizen. Distel had, moreover, greatly pleased him; the young man had great knowledge, and might in a year become a most excellent merchant.

"I do not know, dear Amelia," said he very much embarrassed.—"But tell me, wherefore is it you are upon your knees?—stand up, and marry him, but yet not before—you find him." Amelia rose up and hung upon the neck of her father.

"He is a shoemaker's son!" exclaimed Miss Faltenwackel.—"My grandfather was an honest tailor," said Peter Willmuth, and went into his counting-house, convinced that Amelia would take care of the rest. In which he was not deceived: she sent the faithful Philip after her lover, who had fortunately observed the road which Distel had taken. Philip found him about forty miles from Amelia's cottage in B—, in which was a garrison where he was on the point of enlisting; like one intoxicated like a dreamer, he conducted him back to the feet of Amelia. In a few days they became a happy couple, and have remained so these many years. Flugwild received an invitation to the wedding, which he tore to pieces with his teeth. Miss Faltenwackel was a witness of their domestic happiness for full twenty years, and sighed every evening: "*This I shall never survive!*"

Wisdome is that olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue and beareth fruit in the actions.

Happy is that mishap whereby we pass to better perfection.—ELIZABETH GRYMESTONE. *Miscellanea.* 1604.

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

There is a distinct individuality in Mrs. Hemans's poetry that cannot be mistaken. The space she occupied in popular estimation, her private history, which in itself surrounded her with poetical interest, and the chaste and elevated tone of her writings, entitle her to the position she holds amongst the minor poets of her century. When future Southeys and Ellises and Aikins shall come to the task of forming fresh anthologies of our poetical literature, the name of Mrs. Hemans will be indispensable to the completeness of the design. She has as good a right to a niche, although not to a very conspicuous one, as the bulk of her contemporaries.

But Mrs. Hemans was not a great poet. She wanted depth and warmth of feeling. Her manner was severe, rigorous, energetic; she relied too much upon Form, too little upon Inspiration; and, in this sense, was more a modeller than an inventor. Hovering between the Ideal and the Real, she sometimes opens a poem with an apparent burst of enthusiasm, but generally settles down into established generalities before she gets half way through it. Nothing but her sustained style, and costly phraseology, could have so long and so successfully fixed the public attention. There is much beauty in her verse; but it is the beauty of sculpture, cold and barren, with, here and there, the marks of the chisel upon it, and even in the depths of its expression, it is intellectual rather than passionate.

As we hope in the progress of our little periodical to embrace, from time to time, specimens of nearly all our poets, we must make a corner for a short scrap from the numerous productions of Mrs. Hemans. The following stanzas are characteristic. The subject is a favourite one with most writers of this class, and Mrs. Hemans brings nothing new to its illustration—suggestive as it is of domesticities. She treats it in her usual large, panoramic way, taking in the whole topic at once, where others would have brought out the incidents of the picture. But this is strikingly expressive of the general tendency of her genius. The selection of the measure, too, shows that the mechanism of the composition was ascendant in her thoughts over the pathos of the subject. The versification dances along in ludicrous contrast to the theme.

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

"And still the green is bright with flowers;
And dancing through the sunny hours,
Like blossoms from enchanted bowers
On a sudden wafted by,
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Glide bird and butterfly:
But where is the tiny hunter-rout,
That revelled on with dance and shout,
Against their airy prey?"—Wilson.

The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the fire is quenched and gone,
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;
The place where mirth and music met is hushed through day and night:
Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that here made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more;
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's grief or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely Hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung;
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone—
The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the bright fire quenched and gone!

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee?
Those voices, are they lovely still? still sweet on land or sea?
Oh! some are hushed, and some are changed—and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again!

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,
Alas! the brother knows not now where fall the sister's tears!
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone;
For broken is the household chain—the bright fire quenched and gone!

Not so!—'tis *not* a broken chain—thy memory binds them still,
Thou holy Hearth of other days, though silent now and chill!
The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice—the mother's prayer—though called from earth away—
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone.

Let thy will be thy friend, thy minde thy companion, thy tongue thy servant.

Age may gaze at beauties' blossomes; but youth climbes the tree, and enjoys the fruit.—Elizabeth Grymestone. *Miscellanea.* 1604.

Most people are agreeable on first acquaintance, because they endeavour to be so—why not *continue* our endeavours. —*Thoughts.*—G. H. Lewes.

DON JUAN DE PADILLA; OR, THE ROYAL KISS.

Vivà la reina! Vivà nuestra bienquesta reina!" shouted the crowd which precipitated themselves on either side of Queen Juanna's path, as she took her departure from the ancient church of Tordesillas. Before the commencement of the *fêtes*, about which so much expectation had been raised, the pious princess had been desirous to attend, with regal pomp, at the solemn office which was celebrated every year on the 15th of August, in honour of the Virgin; invoking whose powerful aid, Pelagius and his warriors had gained so many victories in the olden time.

Unnumbered *vivàs* arose from the midst of that crowd, scattered through the meadows which extended along the banks of the Douro, and more thickly still around the enclosure where the bull-fight and the warlike sports were destined to take place. The queen, mounted on a white palfrey, passed the drawbridge of St. Mary's Gate, and advanced, accompanied by her ladies of honour, and escorted by a brilliant *cortége* of cavaliers, gallantly habited. Her progress was slow across the plain; for, at every step, it was arrested by hundreds of the people, eagerly snatching the opportunity of gazing once more upon their beloved sovereign, whom they had not beheld before for so long a period. It was a curious spectacle to see all those fine Castilians wave their scarlet scarfs, fling their *sombreros* in the air; and in the enthusiasm of their love for one of the most popular of female sovereigns, call upon all the saints in heaven, and even on the King of heaven himself, to shower down tenfold blessings on her head.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, the era at which our tale is laid, the annals of Castile and Arragon abound with chivalrous and patriotic deeds, and sparkle with the most brilliant associations. This was the age in which the foundations were laid for the independent rights and franchises of the great European families. Mighty events and heroic minds sprang up in every quarter; and neither were patriotic sentiments nor stern political struggles wanting to stir up the generous impulses in the bosom of Spain. A disputed succession, invoking constitutional questions, was then, as now, the *cheval de bataille*, and Juanna was the chosen sovereign of the people's hearts.

"Lopez," said a stout young soldier to one of lighter and more graceful appearance, as the queen passed them at the distance of a few yards; "see with what grace she salutes us all. And look, now she converses with our captain—and a gallant commander he is—that same Don Juan de Padilla."

"Eh, Lopez!" said a passer-by, "always chatting with the first person whose button you can lay hold of. If you delay thus, man, you will not find a single place vacant."

"¡ *Quedito! quedito!*" shouted another; "the barriers of the circle are no longer open."

All now pressed forward with eagerness; and the point to which they unanimously ambitioned proximity was the place where the queen had drawn up with her *cortége*. Guards were there placed at regular intervals, to keep the circle, and prevent the eager crowd from interfering with the movements of the dancers. The *gitanos*, especially, required "ample room, and verge enough;" for, in their marvellously agile boundings, they presently exceeded the limits of the enclosure. Their movements, slow and measured at first, became animated by degrees, as the sound of the *pandero* grew louder and louder, until, at last, they moved with the rapidity of the wind. Arms, head, body, all participated in the dance, and contributed, by the most nicely combined and varied evolutions, to the grace and harmony of the figure which they executed. But, all of a sudden, there was borne upon the breeze that sound so dear to Castilian ears, the sharp and measured sound of the enticing castanet. Vainly, now, the gipsies strike with violence their Basque tambourines, and bound with increased agility upon the springy turf. Let them compound with fate, and retire at once. The enchanting air of the *seguidilla* has taken possession of the entire assembly, and the national dance is triumphant.

Room! Room for Marquetta, the prettiest of dançers; the most charming of coquettes! How proud she looks, with her scarlet streamer and her bodice of black velvet, all garnished with Cordova lace—the present of the queen herself—graciously given her when she was last sent for to the Alcazar; for one of the amusements of the princess in her misfortune was to witness the performance of those charming Spanish dances, where expressive attitudes and languor combined accord so well with the tender emotions of the soul.

The young Catalonian advanced towards Juanna and her court; and, having saluted the queen with a smile which permitted the sly witch to display, in all their lustre, the two rows of pearl which adorned her fresh and rosy mouth, she slowly traversed the enclosed space with a step at once light and noble; treading now on tiptoe, and now unfolding all the graces of her figure with mingled pride and pleasure. Well the coquettish maiden knew her *métier*, in making this preliminary turn of the circle, before commencing the dance. She was first of all determined to gain the suffrages of the crowd. But with her confident gait—in which vigour and firmness by no means excluded grace—her seductive glances seemed less to solicit than to command as a sovereign the applause of the assembly.

What shouts of delight at her approach! There she comes—there! *Kehoos Mariita!* One should be made of marble, like the statues of the blessed saints in the cathedral, to contemplate without emotion that graceful form, as supple as the reeds of Douro; that finest turned of ancles, with so much of the exquisite limb as is permitted to be seen beneath the short red petticoat;—and then the dear little foot, so gracefully bent, so finely tapering, imprisoned within that prettiest of slippers, embroidered with silver.

Happy Lorenzo! How long you are in coming! How long in changing your heavy foot gear for those fine shoes with the bows of scarlet ribbon. Ah, ah, the crowd opens: It is he! Lorenzo! How admirably his short jacket and lower garment of fine brown cloth define his elegant figure!

With two graceful inclinations he salutes the queen and the assembly. What prodigious power of muscle. There he is already by the side of the fair Marquetta. He rattles the castanets. At that irresistible appeal, the girl trips forward, more nimbly than a bird on the Sierra d'Occa, Silence! silence! The guitar and the hautboy give forth the prelude of the fandango.

The beloved dance commences.

What dignity at the outset! The Spanish character seems translated into measured steps; grave at first, sedate and noble; then by degrees yielding to the powerful impulse of passion and the influence of harmonious sounds, approaching to delirium! The *majo*, with a proud air, advances leisurely, holding his sweet companion by the hand; and by a thousand varied steps, which they execute together, both exhibit to admiration the suppleness of their figures, and the enchanting softness of their movements. Presently the charm increases in intensity—the dancer approaches nearer to his partner—their steps become animated with the music, which passes into a more rapid measure. Gently enclasping the maiden, the *majo* raises from the earth the lovely Catalonian, nothing loth, and turns her rapidly upon his nervous wrist, while thunders of applause burst from the spectators. But the girl, with that feigned reserve which coquetry will sometimes bring to the aid of frail virtue, escapes from the arms of her lover, who pursues her on the instant. Again he approaches and attempts to clasp her; but the witch, placing one knee on the turf, seems to implore, or rather to defy, the handsome *majo*, who flutters around her, briskly playing his castanets. How she follows him with her full black eyes! But in her half-fascinated look you may already read her defeat. Happy Lorenzo! Marquetta can no longer escape you! At last, enthusiasm is at its height, and the victory of the indefatigable *majo* complete, when, triumphing over the capricious fair, he clasps her languishing form, and gathers from her lips the kiss which he had so long and eagerly desired.

A thousand "bravos!" a thousand clappings of hands resounded all around; and the queen, in testimony of the satisfaction which she had partaken in common with the rest, threw towards the bewitching Marquetta a bouquet of corn-flowers composed of the beautiful turquoises of Zamora, mounted upon a stock of silver.

Suddenly a flourish of trumpets was heard. The pursuivants, to whom was intrusted the custody of the barriers of the circle, announced that everything was prepared for the martial sports. The crowd instantaneously rushed to secure places around the lists. The queen, remounting her hackney, directed her course also in this direction; but her *cortége* was diminished in extent. Don Juan de Padilla, with numerous other gentlemen, had previously left her side. They are gone to array themselves in harness; for the queen, impatient to witness the chivalrous sport, has countermanded the bull-fight, to the great regret of the multitude, which witnesses with sorrow the departure of the proud *tauréador*, that popular demigod, escorted by his six *picadors* with their small red flags.

The point of attraction for the entire assembly was the *strada*, where the queen was seated in the midst of a brilliant assemblage of ladies. At her right hand, Maria of Castile, observable for beauty amongst a thousand, seemed like the pure white flower that proudly balances her pearly coronal in the midst of her humbler companions of the mead. With what lustre did her black eyes shine, yet with how much of gracious condescension mingling with their brilliancy, paling the fire of the diamonds in the rich cluster of precious stones that confined, at her bosom, the long veil which covered without hiding her glossy and flowing ringlets! Wo to the imprudent cavalier who seeks that high-born damsel's glance without gaining her heart! Her heart—it is no longer hers! and the fortunate knight who possesses the treasure would undergo a thousand deaths rather than yield up that precious jewel, so eagerly coveted by the ardent youth of Spain.

To the first buzz of popular delight a profound silence succeeded. Every eye is now fixed on the lists, where the knight of honour at the tournay enters, followed by the judges, according to the accustomed laws and regulations prescribed by the good Réné of Anjou, King of Jerusalem, and practised at that epoch throughout Christendom. The knight of honour is armed cap-à-pié. He wears his helmet; and his horse, upon whose housings his arms are richly emblazoned, is ready to tilt in case of need. Suspended from the saddle are his mace and sword; and in his hand he holds the lance, to which is attached the kerchief that protects the vanquished. In this order he advances towards the gallery where the queen is seated with her ladies. There the four judges remove the helmet from his head, and hand it to the king-at-arms, who courteously lays it at the foot of the royal *strada*.

The escutcheon of the knight of honour was placed upon the head of a truncated lance, about the height of a man, near the royal gallery. The judges mounted to the seats reserved for them; and the knight of honour remained on horseback between the cords which encircled the lists, awaiting the arrival of the knights who were to figure in the tournay. In a few moments, ushered in by the sound of trumpets, two chiefs, preceded by their respective banners, passed through the barriers, which opened at their approach. Under the command of each were twelve knights, who followed in their train, mounted on prancing chargers, whose caparisons were emblazoned and barded with iron.

According to the usage, which at that period was never departed from in Spain, of recalling, upon all such occasions as this, the glorious struggles of the Christians against the Moors, the knights of one of the troops, to personate the infidel warriors, wore turbans plated with polished steel of the most brilliant lustre. From the rich shawl which encircled their waist, hung the bent scimitar, instead of the long cross-hilted sword which they usally wore. Upon the red banner of the chief, in lieu of the reprobate crescent, floated a light azure scarf, of which the knight banneret alone knew the value and the mystic origin. The other troop preserved its national character. The knights who formed it wore the pointed helmet with the bright plume, and on the banner of the chief, emblazoned with the united arms of Castile and Arragon, floated a white scarf, which the banneret equally prized.

The leader of the Christian knights took his position, followed by his gallant band, at the right hand, invited thereto by the herald-at-arms of the judges; but with what difficulty does the leader restrain his fiery charger within the bounds prescribed by the regulations of chivalry! How the noble animal is roused by the sound of the trumpets, which are played now without intermission! *Sant' Iago! Santissima Madre!* With what a master-hand he restrains the ardour of his impatient steed! Is there a single one of all that vast assembly that is not predisposed in his favour? Though the knight's visor is down, they have not been slow to recognise his beautiful horse Alamez, white as the snow upon the summit of Atlas, at whose foot that steed first saw the light, and to trace upon his shield the illustrious armorial bearings of the house of Padilla.

But who is the leader of the second troop, which takes up its position on the left? The escutcheon seems less historical. But the green palms, which have been introduced for supporters, attract the eyes of the people. That emblem is one which, on this day of battle, Don Maldonado adds to his modest armorial bearings, in remembrance of his beloved native city of Salamanca, and of the University of which it is the peculiar symbol. But under Maldonado's banner, nevertheless, are ranged very noble gentlemen, and amongst the rest the two sons of the Count of Herrera.

When the rival troops were featly placed in the lists, so that the rays of the sun were equally divided between them, and both advantage and hindrance thus precluded, a rope was extended before them to restrain the more ardent, until the signal should be given. The trumpets having ceased to sound, the king-at-arms, standing upon the lowest step of the judges' *strada*, exclaimed with a loud voice: "Hear ye, hear ye all! The most noble the judges pray and require of you, most noble knights, who mean to mingle in this tournay, that no one shall strike at another, either with sword-point, or with back-handed stroke; and also that, if peradventure the helmet should fall from the head of any of the combatants, you touch him not, until it be replaced; and that, in fine, no one amongst you strike through ill-will or hatred at one more than another. Furthermore, I do hereby warn you, that, when the trumpet shall have sounded a retreat, and the barriers are thereupon opened to indicate that ye shall no longer tarry in the lists, no one shall have it in his power to gain the emprise!"

The herald ceased to speak, and by command of the judges, a brief space was given to the knights to prepare themselves for the onset. Then the king-at-arms cried out thrice: "Let the ropes be cut, and the knights do battle when they will!" The four men placed at the extremities of the two ropes, cut them in twain in an instant with battle axes; and the mêlée commenced.

The fiery Alamez, abandoned now to all his natural ardour, carried the Lord of Padilla into the very midst of the opposite ranks. But Don Maldonado adroitly turning his horse aside, avoided the charge of his redoubtable adversary, who struck with his lance the younger of the two Herreras, and unhorsed him in an instant. The brother of the unlucky knight flew to his aid. But Padilla, reining in his splendid steed, awaited the shock of the second Herrera's charge; and, shunning his lance, by a rapid movement struck him, just as he was passing, a tremendous blow with his mace, and sent him rolling on the earth, by the side of his brother. The loudest applause resounded from every side; and, in an instant after, was succeeded by roars of laughter, occasioned by the heavy fall of the fat Alcalde of Toledo, who had determined to represent that city in the ranks of Padilla; an unfortunate determination for him—for the lance of Maldonado breaking against his bulky person, flung him from his horse with surprising force; and there he lay extended upon the earth, and covered by his cuirass, the very image of an enormous turtle hid beneath its shell.

But the valorous Don Francisco Maldonado, little satisfied with laurels so easily won, burned for new triumphs. Wielded by his hand, the sword is as formidable as the lance, and now the more especially, since the ardour of the combatants has urged them so closely together, that they can no longer make use of any weapons but the mace and the sword. No one seems capable of resisting the arms of the valiant bachelor of Salamanca. His armour is scarcely injured, yet he has already put no fewer than three Christian knights *hors de combat*. From one he tossed off the helmet with his lance's point; the other he made cry out for mercy, half-strangling him by squeezing him with his nervous arm against his breast-plate of steel; and upon the head of the third he dealt so stalwart a blow with his mace, that his adversary, completely stupified, fell to the earth, deprived of consciousness.

Meanwhile the knight-banneret of the Christian forces was not idle. Already, upon either side, the number of the combatants was reduced to nearly one-half, when at length the two leaders met. The

assembly now became more silent, more eagerly attentive than ever. Every eye was fixed upon the chiefs. The few remaining knights, by whom they were surrounded, stopt short of their own accord, and became simple spectators of the combat, as if unanimously resolved to place all the chances of the tournay in the hands of the valiant bannerets who led them.

The victory was not long undecided. The impetuous Maldonado darted with the velocity of lightning upon the Lord of Padilla, who, firmly planted in his stirrups, sustained the shock, without being at all shaken by it. His too ardent and imprudent adversary was now without any means of defence—within reach of the rapid whirl of Don Juan's sword. The trusty blade, forged by Narvaez himself, the most celebrated of the armourers of Toledo, shivered Maldonado's cuirass into pieces with one blow, and even pierced his doublet. The fair Ynez, the betrothed of Maldonado, beheld his sad plight from the gallery where she sat among the ladies of the queen, and raised a cry which her tender heart could not repress. But the maiden's cry was lost in the acclamations of the crowd, for the gallant Lord of Padilla had suspended his blows, even before the knight of honour had time to let fall over the escutcheon of Maldonado his protecting kerchief. Stretching forth his hand to his adversary:—"Friend," said Don Juan, "we have sworn to joust with the arms of courtesy, let us end the combat, and in this tournay, as in front of the enemy, let our glory be shared in common, as becomes good brothers in arms."

To this generous proposal Maldonado replied by cordially pressing the hand which Padilla extended to him. The trumpets sounded once more, and the judges were already preparing to descend from their seats on the *strada*, when all of a sudden, a knight covered with dark armour, without escutcheon or device, made his appearance in the lists, and, galloping up in full career upon a superb black charger, stopped in front of the judges, and demanded of them, for the honour of chivalry, permission to break a lance with the Lord of Padilla, and dispute with that knight the prize which he had so easily won. The proposition was met at first with reclamation; but, after a brief consultation, it was decided that the desire of the stranger-knight should be acceded to.

Thereupon, the king-at-arms informed Don Juan of this new challenge. The undaunted knight accepted it with joy. The trumpets were silenced, and the two champions placed at a suitable distance. Padilla slightly rectified the disorder of his armour, and took another lance; but nothing could induce him to part either with his faithful steed Alamez, or his good Toledo sword. The knight in the black armour managed with the most graceful ease his Navarrese barb, whose skin of glossy black shone like polished ebony. So proud and self-sustained was his bearing, that no one could doubt for an instant as to his being practised in arms. But who could he be? This was the question which each of the bystanders asked of himself, but in vain.

The two knights, without even awaiting the ordinary signal, dashed at each other from the opposite extremities of the lists. At their first shock, their lances flew into a hundred splinters, but both remained firm in their saddles. They seized their maces at the same instant. Queen of angels! what violent blows they rain down on each other! Their armour is all dinged and battered. To see them joust after this fashion, one would almost swear that some secret hatred directed their arms. Through the grates of their visors, their eyes dart fire, and threaten mutual destruction. Have they recognised each other? San Juan di Compostello! I believe it, for deep hatred hath this in common with fervent love, that it penetrates through all disguises. The combat is still far from its close, and the black knight begins to discover that he has reckoned too much on his strength and address, as well as upon the exhaustion which the disloyal knave supposed to have befallen Padilla. The ferocity of the two combatants spread a terrified stupor throughout the assembly, not one of whom could divine the cause of the satanic fury by which they were animated.

At length Padilla, collecting and condensing all his strength into one great effort, and confiding in the excellent qualities of his Moorish barb Alamez, which he urged strongly with his weighty spurs against his adversary's vigorous charger, seized the black knight with his left hand, by the neck-piece of his armour, and, armed with his long and heavy sword, dealt him such a blow, that his broken helmet leapt off to the distance of ten paces. Here Don Juan's generous impulses made him stop at once. But recognising in an instant, by a gash which his sword had months before inflicted upon the face of his antagonist, his bitterest of earthly foes, foiled in the rivalry of love, the rejected suitor for the hand of the lovely Doña Maria.

"Don Pedro Girono!" he exclaimed, with bitter irony, "I pray you be composed; we are not now in the wood of Coca. Let your gratitude be paid to these noble dames, and to the laws of chivalry that my good sword adds not here a second gash to the one which it hath already imprinted on thy doleful countenance."

Don Pedro, transported with rage, implored of the judges their permission to resume his helmet, and commence the combat anew. But the judges peremptorily refused, declaring that the joust had lasted long enough to please the fair—the beginning and the end of all chivalrous sports. The Lord of Padilla must be fatigued with so much tilting; and the distant horizon was beginning to blacken with a storm. The trumpeters were then commanded to sound a retreat; and while Don Pedro retired in confusion, with vengeance rankling at his heart, his fortunate rival, preceded by the knight of honour and the four judges, advanced towards the queen's *strada* to receive the prize.

Don Juan, dismounting from his horse, ascended

the royal *strada*, and did obeisance to the queen upon his bended knee, who graciously conceded to him the customary kiss. Her Majesty, then, removing the veil from the head of Doña Maria, together with the diamond brooch which confined it at her exquisite bosom, commanded her young friend and favourite to present the precious gift to him who had borne himself best in the tournay, "for no prize (she added with a sweet smile) can afford more of satisfaction to the gallant Don Juan, save only the kiss, my sweet Maria, which, certes, thou must grant to him even here as the fitting recompense of his bravery."

The royal maiden obeyed the queenly mandate, and obeyed it, too, with but little even of assumed reluctance, although the eyes of the entire assemblage were fixed upon her. Nevertheless, when she had favoured the kneeling knight's cheek with the sweet and thrilling pressure, and lifted her head at the conclusion of the trying ceremonial, a crimson tint was seen to bespread her lovely countenance.

That kiss was given not only innocently, but by right; for Maria and Juan were secretly betrothed; and before six weeks passed, the Escurial glittered with a splendid pageant, and resounded with ravishing strains of the sublimest music at the public celebration of the nuptials of the royal maiden with the bravest of the noble youths of Spain—Don Juan de Padilla.

THE BURIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

"And now, good Master Mason, you may to your work. Hereabout I think be the spot;—and by the time that you have removed the earth, I will again attend you."

The personage from whom these orders proceeded, was Mr. Thomas Herbert. There was an air of calm melancholy in his demeanour; but, like many other men under circumstances of affliction, the exercise of a little self-importance imparted an alacrity to his movements, which would have befitted a less solemn occasion. It was his duty to prepare, for the remains of the unhappy Charles, a secure and honourable resting place. The suspicions of the parliamentary commissioners allowed little time for previous arrangement;—and, therefore, the plain hearse which bore the mangled corpse, attended by a few faithful followers, had passed into the castle of Windsor, before the grave was chosen, in the chapel of St. George, where it was to rest for ever from persecution.

"Young man," said Herbert to the page who attended him, "we must lay our dear master in a royal tomb. Though the dogs have hunted him to the death, we will give him a resting place in no common earth. This is the sepulchre of Edward IV. It was wont to be hung with pearls and rubies, and other seemly ornaments;—but the disinterested reformers have left nothing but the plain monument of steel. It is of curious workmanship, boy."

"I marvel," quoth one of the labourers, "what all this fuss is about where they shall lay him! As the parliament have cut off his head, it can argufy little where they bestow his trunk. This ground is plaguy hard, and he who last put a spade in it has been boxed up himself, with all his great-grand-children long enew, I warrant ye."

"Varlet!" replied the master, "cease your profane talking. There are those will bury the king who can pay for the digging. Have you come to the crown of the vault?"

"Rot it, no—neither crown nor side. I think, we may finish the job to-morrow, if they *will* put him here. How long may King Edward have been dead, master?"

The more patient tradesman exhorted his labourers to persevere; but their efforts were still unsuccessful. Herbert grew cold and weary, and after many vain directions, took another stroll round the solitary chapel. At the entrance he encountered the worthy Bishop Juxon, and they together walked into the choir.

"Ten years ago, ere the troubles began," said the good bishop, in a voice that implied something between a reverie and an address to Herbert, "ten years ago, I saw our poor dead master sit in that stall, in all the glory and power of a king. His nobles were around him, and the banners of royal and princely houses waved above them, and the loud organ sounded a *jubilate*, and the people looked on in awe and reverence. And now we are seeking to consign him to a hasty grave—and the place of splendour is desolate and plundered of its ornaments—and nobles are proscribed or they are traitors—and their banners are torn down—and their escutcheons defaced—and the night bird comes in at the broken lattice to make her nest in their abandoned seats—and the glory of the church and of the land has passed away."

"I have some old notions about the church," replied Herbert, "but they might have corrected her errors without stripping her of her decent reverence—they might have bounded the power of the throne without murdering our dear master."

It was perhaps well for these faithful mourners, that the arrival of some personages of consequence prevented a continuance of their complaining dialogue, or some ready ears might have treasured up their words, to be repeated to those who would not have greatly compassionated their sorrow, or very ardently seconded their zeal.

"Master Herbert," said the Earl of Lindsey, "you tarry long. Is not the vault yet opened."

"My good lord, I pray you to believe that I have exercised all needful diligence. The workmen have difficulty to find the entrance to the vault, and they are even now labouring in a fresh direction."

"Why then, Master Herbert, we must change our plan. Your warrant is to bury the king this 7th day of February, and we may do well to observe it to the letter. See you not, by that

gleam of sun in the western aisle, that the day is waning?"

"I remember," said the Marquis of Hertford, "to have heard it affirmed, that Henry the Eighth's vault is at the eastern end of the choir. Lend me thy staff, Master Herbert."

The lord advanced towards the altar, and commenced a series of experiments, which caused the labourers, who had suspended their fruitless operation, to admire his sagacity. At last the pavement returned a hollow sound, and the bystanders agreed that it would be prudent to direct all their labours to this new attempt.

"It is certainly indifferent in the eye of reason," ejaculated Herbert, "whether he sleepeth with the House of York, or the House of Tudor. One more choice is yet left, and if this fail, we may lay him with another royal ——" 'martyr,' he would have said; but Bishop Juxon, who stood by in silence, laid his finger on his lip, and Herbert stammered out, "personage"—the unhappy Henry VI.

The pavement was removed, and, with some considerable exertion, the vault was soon discovered and opened. A ladder and a lantern were procured, and Herbert, with the good bishop, fearlessly descended. The lords had no desire to contemplate mortality so closely.

"Here is the end of all," said the bishop. "There lies the high-crested tyrant, reckless alike of his pleasures and his sins; and though he departed in the plenitude of his power and his iniquity, he is as humbled as our poor master, who is come to the tomb a sufferer and a saint. Well, well—the day of retribution will arrive."

They soon ascended. "Is there room?" said the Duke of Rutland.

"Ample," replied Herbert. "Henry has one of his wives by his side; but there is no quarrelling for a new love."

"Canst thou, in two hours," said the bishop to one of the workmen, "canst thou cut a plate or girdle of lead with these words—'King Charles, beheaded by his Parliament, 1648?'"

"I think there be not time enough for so much," said the man.

"Nor have we warrant for it," said the Earl of Lindsey. "Cut the words—'King Charles. 1648,' and see that all be ready at six of the clock." The party left the chapel.

In the bed chamber, in which the unhappy Charles had slept only twelve days previous to his execution, was now placed his coffin. The apartment was nearly in the same order as when he left it. Herbert and the bishop entered. The recollections of his master's sufferings pressed upon the faithful usher, and he dropped a few unbidden tears. The good bishop took up the king's book of devotions, which lay upon the table, the leaf was folded down at the penitential psalms, and the bishop also wept at this sign of the contrite heart which had passed to a bar of mercy.

The door opened, and Colonel Whitchot, the Parliamentary Governor of the Castle, entered. "Well, Master Herbert," he exclaimed with a tone of contemptuous exultation, "your master be soon returned to his old lodgings; but we shall now have less trouble to guard him."

"His soul, sir," answered the bishop, "is now in company with the seraphic hosts; he is above all danger and fear; and he is as far removed from earthly insult, as his virtues were triumphant over the malice of his enemies. I hope at the great day of account his persecutors will not be shut out from that mercy which they denied to him."

"Look you, doctor," exclaimed the colonel, "your office is to bury Charles Stuart, and not to preach over him. So be busy about it. Within there! Bear this body to its grave, and look that none of the town people enter the gates."

"With your leave, sir," said the bishop, "we have appointed six of the clock for the hour of interment; and if it be your pleasure till that time, the body may be placed in St. George's Hall, that those who follow it may arrange themselves in decent order."

The governor paused suspiciously; but at length yielded a reluctant assent; and to that hall of revelry and of triumph were borne the lonely remains; and a few stood round them with a sincere sorrow; and a few looked on with a vague and not uncharitable curiosity. The pause was brief; and the state, if such it could be called, sudden and scanty. A few glimmering torches were lighted; six of the king's faithful friends lifted the coffin on their shoulders; about a dozen gentlemen in mourning arranged themselves behind it; and the procession moved forward.

The spectators of this sad ceremony were few. Here and there a soldier of the Parliament walked by the side of the corpse—and some muttered an exclamation of compassion—and some repeated a sentence from the scriptures, which they applied to the fall of him whom they held as a scourge and a tyrant. The inner gates of the fortress creaked heavily on their massy hinges as the funeral passed; and here the guard was numerous. At intervals a pile of parliamentary troops were under arms;—but such precautions seemed unnecessary. Few of the people were admitted within the ward; and no knell announced the melancholy business that was in hand. The evening was lowering; and fitful gusts of wind echoed along the old and tenantless towers, the only requiem to the soul of the departed. The day was just closed; and the few torches were required not for splendour but for use. They deepened the gloom; and the whole scene wore such a character of solemn indistinctness, that those who loved the king felt their weight of grief almost insupportable, and those who hated him had surrendered almost all of their fierceness and their levity, to the associations of death that were about them.

The scanty procession at length reached the western entrance of the chapel. It was here again met by a file of musketeers, but they exhibited no martial reverence to the remains of a king. No gorgeous tapers shed their illumination over the lofty columns

and the fretted roof; no choral voices sung the sacred dirge which proclaims the hopes of immortality; no crowds of nobles came in their mantles of state to bear witness to the vanity of all earthly dignities. At the grave, however, stood the faithful Juxon. The bearers put down the corpse in silence. Herbert, and those who followed the king, crowded round those remains which would soon pass for ever from their view; and the bishop opened his service book. After a moment's interval, he began his duty with a broken and tremulous voice:

"I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue."

A loud knocking was heard at the outer door. The bishop paused, but proceeded:—

"I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight."

Colonel Whitchot strode into the choir, and with a peremptory voice, exclaimed, "Silence, Master Juxon, silence." The mourners looked up tremblingly, and the good bishop said, "May we not quietly pay the last duties to our master?"

"It may not be, sir, it may not be. Know you not that the Directory has forbidden all vain, and catholic, and anti-christian ceremonies over the dead, which smell of the abominations of the great Harlot? Soldiers, lower the body into the grave."

The mandate was quickly executed. The servant of God and the faithful mourners lifted up their eyes to heaven, and waited the issue of this violence. After the musketeers had lowered the coffin, the three lords, with Dr. Juxon, and Herbert, and two or three anxious followers, went down into the vault, and there the bishop threw himself upon his knees, a motion which all present involuntarily imitated, and exclaimed,

"Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching thee that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom."

"Amen," answered all with a firm voice;—and Whitchot heard that holy sound from the bowels of the grave, and his heart smote him.

LIFE.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

Henry King, *Bishop of Chichester.* 1591—1669.

IRISH LEGENDS.

In the churchyard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county of Monaghan, there is said to be a spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place it is said to watch the person who remains last in the grave-yard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the person be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise that he will meet her in the churchyard on a month from that day; this promise is sealed by a kiss that communicates a deadly taint to the individual who complies. It then disappears, and no sooner does the individual from whom it received the promise and the kiss pass the boundary of the churchyard, than he remembers the history of the spectre—which is well known in the parish—sinks into despair and insanity, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty.

I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age who was said about four months before to have fallen a victim to it; and it is not more than ten months since a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. Incredible as it may appear, the friends of these two persons solemnly declared—at least, those of the young man did to myself—that the particulars of the meeting were detailed repeatedly by the two persons, without the slightest variation. The priest of the parish, on being called in to try if he possessed power to absolve them from the promise, was in both instances made acquainted with them; but it is unnecessary to add, that he failed in arresting the fatal influence of the spirit. There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, however, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the churchyard only, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuritic fevers.

I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition, or whether it is considered to be peculiar to other churchyards in Ireland, or elsewhere. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Elle maids of Scandinavia; but I am acquainted with no account of fairies or apparitions in which the sex is said to be changed, except in

that of the devil himself. The country-people say it is death.

SIR TURLOUGH; OR, THE CHURCHYARD BRIDE.

The bride she bound her golden hair—
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danc'd so bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
Her bridal vows of love to plight,
By the bonny green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
To receive from his Eva her virgin vow;
"Why tarries the bride of my bosom now?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry! a cry!—'twas her maidens spoke,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke;
And the sleep she sleeps will never be broke,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his cheek became like the marble stone—
"Oh, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone!"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen* is loud—it comes again,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
When they flutter'd all mournful in the air,
As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,*
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
And names young Turlough's name with woe,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
The fairest corpse among the dead,†
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid;
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade,‡
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Oh go not yet—not yet away,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
The long-departed seem to say,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he who lingereth yet?
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in the bridal grave is set,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, young and brave,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Should youth and valour thus despair,
"And pour their vows to the empty air?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Such beauty—bright and warm and young—
Was never seen the maids among,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* The Irish cry, or wailing for the dead.—Speaking of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the Rev. A. Ross, rector of Dungiven, in his statistical survey of that parish, observes that "however it may offend the judgment, or shock our present refinement, its affecting cadences will continue to find admirers wherever what is truly sad and plaintive can be relished or understood." It is also thus noticed by the Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry:"

"I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something exceedingly touching in the Irish cry; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues. My entrance was a proof of this; for I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted mournfully, in Irish; but the substance of what they said was as follows:—'Oh, avourneen! you're lying low this mornin' of sorrow! lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin' over you, weepin' for the days you spent together in your youth! It's yourself, *acushla agus asthore machree*, (the pulse and beloved of my heart,) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other!' They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother—specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbour and a friend."

* It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the grave-yard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn, exhibiting that melancholy beauty for which this rite of the Church of Rome is so remarkable.

† Another expression peculiarly Irish, "What a purty corpse!"—"How well she becomes death!" "You wouldn't meet a purtier corpse of a summer's day!" "She bears the change well!" are all phrases quite common in cases of death among the peasantry.

‡ These ceremonies are not peculiar to Ireland; except the wreaths of white paper, which are more frequent here than in the sister kingdom.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Sparkled in beauty around her face,
That grief from mortal heart might chace,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy,

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Thy grief or love can ne'er recall;
"She rests beneath that grassy pall,
"By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"And now that thy plighted love is free,
"Give its unbroken pledge to me,
"By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

"To thee," the charmed chief replied,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;
"Oh come, and in Turlough's hall abide,"
"By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

Again the funeral voice came o'er
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
And streams of mournful music bore,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

'If I to thy youthful heart am dear,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
"Where lay thy bridal Eva's bier,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his *banshee's* wail*—now far and broken—
Murmur'd "Death," as he gave the token,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Adieu! adieu!" said this lady bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
And gold for those who will calm his brain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Come haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Sir Turlough the Brave, Green Truagh's pride,
"Has pledged his love to the church-yard bride,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech groaned loud, "come tell me this,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
"Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"At eve she weeps her funeral song,
"And it floats on the twilight breeze along,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Then the fatal kiss is given;—the last,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Of Turlough's race and name is past,
"His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
"And half his lands thou shalt retain,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
With pious shrift his soul releas'd,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The shanachies* now are assembled all,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is clos'd, and Green Truagh's pride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Is married to death—and side by side,
He slumbers now with his church-yard bride,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* Treating of the superstitions of the Irish, Miss Balfour says, "What rank the *banshee* holds in the scale of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine; but her favourite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Many stories to this purpose are related by the lower Irish; and even Christianity has not been able to destroy those superstitious ideas. Every family had formerly its banshee, but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by."

* The shanachies were those who recorded the exploits of great men, and recounted their deeds previous to their interment.

OUGH.

The Count Antonio, a young Italian gentleman, on a visit to England, for the purpose of learning the language, is taking a walk with his friend and tutor, Mr. Beauchamp. Scene, a green lane between meadows.

Count Antonio. (Speaking with a very slight accent.)—But how beautiful it is, the place. In Italy we have more equal, more hot weather, and less of wet; but I should willingly exchange our dryness for this most beautiful verdure.

Mr. Beauchamp.—Upon my honour, John Bull must feel quite proud of such a compliment from the denizen of a climate like yours! But you are right: among your vines, your luscious fruits, under your clear sky and genial sun, I have often longed for a meadow such as this over the hedge. It seemed as if the mere sight of it would quench my thirst.

Count.—I can understand. It is very fine.

Mr. B.—The great drawback is, that we can never make sure of enjoying it thoroughly; for

though there seldom passes an entire day in which one cannot get out of doors at all, yet the frequent rains make the ground wet, and often make one pay the penalty of a rheumatism for rural indulgences.

COUNT.—Ah, I know it well. When I first came to England I had a cow, and kept it a long while.

MR. B.—For the sake of the milk?

COUNT.—Why old Mrs. Johnson prescribed ass's milk to get rid of it.

MR. B.—To get rid of what?

COUNT.—The cow. She said it would settle on my lungs.

MR. B.—Ha! ha! Excuse me, my dear Count; I admire but cannot imitate the politeness of you Italians, who never laugh at verbal blunders. A cow is a female ox. We call your infliction, not a cow, but a *cauf*, cough.

COUNT.—A cauf! Ah, I shall never learn all your diverse modes of speaking the words.

MR. B.—Do not despair, you have got on wonderfully, you speak almost like a native already, and only want time to learn the irregularities of the language, which I must confess are numerous.

COUNT.—It is all irregularity! I do believe, truly, that almost every word is pronounced unlike all the rest.

MR. B.—Come, you exaggerate.

COUNT.—Scarcely; there is hardly any rule that applies to more than half a dozen words; and very often the same characters are pronounced in different modes. Your own name is example, B e a u c h a m p, which you call *Beecham*. What is the use of the *a*, the *u*, and the *p*, in that word? And even this fantastic mode of pronouncing it is not fixed. *E a u* is pronounced all ways. You might say, Little Miss *Beecham* is the *bo*-ideal of infant *beuty*.

MR. B.—Ha! ha! you are a most complimentary philologist.

COUNT.—The fact is, the pronunciation is only to be acquired by the study of every individual word. What a labour for a foreigner! A general key to it will never be found, thauf soft like a diamond.

MR. B.—Soft like a diamond! I believe a diamond is the hardest substance in nature. Nor do I see how that which you complain of, as hard, can be soft.

COUNT.—Soft? Do you not say?—or seeked?

MR. B.—I comprehend,—you mean *sought*. Which reminds me that you should have said though [tho] not *thauf*.

COUNT.—That ough again! It is my *slow* of Despond. To conquer the difficulty is a job as taw as the sounds are raw;—as raw as the voice of a daw or a chaw.

MR. B.—Chaw!—You should have said *slou*, by the by, slough, not *slow*. By taw I suspect you mean tough; but what do you mean by being as *raw* as a *chaw*?

COUNT.—Chaw—is there not a bird, a Cornish chaw; and its *voice* is raw, is it not?

MR. B.—A *chuff*, a chough; and as you say its voice is *ruff*. The *bird* you may call raw, until it is cooked.

COUNT.—Your corrections serve only to mislead me, you see. You may knead the language into as many shapes as easily as duff.

MR. B.—Doe, dough—

COUNT.—Dough,—and therefore you might draw a rule about as easily as you might *plo* a furrow in Low Iron, or Low Swilly, or any other low.

MR. B.—Plough you mean; and you should say Lock [Lough] Swilly; and I suppose Lock Iron; but you seem more learned than I am in British geography.

COUNT.—Enoc! It is hopeless.

MR. B.—*Enoch!*

COUNT.—Basta, basta.

MR. B.—Oh! enough.

COUNT.—I shall never get *thruff* it! *o u g h*. I have *foot dotily* with the difficulty; but it is *thoraufly* impossible to conquer. I have *socked* for a clue to the labyrinth, as eagerly as—a pig at his *true*. All I have gained is *knout*.

May we venture to hazard a speculation that this playful trifle is from the pen of a distinguished living poet, and one of the most genial and accomplished of English essayists? We are led to form this opinion, partly from the place in which we find it (the *Monthly Repository*, a periodical that may be said to have died of too much grace), and partly from internal evidence of style and turn of expression. The idea suggested in it might be carried out still farther with excellent effect.

THE POOR MAN TO THE SCORNFUL RICH MAN.

IF well thou view'st us, with no squinted eye
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty,
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I,
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and whoso wants, is poor:
Then this must follow of necessity—
Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou get'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But, as thy wealth, so grows that wealthy itch;
But with my little I have much content—
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason, thou must needs confess—
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

PHINEAS FLETCHER. 1584—1650.

THE CERTAINTY OF JUSTICE.

THE seas will part, graves open, rocks will split;
The shield will cleave; the frighted shadow flit;
Where justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592—1664.

COLOMBA.

(From the French of Prosper Mérimée.)

[Continued from page 140.]

VI.

It is in obedience to the precept of Horace that I have thus plunged *in medias res*. Now that all my characters are asleep—the fair Colomba, and the colonel and his daughter—I will seize upon the opportunity to acquaint my reader with certain details of which he must not be left in ignorance, if he means to follow the further course of this veracious history. He is already aware that Colonel della Rebbia, Orso's father, fell by the hand of an assassin. Now a man is not assassinated in Corsica as he is in France or elsewhere, by the first gaol-bird that finds no better means at hand to rob you of your valuables; in that country a man is assassinated by his enemies; but why he has enemies is often very hard to say. Many families hate each other from inveterate habit, whilst all tradition of the original cause of their hatred is completely lost.

The family to which Colonel della Rebbia belonged, hated several other families, but with a special hatred that of the Barricini, for the reason, as some said, that in the sixteenth century a della Rebbia had seduced a Barricini, and had been afterwards poignarded by a relation of the injured girl. Others indeed gave a different version of the story, alleging that it was a della Rebbia who had been seduced, and a Barricini poignarded. Be this as it may, there was blood between the two houses. Contrary to custom, however, this murder had not been productive of others; for the della Rebbias and the Barricini had been persecuted alike by the Genoese government, and the young men of both families having expatriated themselves, the two were for several generations deprived of their energetic representatives. At the close of the last century a della Rebbia, an officer in the Neapolitan service, got into a quarrel in a gambling-house with some military men, who, among other insulting expressions, called him a Corsican goat. He drew, but being alone against three, he would have fared badly if a stranger, who was playing at the same table, had not cried out, "I am a Corsican too!" and taken part with him. The stranger was a Barricini, who, be it observed, was not acquainted with his countryman. Upon an explanation taking place, a profuse interchange of courtesies and vows of eternal friendship passed between them; for on the continent Corsicans very readily attach themselves to each other, though it is quite otherwise with them on their native soil. This was strongly exemplified in the present instance. Della Rebbia and Barricini were intimate friends so long as they remained in Italy; but after their return to Corsica they met but rarely, though both inhabiting the same village, and when they died it was said they had not spoken to each other for five or six years. Their sons lived in the same way, *on etiquette*, as they say in the island. The one, Ghilfuccio, Orso's father, was a military man; Giudice Barricini, the other, was an avocat. Having both become heads of families, and being parted by their callings in life, they had seldom any opportunity of seeing or hearing of each other.

One day, however, about the year 1809, Giudice reading in a newspaper in Bastia, that Captain Ghilfuccio had just been decorated, said before witnesses that he was not surprised, since General —— protected the captain's family. The expression was reported to Ghilfuccio in Vienna, whereupon he remarked to a countryman that on his arrival in Corsica he would find Giudice very rich, since he drew more money from the causes he lost than from those he gained. It was never known whether he meant to insinuate thereby that the avocat betrayed his clients, or merely alluded to the common-place notion, that a bad cause is sometimes more lucrative to a lawyer than a good one. Be this as it may, the epigram reached the ears of the avocat Barricini, and he did not forget it. In 1812 he applied to be appointed mayor of his commune, and had every hope of succeeding, when General —— wrote to the prefect, recommending a relation of Ghilfuccio's wife; the prefect hastened to comply with the general's wishes, and Barricini made no doubt but that he owed his disappointment to the intrigues of Ghilfuccio. After the emperor's downfall in 1814, the general's protégé was denounced as a Bonapartist, and superseded by Barricini, who was again turned out of office during the Hundred Days; but after the storm had blown over he resumed possession of the mayoralty seal and the registers of the civil administration with great pomp.

From that moment his star grew more brilliant than ever. Colonel della Rebbia, retired on half-pay to Pietranera, had to defend himself against a covert war of pettifogging hostilities. Sometimes an action for damages was brought against him for trespass committed by his horse upon the enclosures of M. le Maire; at another time the latter, under pretence of repairing the floor of the church, removed a broken flagstone bearing the arms of the della Rebbia family, and covering the tomb of one of its members. If the goats devoured the colonel's vines the proprietors of the animals found a protector in the mayor; the grocer who kept the post-office at Pietranera, and the *garde champêtre*, an old mutilated soldier, both of them clients of the house of della Rebbia, were one after the other deprived of their places and superseded by the creatures of the Barricini.

The colonel's wife expressed, on her death-bed, her wish to be buried in the midst of a small wood, where she had been fond of walking. The mayor forthwith declared that she should be interred in the cemetery of the commune, as he had received no authorization to permit of an isolated place of burial. The colonel, greatly exasperated, declared that he would not wait for the authorization, but bury his wife, meanwhile, in the spot she had se-

lected, and he had a grave dug there. The mayor, on his part, caused one to be made in the cemetery, and summoned the gendarmerie, that the law, as he said, might be duly enforced. On the day of the funeral, the two parties were confronted bodily, and there was some reason to apprehend a battle for the remains of Madame della Rebbia. Some forty well-armed peasants, led by the relations of the deceased, obliged the curé, on leaving the church, to take the road to the wood. On the other hand, the mayor came forward with his two sons, his clients, and the gendarmes, to oppose this. When he advanced, and summoned the procession to retrace their steps, he was assailed with shouts and threats; his adversaries had the advantage in point of numbers, and they seemed determined. Several guns were cocked when he made his appearance, and it is even said that a shepherd levelled his piece at him; but the colonel threw it up, saying, "Let no one fire without my orders." The mayor "had a natural fear of blows," like Panurge, and declining the fight, he withdrew with his escort. The funeral procession then pursued its way, taking care to select the longest road, so as to pass before the mayoralty. As they filed before it, an idiot, who had joined the procession, took it into his head to cry out "Vive l'Empereur!" Two or three voices responded to the cry, and the Rebbianists, growing more and more heated, proposed to kill one of the mayor's oxen that impeded their line of march. Fortunately, the colonel prevented that act of violence.

It will readily be supposed that a *procès verbal* was drawn up, and that the mayor presented the prefect with a report composed in his most sublime style, representing laws, divine and human, trampled under foot,—the majesty of him, the mayor, and of the reverend curé, denied and insulted,—Colonel della Rebbia putting himself at the head of a Bonapartist conspiracy, to change the order of succession to the throne, and to excite the citizens to arm against each other, crimes denounced by the articles 86 and 91 of the Code Pénal.

The exaggeration of this report spoiled its effect. The colonel wrote to the prefect and to the attorney-general; a relation of his wife's was connected by marriage with one of the deputies of the island, and another was cousin to the president of the Cour Royale. Thanks to this interest, the conspiracy ended in smoke; Madame della Rebbia remained in the wood, and the idiot alone was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment.

The avocat Barricini, vexed at the result of this affair, turned his batteries in another direction. He rummaged out an old title deed, on the strength of which he set about contesting the colonel's right to a certain watercourse which served to turn a mill. A suit was carried on for a long while. At the end of a year the court was about to give judgment, and to all appearance, in favour of the colonel, when M. Barricini placed in the attorney general's hands a letter signed by a certain Agostini, a famous bandit, threatening him (the mayor) with fire and death if he did not desist from his pretensions. It is well known that the protection of a bandit is in great request in Corsica, and that to oblige their friends they frequently interpose in private quarrels. The mayor was turning this letter to his advantage, when a fresh incident occurred to complicate the affair. The bandit Agostini wrote to the attorney-general, complaining that his handwriting had been counterfeited, and his character compromised, by making him appear in the light of a man who traded in the influence he possessed. "If I discover the individual who committed this forgery," he said, at the conclusion of his letter, "I will inflict upon him an exemplary punishment!"

It was clear Agostini had not written the threatening letter to the mayor; the della Rebbias accused the Barricini of it, and *vice versâ*. Violent threats were uttered on both sides, and justice was perplexed and unable to say on which side the guilty were to be found.

Matters stood thus, when Colonel Ghilfuccio was assassinated. The following are the facts as deposed to in the course of the official inquiry. On the 2nd of August, 18—, towards nightfall, as the woman Madeleine Pietri was carrying corn to Pietranera, she heard two shots in rapid succession fired as she thought in the hollow way leading to the village, about one hundred and fifty paces from where she stood. Immediately afterwards she saw a man running, with his body bent down, through a vineyard path towards the village. He stopped a moment and turned round, but the distance prevented the woman Pietri from distinguishing his features, and besides, he had a vine-leaf in his mouth that almost hid his whole face. He made a sign with his hand to a companion whom the woman did not see, and then disappeared among the vines.

The woman Pietri, throwing down her load, ran up the path and found Colonel della Rebbia bathed in blood, and shot in two places, but still breathing. Beside him was his gun charged and cocked, as if he had put himself in a posture of defence against an enemy in front, at the moment another shot him from behind. He rattled in his breathing, and was struggling against the gripe of death, but could not utter a word, a circumstance which the medical men explained from the nature of his wounds, which had gone through his lungs. The discharge of blood was suffocating him; it oozed out slowly like a red froth. The woman in vain raised him up and put a few questions to him. She saw plainly he wished to speak, but could not make himself understood. Observing that he tried to put his hand in his pocket, she hastened to take from it a small pocket-book, which she put open before him. The wounded man took the pencil from the pocket-book, and tried to write. In fact, the witness saw him form several characters, with great effort; but not being able to read, she could not make out their meaning. Exhausted by this exertion, the colonel left the pocket-book in the woman's hand, which he pressed strongly, gazing at her with a strange look, as though he would say (these were the wit-

ness's own words), "It is important; it is the name of my murderer!"

The woman Pietri was going up to the village when she met the mayor, Barricini, and his son Vincentello. It was then almost night. She related what she had seen; the mayor took the pocket-book, and ran to the mayoralty to put on his official scarf, and to call his secretary and the gendarmerie. Left alone with young Vincentello, the woman Pietri proposed to him, that they should go and assist the colonel, in case he was still living; but Vincentello replied that if he went near a dying man who had been the inveterate enemy of his family, he would be accused of having killed him. The mayor came back shortly after, found the colonel dead, had the body removed, and drew up an official statement of the affair.

In spite of his natural perturbation on the occasion, M. Barricini had made haste to place the colonel's pocket-book under seal, and to make all the inquiries in his power; but none of them led to any important discovery. When the *juge d'instruction* arrived, the pocket-pook was opened, and on a page soiled with blood, were seen some letters traced with a failing hand, but still very legible. The page bore the word *Agosti..*, and the judge doubted not but that the colonel had intended to point out Agostini as his assassin. Colomba della Rebbia, however, having been called for by the judge, demanded permission to examine the pocket book; after turning over the leaves for a long time, she stretched out her hand towards the mayor, and cried out, "There stands the murderer." She then related with amazing clearness and precision, considering her intense affliction, that her father had a few days before received a letter from her brother and had burned it, first taking the precaution to write down in his pocket-book the address of Orso, who had just removed to another garison. Now that address was no longer in the pocket-book; and Colomba concluded that the mayor had torn out the leaf on which it was written, the same probably on which her father had inscribed the name of his murderer; and she charged the mayor with having substituted for this the name of Agostini. The judge found that a leaf was actually missing from the folded sheet on which the name was written; but presently he remarked that leaves were also wanting from the other sheets, and witnesses stated that it had been the colonel's practice to tear out pages from his pocket-book when he wished to light a cigar. It was therefore exceedingly probable that he had inadvertently burned the address of his son. Moreover, it was established in evidence, that when the mayor received the pocket-book from the woman Pietri, it was too dark for him to read; that he did not stop for an instant on his way to the mayoralty; that the brigadier of gendarmerie went in with him, saw him light a lamp, put the pocket-book under cover, and seal it up before his eyes.

When the brigadier had concluded his testimony, Colomba, in a state bordering on distraction, threw herself on her knees before him, and besought him, by all he held most sacred, to declare if he had not left the mayor alone for a single instant. The brigadier, after a moment's hesitation, visibly affected by the girl's passionate appeal, admitted that he had gone into an adjoining room to get a large sheet of paper, but that he did not remain there a minute, and that the mayor had talked to him without interruption all the time he was groping for the paper in a drawer. He deposed besides, that on his return the bloody pocket-book was still on the table, on the very spot where the mayor had laid it down on entering the house.

M. Barricini gave his testimony with the utmost calmness. He made allowances, he said, for Mademoiselle della Rebbia's violence, and freely condescended to justify himself. He proved that he had remained in the village all the evening in question; that his son Vincentello was with him in front of the mayoralty at the moment the crime was committed; and that his son Orlanduccio, having been that very day attacked with fever, had never quitted his bed. He produced all the guns in his house, not one of which had been recently discharged. He added, that as to the pocket-book he had felt its importance at once, and had sealed it up and placed it in the hands of his adjunct, foreseeing that the known enmity between himself and the colonel might make him an object of suspicion. Finally, he adverted to the fact that Agostini had threatened with death the person who had written a letter in his name; and he hinted that the miscreant had probably suspected the colonel, and had assassinated him. Such an act of vengeance, prompted by an analogous motive, was not without a parallel in bandit annals.

Five days after the death of Colonel della Rebbia, Agostini was surprised by a detachment of voltigeurs, and killed after a desperate resistance. There was found upon him a letter from Colomba, conjuring him to declare whether or not he was guilty of the murder imputed to him. The bandit not having replied, it was pretty generally concluded that he had not had the courage to say to a daughter that he had killed her father. Nevertheless, it was whispered by those who gave themselves out as well acquainted with the character of Agostini, that if he had killed the colonel, he would have boasted of the deed. Another bandit, named Brandolaccio, sent a message to Colomba, pledging *his honour* to the innocence of his comrade; but the only proof he adduced was that Agostini had never told him he suspected the colonel.

The upshot was, that the Barricini were left unmolested; the *juge d'instruction* was lavish in his praise of the mayor; and the latter put a worthy close to his own honourable conduct in the affair, by resigning all pretensions to the stream for which he had gone to law with Colonel della Rebbia.

Colomba, in pursuance of the national custom, chanted an extemporaneous *ballata* over her father's body, in presence of his assembled friends. She poured out in it all her hatred to the Barricini, accused them distinctly of the murder, and threatened

them with the vengeance of her brother. This *ballata* became very popular, and was the same that Miss Nevil heard sung by the sailor. On hearing of the death of his father, Orso, who was then in the north of France, asked for leave of absence, but was refused. At first he believed the Barricini guilty, in consequence of a letter from his sister; but he soon after received a copy of all the depositions; and a special letter from the judge brought home to him the almost certain conviction that the bandit Agostini had been the sole criminal. Once every three months Colomba wrote to him, reiterating her suspicions, which she called proofs. These accusations made his Corsican blood boil in spite of himself, and there were times when he was not far from sharing his sister's prejudices. Nevertheless, he repeated to her in every letter he wrote, that her allegations rested on no substantial grounds, and were deserving of no credit. He even forbade her, but always in vain, to mention the matter to him any more. Thus passed two years, at the end of which he was put on half-pay; and then he thought of returning to his native place, not to take vengeance on men he believed innocent, but to marry his sister, and to sell his little property, if it would realize enough to enable him to live on the continent.

VII.

Whether it was that his sister's arrival had more strongly awakened in Orso's mind the remembrance of his parental roof, or that Colomba's costume and barbarian manners gave him some pain in presence of his civilized friends, it was but the next day he announced his intention of quitting Ajaccio and returning to Pietranera. He exacted a promise, however, from the colonel, that he would accept the hospitality of his humble manor when proceeding to Bastia; promising him in return, abundant sport with deer, pheasants, boars, and so forth.

The day before his departure, instead of going out shooting, Orso proposed a walk on the beach Giving his arm to Miss Nevil he could converse with perfect freedom, for Colomba remained in the town to make some purchases, and the colonel was every moment straggling from his companions to shoot gulls and noddies, to the great amazement of the passers by, who could not conceive why he wasted his powder on such paltry game.

They took the road leading to the Greek chapel, whence there is a very beautiful view of the bay; but they paid no attention to it.

"Miss Nevil"—said Orso, after a silence that had lasted long enough to become embarrasing, "tell me frankly, what do you think of my sister?"

"I am very much pleased with her," Miss Nevil replied; "more than with you," she added with a smile, "for she is truly Corsican, and you are an overcivilized barbarian."

"Overcivilized! Well now, in spite of myself I feel that I am relapsing into barbarism since I set foot in this island. A thousand frightful thoughts beset me and torment me—and I longed to have some conversation with you before burying myself in my desert."

"You must rouse your courage, monsieur; look at your sister's resignation; she sets you an example."

"Oh! undeceive yourself. Put no faith in her resignation. She has not yet said a single word to me, but every look of hers tells me plainly what she expects of me."

"And pray what is that?"

"Oh! nothing—only that I should try if your father's gun can kill a man as well as a partridge."

"What an idea! Can you really suppose it possible, after just admitting that she has said nothing to you yet? Really, this is too bad on your part."

"Had she no thoughts of vengeance, she would have spoken to me at once of our father; she has done nothing of the sort. She would have uttered the name of those she regards—unjustly I am sure—as his murderers. But no, not a word about them. Shall I tell you why? We Corsicans, you must know, are a cunning race. My sister is aware that she has not got me wholly in her power, and she does not wish to alarm me whilst I can yet escape her. When once she shall have led me to the verge of the precipice, when my brain has begun to reel, she will plunge me headlong down the absyss." Orso now communicated to Miss Nevil some details respecting the death of his father, and related the chief proofs that combined to make him look on Agostini as the murderer. "Nothing," he continued, "has made the least impression on Colomba. I saw this from her last letter. She has sworn the death of the Barricini; and—see what confidence I repose in you Miss Nevil—perhaps they would not be this moment in existence, were it not that from one of those prejudices which her rude education excuses, she felt persuaded that the act of vengeance belongs of right to me as the head of the family, and that my honour is pledged to it."

"Indeed, Monsieur della Rebbia," said Miss Nevil, "you calumniate your sister."

"No; you have said it yourself—she is a Corsican—she thinks as they all do. Do you know why I was in such bad spirits yesterday?"

"No; but you have been subject, for some time past, to these gloomy fits. You were more agreeable at the commencement of our acquaintance."

"Yesterday, on the contrary, I was more than usually gay—more than usually happy. I had seen you so kind, so indulgent to my sister. We were returning home, the colonel and I, by water. Guess what one of the boatmen said to me, in his infernal *patois*. 'You have killed lots of game, Ors' Anton'; but you will find Orlanduccio Barricini a better sportsman than you.'"

"Well, what is there so very terrible in these words? Is it, then, a matter of such vital moment to you, that you should be thought a first-rate sportsman?"

"But do you not see that the blackguard meant to tell me I durst not kill Orlanduccio?"

"Do you know you frighten me, Monsieur della Rebbia. It seems the air of your island not only causes fever, but even makes people mad. Fortunately, we shall leave it soon."

"Not till you have been to Pietranera. You have promised my sister."

"And if we failed to keep this promise, we might expect, no doubt, to bring down some terrible vengeance on our heads."

"Do you remember what your father told us the other day of those Indians, who threaten the Company's agents to starve themselves to death, unless their petitions be granted?"

That is to say, you would starve yourself to death? I doubt it. You would go without food for a day, and then Mademoiselle Colomba would set a very tempting *brucció** before you, and there would be an end to your resolution."

"You are very cruel in your jests, Miss Nevil. You ought to be more lenient with me. See, I am all alone here. I had only you to keep me from becoming mad, as you say; you were my guardian angel, and now—"

"And now," said Miss Nevil, gravely, "to uphold that reason of yours, so easily shaken, you have your honour as a man and as a soldier; and," [illegible]d, turning aside to pluck a flower, "if that will be of any service to you, the remembrance of your guardian angel."

"Oh, Miss Nevil, if I could think that you really take some interest—"

"Listen to me, Monsieur della Rebbia," said Miss Nevil, with some emotion. "Since you are a child, I will treat you as a child. When I was a little girl, my mother gave me a handsome necklace I longed for greatly; but she said, as she gave it me, 'Every time you put on this necklace, remember that you do not yet know French.' The necklace lost some of its value in my eyes. It was become for me a remorse, as it were; but I wore it, and I was mistress of French. Do you see this ring? It is an Egyptian scarabæus, found, so please you, in a pyramid. This queer figure, which you take perhaps for a bottle, signifies *human life*. Some folks in my country would think the hieroglyphic very appropriate. This next one is a buckler, with a hand grasping a spear, and signifies *combat, battle*. The combination, therefore, expresses this maxim, which I think a very good one—*life is a combat*. Now, don't take it into your head that I can interpret hieroglyphics off-hand. It was a very learned pundit who explained these to me. Here, I will give you my scarabœus. When any ugly Corsican thought enters your mind, look at my talisman, and say to yourself, that we must come off victors from the battle with our evil passions. Now, upon my word, I am no bad preacher."

"I will think of you, Miss Nevil, and I will say to myself—"

"Say to yourself you have a friend who would be wretched to know—that you were hanged. Besides, what a sad thing this would be for your ancestors—*messieurs les caporaux*." She let go Orso's arm with a laugh, and running up to her father, "Papa," she said, "leave those poor birds alone, and come and talk poetry with us in Napoleon's grotto."

VIII.

There is always something solemn in a departure even when people separate but for a short time. Orso was to set out at a very early hour in the morning with his sister, and had taken leave of Miss Nevil the evening before, never supposing that for his sake she would break through her cherished habits of indolence. Their farewell had been cold and constrained. Since the conversation by the seaside Miss Nevil felt a misgiving that she had manifested perhaps too warm an interest for Orso, and he on the other hand felt sore at her raillery, and above all at the levity of her tone. There had been a moment when he fancied he could discover in the young English lady's manner towards him the symptoms of nascent affection; but now, foiled and disconcerted by her pleasantries, he said to himself he was nothing in her eyes but a mere casual acquaintance, who would soon be forgotten. Great, therefore, was the surprise, when, in the morning, as he sat at coffee with the colonel, he saw Miss Nevil enter the room followed by his sister. She had risen at five o'clock, and for an English lady, for Miss Nevil above all, the effort was sufficiently great to inspire him fairly with some degree of vanity.

"I am quite distressed that you should have been disturbed at so early an hour," said Orso. "No doubt it was my sister who woke you up, notwithstanding the cautions I gave her. You have very good reason to be vexed with us. I should not wonder but you wish me *hanged* already."

"No," said Miss Nevil, in a very low voice, and in Italian, evidently that her father might not overhear her; "but you were cross with me yesterday for my harmless jokes, and I did not wish you to go away with an impression of unkindness on yo[illegible] mind. What terrible people you Corsicans are! Farewell, then; but not for long, I hope." And she held out her hand.

Orso could only answer with a sigh. Colomba coming up to him drew him aside to the recess of the window, and showing him something she had under her *mezzaro*, talked to him for a moment in whispers.

"My sister," said Orso, turning to Miss Nevil, "wishes to make you a strange sort of a present, mademoiselle; but we Corsicans have little to give—except our affection—which time does not efface. My sister tells me you have looked with some curiosity on this dagger. It is an old heirloom in the family, and may very probably have hung long ago in the belt of one of those same corporals to whom I am indebted for the honour of your acquaintance. Colomba thinks it so precious that she has asked

* A sort of cream cheese toasted. A national dish in Corsica.

my permission to give it you; but for my part I hardly know whether or not I should grant it, for I fear you will laugh at us."

"The dagger is an extremely interesting object," said Miss Nevil; "but it is a family weapon, I cannot accept it."

"It is not my father's dagger," Colomba exclaimed, with great eagerness. "It was given to one of my mother's grandfathers by King Theodore. If mademoiselle will accept it, she will give us much pleasure."

"Come, Miss Nevil," said Orso, "do not disdain the dagger of a king."

To a collector, the relics of King Theodore are far more precious than those of the most potent monarchs. The temptation was strong, and Miss Nevil beheld already in imagination the effect the weapon would produce laid on a boudoir table in St. James's Place. "But," she said, taking the dagger with the sort of hesitation people exhibit when they are inclined to accept an offer, and turning on Colomba one of her most gracious smiles, "My dear Mademoiselle Colomba—I really cannot—I must not let you go away thus disarmed."

"My brother is with me," said Colomba, proudly, "and we have the good gun your father gave us. You have loaded it with ball, Orso?"

Miss Nevil kept the dagger, Colomba having first exacted a sou for it in payment, as a precaution against the bad omen of *giving* edged weapons to her friends.

At last the moment for departure was come. Orso pressed Miss Nevil's hand once more; Colomba embraced her, and then presented her rosy lips to the wonder-struck colonel. Miss Nevil stood at the window to see the brother and sister get into their saddles. Colomba's eyes shone with a baleful joy she had not noticed in them before. That tall strong woman, fanatical in her barbarous notions of honour, pride seated on her brow, her lips arched with a sardonic smile, carrying off the young man armed as if for some untoward expedition, recalled to Miss Nevil's mind the fears Orso had expressed, and she thought she beheld his evil genius in the act of hurrying him to his ruin. Orso, now on horseback, looked up and saw her. Whether it was that he guessed her thoughts, or that he meant it for a last adieu, he took the Egyptian ring, which he had hung on a ribbon round his neck, and pressed it to his lips. Miss Nevil drew back from the window blushing; then resuming her place almost immediately, she saw the two Corsicans galloping away on their ponies towards the mountains. Half an hour afterwards the colonel pointed them out to her with his telescope, as they skirted along the head of the bay, and she saw that Orso frequently turned his head towards the town. At last they disappeared behind the swamps, the site of which is now overspread by a handsome orchard.

Miss Nevil, looking at herself in the glass, saw that she was pale.

"What must this young man think of me?" she said, "and what do I think of him? and why do I think about him? a travelling acquaintance! What brought me to Corsica? Oh! I do not love him—no, no!—besides, the thing is impossible.—And Colomba—I the sister-in-law of a voceratrice! who carries a long dagger!" Here she perceived that she held King Theodore's in her hand. She threw it on her toilette table. "Colomba in London, dancing at Almack's! What a *lion* to lead about!—After all I should not wonder to see her produce a great sensation. He loves me, I am certain—he is a hero of romance, whose adventurous career I have interrupted. But did he really design revenging his father *à la Corse?*—He was something between a Conrad and a dandy—I have made him a dandy purely, and a dandy with a Corsican tailor!"

She threw herself on her bed and tried to sleep, but it was impossible. I shall not attempt to report the rest of her long soliloquy, in which she repeated more than a hundred times that M. della Rebbia had never been, was not, and never would be any thing to her.

IX.

Meanwhile Orso pursued his way with his sister. The rapid pace at which they rode prevented them at first from conversing; but when the steepness of the road obliged them to slacken their speed, they interchanged a few words respecting the friends from whom they had just parted. Colomba spoke with enthusiasm of Miss Nevil's beauty, of her rich fair hair, and her exquisite manners. She then asked was the colonel as rich as he seemed, and was Lydia his only daughter. "It would be a good match no doubt," she said. "Her father seems to have much regard for you." Orso making no reply she went on. "Our family was rich formerly; it is still one of the most respectable in the island. All these *signori** are bastards. There is no real nobility except in the Corporal families, and you know, Orso, that you are descended from the first Corporals of the island. You know that our family is from beyond the mountains,† and that it was the civil wars that obliged us to come over to this side. If I were in your place, Orso, I should not hesitate; I would demand Miss Nevil's hand of her father." (Orso shrugged his shoulders.) "With her dowry I would purchase the Forest of Falsetta and the vineyards below our house: I would build a handsome house of cut stone, and I would add another story to the old tower, where Sambucuccio killed so many Moors in the days of Count Henri *bel Missere*.‡

* The descendants of the feudal lords of Corsica are called *signori*. The families of the *signori* and those of the *caporali* dispute with each other the honours of noble blood.

† That is to say, from the eastern side. The expression, *di là dei monti*, is very frequent; its meaning varying, of course, with the position of the speaker. Corsica is divided from north to south by a chain of mountains.

‡ See Filippini, lib. ii.—The Count Arrigo bel Missere died about the year 1100. It is said that, at his death, a voice was heard in the air singing these prophetic words:

E morto il conte Arrigo bel Missere.
E Corsica sarà di male in peggio.

"You are a silly girl, Colomba," Orso replied, galloping on.

"You are a man, Ors' Anton', and of course you know better than a woman what you are to do. But I should like to know what objection this Englishman could make to an alliance with us. Are there Corporals in England?"

After a long ride, talking in this sort, the brother and sister arrived in a small village not far from Bocognano, where they stopped to dine and pass the night at a friend's house. They were received with that Corsican hospitality which none can appreciate but those who have experienced it. The next day they were escorted a league on their way by their entertainer, who had stood in that sort of relationship to Madame della Rebbia for which the English language has no name; he had been her *compère*, that is, he had been godfather when she was godmother.

"You see these woods and these mâquis?" he said to Orso, as they were taking leave of each other. "A man who should have *had a mischance* might live quietly in them for ten years, and never fear that gendarmes or voltigeurs would look after him there. These woods touch upon the Forest of Vizzavona, and a man who has friends at Bocognano and round about need want for nothing in them. That's a handsome gun of yours; it ought to carry a long way. Blood of the Madonna what a bore! You may kill something better than wild boars with that."

Orso replied coldly that his English gun carried *the lead* very far. The friends embraced and each took his own road.

Our travellers were now but a little way from Pietranera, when at the entrance of a defile through which they had to pass, they discovered seven or eight men armed with guns, some seated on stones, others stretched on the grass, and others standing apparently on the watch. Their horses were grazing not far from them. Colomba reconnoitred them for a moment through a small telescope, which she drew out from one of the large leathern pouches worn by all Corsicans when travelling.

"They are our people," she cried out, joyfully, "Pieruccio has punctually fulfilled my orders."

"What people?" inquired Orso.

"Our goatherds. I sent off Pieruccio the evening before last, that he might collect these brave fellows to accompany you to your house. It is not becoming that you should enter Pietranera without an escort, and you must be aware besides, that the Barricini are capable of every thing."

"Colomba," said Orso, sternly, "I have repeatedly requested you never to speak to me again of the Barricini or of your unfounded suspicions. I shall certainly not make an exhibition of myself, going home with this pack of idlers about me: and I am very much displeased that you have brought them together without consulting me."

"You have forgotten your country, brother. It is my place to take care of you when your own imprudence exposes you to danger. It was my duty to do what I have done."

At this moment the goatherds having caught sight of them, sprang upon their horses and galloped down hill to meet them.

"Evivva Ors' Anton'!" shouted a sturdy old man with a white beard, dressed in spite of the heat in a great coat with a hood, made of Corsican cloth, thicker than the shaggy fleeces of his goats. "He is the living picture of his father, only taller and stronger. What a handsome gun! We shall hear tell of this gun, Ors' Anton'."

"Evviva Ors' Anton'," cried all the goatherds in chorus. "We knew well he would come back at last."

"Ah! Ors' Anton'," said a great strapping fellow with a skin the colour of a brick, "what a joyful day it would be for your father if he was here to receive you! Dear heart! you would have him before your eyes this moment if he had listened to me, if he had let me do Giudice's job. Well, well! God be good to him! he would not hearken to me; he knows well now that I was right."

"Never mind!" the old man struck in, "Giudice will lose nothing by waiting."

"Evviva Ors' Anton'!" and a dozen shots accompanied the acclamation.

Orso, in a very bad humour, in the centre of this group of armed riders, all thronging round him to shake him by the hand, was for some time unable to make himself heard. At last, putting on the look he used to wear at the head of his company, when he was distributing reprimands and sentences to the black-hole: "My friends," he said, "I thank you for the affection you display towards me and for that you bore my father; but mark me, I will not submit to be counselled by any one. I know my own business."

"He's right!" quite right!" cried the goatherds. "You know well you may count on us."

"Yes, I know that, but I have no need of any one at present, and my house is threatened with no danger. Face about forthwith, and be off every man of you to your goats. I know the road to Pietranera, and want no guides."

"Fear nothing, Ors' Anton'," said the old man; "*they* would not dare to show themselves to-day; the mouse runs back to its hole, when the cat returns."

"Cat yourself, old whitebeard!" said Orso. "What's your name?"

"What! you don't know me, Ors' Anton', me that have carried you so often behind me on my biting mule? You don't know Polo Griffo? A brave fellow, do you see, staunch to the dellaRebbias, body and soul. Just say the word, and when your big gun talks, this old musket, as old as its master, will not be silent; rely on that Ors' Anton.'"

"Very well, very well, but in the devil's name be off, and let us continue our journey."

The goatherds withdrew at last, setting off at a

round trot for the village; but, from time to time, they stopped at every elevated point of the road, as if to examine if there was not some ambuscade, and they always kept near enough to Orso and his sister, to be able to support them in case of need. And old Polo Griffo said to his companions, "I understand him, I understand him! He does not say what he means to do, but he does it. He is the very picture of his father. Good! say you have no spite against any one! you have made a vow to St. Nega.* Bravo! Do you see me now, I would not give a fig for the mayor's hide; you may make a wine bag of it before a month is over."

Thus preceded by this troop of éclaireurs, the descendant of the della Rebbias entered his village, and approached the old manor of the Corporals, his ancestors. The Rebbianists, long without a chief, advanced in a body to meet him, and the neutral inhabitants of the village were all on their thresholds, to see him pass. The Barricinists kept within doors, and looked out through the openings of their latticed casements.

The village of Pietranera is very irregularly built, like all the others in Corsica; for, in order to see a street, you must go to Cargese, built by M. de Marbœuf. The houses, scattered at random, and without the least attempt at ranging in line, occupy the summit of a small platform on the mountain side. About the middle of the village stands a large evergreen oak, close by which is a granite basin, into which the water of a neighbouring spring is conveyed by a wooden pipe. This monument of public utility was constructed by the della Rebbias and the Barricini at their common costs; but it would be a great mistake to behold in it a proof of the ancient harmony between the two families. On the contrary, the structure owed its existence to their jealousy. Colonel della Rebbia, having once sent a small sum to the municipal council of his commune, as a contribution towards the erection of a fountain, the avocat Barricini hastened to present a similar donation, and it was to this combat of generosity that Pietranera was indebted for its water. Round the evergreen oak and the fountain, there is a vacant space called the Place, where idlers assemble in the evening. Sometimes they play cards there, and they dance once a year in carnival time. At each extremity of the Place rise buildings of greater height than breadth, constructed of granite and schist. These are the hostile *towers* of the della Rebbias and the Barricini. Their architecture is uniform, their height is the same, and it is obvious that the rivalry between the two families has always subsisted without receiving any decision from fortune.

It may not be amiss perhaps to explain what is to be understood by this word *tower*. It is a square building about forty feet high, which in any other country would be called neither more nor less than a pigeon-house. The door, which is narrow, opens eight feet above the ground, and is reached by a very steep flight of steps. Over the door is a window with a sort of balcony, having loopholes in it directed downwards like a *machicoulis*, through which one may brain a troublesome visiter without risk. Between the window and the door there are two rudely carved scutcheons. One of these formerly displayed the Genoese cross, but it is now quite mutilated and unintelligible to all but antiquarian eyes. On the other scutcheon are sculptured the arms of the family to whom the tower belongs. To complete the decoration, add some marks of balls on the scutcheons and the window-frames, and you may picture to yourself a Corsican manor of the middle ages. I forgot to mention that the dwelling-house adjoins the tower, and is often connected with it by a subterraneous passage.

The house and tower of the della Rebbias occupy the northern side of the Place of Pietranera, those of the Barricini, the southern side. From the northern tower to the fountain is the walk of the della Rebbias, that of the Barricini is opposite to this. Never since the death of the colonel's wife had a member of either family been seen on any but the side assigned it by a sort of tacit convention. To avoid making a detour, Orso was about to pass before the mayor's house, when his sister called his attention to what he was doing, and proposed that they should turn into a lane that would lead them to their own house without crossing the Place.

"Why go out of our way?" said Orso; "is not the Place free to every body?" and he spurred his horse.

"Brave heart!" Colomba mentally ejaculated.—"Father, thou shalt be avenged!"

When they reached the place, Colomba put herself between her brother and the house of the Barricini, and kept her eye constantly fixed on the windows of her foes. She remarked that they had been recently barricaded, and that *archere* had been made before them. *Archere* is the name given to loopholes, left between the thick blocks of wood, with which the lower parts of windows are protected when an attack is apprehended, under cover of which the inhabitants may fire upon their assailants.

"The cowards!" said Colomba. "Look, brother; they begin already to be on their guard; they barricade themselves! but they must come out some time or other!"

The appearance of Orso on the southern side of the Place produced a great sensation in Pietranera, and was regarded as a proof of daring, amounting almost to rashness. Among the neutral parties assembled in the evening round the evergreen oak, it was made the text for endless commentaries. "It is lucky," said one, "that the young Barricini are not yet come back, for they are not so patient as the advocate, and it's a great doubt to me they would have let their enemy pass along their ground without making him pay for his bravado."

"Now mark my words, neighbour," said an old man who was the oracle of the village, "I noticed Colomba's face to-day; she has something in her

* The name of this saint is not to be found in the calendar. To make a vow to St. Nega is to deny a thing flatly.

head, I tell you. I smell powder in the air. Before long there will be butcher's meat cheap in Pietranera."

X.

Separated at a very early age from his father, Orso had scarcely had time to know him thoroughly. He had left Pietranera, at fifteen, to pursue his studies in Pisa, and from thence he had gone to the Ecole Militaire, whilst Ghilfuccio was following the flight of the imperial eagles over Europe. On the continent Orso had seen his father, but upon rare and brief occasions, and it was only in the year 1815 he served in the regiment commanded by his father. But the colonel, who was a martinet, treated his son like all the other young lieutenants, that is to say, with great strictness. The reminiscences Orso retained of him were of two kinds. He remembered him at Pietranera lending him his sword, letting him discharge his gun when he returned from shooting, or seating him, for the first time in his life, when a very little fellow, at the family table. Then he pictured to himself colonel della Rebbia putting him under arrest for some indiscretion or another, and never calling him anything but "Lieutenant della Rebbia." "Lieutenant della Rebbia you are not in your place: three days' arrest. Your tirailleurs are five mètres too far from the reserve: five days' arrest. You are in a foraging cap at five minutes past twelve: eight days' arrest." Only once, at Quatre Bras, the colonel said to him, "Very well done! Orso, but prudence!" But after all, these last reminiscences were not those which Pietranera called up in his mind. The sight of the familiar scenes of boyhood, the household goods used by his mother, whom he had fondly loved, excited a host of sweet and painful emotions in his breast; then the gloomy future preparing for him, the vague uneasiness caused him by his sister, and, above all, the thought that Miss Nevil was about to visit his dwelling, which now struck him as so mean, so paltry, and so unsuited to persons used to the comforts and elegances of this life; the contempt with which it would, perhaps, inspire her; all these thoughts made a chaos in his brain, and had the most depressing effect on his spirits.

He sat down to supper in a large oaken armchair, blackened by age, in which his father used to head the family table, and smiled as he saw Colomba hesitate to be seated with him. He was grateful to her, however, for her silence during the repast, and for her speedy retirement after it; for he felt himself too much agitated to resist the attacks she was, no doubt, preparing for him: but Colomba wished to proceed by easy steps with him, and to give him time to look about him. He remained a long while in one posture, with his head upon his hand, running over, in his mind, the events of the last fortnight. He saw, with dismay, the eager expectation with which every one seemed to look forward to his conduct with respect to the Barricini. Already he perceived that the opinion of Pietranera was beginning to be for him the opinion of the world. It was incumbent on him to revenge himself, if he would not pass for a dastard. But on whom? He could not believe the Barricini guilty of murder. To be sure they were the enemies of his family, but nothing short of the gross prejudices of his countrymen could fix upon them the imputation of assassination. At times he gazed on Miss Nevil's talisman, and whispered to himself its motto, "Life is a combat!" At last, he said, resolutely, "I will conquer in that combat!" And, reinvigorated by this good thought, he rose, took his lamp and was proceeding to his bedroom, when some one knocked at the house-door. It was an unseasonable hour for receiving visiters. Colomba immediately appeared, followed by the servant woman. "It is nothing," she said, as she ran to the door. Nevertheless, before she opened, she asked who was there. A soft voice replied, "It is I." Upon this the wooden bar that crossed the door was immediately removed, and Colomba returned to the sitting-room followed by a little girl about ten years old, barefooted, in rags, with her head wrapped in an old worn kerchief, from beneath which long locks of hair, black as the raven's wing, fell down upon her neck. The child was thin, pale, and sunburnt; but her eyes sparkled with intelligence. Seeing Orso, she stopped short, timidly, and bobbed him a curtsey in peasant fashion; she then whispered Colomba, and handed her a pheasant recently shot.

"Thank you, Chili," said Colomba; "thank your uncle for me. He is well, I hope?"

"Very well, mademoiselle, at your service. I could not come sooner, for he was very late. I stayed three hours in the mâquis waiting for him."

"You have not had your supper?"

"No, mademoiselle, I had not time."

"You shall have some. Has your uncle any bread left?"

"Not much, mademoiselle; but powder is what he wants most. We have got the chestnuts come now, and so all he wants at present is powder."

"I will give you a loaf for him and some powder. Tell him to be saving of it, for it is dear."

"Colomba," said Orso in French, "to whom are you giving alms in this way?"

"To a poor bandit of our village," Colomba replied, in the same language. "This little thing is his niece."

"It strikes me you might bestow your charity better. Why send powder to a rascal who will only make use of it for criminal purposes? But for the deplorable weakness with which every body here seems to lean to the bandits, Corsica would have been cleared of them long ago."

"The worst people in the country are not those who have taken to the hillside."*

"Give them bread if you will, it should not be refused to any one; but I have no notion of your giving them ammunition."

* Who are *alla campagna*—that is, who are bandits. Bandit is not an ignominious term; it is understood in the sense of banished, and is equivalent to the "outlaw" of the English ballads.—*Author's note.*

"Brother," said Colomba, gravely, "you are master here, and every thing in the house belongs to you; but I tell you plainly I will give my mezzaro to this little girl to sell, rather than refuse powder to a bandit. Refuse him powder! Why, you might as well give him up at once to the gendarmes. What protection has he against them except his cartridges?"

Meanwhile the little girl was eagerly devouring a piece of bread, and turning a keen glance alternately on Colomba and her brother, as she strove to guess the meaning of their words from the expression of their features.

"And what may he have done, this bandit of yours? For what crime has he fled to the mâquis?"

"Brandolaccio has committed no crime," said Colomba emphatically. "He killed Giovan' Opezzo, who had assassinated his father whilst Brandolaccio was abroad with the army."

Orso turned round, took up his lamp, and went to his bedroom without saying a word. Colomba then gave powder and provisions to the child and let her out of doors again, repeating to her, "Above all let your uncle watch well over Orso."

[*To be continued.*]

MAN.

MAN is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the furthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing has got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws:
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

More servants wait on man,
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down all that doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593—1632.

There be foure good mothers have foure bad daughters; trueth hath hatred, prosperity hath pride, security hath peril, and familiarity hath contempt.

The soule is the greatest thing in the least continent.—ELIZABETH GRYMESTONE. *Miscellanea.* 1604.

THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK'S CALAMITY.

THE following poem was written by Thomas Deloney (1607), the author of the ballad on Wat Tyler's rebellion we recently published.* Independently of its worth as a curious relic of an age when this kind of versification was much in vogue, the subject itself presents some claims upon attention. The history of the duchess's "calamity" forms the topic of many an old ditty and narrative, and is not deficient in that sort of strange, providential interest which one discovers so often in ballad poetry, and so rarely in real life. The very romance of the matter, however, constitutes its grand charm. If it were not for the interposition of benignant spirits, in the shape of veritable fairies, or of such staunch friends as the worthy "governour of Germainie," or "Prince Cassemere," these fine antique fragments of chivalry would stand very little chance of being read by the bulk of our population. Neither their quaint measures, nor the integrity of their humour or their pathos, would save them from oblivion.

Of all the popular ballads of the time, this was one of the most popular. It took rank with Fair Rosamond and Queen Eleanor, which commanded, amongst the lyrical histories, perhaps, the largest audiences. We are not aware that it has been reprinted since the date of the original edition, except by the Percy Society and in Evan's Old Ballads, where it is inserted without any reference to the name of the author. For all the particulars we are able to give concerning Deloney, we must refer to our notes on Wat Tyler's Rebellion.

THE DUTCHESSE OF SUFFOLKE'S CALAMITIE.

[*To the tune of "Queen Dido."*]

WHEN God had taken for our sinne
That prudent prince King Edward away,
Then bloudy Bonner did begin
His raging malice to bewray:
All those that did the Gospell professe,
He persecuted more or lesse.

Thus when the Lord on us did lower,
Many in pryson did he throw,
Tormenting them in Lollard's tower,
Whereby they might the trueth forgoe:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
Were burnt in fire that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots filld,
And many places more beside:
At Coventry was Sanders kild,
At Glocester eke good Hooper dyde;
And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond-seas many fled away.

* STORY-TELLER, No. IV., p. 126.

Among the rest that sought reliefe,
And for their faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe,
King Henrie's daughter of royall blood,
Which in the Tower prisoner did lie,
Looking each day when she should die.

The Dutchesse of Suffolke seeing this,
Whose life likewise the tyrant sought,
Who in the hope of heavenly blisse,
Which in God's word her comfort wrought,
For feare of death was faine to flie,
And leave her home most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone
Her lands and goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that pretious stone,
The worde of truth, so rare to find:
She with her nurse and husband and child
In poore array their sights beguild.

Thus through London they past along,
Each one did passe a severall streete;
Thus all unknowne, escaping wrong,
At Billingsgate they all did meete:
Like people poor in Gravesend barge
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend towne
With easie journeyes on foote they went.
Unto the sea-coast they came downe,
To passe the seas was their intent:
And God provided so that day,
That they tooke shippe and sayld away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind
In Flanders safe they did arive.
This was to their great ease of minde,
Which from their hearts much woe did drive.
And so, with thanks to God on hie,
They took their way to Germanie.

Thus as they traveld thus disguisde
Upon the high way sodainely
By cruell theeves they were surprisde,
Assaulting their small companie:
And all their treasure and their store
They tooke away, and beat them sore.

The nurse in middest of their fight
Laid down the child upon the ground:
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found.
Then did the dutchesse make great mone,
With her good husband all alone.

The theeves had there their horses kilde,
And all their money quite had tooke:
The pretty babie, almost spild,
Was by their nurse likewise forsooke.
And they farre from their friends did stand
All succourless in a strange land.

The skies likewise began to scowle:
It hayld and raind in piteous sort:
The way was long and wonderous foule
Then may I now full well report
Their griefe and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chaunce did fall.

Sometimes the dutchesse bore the child,
As wet as ever she could be;
And when the lady kind and mild
Was wearie, then the child bore hee:
And thus they one and other eassde,
And with their fortunes were well pleasde.

And after many wearied steppes,
All wet-shod both in durt and myre,
After much griefe their hearts yet leapes,
For labour doth some rest require:
A town before them they did see,
But lodgd therein they could not bee.

From house to house they both did goe,
Seeking where they that night might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
And still the babe with cold did crie.
With capp and knee they courtsey make,
But none on them would pittie take.

Loe, heere a princesse of great blood
Did pray a peasant for reliefe,
With tears bedewed as she stood;
Yet few or none regardes her griefe.
Her speech they could not understand,
But gave her a pennie in her hand.

When all in vaine the paines was spent,
And that they could not house-roome get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To stand out of the raine and wet:
Then said the dutchesse to her deare,
O, that we had some fire heere.

Then did her husband so provide,
That fire and coales he got with speede.
She sate down by the fier's side
To dresse her daughter that had neede;
And while she drest it in her lapp,
Her husband made the infant papp.

Anone the sexton thither came,
And finding them there by the fier,
The drunken knave, all voyde of shame,
To drive them out was his desire:
And spurning forth this noble dame,
Her husband's wroth it did inflame.

And all in furie as he stood,
He wrung the church-keies out of his hand,
And strooke him so, that all of blood
His head ran downe where he did stand,
Wherefore the sexton presently
For help and ayde aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in hast,
And tooke the dutchesse and her child;
And with her husband thus they past,
Like lambes beset with tygers wild.
And to the governour they were brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Maister Bartue, brave and bold,
In Latine made a gallant speech,
Which all their miserie did unfold,
And their high favour did beseech:
With that a doctor sitting by,
Did know the dutchesse presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
With mind abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that there did waight,
He thus brake forth in wordes aright,
"Behold, within your sight," quoth he,
"A princesse of most high degree."

With that the governour and the rest
Were all amazde the same to hear,
And welcommed these new-come guestes
With reverence great and princely cheare;
And afterwards conveyd they were
Unto their friend Prince Cassemere.

A son she had in Germanie,
Peregrine Bartue calld by name,
Surnamed the good Lord Willobie,
Of courage great and worthie fame,
Her daughter young which with her went,
Was afterward Countesse of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceast,
The dutchesse home returnde again,
Who was of sorrow quite releast
By Queen Elizabeth's happie raigne:
For whose life and prosperitie
We may prayse God continually.

TAM GARAI, THE GOOD BANYAN.

"Glory is but the shadow of virtue: where the one is not, the other cannot be."—*Maxim extracted from the* SAMA-VEDAM *of the Hindus.*

BEFORE the Tartars, the Moguls, the Mahrattas, or the English had been the conquerors of the finest countries of the east, the kingdom of Guzzerat was regarded as the great source of supplies, and the richest province of the Indian peninsula. Its rajah was just dead; his son, who had succeeded him, was daring, and distinguished by many brilliant qualities; the people, whose sovereign he had become, were mighty; the country he ruled was prolific; and the kings of Decan, of Jesselmire, and of Chitor were tributary to his power. With such temptations, is it strange that the youth should give way to ambition? He desired to surpass Alexander in his conquests, and Mariadiramen in his equity. He even longed for reverses, that, in bearing them, he might rival Porus. The most learned brahmins of Benares, the most celebrated poets of India, were summoned to his court to celebrate the exploits he projected, and the virtues he was going to have.

He doubled the number of his soldiers, caused them to be attired magnificently, and determined to dazzle his people by personally passing his vast army in review.

Between the mountains of Bollodo and the gulf of Guzzerat spreads an immense plain, skirted by a double vista of palm and sandal trees. To that spot the troops of the young prince poured from all parts of the kingdom. Thither thronged the inhabitants of Barocha, Cambaya, Boudra, &c., eager for the proud array, and for a sight of their new sovereign.

The army took its position on the border of the gulf, and the royal retinue presently appeared. Two thousand rajputs, or sons of noblemen, formed its vanguard. They were all clad in baftas* of the finest cotton, stuffs of striped silk, brocades of gold and silver. In their hands each bore either one of the famed bows of Multon, or the lance and axe of Kaboul. To the sound of every warlike instrument at once, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, his brow and breast covered with diamonds of Somelpour, Visapour, and Golconda, the prince appeared. He was mounted on a beautiful white elephant; its caparison was of surpassing splendour; it sparkled with the most precious stones of Pegu and the isle of Ceylon.

The bosom of our young hero swelled with pride at this prodigality and magnificence, which he regarded as the harbingers of glory. He lifted his head, and looked about him with an extreme self-complacency to gladden his eye with the evidence of the impression he was making upon his people. But what was his wonder, when he perceived the multitude, instead of pressing upon his path, to feast upon a nearer view of his mighty person, suddenly receding like a tremendous wave. Its swiftness increases momentarily, and, with tumult and terror, it reeled backward to the vistas which fringed the plain.

The cause of this consternation was a terrific panther, which had just darted out of the mountains of Bollodo. The rush of the animal had been checked by the sight of the recoiling throng, and it was advancing slowly, with distended jaws, in the wide space thrown open by its appearance.

A poor and tattered old man, who, from the first, had stood aloof from the crowd, was left, by its sudden flight, alone upon the path. He was an *Halachor*—as despised a caste as that of the *Parias*—and, even in the midst of danger, did not dare to mingle with his more favoured countrymen, lest he might chance to contaminate them by an accidental touch. The monster made a spring, caught the old man, and with a growl of triumph, was bearing him towards the mountains.

Suddenly, a person darts from the throng, boldly cuts off the retreat of the panther, forces him to let go his prey, and thrusts his arm down his distended throat.

In vain did the baffled brute, panting with fury, and his eyes starting from their sockets, plunge his fangs into his adversary's side. The Indian resists and struggles; strangles him, and flings him, expiring, upon the sand.

The people sent forth a shout of joy and astonishment; but it was louder, and still more exulting, when they recognised, in the conqueror of the panther, the good banyan, Tam Garai, whose whole fortune had formerly been exhausted in succouring the poor of Guzzerat.

When order was restored, the young rajah reappeared. He was in a warrior's costume, and mounted on a courser of Arabia. He made his steed prance with extraordinary skill, went through the ranks of his soldiers, and promised riches and honours to them all. The people admired the grace and dexterity of the young rajah; but every mind was intent upon what had just occurred: and every eye kept turning from the spectacle of grandeur to the mountains of Bollodo.

The breaking up of the review was announced for the morrow. The royal tents were pitched upon the bank; perfumes burned on every side; fires were lighted all over the plain. The bramins invoked the benedictions of Heaven on a king who was the hope of Indostan; and the poets of the court struck up their noblest strains to celebrate his skill in horsemanship, the lustre of his diamonds, and even the generosity of which, no doubt, they were desirous to have evidence.

The king entered his tent well pleased. He thought the praises he had heard of himself gave great evidence of the proper notions of his people. He could not consider any projects of aggrandizement too great for a people so deserving. He even began to ponder seriously on the wonderful things he meant to accomplish. But he was desirous of hearing nearer at hand of the vast impression he

* Bands of muslin, in which they encircled the head.

had made. If the great men and the poets were so struck by his display of magnificence and power, what must the populace say of it when they get among themselves, and can freely unbosom their delight? He wrapped himself in a simple garb of rajput, and set off on foot for the great avenue of palm and sandal. The multitude had hastily thrown up rude shelters there for the night. He saw groups everywhere in warm and eager conversation. He approached some of them. It was strange to be lurking about thus to hear his own praises; but he was curious to know what the lower classes liked him most for. He listened. The name of Tam Garai was the only one which met his ear. There were earnest questionings about his situation and his wounds; the excess of his magnanimity, in exposing his own life to save that of a miserable Halachor, was extolled over and over again; every one had seen the struggle with the panther; and every one in recounting it with different circumstances, increased the size of the monster and the boldness of the combatant. Indignant that, on the day of his grand review, such should be the general theme, the king turned aside to other groups. The other groups enlarged on the benevolence of the good banyan! During a year of scarcity, he had, at his own expense, kept more than a thousand persons from starving. By the secrets he had discovered and disclosed in medicine, he had preserved innumerable lives; and the name of Tam Garai, repeated from lip to lip, wearied the king, and he was mortified, and went back to his tent.

The young rajah had no sooner returned, than a brahmin, who had brought him up from infancy, and whose frankness and virtues he respected, was summoned before him. The sage heard with calmness the result of his ramble, and replied—

"*Show and splendour dazzle for a moment, and are forgotten. The memory of a good action never dies.*"

The prince drew a long breath, and, after a moment's pause, "Well, then," said he, "I will perform good actions."

The royal favourites now appeared, and the dancing-girls and jugglers were called in; and, in the midst of all sorts of surprising sleights and dances, half the night was consumed in chewing the betel,* and in carousing arrack† and the juice of the toddy.‡

Returning to Guzzerat, the capital of his states, now known by the name of Ashmed-Abad, the king, more eager than ever for glory, turned over in his mind by what means he could possibly achieve the noble actions he meditated. "If it is good to overcome a panther," said he, "how much better must it be to overcome a people. War is the only thing of sufficient importance to render so great a man as I am illustrious." He instantly sent for the minister charged with the finances of the kingdom. He asked him whether the rajahs of Jesselmire and of Decan paid their tribute with punctuality. He was answered that two hundred thousand rupees of gold had that very moment been paid into the treasury in their name. The prince was quite disconcerted by a precision which deprived him of all pretext for invasion.

That instant a messenger rushed in. He said the whole city was in consternation. The little river of Lambremetti, which runs through Guzzerat, and whose alternate deluge and disappearance are equal calamities to the public, was overflowing its banks, and had even then nearly swallowed up the dwelling of a rich merchant, which stood upon its shore. A woman and her child happened to be the only persons in the house. They were, as the messenger came away, upon the roof, imploring succour; but no one dared approach them. The waters were extending momentarily; every instant they rose higher up the walls, and must presently overtop the whole mansion. The torrents of rain which had swelled the river, gave such turbulence to its waves, especially in this spot, which was strewed with rocks and unfinished edifices, that it was almost certain death to attempt a rescue, and no one could be found bold enough to venture.

The king darted, with all his court, to the seat of the disaster. In his hand he waved a massy goblet of gold, of inestimable workmanship, and enriched with the finest diamonds of the regalia. "This for their preserver!" cried he.

A murmur of approbation arose on every side: yet not one of the numerous bystanders attempted to deserve the goblet. The king made it once more glitter before all eyes; all still withstood the temptation.

Just then there was a man perceived whirling down the rapid current of the Lambremetti in a little junk. After the Indian manner, he worked the oar with his foot, while he propped himself on his hands, and put forth all his strength to reach the wretched victims. But the frail bark was flung, by the turmoil of the waters, against a projection from their surface, and dashed to pieces, and, with its unknown navigator, disappeared. But the gallant boatman was seen presently to rise above the waves. Expert in swimming, he glanced from projection to projection—caught an axe from the scaffolding of an unfinished building which was nearly submerged, and, tearing apart some of the materials which formed it, laid them in order for a raft, and knit them firmly together with ligatures, which were flung to him from the trembling pair upon the adjacent house-top. He reached the mother and her child; he placed them on the raft, and bound them there, and launched them on the stream, from whose impetuosity he in some degree screened them by means of a rope which he held extended as he swam behind them. Driven at length into a creek of the river,

* Amalgamation of the nuts of arrack and quicklime, enclosed in a leaf of piper-betel, a viny plant of the pepper species.
† Spirituous liquor extracted from the sugar-cane.
‡ Sort of palm-tree.

they landed there in safety. The people rushed to receive them; the air sounded with acclamations; the hero was conducted, on the shoulders of the multitude, to the king.

It was Tam Garai. The young prince blushed to hear him named.

"Take this," said he, offering the goblet; "you have deserved the promised recompence."

"I cannot take it," replied the banyan; "it will, in Brama's eye, deprive the action of its virtue."

"But, remember," answered the astonished prince, "had you perished, none would have given you credit for your disinterestedness."

"What care I for the judgment of man? I saw two fellow-creatures perishing. My heart prompted me to save them. I am more than rewarded in the approbation of my heart."

"Be it so;—but I am aware that the prodigality of your benevolence has been your ruin. Let me be the restorer of your fortune."

"Heaven has restored it, prince. A large sum which I lent formerly was restored to me this very morning."

Nothing was spoken of at court but the magnanimity of the king, who would have sacrificed the most beautiful of his goblets to save two of his subjects. Nothing was spoken of among the people but the noble disinterestedness of Tam Garai.

The rajah said to the brahmin, "My father, are you satisfied with my conduct?"

"Yes," replied the bramin, "your action is noble, but that of the banyan will eclipse it. You sought a glory without peril;—he braved a peril without glory, for a triumph without reward."

Some months more passed away in warlike preparations; but for what war, or for what object there should be a war, not even the king himself could tell. He was bent upon one, however; but he was too "just" to invade the neighbouring states, or to draw upon his loving subjects the terrible chances of battles, without some sort of pretext. In the hope there would arise one ere long, he thought he would amuse himself, in the interim, by building; and so he laid the foundations of a vast palace in the middle of Meiden, the great central square of Guzzerat. He watched over its progress in person. Every thing was planned with such admirable forethought, that, even if death had come upon him unawares, the building might have been carried on to its completion, intending that, if he never obtained a chance of conquest, posterity should at least have an intimation of what a prince he was from this superb monument.

When it was completed, "What do the people find to talk about now?" asked he of his veracious bramin.

"The cistern of the good banyan," replied the bramin.

"What cistern?" vociferated the prince, reddening with fury.

"Your majesty is aware," answered the bramin with composure, "that notwithstanding what the people suffer from the inundations of the Lambremetti, they are even more afflicted by the scarcity of water when it is dried up, as it is at present. Tam Garai, at his own expense, has constructed a vast cistern, which, by subterranean conduits, receives the superflux of the river in the time of rain, and preserves it for the time of drought."

"But my palace!" interrupted the prince, in a choked voice; "what say the people of my palace?"

"The people think you will be magnificently lodged there."

"What! dare they weigh the finest monument of Indostan against a paltry cistern?"

"King of Guzzerat!" said the brahmin, raising his voice, "the esteem of the people is won by services, and not by splendour: they value monuments only by their usefulness."

More than twenty poems, in most musically-balanced periods, were instantly composed in praise of the palace of Meidan, the wonder of India; but the rajah heard them listlessly, for the people had composed a song about the banyan, whose burden ran—

"May Brama watch o'er Tam Garai!"

And often did those rude rhymes reach even the ear of the sovereign.

His disgust did not escape the courtiers. One, who was sharper sighted than the rest, soon divined its cause. He hastened to the prince, flung himself at his feet, placed his right hand on his breast, set the other on the earth, then drew it back on his head, and exclaimed—

"Justice!—justice, in the name of Brama!—justice, in the name of the people!"

The young rajah was not unaware that to be equitable was one of the ways to attain glory. Indeed, he had long wished for an opportunity of eclipsing, by some signal judgment, the renown of Mariadiramen, the Solomon of India. He commanded the courtier to speak out.

"Prince, a miscreant, a heresiarch, imbued with the detestable principles of Agamam, dares openly profess that all men are born equal."

"His name?"

"Tam Garai."

The banyan was brought before the king. He was found guilty of having indiscriminately visited persons of every caste—of having even suffered the garment of an Halachor to touch his without instantly purifying himself from the contamination. This was quite proof enough of his being a secretary of Agamam. He was doomed to banishment. Even the good brahmin did not dare to say a word in his favour, for the offence was against religion. Besides, the king, when he pronounced the decree, declared that he would forthwith attempt to appease the wrath of the gods for the impiety of Tam Garai, by raising a pagoda in their honour at Guzzerat, which should surpass the united magnificence of all the gorgeous three at Juggernaut, Multan, and Kalamak.

"My salutary counsels," cried the bramin, "begin to take effect upon the king. Now he plans *useful* monuments."

It was then, especially, that every lyre was turned to teach posterity the equitable judgment of the Rajah of the rajahs of Guzzerat. The people answered only by their favourite ballad—

"May Brama watch o'er Tam Garai."

The prince now thought himself quite secure with posterity. His poets could not say more of him than they had done. No king had ever built so fine a palace. No king had ever pronounced a sentence so just, and, at the same time, so liberal. His virtue, in this case, had literally been its own reward. The equity of his decree had, at the same time, raised his fame, and rid him of his only rival with the people.

How is he to employ himself next? He had not yet distinguished himself in the career in which he had ever longed for distinction. Now a chance seems to offer. There is no other addition he can possibly make to his greatness. There is a fair excuse for war. Shall it be neglected? Certainly not.

The Sanganians and the Warrels had long harassed his coasts by their piracies. They had been quiet for the last few months; but offences had been committed, and might be committed again, and the offenders must be exterminated. However, there was no doing this without a powerful navy, and powerful navies cost money, and the people were already complaining of the taxes. "Double them," said the courtiers; "the camel is never quiet until loaded." The king listened to the courtiers, and lost the good will of the nation.

After long preparations, the forces were in readiness. On their way to embark at the gulf of Guzzerat, they were to pass though the wild village of the Kowlis, to exterminate its tribes of brigands, and to dethrone the queen of Sangania. This done, they were to possess themselves of the sea, from the point of Diu to the coast of Malabar, and to force the Warrels to deliver up their arms and ships.

The Kowlis were taken by surprise, and made very little resistance. They were conquered, destroyed, or given up to slavery. The king conducted himself like a hero: he shared all dangers with his soldiers. With his own hand he slew the leader of the foe, and had two elephants killed under him. The defeat of the brigands was followed by three days of rejoicing. When these were accomplished, the victorious rajah pronounced the order to embark. But scarcely was the signal of departure given, when a ship from the Warrels and the Sanganians was seen to enter the gulf. The deputies from those nations prostrated themselves before the king. One of them addressed him in the following terms:—

"Rajah of rajahs! For a long time we had no resource but war. We have more than once given proofs enough of our prowess, in our reception of the united forces of your father and the kings of Decan, Cambaya, and Balagata. Let those convince you that, when we submit, it is only because we do not choose to conquer. It was once our highest ambition to be feared. We are changed now: we have a nobler ambition. The circumstance which wrought this change is one of too exalted a character to be concealed. Hear it. A merchant junk, captured by our Sanganians, had on board of her a passenger who proved to be a subject of yours. He was about to incur the usual fate of our prisoners,* when some former inhabitants of Guzzerat, who served among us, recognised him, and implored his pardon of our queen Struck with the touching picture of his virtues, she commanded him to be brought before her. The words spoken by the sage sunk deep into her heart. The effect of his counsels was soon conspicuous in the improvement of every thing around us. By his advice our numerous prisoners were no longer treated worse than brutes; their condition was rendered comfortable; their respective talents were ascertained, and called into active exercise. The arts and embellishments of society were thus suddenly implanted among us; and we began to find better uses for life than the making it a mere scourge to others. That maddening beverage, *bang*† which, by inflaming our imagination, excited us to ferocity, fell into disuse; and with its rejection, the natural gentleness of the Indian character returned. Our disarmed vessels offered to make exchanges with the neighbouring nations. At first the offer was scarcely credited; but, gradually, we were believed. Commerce, at length, entered our ports. Our fields, which had been left uncultured, became productive. Our manners grew conciliating. The Warrels, who had ever been the allies of our sterner character, soon recognized the blessing of the change, and changed with us. True, there were some few untameable spirits who would not concur in the improvement, and who strove to throw us back into barbarism; but the virtues of our new legislator, and the firmness of our queen, prevailed, and established the revolution. This miraculous regeneration of two nations is the work of a few months, and of one man; and now the Sanganians and the Warrels, in union, repeat the favourite ballad of Guzzerat—

"'Oh, Brama! bless the good Garai.'"

At this name, the prince started, and his brow fell. The ambassador went on:

"Disturb not, great rajah! the happiness we are beginning to enjoy. Every pretext for war shall be removed. The ships captured from your subjects shall be restored. But leave our prosperity to increase unmolested, and name your own amount

* These people, the moment they have made a prisoner, cut the tendon Achilles, to render it impossible for him to escape

† Mixture of opium and henbane.

of tribute as an indemnity for the expense of this uncalled-for expedition, and it shall speedily be paid. Meanwhile, accept these hostages as guarantees of our sincerity," added he, presenting two of the sons of the queen of Sangania to the rajah; "let them learn in thy kingdom the art of rendering nations happy. How can they acquire aught but virtue under his eye who can reckon in the number of his subjects a Tam Garai?"

"Tam Garai!" echoed the young prince, bending up his brow, red with spite and fury—"must that name haunt me through the world? Must it for ever cross my triumphs—thwart my noblest hopes? Must I renounce conquest, and my ruling passion—glory—because there happens to be a Tam Garai?"

The veracious bramin was near the monarch, and heresy and agamam now formed no part of the question. "If you love glory, show more self-command," said he, "and expose not your weakness to strangers. Accept the offer of the Sanganians. A treaty is of more value than a victory. It is nobler to vanquish by words than by arms, and to persuade is better than to conquer."

"Then," muttered the prince, "is the banyan greater than I!"

All this, however, did not prevent the conqueror of the Kowlis from entering his capital, borne, on a supurb palanquin of tatta, by the first lords of his court; and yet even the clang of the trumpets, the beat of the drums, the shouts of the soldiers, and the songs of the bards, did not prevent his hearing voices murmur though them all—

"May Brama bless the good Garai!"

Being alone with his bramin, "Tell me," said he, "father, whence is this. How chances it that the wretched member of a caste almost despised—who has neither army nor treasures—who drags on a joyless existence in alternate poverty and exile—can thus contrive to come into ceaseless competition with me, a Rajah of rajahs—a King, the son of kings?"

"My son, it is because your object has been glory only—that of the banyan, virtue: the one benefits all—the other gratifies but one. Would you be truly great, and leave to posterity a durable and respected name, never forget the precept of the Sama-Vedam: "Glory is but the shadow of virtue: where the one is not, the other cannot be."

Certain confused ancient traditions would encourage a conjecture that the Indian monarch, of whose reign I have sketched the earlier years, died at a very advanced age. It is even probable that, at the time of his death, vast conquests had rendered him sovereign of all the region from between Chitor and Golconda to the Orixa mountains. At the close of the last century, however, I travelled through the ancient kingdom of Guzzerat, now a province of the Mahrattas. I sought to obtain some certain information of the hero of my narrative. Not a trace exists there of his great achievements! His very name is utterly unknown—while that of Tam Garai is repeated with veneration throughout the whole oriental peninsula. Even the fine verses composed in honour of the rajah have met the fate of the hero whom they celebrated; but, from the mountains of Bollodo to the coast of Malabar, you may still hear the homely ballad of—The Good Banyan!

SONG OF THE FREE LANCES.

[In the middle-ages, Freebooters, so called, and acknowledging a certain obedience to the laws of chivalry, abounded in many European countries.]

With a prancing steed, and a sword of proof,
And a lance of five good ells,
And a garment tough of iron woof,
'Neath the sky the Free Lance dwells.
He wins his prize by the dint of arms—
The Suzerain doth the same—
Then, proud steed, prance 'neath the bold Free Lance,
Who reaps in the field of fame!

Let velvet-knights, at the tournament,
For the bright-eyed glance contend;
Let dullards the turbans charge among
For *fame* in the Holy Land:
'Tis ours to seek for the golden prize,
And tribute boldly claim;
Then, proud steed, prance 'neath the bold Free Lance,
Who reaps in the field of fame!

From the baron bold and the burgher proud,
All bloated up with wealth,
We take but a part, as the leech lets blood,
To reduce the frame to health!
But fat, sleek abbots and frères to make
As apostles poor we aim;
Then, proud steed, prance 'neath the bold Free Lance,
Who reaps in the field of fame!

And, while against haughty men we war,
To chivalry's precepts true,
A flower of beauty we scorn to mar,
Nor, save in honour, woo.
Oh, crushed by some craven lance be he,
Who would harm a tender dame;
Then, proud steed, prance 'neath the bold Free Lance,
As he reaps in the field of fame!

OF THE PLOUGHMAN THAT SAYDE HIS PATER NOSTER.

[This curious anecdote is from a rare old jest-book, in black-letter, called "Tales and quick Answeres, very mery and pleasant to rede." The volume was purchased at Steevens's sale, for the Roxburgh Collection, and is mentioned by Beloe.]

A rude uplandisshe ploughman, whiche on a tyme reprovynge a good holy father, sayd that he coulde saye all his prayers with a hole mynde and steadfast intention, without thynking on any other thynge. To whom the good holy man sayde, "Go to, say one Pater Noster to the ende, and thynke on no other thinge; and I wyll gyve thee myn horse." "That I shall do," quod the ploughman, and so began to saye Pater Noster, qui es in celis, tyl he came to sanctificetur nomen tuum, and then his thought moved him to aske this question: "Yea, but shall I have the sadil and bridel withal?" And so he lost his bargain.

CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK.

CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK, as every body knows, is one of the most famous of the contemporary notabilities of France. His novels are as varied, brilliant, and original, as they are numerous, which is, perhaps, saying as much for them as the author himself could desire. His great strength lies in the portraiture of Paris life; and the following sample, although, from its brevity, it will afford scarcely more than a *soupçon* of the writer's style, is taken from that work which is most strikingly illustrative of his great characteristics—*Mœurs Parisiennes.* "The Grisette" is little better than an anecdote; but it is a Paris anecdote, the individual truth of which can no more be mistaken by any person familiar with Paris, than you could mistake the faithful portrait of an intimate friend. The title of the original is *Un Tour de Grisettes.*

Of Paul de Kock and his writings, we shall take another opportunity of speaking somewhat at large; the present is hardly an occasion of sufficient importance, to justify a critical essay of that kind. But we cannot introduce "The Grisette" to our readers, without assuring them, that it is quite free from any of those objections which have been, not unjustly, urged against so many of De Kock's tales. As they will find, it is a very simple and natural sketch, with more heart and gaiety in it than one often detects in these little French trifles.

THE GRISETTE.

(From the French of Paul de Kock.)

FIGURE to yourself two young girls about twenty; one, whom we shall simply call Aline, was tall, slender, well made; her hair and eyes were coal-black, and contrasted admirably with her white and delicate skin; her mouth, a little of the largest, perhaps, enclosed a set of pearls which a princess might view with envy; her plump soft hand had been admired by a statuary; and her ankle—I think I had better say nothing about her ankle, for I certainly did not see it: a fact I grieve to acknowledge, since I might otherwise have written twenty pretty things upon the ankle of Mademoiselle Aline.

Here I fancy I am stopped by one of my readers, exclaiming,

"Oh! Monsieur, then it is only a true story you are going to tell us, for you confess that Mademoiselle Aline is an acquaintance of yours—no romantic adventure made up on purpose for the amusement of your readers, which might hereafter be produced upon the stage in the shape of a startling melodrama?"

No, reader, I have no intention whatever of making up a story for you; I leave all that to the Arabs, to old nurses, and grandmammas: I am simply going to relate a fact which was told to me by one of the actors in my little drama. I shall of course change the names and positions of some of the parties; a writer must make a little alteration, were it only for the sake of giving an air of novelty and invention to his piece. And now, as you know exactly what you have to expect, let us go on.

Mademoiselle Aline was a very nice girl, she was a modest embroideress, clever, and full of sensibility. Such a character would be more easily moved than one cast in a sterner mould, and for this simple reason, that sensibility is the direct and only road to the heart. If there be no sensibility, there is no way to the heart, it is unapproachable. How then are we to get at it?

Mademoiselle Aline was twenty, pretty, well made, an embroideress, and tender hearted. Love should therefore have been her sweetest pastime, her principal occupation; she ought at least to have had one lover, whom she might torment when he was fond, turn away when he was jealous, and dote upon if he happened to be unworthy. She should have thought upon him in the morning, as she fetched her little jug of milk and half-ounce of coffee, and when she was curling her hair, and threading her needle; in short, she should have talked of him alone to her *bonne amie*, and dreamed of him every night.

But no! it was not thus with Aline; she dreamt not of love, she sighed not after her lover, she saw not his sweet image in a rose, in the grounds of her coffee-cup, in a bonnet of straw, or the tail of her cat; she spoke not of him to her friend, she looked not out for him at the window, she neither walked with him nor danced with him, for all which, one only reason can be given, I hope it may content you —Aline had no lover.

A grisette without a lover, you exclaim; this is a phenomenon, an unheard of affair! as well talk of a woman without a corset, a drawing-room without a piano, a salad without vinegar, asparagus without melted-butter, a coat without buttons, or a national guard without surliness.

"But why should Mademoiselle Aline, whom you represent so amiable and so sensible, why should she alone be insensible to love? A philosopher has told us that there can be no effect without a cause; to be sure any one might have said the same without being a philosopher."

Yes, without doubt, there was a cause! When Aline was only twelve years old, she resided with an old aunt; and this old aunt once took her to a fortune-teller, who the world said "had the power of looking into the future."

The good woman wished to give her young niece a treat, so instead of taking her to the play she took her to have her horoscope drawn.

The fortune-teller, in order to make a greater impression on the mind of the young girl, led her into a small room, covered with dark hangings, which as soon as you entered concealed the door. She dressed herself in a long black gown, in

the sleeves of which you might have hidden a couple of babies and a quartern loaf, put a large pointed hat upon her head painted with little scarlet figures of devils, serpents, flames, and caldrons.

She then prepared her table for the *grand jeu*; you know these fortune-tellers have various methods of arranging their business, but like the wine-merchants, though their prices may vary, the articles they give you are all the same. The old aunt had determined to do the thing genteely, and had therefore paid for the *grand jeu*.

You may guess that little Aline listened with profound awe to each word of the sorceress. The poor child, bewildered by all she had heard, and by the terrors around her, trembled in every limb, and looked about in agony for the door to make her escape. She felt her heart frozen within her, but she perfectly recollected these words, uttered by the sorceress in a voice like a speaking-trumpet:

"Little girl, the fates forbid thee, by my voice, ever to listen to the language of love; for I see in thy horoscope that men will be the cause of all thy misfortunes."

Poor Aline could never forget these words; and as she grew up, they seemed but more deeply imprinted upon her mind.

Her old aunt died, and Aline resided with one of her friends, and this was the other young girl with whom I began my truthful history. Her name was Stephanie; she had a little sarcastic nose, very sparkling eyes, saucy dimples in her cheeks; she was fair and fresh, gay and lively. She sang all day, as she plied her needle, Mademoiselle Stephanie being by profession a lace-worker. Her heart was never unoccupied, for when one lover proved unfaithful, she found no difficulty in supplying his place by another. You may imagine how extraordinary, and even ridiculous, the conduct of her friend must have appeared to her.

Every day of her life she used to repeat, "Aline, you haven't a grain of common sense. Life is not worth having without some romance—some attachment; sometimes, indeed, two little *affaires de cœur* are better than one. What motive can you have for thus hating men?"

"I do not hate them, but quite the reverse," replies Mademoiselle Aline.

"Then you have never yet met one single object who could please you?"

"Oh! yes, I have seen several who were quite delightful."

"Why, then, have you sent them all away?"

"Because to me it is forbidden ever to think of love."

"And who forbids you?"

"A gipsy, when I was very young—not more than twelve years old. She told my fortune on the cards, and predicted dreadful calamities if I should ever listen to the language of love."

"Why you must be mad! Aline, you surely cannot believe such folly?"

"Certainly I do, because she was a sorceress."

"You know not what a pleasant thing love is. If you had once loved, you would never do any thing else."

"Ah! very likely."

"You are twenty, very pretty, and yet you have never been in love! It is frightful! Try it only once, just to see if the fortune-teller spoke the truth."

"Oh! no. I should be unhappy, and it would be all my own fault.

Stephanie was provoked to see all her eloquence and fine advice thrown away; still she was determined that her friend should be in love, and she was not the girl to shrink because some difficulties stood in the way. All that day Stephanie, who had a very pleasant voice, sang as she worked:

> C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
> Qui fait le monde,
> A la ronde.

As she sang, she glanced towards Aline to see what impression the words of her song had made. Aline was quite unmoved; so she warbled on—

> Quand on sait aimer et plaire,
> A-t-on besoin d'autre bien ?

Still no effect, so she began singing—

> Du moment qu'on aime,
> On devient si doux!

And as all our operas and vaudevilles are full of charming hits, showing forth the delights and power of love, and as our young lace-worker had an immense store of such treasures, she sang long and loud upon the subject.

Aline loved reading; her friend brought her *la Nouvelle Heloïse*, *le petit Jehan de Saintré* and *Faublas*.

Aline was madly fond of plays; Stephanie took her to see *Anthony*, *Joconde*, and *la Bouquetière des Champs-Elysées*. All this might surely have melted the coldest heart.

Yet Aline continued to evince the same rigour towards a nice little fair young man, who frequently came sighing under her window, who wrote to her every day the most charming notes, and thrust them under her door, and sometimes put bouquets of violets in the keyhole.

Stephanie was in despair; once she was almost tempted to tear her hair,—probably she might have done so, had it been at all gray; but as it was the prettiest brown imaginable she suffered it to remain.

She again addressed her friend, and said in a sorrowful tone:

"Aline, you know not the grief you cause me. Dost thou not feel at the bottom of thy soul, that something is wanting to thy happiness? Art thou not weary of living thus?"

Aline heaved a deep sigh, and replied:

"Yes, truly! I am weary enough of it! but what can I do? remember the fortune-teller!"

"You still believe in such folly!—Suppose any one could prove to you, that these women know nothing at all about futurity?"

"Ah! then it would be quite different! but you cannot prove that!"

Stephanie strikes her forehead, and exclaims:

"On the contrary, nothing can be easier. What is the name of your fortune-teller?"

"Madame Rotomago."

"A grand name for a gipsy. Does she still exercise her profession?"

"I know nothing about her."

"Do you remember where she lives?"

"Wait a moment. I believe that for three francs she would tell *votre bonne aventure*; but *le grand jeu* costs ten francs, and it was *le grand jeu* that I had, which is much more infallible."

"Come along, we will ask for the *grand jeu* again, and we will pay our ten francs. It is rather dear. I own I would much sooner eat them in biscuits and sweetmeats; but to cure you of such folly, is worth a little sacrifice; so put on your shawl, and let us be off."

Aline is soon ready, and the two young girls begin their journey, furnished with the ten francs, by whose power they hope to lift the veil which hides the future.

They arrive in one of the streets of the city.

"There it is!" said Aline, in a trembling voice.

"Ah! there it is!" replies Stephanie, and in an instant she had advanced some paces down a dark, narrow, dirty alley, when she suddenly returned, and said to her companion—

"Before I break my neck in such a place, it would not be amiss to get some information; for, during these eight years, the fortune-teller may have changed her abode. I moved my own lodging seven times in one year. Stay, I see a fruiterer's opposite, I will go and make inquiries."

Stephanie goes to the fruiterer, and asks if Madame Rotomago, the fortune-teller, still occupies the same apartment.

"No, certainly; it is three years since she quitted this neighbourhood. Don't you know that the reputation of Madame Rotomago has risen—has risen to such a height that she is now the first fortune-teller in Paris?"

"Is it possible!"

"Yes, my dear; she now lives in a superb house in the Faubourg St. Germain. Here is her new address, *printed.*"

The two young girls direct their steps towards the Faubourg St. Germain; but during their walk, Aline is quite low spirited, and, sighing deeply, she says to her companion—

"You see that this woman is a real sorceress, that she foretells truly, and never deceives, since she has made her fortune, and all the great people now consult her."

"That proves nothing at all," replies Stephanie; "however, we will judge for ourselves."

They arrive at the new dwelling of the fortune-teller. It is a superb hotel, and at the door is stationed a porter, with a coat covered all over with lace.

The two friends enter the court; they ask for Madame Rotomago. The porter condescends to show them a handsome vestibule at the bottom of the court, and says—"You may go in there. You will find plenty of people before you, so you must wait for your turn."

Before they proceed farther, however, Stephanie makes one reflection. It occurs to her that, in changing her locality, the sorceress may possibly have changed her fees also; and as they had but ten francs between them, she deems it prudent to ascertain this point in the first instance.

She returns accordingly to the porter's lodge, and says, modestly—

"Monsieur, can you inform us what is the fee for having a fortune told by Madame Rotomago?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I can inform you," answers the porter with a patronizing air, "it is five-and-twenty francs for *le jeu simple,* and fifty francs for *le grand jeu.*"

"Fifty francs!" exclaim the two young girls together, staring at each other; "Ah! mon Dieu! that is horribly dear!"

"It is the fixed price, like that of a penny pie; madame never abates a single sous. Nevertheless people are free to give more, when it is their pleasure."

"Ah! one may give more, that is fortunate; but may one also give less?"

"No, mademoiselle."

"But if one has not so much as fifty francs?"

"You must be content with *le petit jeu,* which is only twenty-five francs."

"And if one has not five-and-twenty francs?"

"Then people should not come to Madame Rotomago, fortune-teller to all the princes of Europe, and of the New World."

The two friends leave the hotel, in a perfect state of consternation.

"Come along," said poor Aline, "it is all over; you see, now, that Madame Rotomago is far above us—we can never hope to get at her."

"I see no such thing. I see it is all humbug," cried Stephanie; "and we will go to her, and she shall see us—and—yes, yes, yes! a fine idea strikes me. Madame Rotomago shall cut the cards for us, and we will even have the *grand jeu,* and all without costing us fifty francs, or even fifty sous."

"What are you dreaming about?"

"Let me alone; I have such a plan; only be guided by me; we shall do—we shall do."

An omnibus passes; they enter, and are quickly set down at their own dwelling. Stephanie instantly changes her whole attire; puts on her best and smartest gown, a pretty little bonnet, jaunty apron, and is no longer the modest grisette, but a lady's maid of the first quality. She dresses her friend in the same style, and quietly says—

"Now you will be so good as to remember what we are; we are no longer grisettes, but the two lady's maids of Madame la Marquise de —— stop a minute, and let me think of a grand name—Madame la Marquise de Villaflorosa; and now we must take a cab."

"But I don't understand."

"Don't wait for that; you shall understand it all by-and-by."

Aline follows her friend in silence. They get into a cab, and order the driver to set them down at the hotel of Madame Rotomago.

On the way, Aline timidly observes:

"Suppose the fortune-teller should find me out, and see on the cards that I was with her when I was twelve years old."

"Oh! never fear, you are changed enough since then;—besides, that would prove at once whether she is a real sorceress."

The cab stops before the hotel, the porter does not recognise the grisettes, and they walk on to the vestibule, and enter a large room where several people are waiting for admission.

"I must give you a number, young ladies," said a sort of servant, going up to the two grisettes.

"Oh! pray do not take that trouble," replies Stephanie, "for indeed we have no time to wait; merely tell your mistress, that we come with a message from our lady, the Marquise de Villaflorosa."

The decided tone in which this was uttered completely deceived the servant, who hastened to deliver her message; she returned immediately, and making a sign to the grisettes to follow her, she opens a small door, and ushers them into a room where sits in state the awful Madame Rotomago.

"What do you desire of me, young girls?" demanded the sorceress in a solemn voice.

"Madame," replied Stephanie, "Madame la Marquise de Villaflorosa, our mistress, gives a splendid fête this evening, and she wishes to have a fortune-teller to amuse her company. Our lady has not named any one in particular, she has left the choice entirely to us; we may engage whom we please, and our lady will give five hundred francs for the evening's entertainment."

Here the face of Madame Rotomago brightened up, and she smiled most graciously on the young girls.

Stephanie rejoins, "We have called upon you, madame, but we must make the condition, that whoever we engage on the part of our mistress, shall first of all tell our own fortunes by the cards. Now, madame, will these terms suit you; if not, we must go elsewhere.

"Oh, yes! precisely, my children; they suit me precisely," cried Madame Rotomago. "I will cut the cards for you, and I will even give you *le grand jeu*; nothing shall be wanting."

The young girls are in ecstasy; the fortune-teller conducts them into her laboratory.

It was a small room, hung with tapestry, in which no door was visible when once you entered, exactly like the one described by Aline. Madame Rotomago dresses herself *en grand costume*, puts on her robe, her pointed cap, her spectacles; it is perfect! She spreads the cards to unfold the destiny of her visiters.

Aline is ready to sink with terror; she expects that Madame Rotomago will discover by the cards the trick that has been played upon her, and will soon know who stands before her; but this fear vanishes, as she hears a farago of fine things, totally inapplicable to either of them, and adapted only to the class of persons whose quaility they have for a time assumed.

Stephanie bites her lips, and can scarcely refrain from laughing in the very teeth of the fortune-teller. Aline is little better, for her faith has entirely vanished. The *grand jeu* at length terminates, the horoscope is drawn, their mistress the Marquise is to provide them with husbands, and give to each a handsome marriage portion.

The girls are all gratitude, and delight, and take their leave after carefully writing down the address of their lady, Madame la Marquise de Villaflorosa.

Once in the street they can restrain themselves no longer, but laugh out like two little mad things.

"Well," says Stephanie, to her friend, "now what do you think of the science of this woman, who could not even see the trick that was playing under her very nose. After this, will you have any more terrors about love?"

"Oh! no, in truth!" replies Aline, "and the only regret I have, is that I was fool enough not to find it out before I was twenty!"

"Never mind, Aline, time enough yet! But in future remember to believe only in the good-luck that is promised you——as for all the rest, the sooner it is forgotten the better!"

THE VISIBLE UNIVERSE.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, look on the frame
Of this wide universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures' aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, the earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the sea, engirt with brasen bands;
Then the aire still flitting, but yet firmely bounded
On everie side, with piles of flaming brands,
Never consumed, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof it plainly may appear,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more clear
And fair it grows till to his perfect end
Of purest beauty it at last ascend;
Air more than water, fire much more than air,
And heaven than fire, appears more pure and fair.

Edmund Spenser. 1553—1598.

Let the limits of thy power be the bounds of thy will.

No greater comfort than to know much; no lesse labour than to say little.

Give a lazie clerke a lean fee.—Elizabeth Grymestone. *Miscellanea.* 1604.

We deceive ourselves more than we deceive others, and did we not so easily deceive ourselves, others could not so easily deceive us.—*Thoughts.*—G. H. Lewes.

LIVING INHUMATION.

[*From the Unpublished Diary of Christopher Hodgson, Esq. lately deceased, formerly of Bristol.*]

I HAD been subject to epileptic fits from my youth upwards, which, though they did not deprive me of animation in the sight of those about me, completely annihilated my own consciousness. I used to be attacked at all times and seasons, but most commonly about the full of the moon. I generally had a warning of a peculiar nature when these attacks were coming on, that it would be difficult to describe: it was a sensation that, to be known, must be experienced. My excellent wife Martha (I mean my first wife, who has been dead now for the best part of forty years) used to say that she always observed an unusual paleness over my complexion, otherwise ruddy, for a day or two before the fit came upon me. Bless her soul! she never let me be one moment out of her sight, from the instant she had a suspicion of my approaching malady. This benevolent caution on her part was a great means of enabling her to subdue the violence of the fit when it came, for which purpose her experience had pointed out to her several useful applications. I married again after her decease, because I was oppressed beyond bearing by my loneliness, which none but persons in such a situation—I mean a widower's—can tell. My second wife, whom I have also buried, was not so penetrating in the faculty of observation. She was a woman of an admirable thrift; and to her economy it was, that, under God, I owe my preservation in the terrible event I am about to detail. Had I been interred in lead, it would have been all over with me!

Our family burying-place in Bristol is in —— Church, where there is a general vault, in which all persons who can fee the officials high enough, may be interred, until their friends forget them; which, for that matter, in trading towns is not usually a very long time; but this is only granted provided they are buried in lead. I suppose they are turned out of their metal coffins in the end, as they are in London and other places, that the old lead may buy a carousal for the churchwardens and sexton, and make room for the new tenants to be served in the same manner. But to my story—to my excellent wife's thrift I owe my preservation. Willing to save as much money as possible at my funeral, she had my body, with all the usual and proper grief attendant on the ceremony, put into a stout fir coffin, the weight of which was increased by a couple of old hundred weights placed one at my head, the other at my feet. Thus the thing passed off very well, and money was saved to my heirs. I thereby cast no reflections upon my dear departed wife's regard for me. I was convinced, as I told her, that her motive was good; and well did it turn out for me that she was so thrifty and, considerate. She was a true Bristol woman, and as the good citizens gererally are there, pretty keen and close-fingered: but it is error on the right side. She was called Susannah, the daughter of an opulent and ancient common councilman, and I got my freedom of the city by marrying her: she was plain in her person, as all Bristol-born women formerly were,—but I wander again from my story.

I had made a most excellent dinner—of this I have a perfect recollection. Of more than this I can recollect nothing, until on coming out of my fit, as I suppose—(for I quickly imagined, feeling the usual sensations, that I was recovering from one of them)—I say, that on coming to myself, I was surprised to feel myself pinioned and in utter darkness. I had no space to stir, if I would, as I soon found, while I struggled to loosen a sheet or some such thing in which I was scantily enveloped. My hand would not reach my head when I attempted to make it do so, by reason of my elbow touching the bottom, and my hand the top, of the enclosure around me. It was the attempting to do this, and finding myself naked, except with the aforesaid covering, that struck me I had been entombed alive. The thought rushed suddenly upon me. My first sensations were those of simple surprise. I was like a child aroused out of a deep sleep, and not sufficiently awake to recognise its attendants.

When the real truth flashed upon me in all its fearful energy, I never can forget the thrill of horror that struck through me! It was as if a bullet had perforated my heart, and all the blood in my body had gushed through the wound! Never, never can hell be more terrible than the sensations of that moment! I lay motionless for a time, petrified with terror. Then a clammy dampness burst forth from every pore of my body. My horrible doom seemed inevitable; and so strong at length became this impression—so bereft of hope appeared my situation—that I ultimately recovered from it only to plunge into the depths of a calm, resolute despair. As not the faintest ray of hope could penetrate the darkness around my soul, resignation to my fate followed. I began to think of death coolly, and to calculate how long I might survive before famine closed the hour of my existence. I prayed to God that I might have fortitude to die without repining, calmly as I then felt. I tried if I could remember how long man could exist without food. Thus the tranquillity of my despair made me comparatively easy, if contrasted with the situation in which I felt myself afterwards, when hope began to glimmer upon me. My days must in the end be numbered—I must die at last—I was only perishing a little sooner than I otherwise must have done. Even from this thought I derived consolation; and I now think life might have closed calmly upon me, if the pangs of hunger had been at all bearable; and I have been told they are much more so than is commonly believed.

If my memory serves me correctly, this calm state of mind did not last long. Reason soon began to whisper me, that if I had been buried, and the earth were closed around my coffin, I should not be able to respire, which I could now do with ease. I did

not, of course, dream of the vault in which I was placed, but considered at first I had been buried in earth. The freedom of respiration gave me the idea that, after all, I was not yet carried forth for interment, but that I was about to be borne to the grave, and that there I should be suffocated inevitably. Such is the inconsistency of the human mind, that I who had just now resigned myself to die by famine, imagined this momentary mode of death a hundred times more formidable. The idea that I was not yet intorred increased my anxiety to make myself heard from without. I called aloud, and struck the sides and lid of the coffin to no purpose, till I was hoarse and fatigued, but all in vain. A deathly silence reigned around me amid my unbroken darkness. I was now steeped in fearful agony: I shrieked with horror: I plunged my nails into my thighs and wounded them: the coffin was soaked in my blood; and by tearing the wooden sides of my prison with the same maniacal feeling, I lacerated my fingers, and wore the nails to the quick, soon becoming motionless from exhaustion. When I was myself once more, I called aloud my wife's name; I prayed, and, I fear, I blasphemed, for I knew not what I said; and I thus continued until my strength again left me, and nature once more sought replenishment from temporary insensibility. At this time I had a vision of a most indefinable character, if it were one, and not a glance (as I am induced sometimes to think it was,) between the portals of death into the world of spirits. It was all shapeless and formless. Images of men and women, often numberless, in a sort of shadowy outline, came before and around me. They seemed as if limbless from decay. Their featureless heads moved upon trunks hideously vital; in figure like bodies, which I have seen drawn forth from burned dwellings, each being rather a hideous misshapen mass than a human resemblance. Thick darkness and silence succeeded—the darkness and silence of a too horrible reality. If, as I suspected, I slept about this time from weakness, it was but to awake again to a more fearful consciousness of my dreadful situation.

Fresh but vain efforts to make myself heard were reiterated as far as my strength would allow. I found with no great difficulty I could turn on my side, and over on my belly. I tried, by lifting my back and by a violent strain, to burst open the coffin-lid; but the screws resisted my utmost strength. I could not, besides, draw up my knees sufficiently high to afford a tenth part of the purchase I should otherwise have made bear upon it. I had no help but to return again to the position of the dead, and reluctantly gain a little agonizing repose from my exertions. I was conscious how weak my efforts had made me, yet I resolved to repeat them. While thus at rest, if inactive torture could be denominated rest, I wept like a child when I thought of the sunshine, and blue skies, and fresh air, which I should never more enjoy—how living beings thronged the streets, and thousands around me were joyous or busy, while I was doomed to perish in tortures! Why was my fate so differently marked out from that of others? I had no monstrous crimes to repent of, yet hundreds of criminal men were in the full revelry of life! I fancied I heard the toll of a bell; breathless, I listened—it was a clock striking the hour! The sound was new life to me. "I am not inhumed at least, but perhaps am unwatched:" such were my thoughts; "interment will take place; my coffin will be moved; I shall easily make myself heard *then*."—This was balm to me; I shouted anew—struck my prison boards with all the power left me, and ceased only when exertion was no longer possible.

Men may fancy how they would find themselves under similar circumstances, and on the like trying occasions, but it is seldom a correct judgment can be previously formed on such matters. It was only at intervals that I was so fearfully maddened by my dreadful situation as to lose the power of rational reflection, or so overcome as to be debarred the faculty of memory. Stretched in a position where my changes consisted only of a turn on my side upon hard boards, the soreness of my limbs was excruciatingly painful. When I drew up my feet a few inches, my knees pressed the cover of the coffin, so that this slight shift of position brought no relief. My impatience of the restraint in which I was kept began at length to drive me well nigh into real madness. I was fevered; my temples burned and throbbed; my tongue became dry; light flashed across my eyes, and my brain whirled round. I am certain that my existence was preserved solely by the diminished strength and subsequent feebleness which I experienced, and which, from its rendering me insensible to the increasing exacerbation of my brain's heat, allowed nature to resume her wonted temperature. But, alas! this was only that I might revive to encounter once more irremediable horror. Who could depict the frenzy—the unspeakable anguish of my situation? I thought my eyes would start from my head; burning tears flowed down my cheeks; my heart was swollen almost to bursting. I became restless in feeling without finding space for a fancied relief in a new change of position. In my mental anguish, at times, however, I forgot my motionless bodily suffering, my rack of immovable agony.

How many hours I lay in this my state of active and passive torture, I cannot tell. My thirst, however, soon became intolerable. My mouth seemed full of hot ashes. I heard again the hollow sound of a clock-bell of no small magnitude, judging from its deep intonation. No cranny which I had hitherto observed in my prison let in light, though I well knew there must be some fissure, or fresh air, or the continuance of light could not have been admitted—how else had I existed? It was night, perhaps, when I first came to myself in my prison of "six dark boards?" I groped in vain over every part of their wooden surface which I could reach; I could find no chink—could see no ray. Again I heard the hollow knell, and again—still in my state of agony. O God! what were my feelings?

For a long time after this I lay steeped in my suffering, or, at least, for a long time as it seemed to me. My head was bruised all over; my limbs were excessively sore, the skin rubbed off in many places with my struggling; my eyes aching with pain. I sought relief by turning on my right side, (I had never before turned but on my left,) when I felt under me a hard substance which I had not before perceived. I grasped it with some difficulty, and soon found it was a knot from the coffin-plank which had been forced inwards, in all probability after I was placed there. I saw also a dim light through a hole about as large as a half-crown piece, just below where my chin came. I put my hand to it, and found it covered with coarse cloth, which I easily imagined was the lining of my coffin. I soon contrived to force my finger through this cloth, though not without considerable difficulty. Faint enough was the light it revealed, but it was a noonday sun of joy to me. By an uneasy strain of my neck I could see obliquely through the opening, but every thing was confused in my brain. My sight was clouded, heavy, and thick. I at first could only perceive there was light, but could distinguish no object. My senses, however, seemed to sharpen as new hopes arose. I closed my eyes for a minute together, and then opened them, to restore their almost worn out power of vision. At length I could distinguish that immediately opposite to me there was a small window, crossed by massy iron bars, through which the light I saw streamed in upon me like joy into the soul of misery. I now cried with delight. I thought I was among men again, for the pitchy darkness around me was dispersed. I forgot for a moment my sufferings: even the fearful question how I should get free from my durance before famine destroyed me, was for a long time absent from my mind, and did not recur until I could look through the fissure no longer, from the giddiness caused by a too earnest fixedness of gaze.

I soon concluded, from the massy stones on each side of the opening and the strength of the bars, that I was in a church vault, and this was confirmed when I came to distinguish the ends of two or three coffins which partly interposed between me and the light. I watched the window until the light began to grow dim, with feelings no language can describe—no tongue can tell! As the gloom of night approached my heart began to beat fainter, and my former agonies returned with tenfold weight, notwithstanding which I imagine I must have slept some time. I was sensible of a noise, like the grating of a heavy door upon its hinges, when I revived or awoke, I cannot say which, and I saw the light of a candle stream across the fissure in my coffin. I called out "For the love of your own soul release me; I am buried alive!" The light vanished in a moment—fear seemed to have palsied the hand that held it, for I heard a rough voice desire the holder of it to return. "If there be any one here, he's soldered up, Tom—hand me the light—the dead never speak—Jim the snatcher is not to be scared by rotten flesh!" Again I called as loud as I could "I am buried alive—save me!" "Tom! the axe," cried the undaunted body-snatcher; "the voice comes from this box. The damned undertakers made too great haste, I suppose." In a few minutes I was sitting upright in my coffin!

[Here, after detailing his reception at home, and the surprise of his friends, which we may also extract at a future time from his Diary, Mr. Hodgson says he had public thanks for his deliverance returned in his parish church, and that ever afterwards he cherished a strong regard for resurrection men, who never craved a guinea of him in vain.]

THE PROUESSE OF KYNGE RYCHARDE.

A ROMAUNT.

[*Supposed to be sung by Bertrand de Born, the illustrious Troubadour, and Companion-in-arms of Richard.*]

I.

What knight of them all upon Palestine's plain
With the Lion of England his hundreds hath slain?
Whose sword with its lightnings such masses could pierce?
Whose curtle-axe clove down the turbans so fierce?
Whose martel so truly was flung from afar?
Whose pennon so streamed 'mid the surges of war?
The Crescent he humbled, the Cross to enthrone;
Hurra! hurra! for Cœur-de-Lion!

II.

Sour, Tripoli, Acre, and Solyma, too,
The Soldan he taught at his scoffing to rue;
Dieu-donné he crushed, like the Moslemin mail;
And taught Barbarossa before him to quail!
Your pride, Teuton Cæsar, and Philip August,
Like cravens ill-jousting, he rolled in the dust!
Ye returned—he remained—and was victor alone;
Hurra! hurra! for Cœur-de-Lion!

III.

The cheek of the maiden would pale at his name,
And the babe closer cling to the infidel dame;
Were it screaming in anger, 'twas only to whisper:
"King Richard!"—it stilled, like the grave, the young lisper!
Whenever the horse of a Turcoman shies
In the forest, "Ah! ah! my fleet courser!" he cries;
"Dost think 'tis King Richard?" he asks with a groan;
Hurra! hurra! for Cœur-de-Lion!

IV.

'Twas once 'neath a plantain, where sweet waters rose,
'Mid Syria's sands did King Richard repose,
With six gallant chevaliers forming his train;
When the Moslemin riders came fast o'er the plain!
"To horse, sirs," quoth Richard, "your lances in rest.
"My crown to the knight who shall bear him the best!"
Ten Turks he unhorsed, with the martel alone;
Hurra! hurra! for Cœur-de-Lion!

V.

Five knights on the plain by that horde were laid low;
There rode but King Richard, and Will de Préaux;
"Spare—spare me, for Richard of England am I;"
Quoth brave, loyal Will, and bid Richard to fly.
Rushed hundreds on Will, like the vast ocean's surge.
"I'll smite them," quoth Richard, "I will, by St. George!"
His curtle-axe gleamed, and the host was o'erthrown;
Hurra! hurra! for Cœur-de-Lion!

ST. CROIX:

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF TERROR.

I HAVE heard it asserted that England is pre-eminently distinguished amongst other countries for the individual eccentricity of many of its inhabitants; but whether this peculiarity is attributed to the influence of climate, government, or phrenological organization, I at this instant utterly forget, nor is the fact of much importance, as whatever the theoretical cause, I deny the supposed result. Oddities, as these deformed combinations of human intellect are commonly called, are to be met with every where, and in France, not less than England, as I can attest from personal experience.

Monsieur St. Croix was the very prince of the whole tribe: a strange compound of the misanthrope and philanthropist, the miser and the fop, fermented by a strong leaven of irratibility and waywardness of insanity. And this man dwelt, three years ago, and probably still dwells, in the most profound seclusion, though in a fashionable street, in the gayest quarter of Paris, where thousands are thronging daily past his abode of misery, unconscious of the existence of such a being, and the fair and the dissipated are hurrying after pleasure to some *soirée*, or *réunion*, which to their bounded vision appears the *world*.

St. Croix was a man of territory; he was the proprietor of five hotels, or moderately-sized houses, calculated for the accommodation of a single family (such as Englishmen delight to inhabit), agreeably situated between a courtyard and a garden in the Rue ——. But these mansions added little to their possessor's wealth, for three of them, after having been long uninhabited, were fast falling to ruin; the fourth, which looked as desolate and forsaken as the others, was occupied by himself alone; and of the fifth, by some strange chance, my family were the last tenants. It was one of this eccentric man's peculiarities, that the love of money, which would have made others eager to see their houses inhabited, was the cause of his preferring that they should crumble to decay. He detested tenants, he said, gentlemen particularly, for they were continually demanding repairs and alterations, to all of which, though the rain might pour in torrents through the roofs, and the wind whistle in at every corner, he was invariably inexorable, till one by one his tormentors were fairly driven from their quarters, and he was left in undisturbed possession of his domain.

The gardens belonging to these deserted mansions, which were only divided from each other by low walls, became from that time his great source of amusement and occupation. I was told that, when he first began his labours, they were as pretty as any thing of the kind can be—luxuriant with the vines and laburnums, lilacs, acacias, and Judah trees, which flourish in the very centre of Paris; but when I knew them, his industry had left neither tree, nor shrub, nor blade of grass, on the whole territory. He boasted with delight that he had levelled every tree with the ground, lest their damp exhalations should injure those buildings which time and neglect were fast hurrying to annihilation. A few stunted miserable cabbages were the only green things visible over the irregular heaps of fresh-turned, or well-trodden earth, which replaced the parterres and grass-plots of former days; but these were the especial objects of his care, and often have I been awakened at four o'clock on a summer morning, by a broken voice singing *La belle Gabrielle* at the height of its pitch, before I discovered that Monsieur St. Croix was, even at that hour, busily engaged in the culture of the favourite vegetable, upon which he chiefly depended for nourishment. When I first beheld my musical neighbour, he was running backwards and forwards between the corners of a desolate garden, carrying earth in a wooden spoon to refresh the roots of his wretched cabbages; and though the sun was burning with cloudless splendour in the sky, he wore no hat upon his highly-dressed head, whose formal curls and tightly-tried tail, bore record of the ancient time. These indentified the man; for though no servant ever set foot within his doors, though neither fire nor candle were ever known to illuminate his dreary dwelling, though he had never possessed a scrap of linen for years, save one shirt, which he bought in the linen-market, and wore thenceforward, without washing, till its very existence became an airy nothing, yet, strange contradiction of human nature, he paid an annual stipend to a *perruquier*, to come every morning and dress his hair! A brown frock-coat, whose rags betoken its length of service, a dirty white neckcloth, most carefully tied gray worsted stockings drawn tightly over a beautifully-formed leg, with a pair of strong leather shoes, completed his costume. But though thus attired, it was impossible to doubt for an instant that Monsieur St. Croix was a gentleman. The stamp of nobility was upon his lofty brow; and though age, or perhaps sorrow, had silvered his hair, it had neither bent his tall and finely proportioned figure, nor wrinkled the face which in youth must have been pre-eminently handsome.

We became intimate; our daily conversations between my window and his garden appeared not less agreeable to my neighbour than to myself. One great reason for the kindness he invariably manifested towards me, and the interest he took in my welfare was, I verily believe, that in whatever society or place I met him, whether with a gay party, in the Louvre, where it was his daily habit to walk in the winter, for the benefit of the fires which never gladdened his home, or in the crowded malls of the Tuileries and Boulevards, I invariably acknowledged the acquaintance of my venerable friend with a courteous salutation.

After an acquaintance of several months, I was agreeably surprised by a request from the old man to visit him: an honour never anticipated; for not once in a year was a human being known to have been admitted into his mysterious dwelling. I was

shown into a square oak-floored room, with two windows looking towards the street, and two towards the garden. The shutters of the former were closed, and the cobwebs and dirt which had been accumulating for years upon the latter, dimmed the bright light of the glorious sky without. There were faded portraits of his ancestors, in flowing wigs and glittering breastplates, hanging round the walls, which the recluse pointed out with manifest pride; but there was one object which excited my curiosity more than all the rest. Above the fireplace, suspended by a broken fork on one side, and a rusty nail on the other, hung a faded silk window-curtain, and though in spite of all my hints, Monsieur St. Croix had forborne to raise it, I felt certain I could distinctly trace the outline of a large picture-frame beneath. I had been struck by the agitated expression of his countenance when I alluded to this curtained department of the wall; and an opportunity afforded by the absence of my host was too tempting to be lost. I lifted a corner of the silken veil, and had scarcely time to perceive beneath the portrait of a young and lovely female, in the dress of a Carmelite nun, whose full dark eyes as they met my gaze, beamed with more of tenderness than devotion, ere the returning footsteps of Monsieur St. Croix were audible in the passage. I dropped the curtain, and saw it no more.

I often discerned St. Croix afterwards as I returned home late from the Champs Elysées or the Boulevards, seated at an open upper window, upon a dirty striped pillow, reading in the moonlight; and our conversations from his garden were continued without interruption till my return to England. I know not wherefore, but the old man grew attached to me as to a child, and to my great surprise, the day before my departure, I saw him hastily crossing the court of our little hotel, and in another moment he entered, unannounced, into the *salon* where I sat. He held a scroll of papers in his hand, but, as usual, he was without a hat.

"My young friend," he said, and he smiled, though tears were in his eyes, "you are about to depart, and with God's pleasure I shall not be long here. You have been kind to a poor desolate old man, and I thank you. You have not mocked my infirmities like the rest of the world; you have been indulgent to them, though you know not their cause. It is time you should learn the dark events which made me what I am—a scorn and a laughing stock to fools. You have spoken with a voice of kindness to my broken spirit; it was long since I had heard such tones from any human being, and they were very sweet. In your own land you will read these," he continued, giving me the roll of papers he held, and pressing both my hands convulsively between his as he did so;—"you will there learn the fatal tale I have not power to relate, which, thank God, I sometimes forget; my mind is not what it was, but I have had cause for madness. I shall miss you much; but it will be a pleasure to me to think that you will pity me when you know all, and that though you are far away, you sometimes offer up your prayers for a solitary and forsaken being who hath great need of them.

He then darted from my presence even more abruptly than he entered. It was the last time I beheld Monsieur St. Croix; and as I have never since returned to Paris, I know not whether he is still in existence. The following narrative is extracted from his roll of papers:—

NARRATIVE OF MONSIEUR ST. CROIX.

My father was one of the *haute noblesse;* it had been better for me if he had been a beggar. I should never then have been a slave to the leaden bondage of pride; idleness would never have nourished the seeds of all the evil passions which, wretched victim! I inherited from a long line of corrupted ancestry; they would have had no time to bud and blossom in the hot-bed of sloth; I should have been compelled to labour for my daily bread; hunger would have tamed my wandering thoughts, and I might have been a happy and an honest man. My father and mother lived as many other French couples do at the present day, and many more did then; they dwelt under the same roof, met seldom, but with perfect politeness on both sides; hated each other with all their hearts, and spoke of each other (whenever such a rare occurrence did take place) with the tenderest affection. Sentiment covers a multitude of sins. They had two sons, an elder brother and myself, who were born in the first two years of their marriage, but since that time no prospect of a family had ever existed.

Alphonse, the first-born, was destined for a military life, war being considered the only admissible profession for the eldest son of a count *et père.* I who, unluckily for myself, came into the world a year later, was, even before my birth, condemned to the church. In fact there was nothing else for me. The chief part of my father's income was derived from places under government, and that died with him; his estates were inextricably involved by the dissipations of his youth and the vanity of his old age; and at his death, it would be incumbent on my brother to support the family dignity. For the young count to do this upon nothing was as much as could reasonably be expected; and my father prudently resolved to make the church provide for the rest of his progeny. He had more than one rich benefice in his eye, which he felt certain he had interest to procure; and I was scarcely released from swaddling clothes before I went by the name of the little Abbé. To all appearance at the time, this decision gave me many advantages, for whilst my brother was left for many years entirely to the care of servants, and at length transferred to that of an ignorant tutor, who took care that he should learn little, but how to ride, dance, dress, and intrigue, I was duly instructed by a learned churchman in Greek, Latin, and theological science; but at the time I loathed such learning, and it has since proved but useless furniture to an overburthened brain.

There never existed any affection between my

brother and myself, and, as we grew older, the coldness of our childhood deepened into actual hate. The study of divinity had not tamed my spirit; I was young, ardent, and full of hope, and the little I had seen and heard of the world made me think it Elysium; perhaps the consciousness that I was condemned to forswear it lent it redoubled lustre. I regarded Alphonse as the being who doomed me to be for ever debarred from its pleasures; was it wonderful then that I detested him? whilst the handsome person which I inherited from my mother, made me the object of his envy and malevolence.

Time wore away; but though I assumed the dress of the priesthood, and was subjected to all the discipline of the cloister, my heart was not in the calling. I incurred penances more than a dozen times a month, for irreverence of manner, and absence without leave; I was condemned to fast on bread and water, for thirty days, on conviction of the heinous offence of having written a love-letter on the altar, and then thrown it, wrapped round a sous-piece, over a wall to a young lady in a garden adjoining the seminary; but all this severity did but drive the flame inwards, to corrode my heart, and burst forth at a future period with renewed fury; it could not still the imagination, which flew for ever from the page of learning, and the empty ceremonies of religion, to luxuriate in a forbidden world. I was one with whom kindness might have done much, though tyranny nothing. But the reign of my oppressors was drawing fast to a close. It was a time when a spirit of liberality and inquiry on every subject was spreading widely abroad, and the old, afraid of the insubordination of the young, took the very way to drive them to rebellion. Opinions were no longer received upon trust even in cloistered walls; many like myself detested the whole system of hypocrisy, sloth, and superstition, of which we were made abettors; and my feelings had numerous participators amongst my young companions, who thought with me, that the meanest toil in freedom would be preferable to the drudgery of fasting and prayer to which we were subjected. There was one older than ourselves in the convent, and better acquainted with what was passing in the world, who encouraged our awakened ardour for a change of things. He furnished us in secret with the forbidden works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and all whose daring spirits were gradually arousing our nation to shake off the chains of superstition and despotism under which they had lain benumbed for centuries. I was too young and too ardent to distinguish accurately what was false in these productions; but their eloquence fascinated my imagination, and I adopted every opinion as a truth which differed the most directly from all the dogmas I had been taught to believe. My own sacrifice to the shrine of my brother's greatness was to me sufficient argument in favour of equality; and by the time the States General were convened at Versailles, there could not have been found in all France a more violent advocate of the rights of the people than Auguste St. Croix. Many of the clergy, under the influence of the Abbé Sieyes, and, from a love of novelty, joined the *tiers-état*, when that assumed the name of National Assembly; but their zeal for liberty was soon annihilated by the seizure of the church property, and the suppression of all monastic establishments, on the 13th of February, 1790. It was not thus with myself. I felt like a slave whose chains have been miraculously struck off, or a corpse reawakened into life and bursting from the imprisonment of the grave.

My father and brother had already fallen sacrifices to the fury of the ancient misused dependants of their house, whilst endeavouring to save their castle in Franche-Comté from plunder and destruction; and my mother, terrified by their fate, had escaped into Flanders. But my violent republican principles accorded well with the mania of the time; and though I could not recover my inheritance, I had no want of friends, who supplied my daily necessities, until fortune should reward my exertions in the cause of liberty. I became a member of one of the most violent of the clubs, an intimate with several members of the National Assembly, and a constant attendant on its debates. But amidst all my political enthusiasm, my appetite for pleasure was undiminished; and at length I had none to check me in its indulgence, whilst thousands emulated me in the pursuit. Men in those days appeared to live in a continued delirium; murder was no more to them than the phantom of a dream. Tumults and bloodshed were in the streets one hour, and dancing and revelry the next. Even females might be seen tripping smilingly with their gallants to the public walks, in the evening, over the sawdust sprinkled above the moist blood which had flowed from the morning's guillotine. It was like a time of pestilence, when men eagerly plunge into the wildest dissipation to forget the uncertainty of life. But no terror operated with me; I was young, fearless of death, and looked on the revolution and its horrors as the noblest efforts of human wisdom and magnanimity. I loved pleasure for itself alone.

It was a lovely summer-evening towards the end of June, when I set off with a party of friends, in pursuit of this delusive deity, to the little village of Annière, situated below Montmartre, on the opposite side of the river Seine. It was the village fête, and even the troubles of the times failed to interrupt these simple festivities of my countrymen. Never shall I forget that evening; yet why should I say so? I have forgotten it a thousand times, and would that I could for ever! The sun was sinking bright and cloudlessly towards the western horizon as we crossed the broad fields of La Planchette from the Barrier Courcelle, and we lingered awhile in our little boat on the Seine, to watch its golden beams reflected in the stream, and listen to the softened hum of festivities on its banks. It was the last time I ever experienced the consciousness of happiness.

Dancing had already commenced when we reached the village-green, and many happy groups were

seated around the space left for the rustic performers, sharing their bottle of indifferent wine, and knocking their glasses together with jovial salutations. Black eyes without number were levelled at my companions and myself, as soon as we pushed our way through the moving crowd, and they were not long in choosing partners for the dance. I was no lover of the pastime; early education had made it awkward to me, and having no desire to exhibit before so large an audience, I sought amusement in the contemplation of the busy scene of happy faces around me. But my attention was soon entirely absorbed by one object. Immediately opposite to me, and surrounded by a group of persons, who, though dressed with republican simplicity, were manifestly of the highest class, sat a young female of extraordinary beauty: she might be about nineteen. But why should I attempt to describe what no language nor limner's art could ever paint? Poor Claudine! Can it be that I survive to write thus of thee? Can it be that my mind can contemplate thy perfections without being lost in madness?

Yes, she was perfection!—and from the instant I beheld her, on that village-green, with the full light of the sinking sun irradiating her calm and gentle beauty, the conviction that she was so, sunk deep in my heart. None but a madman could ever have doubted it for an instant.

I was like one planet-stricken from the moment I beheld her; I could not remove my gaze; the crowd and their sports became alike invisible; their sounds of mirth, and the discord of their rustic music, were equally inaudible to my ear; I saw only the lovely being before me; I heard only the magical sweetness of her voice, when she occasionally addressed her companions. At length I thought she remarked my admiration; for when her eyes met mine for an instant, a deep colour mounted to her temples, and she turned aside to speak to a gentleman near at hand. I would have given all I possessed at that moment, to have been him whom she thus addressed and smiled upon, though he was old enough to have been my grandfather. The jokes of my friends on my abstraction, at the end of the dance, first aroused me from my trance; but it was not till another set was nearly formed, that I remembered the possibility of obtaining the goddess of my idolatry as a partner. My hatred of dancing was instantly forgotten. I advanced towards the beautiful unknown with a palpitating heart, and in an agitated voice requested that honour. I was refused with the utmost politeness; but firmly and decidedly I was refused. There was nothing astonishing in this; for she had not danced during the evening with any, even of her own party: but I was offended, irritated, and annoyed; I was disappointed. In spite of my enthusiasm for liberty, the pride of my ancestry mounted in my heart, and I felt a haughty consciousness that if she had known who I was, I should not have been thus rejected, though I thought that my personal advantages might have exempted me from the insult.

By a strange chance, I was at this instant recognized by a gentleman who had just joined the party; and in another moment I was formally introduced to Claudine, and her father, Monsieur de Langeron, the *sieur* of the village. He had known the elder members of my family well and long; and an invitation to spend the remainder of the evening at his château, whither he was just retiring with his party, was politely given, and joyfully accepted. His daughter said little; but that little was so soft and gentle, as soon to dispel my displeasure, and her sweet smile was more expressive than words. Though dancing was renewed in the interior of the mansion, I observed she did not join in the amusement, nor did any one present invite her to do so. I was selfish enough no longer to regret it. Seated by her side, for a time I had nothing more to desire. The moon had replaced the glowing sun, when I recrossed the Seine that night; but though the calm splendour of heaven was unbroken by a single cloud, the tranquillity of my mind was gone. Thenceforward I became a daily visitor at Annière; but no one seemed to remark or regard my attentions to Claudine, though we were almost constantly together, and frequently alone. She had no mother; and an old aunt, her only female companion, unlike most of her age and sex, seemed to entertain not the least suspicion of the consequences of our intercourse. She left us unmolested, to take long walks by the retired banks of the river, and to sit for hours on the terraced garden of the château. Such an intimacy added burning fuel to my passion: and as Claudine gradually lost her timidity in my presence, every day disclosed to me the additional charms of her unsullied mind.

Though unaware of it herself, it was impossible for me to remain long unconscious that she loved me with all the intensity of a first affection. I never uttered a syllable that I did not meet her glance of approbation: I never departed that tears did not stand in her eyes, nor was met without blushes on my return. Every thought, feeling, hope, and fear of the unfortunate girl were mine for ever. Selfish even in my love, I saw and exulted in all this before I disclosed the secret of my affection. We were seated on the margin of the river, nearly on the same spot where I landed on the first evening I beheld her, and the sun was shining in the western sky as brightly as then, when I whispered the story of my passion in her ear. Her hand trembled violently in mine as she listened, but in vain did I beseech her to reply to my passionate declarations. She gave no answer but by tears. I entreated her by every tender appellation to give me some slight token of her love, but she neither moved nor spoke—she even ceased to weep. She did not withdraw her hand from mine, but it grew icy chill, her head drooped upon her bosom, and she fell back lifeless in my arms.

I was horror-stricken, and it was some time before I recovered sufficient presence of mind to lay her gently on the grass, whilst I brought water from the neighbouring river to bathe her hands and forehead. Slowly, and after a long interval, she revived; but

no sooner was she conscious that my encircling arms were around her than she shrunk from me with convulsive horror, and struggled to arise. She was too feeble to accomplish her purpose, and wildly and passionately I detained her, as I entreated her to disclose by what fatal chance I had become the object of her hatred.

"My hatred, dear Auguste! would that you were!" she murmured, in almost inaudible accents; and then fixing her full dark eyes upon me for an instant, before she buried her face in her hands, she added in a voice tremulous from excess of emotion, "Is it possible you have yet to learn *that I am a nun?*" I started as these fearful words fell dull and cold upon my ear, but it was long before I made any reply. Early prejudices arose like phantoms before my sight; I remembered, for the first time since our intercourse, that I too was bound by a sacred vow to celibacy, and for a time I beheld in these trammels of bigotry the fiat of interminable misfortune. But vows, whether sacred or profane, are feeble against the tempest of passion; and when the mind is once resigned to its despotic influence, principles and prejudices are equally swept away by the whirlwind. I did not long yield to despair; the new doctrines I had adopted in casting aside my priest's frock, though for a moment forgotten in the turbulence of excited feeling, soon came to my assistance. According to these, Claudine and I were as free as at the moment of our birth to follow the guidance of the feelings which nature had implanted in our hearts; and I endeavoured to convince the innocent girl, with all the fervour and eloquence of which I was master, that she was no longer the bride of heaven, and that her vows had ceased to be binding, when formally annulled by the National Assembly.

The next day I returned again to the charge, and though she remained unconvinced, my vehemence silenced all opposition. I saw that she wavered between a sense of duty and the passionate feelings of her heart, and I redoubled the earnestness of my supplications. I painted wildly the horror and despair which awaited us should she persist in her resolve, and doom us to an eternal separation; whilst I described, with all the enthusiasm which the joyful hope inspired, the felicity attending our union. Gentle being! it was no sin of thine that thou didst yield to the burning words and delirious eloquence with which I tempted thee to thy ruin! mine only was the guilt, and mine alone be the long, the never-ending punishment.

That night she slept not beneath her father's roof. Trembling and breathless with agitation, I drew her towards the brink of the river, and though, even at the last, she struggled faintly to return, I heeded it not, and lifting her on board the little bark which had borne me from the opposite shore, I dipped my oars in the stream and rowed rapidly with the current towards St. Denis. We reached Paris before sunset, and to tranquillize the conscience of poor Claudine, as much as in my power, we were united before nightfall by such ceremonies as the National Assembly had thought proper to substitute for the ancient marriage-rites.

My passion thus gratified, I could, for a time at least, have been perfectly happy, but I saw that Claudine was not so. She had acted under the influence of my overwhelming feelings, not her own, and her reason was never for a moment silenced. Though she complained not, she drooped under the sense of the mighty weight of guilt she had incurred; the bloom faded from her cheek, and the roundness of her form gradually wasted away. The state of the times, and the interest which my necessities compelled me to take in public affairs, caused me to be frequently absent from my home; on my return I invariably found her in tears. She shrunk from all society but mine, she refused to join in every amusement, and each day deepened a gloom which all my efforts were unable to dispel.

It was about this period that a young priest, of the name of Bernis, who had formerly studied in the same seminary with myself, claimed my protection from the persecution instituted against all his profession who refused to take the oaths prescribed by the Assembly. Before my change of principles there had been a great intimacy between us, and I still liked the man, whom I thought kind-hearted and generous, though I disapproved his doctrine. I did not hesitate, therefore, when his life was in danger, to afford him a retreat even in my own house, where, from my well-known republican principles, he esteemed himself in perfect security. Domesticated under the same roof, he was, of course, much in my wife's society. With horror be it spoken, I grew jealous of that man. I frequently surprised him in close and earnest conversation with Claudine. I saw that she regarded his slightest wish with deference, whilst I could not help imagining that her manner towards me became gradually more cold and estranged. There was evidently a violent struggle at work in her breast; her cheek, by day, burnt with the hectic of fever, and by night, amidst her troubled and broken sleep, long sighs frequently heaved her bosom, and I more than once heard her murmur, in fearful accents, the names of Bernis and myself.

Suspicion once aroused in my headstrong nature, it soon assumed the energy of truth; and at length, after a night little short of the tortures of the damned, I arose, resolved to expel the priest from the shelter of my roof. As if to justify my worst imaginings, he was already gone; and Claudine had likewise disappeared. Then did the fatal malady, which, for successive generations, had asserted its black dominion over my race, first take possession of my brain. I swore, I blasphemed, I denounced the bitterest curses against the guilty pair. Had boiling lead been coursing through my veins, it could not have surpassed my agony. But there was a method in my madness.

When the first burst of my fury passed away, I began sedulously to seek out the abode of the fugitives. Step by step I traced them, as the blood-

hound follows his prey; but when I learnt the secret of their hiding-place, I was satisfied. I did not intrude myself on their privacy; for reproaches and upbraidings would have afforded no relief to my overburdened soul. No; I had a deeper, a darker, a more satisfying revenge in store. Coldly and calmly, as a sleep-walker, but with fiend-like pleasure, I went and denounced Claudine and her seducer to the revolutionary tribunal, as aristocrats and nonconformists. Yes, I delivered my innocent, my confiding, my adored Claudine, to the bloodthirsty vengeance of those inhuman vampires, and exulted in the deed!

I have an indistinct remembrance of lingering in the street till the minions of the law bore her forth in their arms to the carriage which was to convey her, with the unfortunate Bernis, to the prison of the Abbey, and of struggling vainly to rescue her from their grasp; but it is like the confusion of a dream. The first circumstance which I clearly recollect, after a fearful chasm of many days, was the receipt of a letter, the direction of which, though written with a trembling hand, I instantly recognised as my wife's writing; and eager to snatch at anything which might prove the fallacy of the thoughts fast thronging on my brain, I tore it wildly open. It was dated from the prison to which I had doomed her. But though thirty years have rolled their dark current above my head since that hour—though every word has been since then like the sting of a serpent to my brain—I would, even now, rather die than transcribe it. It convinced me of her innocence and her love. I gathered from its details that the reproaches of Bernis had deepened her repentance of our unholy union; till at length, guided by his advice, she had sacrificed the best affections of her heart at the shrine of imaginary duty, and torn herself from the only being she loved to expiate the guilt of that affection in the seclusion of a foreign convent. Poor victim! she prayed him, who had sacrificed her peace and her life to his diabolical passions, to use his influence to procure the liberation of herself and her holy director from their fearful prison.

Let me briefly pass over the narrative of that day. I started up, flew to the tribunal of the commune, attested the innocence of the accused; and my intimacy with the chiefs of the democrats sufficed to make my word a law, and procured for me, without delay, a warrant for the liberation of Claudine and the priest. I hurried, with breathless speed, along the streets towards their prison, but crowds at every turning impeded my progress. Murder was already abroad in the city. It was the 2d of September, 1792—that day which has fixed for ever one of the blackest stains on the history of my country. As I passed the prisons of the Chatelet and La Force, I heard the groans and supplications of the dying, mingling fearfully with the demoniac yells of an infuriated mob; women's screams arose wildly on the air, and blood came flowing past me, down the channels of the streets. Every thing betokened that the prisons were burst open, and their unfortunate inhabitants massacred by inhuman ruffians.

Dark and fearful were the forebodings which thronged upon my mind, as, on approaching the Abbey, the same sounds of tumult and murder burst upon my ear. I hurried on, in spite of every obstacle, with a velocity which only madness could have lent me, till I reached the front of the building; and there such a scene presented itself as my soul sickens to think on. The armed multitude of men and women of the lowest class resembled, in their fury, rather fiends than human beings—but I heeded them not; I sprang over the dying and the dead; I escaped from the grasp of the assassin—for there was yet hope that I might not be too late; and, though I recognised the mangled body of Bernis amidst a heap of slain, I relaxed nothing of my speed—for my wife, my adored Claudine, might yet survive his destruction. My suspense was soon at an end. Yes, I saw her, and yet I survived the sight. I saw her, at a little distance; she was kneeling, with clasped hands, at the feet of an infuriated ruffian, whose weapon was already at her breast. At that moment she recognised my cry of agony, sprang wildly on her feet, and called, with an imploring voice, on my name. It was the last word she uttered. The steel struck her ere she could escape into my arms. It struck deeply and fatally—yet well for *her*. But for *me!*——

THE MARIGOLD.

When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful obsequious marigold,
How duly, every morning, she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending tow'rds him her small slender stalk;
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd as 'twere with tears, till he returns;
And how she vails her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye; or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him:
—When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples, to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries,
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.

George Wither. 1588—1667.

INGRATITUDE.

The stall-fed ox, that is grown fat, will know
His careful feeder, and acknowledge too;
The air-dividing falcon will requite
Her falc'ner's pains with a well-pleasing flight;
The generous spaniel loves his master's eye,
And licks his fingers, though no meat be by:
But man, ungrateful man, that's born and bred
By Heaven's immediate pow'r; maintain'd and fed
By his providing hand; observ'd, attended
By his indulgent grace; preserv'd, defended
By his prevailing arm: this man, I say,
Is more ungrateful, more obdure than they.

Francis Quarles. 1592—1664.

PRESIDENT D'ALBI:

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

No matter how fine the autumnal evenings may be in the country, they are sometimes inevitably tedious; and hence it is that those who are scientific in the *savoir vivre* have recourse to various amusements to beguile the lazy hours. One will give play to his musical talents; another, while the ladies are occupied with their needlework, will relate stories, anecdotes, and scraps of history. There is a *raconteur* who is generally more successful than the rest in captivating the attention of his auditory. Hobgoblins, in particular, are a favourite subject, and some display an admirable talent in such recitals, producing strong emotions, and frequently the extreme of fear. Though horror-struck by the events narrated, yet we listen to their recital with breathless delight.

We were at Renezi, in the splendid mansion occupied by Guillaume du Barry, who had married a charming woman, when M. de Catalan, formerly *avocat-general*, and afterwards peer of France, a gentleman full of humour and animation, arrived on a visit of a few days. His presence had already given an impetus to our amusements, when some one said, "Ladies, ask M. de Catalan to relate to us the apparition of the President d'Albi?" Immediately all drew closer, and prepared themselves for the supreme delight of being frightened. "But," said M. de Catalan, with the utmost gravity, "you do not know, ladies, what you require. This apparition is by no means a fiction, it is a real adventure. I have often heard it told by my father and uncles, who certainly were far from being credulous; it made a great deal of noise at the time, and was connected with a very memorable circumstance, inasmuch as it caused the death of one of the most distinguished members of the parliament of Toulouse."

We were beginning to think that M. de Catalan, as *avocat-general*, was about to deliver a preparatory discourse, and begged of him to continue the story, even though we should die of fear.

He commenced in these terms:—"The President d'Albi, a distinguished magistrate (as I have just told you), possessed an estate a few leagues distant from Toulouse. Every year, during the vacation, he regularly went to pass some time at his estate, from the situation of which, it was necessary to take a by-road; to avoid travelling by night, M. d'Albi always stopped at the Hôtel de la Poste, sending his carriage and servants on before him, and the following morning proceeded on horseback, attended by his faithful companion, Castor, a fine bloodhound. On his return to Toulouse he acted in like manner, sending his carriage on before him to await him at the hotel. The arrival of M. d'Albi at the *auberge* was always a source of joy to the family. For many years he had been their patron, and had seen all the younger branches married, who considered him as their natural protector.

"The year in which what I am about to tell you happened, M. d'Albi arrived on horseback, and being obliged to return in haste to Toulouse, he merely drew up at the hotel for the purpose of taking refreshment. But he was greatly surprised at finding all the family overwhelmed with grief and affliction; the master of the hotel had been missing for many days, and, as yet, all search to discover him had proved fruitless. The arrival of the President was a source of consolation to the afflicted family, and they looked with confidence to the measures which his counsel would suggest, and his authority enforce, in aiding them to unravel so mysterious an affair. Accordingly, he summoned the functionaries of the district round him, and gave orders that the most minute inquiries should be made in the environs. Foreseeing that this affair would detain him a considerable time, he sent off his servant with a letter to his lady, lest his delay might cause her uneasiness. These proceedings occupied the entire day; he was fatigued, but before retiring to bed, he repaired to the stable, followed by his dog, lest in all this confusion they should have forgotten to feed his horse—an animal upon which he set a high value.

"On returning to the house, which was at a little distance, he perceived that Castor did not follow him. He went back and called him several times, but had the greatest difficulty in forcing him to return. The dog had buried himself in a sort of haggard, filled with fagots, which lay just behind the stable, and would not quit it. At length his master, having succeeded in forcing him out, shut the haggard-door, and proceeded to bed.

"As it was yet early, he disposed himself to read, but being overcome by fatigue, he fell into a sound sleep. He had scarcely slept a few hours, when he was awakened by a frightful dream, in which he had seen François, the innkeeper, covered with blood. He was about to speak to him, when a howling from his dog awoke him, and interrupted his dream. Being a man of sound intellect, he naturally attributed this nightmare to the agitation which the events of the day had produced, and considered it nothing more than nervous excitement. With this assurance he soon fell asleep again, but the same figure presented itself to his imagination, and this time with much more distinctness. The innkeeper now addressed him: 'I have been assassinated,' said he, 'by the stable-boy, whom I discharged last year, having had a quarrel with him, in which I upbraided him with dishonesty. He is a Catalonian; and ever since retained a feeling of vengeance in his heart. It was he who committed the crime. My body will be found buried under the fagots in the haggard behind the stable, where seldom any one enters. You must dig deep to verify the revelation I now make you. Have my body honoured with the rights of Christian burial. You shall be recompensed.'

"M. d'Albi awoke again, covered with a cold sweat. He almost reproached himself with pusillanimity, which, by allowing his sleep to be interrupted, betrayed his weakness. He endeavoured

to sleep, but twice the same vision pursued him. No longer able to support his anxiety, he lighted a wax taper, and endeavoured to captivate his attention with an interesting book, whilst awaiting the morning. Vain hope! he recommenced the same passage over and over withoutbeing able to understand a word of what he read. His distracted eye could not fix itself on the page. His dream was continually recurring to his mind, and he could think of nothing else. In spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he retraced its minutest details. He reflected, too, on the obstinacy of his dog in remaining in the haggard which had been pointed out by the murdered man. He felt his firmness shaken, and then, to justify his weakness, his memory furnished him with a similar fact published in the *Causes Célèbres.**

"In fine, no longer able to resist the uneasiness which he felt, the President arose, dressed himself, and as soon as morning dawned he hastened to the stable, accompanied by his dog, which ran barking straight to the haggard. M. d'Albi felt influenced by a strange sentiment of terror: for he could not dissemble his belief that he was upon the point of seeing realized that which his understanding and his good sense repudiated as an error inconsistent with the belief of any sound-minded person. How bring himself to admit supernatural agencies in a matter of this description?

"The inexplicable fact was about, however, to be established. Surprised by the singular motions of his dog, he called some peasants, who were going to their work, after having removed the fagots, he made them dig up the earth at the precise spot where the dog was scraping with his feet. Judge of the fright of these good people and of the horror of the President, at discovering the remains of a corpse, in a state of putrefaction! He came out of the haggard, had the doors shut, and insisted on the peasants observing the strictest secrecy, until they should have discovered the assassin, and thus prevented him from escaping the hands of justice.

"The formalities being accomplished, they succeeded in finding the stable-boy in a neighbouring village. All the details turned out to be exact, but the discovery was attributed to Castor, for M. d'Albi, as you may well suppose, never spoke of the vision, which caused him, nevertheless, a great deal of uneasiness.

"The assassin was conducted to the city prison; the unfortunate François was buried; and the President, after having assisted at his interment, and given the family all the consolation he could, departed for Toulouse, promising to return when the trial came on. The occupations attendant on the eminent place he filled in parliament, had soon dissipated the pensive air which was remarkable on his arrival; he seldom spoke of this extraordinary circumstance, but still he thought of it.

"As soon as the trial commenced, M. d'Albi repaired to the town, to follow up the prosecution. The Catalonian—convicted of the assassination of François—was condemned, and the President made arrangements for his departure. During the trial, which lasted several days, he went to his estate every night, and returned to town in the morning; but as this was the eve of his departure for Toulouse, he remained at the Hôtel de la Poste.

"He had not his dog with him this night, Castor having followed the servant. M. d'Albi was altogether alone in his chamber, when the apparition stood again before him! This time, indeed, he was less frightened; habit is every thing. It is probable, however, that the President would willingly have dispensed with the dead man's gratitude. "You have had me honoured," said the apparition, "with Christian burial; through you I have obtained justice on my enemy. What can I do to recompense you for this service?" M. d'Albi, in his dream, asked him to inform him of the day on which he would die. The vision promised it, and disappeared.

"Since this new episode, which was not known for some time after, the President's manner changed; he became gloomy, pensive and absent; never hinting to his wife nor to his dearest friends the cause of this change. His affairs were never more prosperous, and he felt that he would have been the happiest of men, but for the want of confidence which he betrayed in not imparting this secret to his wife, by whom he was loved to excess.

"Every effort to draw forth the President proved ineffectual; he persisted in maintaining that they were mistaken, that he was always the same, and that age brings gravity of manner and a reflective disposition. His habits remained unchanged, only it was remarked that he seldom went to his estate, and never slept at the Hôtel de la Poste. But the family which had charge of the hotel, and his own servant, were the only persons who remarked this.

"Ten or twelve years had now elapsed: M. d'Albi had in a great measure resumed his wonted serenity; as the interval increased, his melancholy impressions had gradually disappeared; when one night, being in a profound sleep, one of his old dreams returned, and François, the innkeeper, stood before him! He approached him, covered with his shroud. 'You wished to know when your last hour shall arrive,' said he to him, with a sepulchral voice. The vision extended its bony arm to the clock; and placing its finger on the point of midnight, exclaimed, 'In one month, and at the same hour!'

"The President violently pulled the bell which was placed at the head of his bed. His domestics

* Two friends were travelling together on horseback; one stopped at a village, the other continued his journey. The same night that they separated, the friend who had stopped in the village dreamed that his companion was exposed to great danger, that he had called on him to assist him, and pointed out to him the means. Twice he fell asleep; but each time his friend appeared before him. The last time, he reproached him for not having listened to his entreaties, and indicated the place where he could assure himself of all the circumstances. It was not far from the town. The young man, tormented by this vision, yielded to the impulse of his imagination, repaired to the place, found his friend assassinated, and all the details perfectly accurate.

found him in a state of great mental excitement, repeating incoherent words, which nobody understood; his physician was sent for immediately, who, after having administered to him a narcotic draught ordered him a warm bath. For several days the President was either delirious or in a state of deplorable dejection. At length he became gradually more calm; and having completely recovered his senses, requested his wife to leave him alone with his brother-in-law, a man of strong mind and sound judgment, whom he wished to consult.

"When every one had retired, he related to him, with the most scrupulous minuteness of detail, all that I have just told you. You may very easily conceive that his brother-in-law was not a little surprised at this strange revelation, and concluded that the President's mind was affected with a species of monomania. But every thing was related with the utmost precision, the circumstances minutely detailed and the witnesses of the material fact were still living; besides M. d'Albi was not a weak-minded man. Since that strange event had happened, he had, upon numerous occasions, manifested his excellent judgment in the capacity of a magistrate; but a fixed idea upon this point might have tormented his imagination, and his brother was at a loss what arguments to employ to convince a man so strangely infatuated.

"'If you take my advice,' said he, 'you will consult our pastor upon the matter; he is your spiritual director and the director of your family; he is besides a man of merit, and an enlightened guide.' M. d'Albi approved of his counsel, and sent to request the clergyman's attendance. He related to him, word for word, all the circumstances of the apparition; and asked his opinion on the matter. The pastor equally embarrassed as M. d'Albi's brother-in-law, began to suspect a diseased mind in a sound body; for, with the exception of this nervous crisis, his health was in no way altered—his mind alone was affected.

"'The Divinity,' said the pastor to him, 'may manifest himself to us in various ways; his miracles daily present themselves to our eyes. It seldom happens, notwithstanding, that the dead quit their tombs to communicate with living men; but being strongly impressed with this idea, it would be prudent for you to approach the sacraments, and put your affairs in order. We must prevent this matter from making a noise, it might alarm the minds of the people, and give rise to a hundred ridiculous stories.

"'You should not persist in concealing the circumstance from your wife, who is a woman of great fortitude and austere piety; but let it be kept a secret from your children.'

"The clergyman, brother-in-law, and physician, took all the precaution which prudence recommended, in imparting all the circumstances to his wife, who, in common with them, attributed it to a diseased mind.

"The physician, though of the same opinion, as a professional man thought that an imagination so violently excited, might be attended with very serious consequences to the President's health and reason. He recommended, above all things, a variety of engaging pursuits, and that he should be constantly watched—never allowed to remain alone, or abandoned to his own thoughts.

"As the appointed hour approached, the President became more pensive and gloomy. But, what was extraordinary, his health did not appear at all affected, which his friends would often remark to him; they even sometimes joked on the infallibility of his prediction. The President was a man of much strength of mind, and having arranged all his affairs, awaited the fatal hour with great apparent calmness.

The eve of the predicted day had now arrived; the President never enjoyed better health. His wife and friends began to reckon with confidence on his recovery. But from a feeling of superstitious fear, they not only resolved to change the hour of all the watches and clocks in the house, but they easily obtained permission to make all the clocks within the hearing of the President's hotel strike twelve at the hour of eleven. The family gave on that day a grand supper, to which all their intimate friends, the clergyman, and the physician, were invited. M. d'Albi was distressingly agitated; every moment he looked at the clock. They laughed at him, and endeavoured to make him, as well as the guests, merry by a plentiful outpouring of champagne. The pastor himself wore an air of extraordinary good humour to encourage him. In fine, the hands of all the clocks and watches indicated 'twelve!'

"By a singular chance, which no one thought of at that moment, the *pendule* in the President's chamber had not been advanced. The town clocks having all sounded the hour, the glasses were filled, and every one rose to drink the President's health. He joined in this compliment with an excellent grace, having quite resumed his serenity. The champagne had inspired him with new life. He sustained with great gaiety the pleasantries which were addressed to him, and even improvised a pretty quatrain upon the interest which he had inspired. This led the company naturally to speak of M. d'Albi's poetical talent, which he had neglected for some years; and the President could not refrain from entertaining his guests with a little poem, which he had composed upon his mental malady, and which they importuned him to favour them with a sight of. M. d'Albi said, that he must go to his dressing-room, as no one else but himself could find it. He took a light, and proceeded towards his apartment. All of a sudden, a pistol-shot was heard. The President's valet-de-chambre had just forced open his master's *secrétaire*, for the purpose of robbing him. Surprised in the act, he seized a pistol which lay at his hand, and blew out his master's brains. Midnight sounded at that instant by the clock in the President's chamber."

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF A WITCH RAISING A DEAD BODY.

EGYPT is the far-off ancestor of all the necromantic wonders and magical processes of the world; and it would scarcely surprise us if Mr. Pettigrew, who has already conjured up such marvellous histories out of the hieroglyphics, should enable us by and by to verify statements quite as extraordinary as the following piece of witchcraft. It does not become us, as story-tellers, to treat such matters other than reverently; nor shall we run much risk of being misunderstood by graver critics if we remind the thinking community of the nineteenth century, that such things entered largely into the philosophy of those races to whom we refer the origin of the arts of civilization.

The book from which this strange passage is taken is as old as the fourth century. It was written in his youth by Heliodorus, a native of Emesa in Phœnicia, and is entitled his "Ethiopics," or the Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea. The work is, on many accounts, exceedingly curious. It was the first romance of its kind, a circumstance which alone invests it with permanent interest, even if it possessed no other claims to consideration. The style is extravagant sometimes to inflation, the figures that move through the story have no more substance than the misty outlines that flit before our eyes in a phantasmagoria, and the narrative, perpetually flying off into vague episodes and impossible perplexities, is constructed without the slightest regard to consistency or the requisitions of art. But its very faults and excesses belong to the infancy of romance, and are on that account deserving, not merely of indulgence, but of patient examination. All subsequent annotators agree in describing the "Ethiopics" as the source from whence the Greek romancers drew their earliest inspiration; and there is no doubt that upon the revival of letters, the fabulists and poets of Italy, France, and England, were largely indebted to the elements of fiction they discovered in this remarkable volume. It would not be exactly just, however, to discuss it as a mere love story, although the vicissitudes of the lovers occupy the foreground of the canvass. It possesses also, in some measure, the merits of an historical work, displaying extensive erudition, and an intimate acquaintance with Egyptian antiquities, customs, and localities. If the reader desire fuller information concerning a book, which is now so rare that a copy of it is hardly procurable, except in a few libraries, he may consult Bayle, Moreri, Warton, and Dunlop.

The MS. of the "Ethiopics" is said to have been found by a soldier at the taking of Buda in 1526, and the first edition of it was printed at Basil, (a city to which we are indebted for many similar legacies,) by Opsopœus in 1534. But the best editions are by Commelin, 8vo., 1596, and Bourdelot, 8vo, Paris, 1619. Editions were also published at Biponti in 1792, and in Paris in 1804, besides a French translation by Amyot in 1626; and in other places translations into other languages. There appear to have been three translations of the original into English; one, which is spoken of by Warton, in his History of Poetry; another, in which Nahum Tate, and some unknown "person of quality" had a share, (from which the following extract is taken); and a third, which was published so lately as 1790.

Heliodorus was a famous sophist in his day, and became, in the course of time, Christian Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly. The authorship of this romance, however, brought his orthodoxy into suspicion, and, as the tradition runs, he was commanded to renounce his see or his book. Of the two sacrifices he preferred the former; but we are sorry to add, for the sake of such a man's faith in the Ideal, out of which he had charmed such a gorgeous piece of imagination, that the anecdote is held by the best authorities to be too good to be true. A plague on these historians, whose researches, every now and then, help to spoil so many pleasant deceptions! It is in this way we have lost the allegory of Romulus and Remus, and the poetical legend of Cornelius Agrippa, showing the fair Geraldine, in a magic mirror, to the impassioned Surrey, reading one of his own love-sonnets! We confess we should be half inclined (in the pages of the STORY-TELLER at least!) to compound a whole bundle of dry literal facts for half-a-dozen such agreeable fables.

In order that the reader may the better understand the following fragment, it is necessary to inform him that Chariclea, the heroine of the book, and her guardian Calasiris, have been led into a cavern, at midnight, by the unhallowed witch, and that they are thus made spectators of the incantation and questioning that ensue; the purpose of the hag being to raise the body of her dead son, that she might wring from the corpse the secrets of futurity on certain subjects in which she was interested. The demoniac gestures and raging pantomime of the witch, the reluctant prophecy of the corpse, at last forced into speech, after a frightful spasm, and the sudden and final fulfilment of the judgment pronounced upon the mother by the dead body of her offspring, are strikingly illustrative of the old Egyptian magic and its appalling rites.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF A WITCH RAISING A DEAD BODY.

Chariclea sat down in another corner of the cell, the moon then rising and lightening all without. Calasiris fell into a fast sleep, being tired at once with age and the long journey. Chariclea kept awake with care, became the spectator of a most horrid scene, though usual among those people. For the woman supposing herself to be alone, and not likely to be interrupted, nor so much as to be seen by any person, fell to her work. In the first place she digged a pit in the earth, and then made a fire on each side thereof; placing the body of her son between the two plains; then taking a pitcher from off a three-legged stool that stood by, she poured honey into the pit, milk out of a second, and so out of a third, as if she had been doing sacrifice. Then taking a piece of dough, formed into the likeness of a man, crowned with laurel and bdellium, she cast it into the pit. After this, snatching a sword that lay in the field, with more than Bacchanal fury (addressing herself to the moon in many strange terms) she launched her arm, and with a branch of laurel bedewed with her blood, she besprinkled the fire: with many other prodigious ceremonies. Then bowing herself to the body of her son, whispering in his ear, she awakened him, and by the force of her charms, made him to stand upright. Chariclea, who had hitherto looked on with sufficient fear, was now astonished; wherefore she waked Calasiris to be likewise spectator of what was done. They stood unseen themselves, but plainly beheld, by the light of the moon and fire, where the business was performed; and by reason of the little distance, heard the discourse, the Beldam now bespeaking her son in a louder voice. The question which she asked him was, if her son, who was yet living, should return safe home? To this he answered nothing; only nodding his head, gave her doubtful conjectures of his success; and therewith fell flat upon his face. She turned the body with the face upwards, and again repeating her question, but with much greater violence, uttering many incantations; and, leaping up and down with the sword in her hand, turning sometimes to the fire, and then to the pit, she once more awakened him, and setting him upright, urged him to answer her in plain words, and not in doubtful signs. In the meantime Chariclea desired Calasiris that they might go nearer, and inquire of the old woman about Theagenes; but he refused, affirming that the spectacle was impious; that it was not decent for any person of priestly office to be present, much less delighted with such performances. That prayers and lawful sacrifices were their business; and not with impure rites and inquiries of death, as that Egyptian did, of which mischance had made us spectators. While he was thus speaking, the dead person made answer, with a hollow and dreadful tone: "At first I spared you, mother," said he, "and suffered your transgressing against human nature and the laws of destiny, and by charms and witchcraft disturbing those things which should rest inviolated: for even the dead retain a reverence towards their parents, as much as is possible for them; but since you exceed all bounds, being not content with the wicked action you began, nor satisfied with raising me up to give you signs, but also force me, a dead body, to speak; neglecting my sepulture, and keeping me from the mansion of departed souls; hear those things which at first I was afraid to acquaint you withal. Neither your son shall return alive, nor shall yourself escape that death, by the sword, which is due to your crimes; but conclude that life in a short time, which you have spent in wicked practices: forasmuch as you have not only done these things alone, but made other persons spectators of these dreadful mysteries that were so concealed in outward silence; acquainting them with the affairs and fortunes of the dead. One of them is a priest, which makes it more tolerable; who knows, by his wisdom, that such things are not to be divulged;—a person dear to the gods, who shall with his arrival, prevent the duel of his sons prepared for combat, and compose their difference. But that which is more grievous, is, that a virgin has been spectator of all that has been done, and heard what was said: a virgin and lover, that has wandered through countries in search of her betrothed; with whom, after infinite labours and dangers, she shall arrive at the outmost part of the earth, and live in royal state." Having thus said, he again fell prostrate. The hag being sensible who were the spectators, armed as she was with a sword, in a rage sought them amongst the dead bodies, where she thought they laid concealed, to kill them, as persons that had invaded her, and crossed the operations of her charms. While she was thus employed, she struck her groin upon the splinter of a spear that stuck in the ground, by which she died; immediately fulfilling the prophecy of her son.

We have in our possession an Italian translation of the "Ethiopics," printed on the finest paper in clear and exquisite *italic* type at Ferrari, in 1560. This curious copy belonged to a priest, Father Bernardin, whose name is inscribed in pale ink at the foot of the title-page. The volume is bound in that beautiful light green morocco, richly gilt, which was usual in the costly editions of old works, and the title-page is a perfect specimen of the pictorial and imagerial style of the period. We shall look for an early opportunity of returning to the book, and in particular, to this Italian translation. It may help, in the mean while, to set the reader's appetite on edge about it, to add that Jeremy Taylor, in one of his letters to the worthy Mr. Evelyn, speaks of the "Ethiopics" as a book the composition of which was "far distant from the (Christian) duty of Bishop Heliodorus!"

COLOMBA.

(*From the French of Prosper Mérimée.*)

[Continued from page 170.]

XI.

It was long before Orso fell asleep, consequently he awoke the next morning at a very late hour, at least for a Corsican. No sooner had he got out of bed than the first object that met his eyes was the house of his enemies and the *archere* they had set up. He went down stairs and asked after his sister. "She is in the kitchen casting balls," replied Saveria, the servant woman. Thus he could not move a step without being pursued by the image of war.

He found Colomba seated on a stool, with several newly cast balls before her, busied in trimming off the projections left by the opening in the mould.

"What the deuce are you doing there?" her brother asked her.

"You had no balls for the colonel's gun," she answered with her sweet voice; "I have found a mould of the proper size, and you shall have four and twenty cartridges this very day, brother."

"I have no need of them, thank God!"

"One must never be short taken, Ors' Anton'. You have forgotten your country and the sort of people you have around you."

"No fear of my forgetting it long with you at my elbow. Tell me, you received a large trunk some days ago, did you not?"

"Yes, brother. Shall I take it up to your room?"

"You take it up! Why you never could lift it. Is there no man about the place to do it?"

"I am not so weak as you suppose," said Colomba, tucking up her sleeves, and displaying a white and beautifully rounded arm, but one that bespoke no common strength. "Come Saveria," she said to the servant, "help me." She was just raising the heavy trunk by herself, when Orso hastened to assist her.

"There is something in this trunk for you, my dear Colomba," he said. "You will excuse me for making you such poor presents, but the purse of a half-pay lieutenant is not over well furnished." As he spoke he opened the trunk, and took from it some gowns, a shawl, and other articles of female costume.

"What beautiful things," cried Colomba, "I must make haste and put them up, for fear they should be spoiled. I will keep them for my wedding," she added with a melancholy smile, "for at present I am in mourning," and she kissed her brother's hand.

"It looks like affectation, my dear sister, to continue so long in mourning."

"I have vowed it," said Colomba firmly, "I will not put off my mourning—" And she looked at the windows of the Barricini.

"Till the day you are married," said Orso, wishing to prevent her finishing the phrase.

"I will not marry," said Colomba, "any but the man who shall have done three things," and her eyes were still bent louringly on the house of her foes.

"I wonder, Colomba, such a fine girl as you are, that you are not married before this. Come, you must tell me who is courting you; besides I shall be sure to hear the serenades. They must be choice ones to please a great voceratrice like you."

"Who would take a poor orphan?—And then, the man for whom I shall put off my mourning, shall make the women yonder put on theirs."

"This is running into insanity," said Orso to himself, but he made no reply, in order to avoid all argument.

"Brother," said Colomba, coaxingly, "I have something also to offer you. These clothes you have on, are too fine for this country; your handsome frock-coat would be all in pieces in two days, if you went into the mâquis with it; you must keep it till Miss Nevil comes." Then opening a press, she took out a complete sporting suit. "I have made you a velveteen jacket, and here is a cap, such as our beaux wear. I worked it for you long ago. Will you try it on?"

So saying, she made him put on a large jacket of green velveteen, with a huge pocket in the skirt; and she placed on his head a pointed cap of black velvet, embroidered with black silk and jet, and terminating in a sort of tuft.

"Here is our father's *carchera*;* the stiletto is in the pocket of your jacket. I will go and fetch the pistol."

"I look for all the world like a brigand in one of the minor theatres," said Orso, contemplating his figure in a small looking glass Saveria held before him.

"Well, if you are not just the real thing now, Ors' Anton'" said the old servant; "the finest *pinsuto* † of Bocognano or Bastelica, does not cut a handsomer figure!"

Orso breakfasted in his new costume. During the repast, he told his sister that his trunk contained a certain number of books, and that it was his intention to send for others to France and Italy, and to make her study hard. "For it is a shame Colomba, that a great girl like you should be ignorant of things the children on the continent learn almost as soon as they are out of the nurse's arms."

"Your are right, brother," said Colomba, "I am very well aware of my deficiencies, and I shall be very glad to learn, especially if you will be kind enough to instruct me."

Some days passed without Colomba once uttering the name of Barricini. She was assiduous in all little offices of kindness towards her brother, and frequently talked to him of Miss Nevil. Orso made her read French and Italian books to him, and he was astonished sometimes at the shrewdness and

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* *Carchera*—the belt in which cartridges are carried; a pistol is stuck in it on the left side.

† *Pinsuto*—the name given to those who wear the pointed cap, *barreta pinsuta*.

good sense of her observations, sometimes at her profound ignorance of the commonest things.

One morning after breakfast Colomba left the room for a moment, and instead of returning with a book and paper, she made her appearance dressed in her mezzaro. Her aspect was even more than usually grave. "Brother," she said, "pray come out with me."

"Where do you wish me to go with you?" said Orso, offering her his arm.

"I do not want your arm, brother; but take your gun and your cartridge-box. A man ought never to go out of doors without his arms."

"With all my heart! One must conform to the fashion. Where are we going?"

Colomba made no answer, but drew her mezzaro close round her, called the watch-dog, and left the house, followed by her brother. Leaving the village rapidly behind her, she struck into a hollow way, winding among the vineyards, having first sent forward the dog, after making a sign to him. The dog seemed fully to understand her, for he immediately set off in a zigzag, running in among the vines right and left, always keeping fifty paces ahead of his mistress, and sometimes stopping in the middle of the road, and looking before him, with his tail wagging. He seemed to perform the duties of a scout in the very best style.

"If Muscheto barks," said Colomba, "cock your gun, brother, and stand still."

When they had proceeded, with many windings, about half a mile from the village, Colomba stopped suddenly at a place where there was an abrupt bend in the road. In that spot rose a small pyramid of branches, some green, some withered, heaped up to the height of about three feet. Out of its summit protruded the extremity of a wooden cross, painted black. In many cantons of Corsica, especially in the mountains, an extremely ancient custom, connected perhaps with the superstitions of paganism, obliges the passers-by to throw a stone or a branch of a tree on the spot where a man has fallen by a violent death. For many a year, so long as the memory of the victim's tragical end remains in the memory of men, this singular offering thus grows from day to day. It is called the *heap*, the *mucchio* of such a one.

Colomba stopped before this heap, and, breaking a branch from an arbutus, she cast it on the pyramid. "Orso," she said, "it was here our father died. Let us pray, brother, for his soul!" and she fell on her knees. Orso instantly did the same. At that moment the village-bell tolled slowly, for a man had died during the night. Orso burst into tears.

After a few minutes Colomba rose up with dry eyes, but an excited countenance. She hastily made with her thumb the sign of the cross familiar to her countrymen, and which is the usual accompaniment of their solemn vows; then hurrying her brother along, she retraced the way to the village. They returned to their house in silence. Orso went up to his bedroom. A moment afterwards Colomba followed him, carrying in her hand a small box, which she laid on the table. She opened it, and drew out a shirt covered with broad stains of blood.

"Here is your father's shirt, Orso;" and she laid it on his lap.—"Here is the lead that struck him;" and she laid two corroded balls on the shirt.

"Orso, my brother!" she cried, falling on his breast and pressing him intensely in her arms; "Orso! you will avenge him!" She kissed him with a sort of frenzy, pressed the balls and the shirt to her lips, and rushed from the room, leaving her brother petrified on his chair.

Orso remained some moments without motion, not daring to put away those appalling relics. At last, mastering his feelings by a violent effort, he put them back in the box, and ran and threw himself on his bed at the opposite end of the room, where he lay, with his face towards the wall and buried in his pillow, as though he would shut out the sight of a spectre from his eyes. His sister's last words rang incessantly in his ears, and it seemed as though he heard the voice of a fatal, inevitable oracle calling to him for blood—for innocent blood. I will not attempt to describe the thoughts of the unhappy young man, as bewildered as those that riot in the brain of a madman. He remained long in the same position, not daring to turn his head round. At last he rose, closed the box, dashed out of doors, and hurried forwards into the country, running he knew not whither.

By degrees the open air acted soothingly upon him; he grew calmer and examined his position and the means of escaping from it with some degree of coolness. He did not suspect the Barricini of murder, as the reader is already aware; but he accused them of having trumped up the forged letter in the bandit Agostini's name; and that letter he believed at least had caused his father's death. To prosecute them for forgery, he felt was out of the question. At times, if the prejudices or the instincts of his country beset him, and suggested to him an easy vengeance at the turn of a path, he cast the idea from him with horror as he thought of his comrades in the regiment, of the *salons* of Paris, above all of Miss Nevil. Then he pondered over his sister's reproaches, and all the Corsican that lingered in his nature justified those reproaches, and gave them more poignant bitterness. One hope alone remained to him in this conflict between his conscience and his prejudices; this was to pick a quarrel with one of the mayor's sons, no matter how, which should lead to a duel. To kill him with a ball or a sword-thrust in fair fight, was an idea that put his Corsican and his French notions in harmony with each other. The expedient approved of, and pondering how it might be executed, he began to feel himself relieved from a heavy load; and it was not long before other and gentler thoughts contributed further to allay his feverish agitation. Cicero, sunk in woe by the loss of his daughter Julia, forgot his grief in turning over in his mind all the fine things he could say on the subject. By similar dissertations on life and death, Mr. Shandy consoled himself for the loss of

his son. Orso refreshed his spirits by thinking how he might lay before Miss Nevil a picture of the state of his inward man—a picture which could not fail powerfully to interest that lovely being.

He was making his way back to his village, from which he had unconsciously strayed far, when he heard a little girl, who doubtless thought herself alone, singing in a path on the borders of the mâquis. The tune was that slow and monotonous one, consecrated to funeral lamentations, and the little girl was singing,

"And when my son, now far away, shall seek his home once more,
Give him his murder'd father's cross, this shirt stiff with his gore."

"What is that you are singing, girl?" said Orso in an angry voice, as he suddenly stood before her.

"Is it you, Ors' Anton'!" said the child somewhat frightened. "It is a song of Mademoiselle Colomba's."

"I forbid you to sing it," said Orso in a terrible voice.

The child, turning her head right and left, seemed looking about for some way of escape; and she would no doubt have taken to her heels, but for her anxiety about a large parcel that lay on the grass at her feet.

Orso was ashamed of his violence. "What have you got there in your bundle, my little lass?" he asked her as gently as he could. And as the child hesitated to reply, he raised the cloth wrapper, and saw that the bundle contained a loaf and other provisions.

"To whom are you carrying this bread, my dear?" he said.

"O, you know, sir,—to my uncle."

"Your uncle is a bandit, is he not?"

"At your service, Monsieur Ors' Anton'."

"If the gendarmes met you they would ask you where you were going."

"I would tell them," the child answered promptly, "that I am carrying food to the Lucchesi who are cutting the mâquis."

"And if some hungry hunter fell in with you, and took it into his head to dine at your expense and take your provisions from you!"

"He durst not. I would tell him it is for my uncle."

"Well, he's not the man to let his dinner be taken from him very quietly. He is very fond of you; this uncle of yours?"

"Oh! yes, Ors' Anton'. Since my father died he has taken care of the family, of my mother, myself, and my little sister. Before mother was ill he spoke a good word for her to the rich folks that they might give her work. The mayor gives me a frock every year, and the curé teaches me reading and the catechism since my uncle spoke to them. But there's nobody so good to us after all as your sister."

At this moment a dog appeared on the path. The little girl, putting two fingers to her mouth, whistled shrilly; the dog instantly ran up and saluted her with lively demonstrations of canine affection, and then darted back again into the mâquis. Presently two men, badly dressed but well armed, appeared behind a hedge row of vines at a few paces distance from Orso. One would have thought they had made their way to the spot where they stood by creeping like snakes through the thick cover of cystus and myrtle.

"Oh! Ors' Anton', welcome home," said the elder of the two men. "What, you don't recognise me?"

"No," said Orso, looking steadfastly at him.

"Well it's queer how a beard and a pointed cap alter a man. Look again, lieutenant. Have you forgotten the veterans of Waterloo? Don't you remember Brando Savelli, who bit many a cartridge by your side on that woful day?"

"What! is it you?" said Orso. "You deserted in 1816?"

"Just so, *mon lieutenant.* One gets tired of the service, you see; and then I had an account to settle in this country. Aha! Chili, you're a brave lass. Out with the prog quickly, for we are hungry. You have no idea, *mon lieutenant,* what an appetite these mâquis give one. Who sent us this? Mademoiselle Colomba or the mayor?"

"No, uncle; it was the miller's wife gave me this for you, and a quilt for mother."

"What does she want of me?"

"She says the Lucchesi she hired to grub up the ground are standing out now for thirty-five sous and chestnuts, on account of the fever down below Pietranera."

"The lazy rascals! I'll see to it. *Sans façon, mon lieutenant,* will you join us at dinner? We have made worse meals together in the time of our poor countryman they have struck off the roll."

"Excuse me, I am extremely obliged to you. They have served me too as you say; they have put me on half-pay."

"Ay, so I heard tell. But you did not take that much to heart I warrant. An account to settle on your part too, I take it. Come, curé," said the bandit to his companion, "to table with you. Monsieur Orso, let me introduce M. le Curé to you; at least I don't exactly know that he is a curé, but he has the learning."

"A poor student in theology, monsieur," said the second bandit "whom they have hindered from following out his vocation. Who knows? I might perhaps have been pope, Brandolaccio."

"What chance has deprived the church of your enlightened services?" Orso inquired.

"A mere nothing—an account to settle, as my friend Brandolaccio says, a sister of mine who had played the fool while I was devouring black letter in the university of Pisa. I was obliged to come home to marry her. But her intended made too much haste, and died of fever three days before my arrival. Thereupon I applied, as you, monsieur, would have done in my place, to the brother of the defunct. They told me he was married. What was to be done?"

"Why really the case was puzzling. What did you do?"

"This is one of those cases in which you must resort to the flint."*

"That is to say"—

"I lodged a ball in his head," said the bandit coolly.

Orso was horrorstruck. Curiosity, however, and perhaps also a wish to postpone his return home, made him remain where he was and continue the conversation with the two men, each of whom had at least one murder on his conscience.

Whilst his comrade was talking Brandolaccio set some bread and meat before him; he helped himself, and then took care of his dog, whom he introduced to Orso by the name of Brusco, as an animal endowed with the marvellous instinctive faculty of distinguishing a voltigeur under any disguise whatever. Finally he cut off a piece of bread and a slice of raw ham, which he handed to his niece.

"What a charming life is the bandit's!" exclaimed the theological student, after swallowing a few mouthfuls. "You will perhaps make trial of it one of these days, Monsieur della Rebbia, and you will see how delightful it is to know no master but one's own caprice." Up to this point the bandit had spoken Italian; he now went on to say in French, "Corsica is not a very amusing country for a young man; but for a bandit—oh! it is quite another sort of thing. The women are fairly crazed for us. Simple as you see me, I have three mistresses in three different cantons. I am everywhere at home. And what's more, one of them is the wife of a gendarme."

"You know a great many languages, monsieur," said Orso, gravely.

"I speak French, because you know '*Maxima debitur pueris reverentia.*' We are determined, Brandolaccio and I, that the little one shall turn out well."

"When she comes to be fifteen," said Chilina's uncle, "I will marry her advantageously. I have a match in my eye for her."

"Then the proposal will come from you," said Orso.

"Certainly. Do you think that if I say to some snug fellow or another in these parts, I, Brando Savelli, would be glad to see your son marry Michelina Savelli, do you think he'll turn the bothered ear to the proposal?"

"I should not advise him," said the other bandit; "my comrade has rather a heavy hand of his own."

"If I were a scamp," continued Brandolaccio, "a blackguard, a lord-knows-who, I need only open my wallet, and the five franc pieces would fall into it in showers."

"There is something in your wallet then that attracts them?" said Orso.

"Not at all. But if I were to write, as some have done, to a rich man—'I want a hundred francs'—he would send them to me in double quick time. But I am a man of honour, *mon lieutenant.*"

"Would you believe it, Monsieur della Rebbia," said the bandit, whom his comrade called the curé, "would you believe it that even in this primitive and unsophisticated land there are, nevertheless, some miscreants who take advantage of the high consideration we acquire by means of our passports" (pointing to his gun) "to draw forged bills of exchange in our name?"

"Very likely," said Orso, bluntly. "But what do you mean by bills of exchange?"

"Six months ago," continued the bandit, "I was walking along, down by Orezza yonder, when a bumpkin comes up to me, pulls off his cap a long way off, and says, 'Ah! monsieur le curé, (they always call me so) 'do excuse me, give me time; I have only been able to get together fifty-five francs; indeed and indeed, it was all I could raise.' Well, I was quite surprised at this. What's that you say, you scoundrel! fifty-five francs? said I. 'I mean sixty-five,' says he; 'but as for the hundred you demand of me it is clean impossible.' What, you blackguard! I demand a hundred francs? I don't know you. Upon this he hands me a dirty scrap of a letter ordering him to deposit a hundred francs in a certain place, on pain of having his house burned, and his cows killed by Giocanto Castriconi, that is my name. The infamous villains had forged my signature! What provoked me the most was that the letter was written in patois, full of faults of orthography.—I commit faults of orthography! I, who carried off all the prizes in the university! I gave the blackguard a box on the ear to begin with, that made him spin round twice on his axis. What, you rascal, you take me for a robber, do you? And with that I gave him a kick in a certain place that shall be nameless. This eased my mind a little, and I said to him, When are you to take this money to the appointed place? 'This very day.' Good! go and take it there. It was at the foot of a pine, and there was no mistaking the spot. The fellow takes the money, buries it at the foot of the tree, and comes back to me. I had ensconced myself in the vicinity. I waited there with my man six mortal hours. Monsieur della Rebbia, I would have waited three days had it been necessary. At the end of six hours appears a *Bastiaccio*,* an infamous usurer. He stoops down to gather up the money,—bang! I let fly at him, and with such good aim that he pitched head foremost upon the crown pieces he was picking up. Now you blackguard, said I to the peasant, take back your money, and never take it into your head again to suspect Giocanto Castriconi of a dirty action. The poor devil, shaking from head to foot, swept up his sixty-five francs and never stopped to wipe them. He thanked me, I gave him a swinging good kick by way of adieu, and away he cut."

* *La scaglia*, a very common expression.

* The Corsican mountaineers detest the inhabitants of Bastia, whom they do not regard as fellow-countrymen. They never say *Bastiese*, but *Bastiaccio*: the termination, *acciò*, it is well known, is usually indicative of contempt.

"Ah! curé," said Brandolaccio, "I envy you that shot. What a jolly good laugh you must have had!"

"The ball took the Bastiaccio in the temple," continued the bandit, "and that put me in mind of these lines of Virgil—

——— Liquefacto tempora plumbo
Diffidit, ac multâ porrectum extendit arenâ.

Liquefacto! Is it your opinion, Monsieur Orso, that a leaden ball melts by the rapidity of its passage through the air? You, who have studied the science of projectiles, can, no doubt, inform me whether this is an error or an ascertained fact?"

Orso was better pleased to discuss the question of physics, than to argue with the curé on the morality of his action. Brandolaccio, who did not find much to amuse him in this scientific discourse, interrupted it with the remark that the sun was about to set. "Since you would not dine with us, Ors' Anton'," he said, "I advise you not to keep Mademoiselle Colomba waiting any longer. Besides, it is not always wholesome to be roaming about after sunset. Why do you leave the house without a gun? There are bad people hereabouts; take care of them. For this day you have nothing to fear; the Barricini are bringing the préfet home with them; they met him on the road, and he is to stop a day at Pietranera, on his way to lay a first stone, as they say—stupid nonsense! He sleeps to-night at the house of the Barricini, but to-morrow they will be free. There's Vincentello, and a bad chap he is, and Orlanduccio, not much better.—Try to light upon them separately, to-day one, to-morrow the other, but keep a sharp look out, that's all."

"Thank you for the advice," said Orso, "but we have nothing to do with each other: till they come after me of their own accord, I have nothing to say to them."

The bandit made a click with his tongue, and stuck it in his cheek, but said nothing. Orso got up to go away. "Apropos," said Brandolaccio, "I have not thanked you for your powder. It came just in the nick of time. At present I want for nothing;—to be sure, I want a pair of shoes still, but I will make me a pair of the skin of a mouflon one of these days."

Orso slipped two five-franc pieces into the bandit's hand. "It was Colomba sent you the powder. Here is something to buy you shoes."

"No nonsense, *mon lieutenant*," cried Brandolaccio, returning the two pieces. "Do you take me for a beggar? I accept bread and powder, but not a thing else."

"Between old soldiers, I thought it was allowable to help one another. Well, good-by." But, before going away, he contrived to drop the money into the bandit's wallet unnoticed.

"Good-by, Ors' Anton'," said the theologian. "We shall meet again, perhaps, in the mâquis one of these days, and resume our studies of Virgil."

Orso had parted about a quarter of an hour from his worthy acquaintances, when he heard a man running after him at full speed. It was Brandolaccio.

"It is a little too bad, *mon lieutenant*," he cried, panting for breath, "a little too bad. Here are your ten francs. From any body else I would not put up with the trick. My respects to Mademoiselle Colomba. You have quite blown me. Good evening."

XII.

Orso found Colomba in some alarm at his long absence; but on his safe return she resumed that look of melancholy serenity which was habitual with her. At their evening meal they talked only on indifferent matters, and Orso, emboldened by his sister's apparent calmness, told her of his encounter with the bandits, and even ventured on some jocular criticisms upon the moral and religious education little Chilina was receiving at the hands of her uncle and of his honourable colleague, Signor Castriconi.

"Brandolaccio is a well-conducted man," said Colomba; "but as for Castriconi, I have heard that he is a man of immoral character."

"I believe," said Orso, "that he is quite as good a man as Brandolaccio, and Brandolaccio as good as he. They are both the one and the other at open war with society. A first crime drives them daily into others: yet, after all, they are perhaps not so criminal as many a man who does not sleep in the mâquis."

A flash of joy lighted up his sister's face.

"Yes," continued Orso, "these wretches have some sense of honour, after their own fashion. It is the force of a cruel prejudice, and not a sordid cupidity that has plunged them into the life they are leading."

There was a moment's silence.

"Brother," said Colomba, as she poured out his coffee; "you are aware, perhaps, that Gianetto Pietri died last night? He died of the marsh fever."

"Who was he, this Pietri?"

"A man of our village, the husband of that Madeleine who received the pocket-book from our father in his last moments. The widow has been here to beg I would go to the wake and sing something. It will be proper that you come too. They are neighbours, and it is an act of courtesy indispensable in a small locality like ours."

"Confound the wake! Colomba. I don't like to see my sister making a public exhibition of herself."

"Orso," replied Colomba, "every people has its own way of paying honour to its dead. The *ballata* has come down to us from our ancestors, and we ought to respect it as an ancient usage. Madeleine has not the gift, and old Fiordispina, the best voceratrice in the country, is ill. There is no doing without some one for the ballata."

"Do you imagine Gianetto will not find his way in the other world unless some one sings doggerel lines over his bier? Go to the wake if you will, Co-

lomba; I will go with you, if you think I ought; but do not improvise; it is not becoming at your age, and—now pray don't, sister."

"I have promised, brother. You know it is the custom here, and I repeat, there is no one except myself to improvise."

"What a stupid custom!"

"I suffer greatly from singing in this way. It reminds me of all our misfortunes. I shall be ill from the effects of it to-morrow, but it cannot be helped. Give me leave, brother. Remember you bade me improvise at Ajaccio, to please that young English lady, who turns our old customs into ridicule. May I not improvise to-morrow for poor people, who will thank me for it, and whom it will help to bear their affliction?"

"Well, well, do as you please. I will lay a wager you have already composed your ballata, and do not like to lose it."

"No; I could not compose it beforehand, brother. I set myself before the dead man, and I think of those that are left behind. The tears start into my eyes, and then I sing whatever comes into my head."

All this was spoken with so much simplicity that it was impossible to suspect Signora Colomba of the least poetical vanity. Orso yielded, and accompanied his sister to the house of the Pietri family. The corpse lay with the face uncovered on a table in the largest room of the house. The doors and windows were open and several tapers were burning round the table. The widow of the deceased was at his head, and behind her a great number of females filled all one side of the room; on the other the men were drawn up, standing with their heads uncovered, their eyes fixed on the corpse in deep silence. Every new comer as he entered went up to the table, embraced the dead man,* bent his head to the widow, and the son of the deceased, and then took his place among the bystanders without uttering a word. From time to time, however, a solitary voice broke the solemn silence and addressed some words to the departed.

"Why did you leave your good wife?" said an old man. "Did she not take good care of you? What were you in want of? Why did you not wait one month longer? Your daughter-in-law would have given you a son."

A tall young man, Pietri's son, clasping his father's cold hand, ejaculated, "Oh! why did you not die by the *mala morte*?† We would have avenged you!"

These were the first words Orso heard as he entered the room. The group of mourners opened to make way for him, and a low murmur of curiosity bespoke the interest excited by the presence of the voceratrice. Colomba embraced the widow, took her hands in hers, and remained some minutes in thought, with her eyes bent on the ground. Then throwing back her mezzaro she gazed steadfastly on the face of the dead man, and leaning over the body, that was scarcely more pale than herself, she began thus:

"Now, fare thee well, Gianetto! Saints and angels take thy soul!
To live is but to suffer. Thou hast hied thee to that goal,
Where neither sun nor frost is felt. Thy tasks are ended now:
Thou need'st no more or bill, or axe, or heavy mattock: thou
Hast left a world of toil and care to dwell among the blest;
And every day is now for thee a sabbath-day of rest.
Farewell, Gianetto! Angels take thy soul into their keeping!
Thy son rules in thy house. I've seen the hot *libeccio* sweeping
The parched breast of the hills, the oak, the goodly oak lay low.
I thought it dead: I came again, and saw a young shoot grow
All freshly from its ancient root; the shoot became a tree,
And pleasant was its ample shade, its leafy crown to see.
Look, Maddelè, its sturdy boughs how well they roof thee o'er!
Rest in its shade, and think upon the oak that is no more."

Here Madeleine began to sob aloud; and two or three men, who at another time would have shot down Christians as coolly as partridges, took to wiping the big tears from their swarthy cheeks.

Colomba went on in the same strain for some time, now apostrophizing the deceased, now his family, and occasionally, by a prosopopœia common in ballata composition, making the dead man speak in person to console his friends, or to give them advice. As her improvisation proceeded the expression of her features grew sublime; her complexion became tinged with a transparent rose-colour, that enhanced the brilliant whiteness of her teeth, and the lustre of her dilated pupils. 'Twas the pythoness upon her tripod. Save now and then a sigh or a stifled sob, not the slightest murmur escaped the crowd that pressed round her. Though peculiarly steeled against this poetry of savage life, Orso soon found himself infected with the contagious emotions of those about him. Concealed in a dark corner of the room, his tears fell as fast as those of Pietri's son.

Suddenly a slight movement was perceptible among the listening throng: the circle opened, and several strangers entered. It was evident from the respect shown them, and the eagerness to make way for them, that they were persons of importance, whose presence conferred special honour on the house; out of respect, however, for the ballata, no one spoke to the new comers. The individual who was foremost among them, seemed about forty. His black coat, his red ribbon, and the expression of authority and confidence stamped upon his features, made it easy to guess at once that he was the prefect. Behind him walked an old man with a stooping figure and bilious complexion, whose timorous and uneasy glances were imperfectly concealed by his green spectacles. He wore a black coat too large for him, and which, though still new, had evidently been made many years before. He kept

* This custom is still retained at Bocognano.
† *La mala morte*,—death by violence.

so close to the prefect, that one might have fancied he was striving to hide in his shadow. Lastly, after him came two tall young men, with sunburnt features, half-hidden by their bushy whiskers, their looks were haughty and disdainful, and they stared about them with insolent curiosity. Orso had been long enough abroad to have forgotten the features of the people of his village; but the sight of the old man in the spectacles instantly awakened old recollections in his mind. His presence in attendance on the prefect was enough to identify him. It was the avocat Barricini, the mayor of Pietranera, who came with his two sons to afford the prefect the spectacle of a ballata. It would not be easy to define what took place in Orso's mind at that moment; at any rate, the presence of his father's enemy caused him a sort of horror, and he felt himself more than ever accessible to the suspicions against which he had so long struggled.

As for Colomba, the moment she beheld the man to whom she had vowed a deadly hatred, her flexible features put on a stern and louring aspect; she turned pale; her voice grew hoarse, and the half-uttered line died away on her lips. But presently, resuming her ballata, she burst out again with sudden vehemence:

"Before his desolated nest the falcon mourns, and lo!
The coward starlings flutter round exulting o'er his woe."

Here a sound of suppressed laughter was heard in the room: it proceeded from the two young men who had last come in; no doubt they thought the metaphor overstrained.

"The falcon will awake anon; he will spread his wings and soar,
And swooping down with lightning speed, dye his sharp beak in gore!
—And now, Gianetto, once again our last fond farewell take:
Enough thy friends have mourned, enough their tears flow'd for thy sake.
Alone the orphan weeps thee not; and wherefore should she shed
One tear for thee, who full of days, with loved ones round thy bed,
Prepared to meet the Eternal Judge, hast softly fallen asleep?
'Tis for her murder'd sire alone the orphan'd maid may weep,
With felon shot, dealt from behind, struck down by dastards vile,
Her gallant sire, whose blood is red beneath the green-wood pile.
But gathering up the precious drops, she hath cast them in Heaven's sight
O'er Pietranera's walls, to be a sign of doom and blight.
And dire on Pietranera rests that baptism till the day
When guilty blood shall wash the stain of guiltless blood away!"

Thus ending her improvisation, Colomba sank upon a chair, and hiding her face in her mezzaro sobbed aloud. The women all in tears clustered round her; many of the men cast fierce glances at the mayor and his sons, and some old men muttered their indignation at the scandal they had occasioned by their presence. The son of the deceased forced his way through the crowd, and was about to request the mayor to quit the premises with all speed; but old Barricini did not wait for the hint. He was shuffling to the door, and his two sons were already outside it. The prefect addressed a few words of condolence to young Pietri, and almost instantly followed his friends. As for Orso, he went up to his sister, took her by the arm, and hurried her out of the room. "Go with them," said young Pietri to some of his friends. "See that nothing happens them!" Two or three young men hastily slipped their stilettoes up their left sleeves, and escorted Orso and his sister to their own door.

XIII.

Panting and exhausted, Colomba was unable to utter a word. Her head lay on her brother's shoulder, and she held one of his hands tightly grasped in both her own. Though in his heart but little obliged to her for her peroration, Orso was too much alarmed to breathe a word of reproach. He was silently awaiting the termination of the nervous paroxysm she seemed labouring under, when there was a knock at the door, and Saveria entered the room with a very scared look, announcing M. le Préfet! Upon hearing the name, Colomba raised herself up as if ashamed of her weakness, and stood erect, supporting herself with the back of a chair that shook visibly under her hand.

The prefect opened the conversation with some commonplace apologies for the unseasonable hour of his visit, regretted Mademoiselle Colomba's indisposition, spoke of the danger of violent emotions, censured the practice of these funeral lamentations, which the very talents of the voceratrice rendered more painful to the bystanders, and dexterously insinuated a slight reproval of the tendency of the recent improvisation. Then changing his tone, "Monsieur della Rebbia," he said, "I am charged by your English friends with many compliments to you on their part. Miss Nevil sends her best regards to your sister. I have a letter for you from that lady."

"A letter from Miss Nevil?" exclaimed Orso.

"Unluckily I have not got it about me, but you shall have it in five minutes. Her father has been ill. We feared for a while that he had caught one of our dreadful fevers. But I am happy to say he is safe and sound again, as you shall judge for yourself, for it will not be long I imagine before you see him."

"Miss Nevil must have been sadly alarmed?"

"Fortunately she was not aware of the danger till it was already past. Monsieur della Rebbia, Miss Nevil has spoken a great deal to me of you and your sister." Orso bowed. "She has a great regard for you both. Under a most fascinating exterior, under an appearance of thoughtless gaiety, she conceals a rare stock of shrewd good sense."

"She is a charming person," said Orso.

"It is almost at her entreaty I am here, monsieur. No one is better acquainted than I with a

melancholy history which I would gladly refrain from recalling to your recollection. Since M. Barricini is still mayor of Pietranera, and I prefect of this department, I need not tell you what account I make of certain suspicions, which, if I am not misinformed, some imprudent persons have communicated to you, and which, as I am well aware, you have repudiated with the indignation to be expected from your position and your character."

"Colomba," said Orso, fidgeting on his chair, "you are greatly fatigued. You had better go to bed."

Colomba shook her head dissentingly. She had recovered her usual appearance of equanimity, and was gazing intently in the prefect's face.

"M. Barricini," continued the latter, "would most earnestly desire to see an end put to this sort of hostility—that is to say to this state of uncertainty in which you stand with respect to each other. For my part, I should be delighted to see you on those terms with him which ought to subsist between persons naturally entitled to each other's esteem."

"Monsieur," said Orso in an agitated voice, "I have never accused the Avocat Barricini of having assassinated my father; but he has done an act that will for ever prevent my holding any intercourse with him. He forged a threatening letter in the name of a certain bandit—at least he furtively attributed it to my father. That letter in fine, monsieur, was probably the indirect cause of my father's death."

The prefect pondered a moment. "That your father should have thought so when, carried away by his natural impetuosity, he was litigating with M. Barricini, that, monsieur, I can very well understand; but in your case there is no excuse for any such delusion. Do but consider that M. Barricini had no interest in forging that letter—I say nothing of his character—you do not know him, you are prejudiced against him—but, surely you do not imagine that a man acquainted with the laws—"

"But, monsieur," said Orso, rising, "be pleased to recollect, that to tell me the letter in question was not the work of M. Barricini is tantamount to ascribing it to my father. His honour, monsieur, is mine."

"No one, monsieur," replied the prefect, "is more fully convinced of the honour of Colonel della Rebbia than I—but the author of the letter is now known."

"Who?" cried Colomba, stepping up to the prefect.

"A miscreant, guilty of many crimes—crimes of that sort which you Corsicans do not forgive—a robber, one Tomaso Bianchi, now lying in prison at Bastia, has confessed that he was the author of that fatal letter."

"I do not know the man," said Orso. "What can have been his motive?"

"He is a man of this country," said Colomba, "the brother of a former miller of ours. He is a bad man, and a liar unworthy of belief."

"You shall see," continued the prefect, "what interest he had in the matter. The name of the miller your sister speaks of was, I believe, Theodore. He rented from the colonel a mill on the water-course, which was the subject of litigation between M. Barricini and your father. The colonel, with his usual generosity, derived hardly any profit from his mill. Now Tomaso thought that if M. Barricini obtained possession of the water-course he would have to pay a considerable rent; for M. Barricini it is well known is fond of money. In a word, to oblige his brother, Tomaso forged the bandit's letter, and that is the long and the short of the story. You know that the ties of blood are so strong in Corsica, that they sometimes prompt to crime. Have the goodness to cast your eye over this letter sent me by the deputy-attorney-general; it will confirm what I have just told you."

Orso perused the letter, which recited Tomaso's confession in detail, and Colomba read it at the same time over her brother's shoulder.

When she had finished reading it she cried out, "Orlanduccio Barricini went to Bastia a month ago, when he heard that my brother was expected home. He will have seen Tomaso and bribed him to this lie."

"Mademoiselle, mademoiselle," said the prefect, impatiently, "you explain every thing by means of odious suppositions; is that the way to discover the truth? You, monsieur, judge coolly; tell me, what think you now? Do you think with mademoiselle, that a man who had but a trifling punishment to fear would deliberately accuse himself of forgery to oblige a person he did not know?"

Orso read the deputy's letter over again, weighing each word with extraordinary attention; for since he had seen the Avocat Barricini, he felt himself harder to convince than he would have been a few days before. At last he was constrained to own that the explanation appeared to him satisfactory. But Colomba cried out vehemently,

"Tomaso Bianchi is a cheat. He will not be convicted, or he will escape from prison, I am sure of it."

The prefect shrugged his shoulders.

"I have communicated to you, monsieur," he said, "the information I have received; I now withdraw, and leave you to your reflections. I will wait the decision of your sober judgment, and I trust it will be more powerful than the—suppositions of your sister."

After a few words of apology for Colomba, Orso repeated he was now convinced that Tomaso was the sole culprit.

The prefect had risen to take his leave. "If it was not so late," he said, "I would ask you to come with me and receive Miss Nevil's letter; you might take the opportunity to say to M. Barricini what you have just said to me, and there would be an end to the business."

"Never shall Orso della Rebbia cross the threshold of a Barricini!" cried Colomba, impetuously.

"Mademoiselle it appears is the bellwether of the family," said the prefect, [illegible].

"Monsieur," said Colomba, [illegible] "you are abused; you do not know the [illegible] is the craftiest, the most knavish of men. I beseech you do not make Orso do an act that would overwhelm him with disgrace."

"Colomba!" exclaimed Orso, "you are beside yourself with passion."

"Orso! Orso! by the box I placed in your hands, I implore you to hear me. There is blood between you and the Barricini; you shall not enter their doors."

"Sister!"

"No, brother, you shall not go, or I will quit this house and you shall never see me more. Orso have pity on me!" and she threw herself on her knees before him.

"I am exceedingly grieved," said the prefect, "to see Mademoiselle Colomba so unreasonable; you will convince her of the weakness of her objections, I am sure." He opened the door halfway, and stopped, as if expecting Orso to follow him.

"I cannot leave her now," said Orso, "to-morrow if—"

"I set off early," said the prefect.

"At least, brother," cried Colomba, with her hands clasped together, "wait till to-morrow morning. Let me look over my father's papers, you cannot refuse me that."

"Well you shall examine them this evening, but at least, when you have done so, you shall give over tormenting me with this extravagant hatred. A thousand pardons, Monsieur le Prefet, I am myself so ill at ease, better let it be to-morrow."

"The night brings counsel," said the prefect as he withdrew, "I hope that to-morrow there will be an end to all your indecision."

"Saveria!" cried Colomba, "take the lantern and go with M. le Préfet, he will give you a letter for my brother." She added a few words in a whisper heard only by Saveria.

"Colomba," said Orso when the prefect was gone, "you have given me much pain; will you then always refuse to listen to plain proof?"

"You have given me till to-morrow," she answered, "I have but very little time, but still I hope."

She then took up a bunch of keys, and ran up to a room at the top of the house. Orso heard her hurriedly opening drawers, and rummaging out a secretary in which Colonel della Rebbia had been in the habit of keeping important papers.

XIV.

Saveria was absent a considerable time, and Orso's impatience was at the height, when at last she made her appearance with a letter in her hand, and followed by little Chilina, who rubbed her eyes, for she had been awakened out of her first sleep.

"What brings you here, Chilina, at this hour?" said Orso.

"Mademoiselle sent for me," replied Chilina.

"What the devil can she want with her?" thought Orso; he was in a hurry, however, to open Miss Nevil's letter, and while he was reading it, little Chilina went up stairs to his sister.

"My father has been rather ill, monsieur," Miss Nevil wrote, "besides, he is so lazy with his pen that I am obliged to act as his secretary. You know he wet his feet the other day on the seashore, instead of admiring the pr[illegible]t with us, and that is quite enough to give one the fever in your charming island. I can see the face you make at this, and your hand no doubt goes in quest of your dagger, but I hope you have not got one now. Well, my father has had a slight attack of fever, and I a great fright; the prefect, whom I persist in thinking very agreeable, sent us a physician, a very agreeable gentleman likewise, who set us right again in a couple of days. The fit has not returned, and my father wants to go out again with his gun, but I still withhold my permission. How have you found your château in the mountains? Is your northern tower still in the same place? Are there many ghosts? I make all these inquiries because my father remembers you promised him deer, wild boars, mouflons. Am I right in the name of that strange animal? We intend to throw ourselves upon your hospitality on our way to Bastia, and I hope that the château of the della Rebbias, which you tell me is so old and dilapidated, will not tumble down on our heads. Though the prefect is so agreeable that one is never at a loss for conversation with him—by the bye, I flatter myself I have made a conquest in that quarter—we have talked together of your signory. The law folks of Bastia have sent him certain confessions made by a rogue they have under lock and key, and which are of a nature to remove every remnant of suspicion from your mind; your feud, which sometimes made me uneasy, must then be at an end. You have no idea how glad I was to hear this. When you set off from here with the fair voceratrice, your gun in your hand, and your brow clouded, you seemed to me more than usually Corsican—too Corsican even. *Basta!* I should not write so much on this subject to you, but that I feel dull. The prefect is going away, alas! We will send you a message when we are about to set out for your mountains, and I will take the liberty of writing to mademoiselle to bespeak a bruccio of her, *ma solenne*. Meanwhile make my kindest remembrances to her. I make great use of her dagger; I employ it in cutting the leaves of a romance I brought with me: but the dread blade disdains this office, and makes piteous havoc of my book. Farewell, monsieur, my father sends you his best regards. Hearken to the prefect, he is a man of discernment, and he goes out of his way, I believe, on your account. He is going to lay a first stone at Corte: it will be a very imposing ceremony I fancy, and I am very sorry I cannot have the pleasure of witnessing it. A gentleman in an embroidered coat, silk stockings, and white scarf, with a trowel in his hand!—and a speech, the ceremony concluding with countless shouts of Vive le roi! You will be

very conceited at finding me thus fill four pages of a letter to you, but I repeat, monsieur, I am dull, and, for that reason, I give you leave to write to me at great length. Apropos, I think it strange you have not yet announced to me your auspicious arrival at Pietranera Castle.

"Lydia Nevil.

"P.S. I beg you will attend to the prefect, and do as he tells you. We have settled it between us that you ought to do so, and I shall be very glad if you will."

Orso read this letter three or four times over, mentally, accompanying each reading with commentaries unnumbered. He then wrote a long reply, which he despatched by the hands of Saveria to a villager who was to set out that same night for Ajaccio. By this time he scarcely thought of discussing with his sister the real or imaginary crimes of the Barricini: Miss Nevil's letter made him see every thing *en couleur de rose;* he had no room left in his breast for suspicion or rancour. After waiting some time for his sister's return down stairs, and not finding her make her appearance, he went to bed with a lighter heart than he had felt for many a day. Chilina having been dismissed with secret instructions, Colomba passed the greater part of the night in reading over old papers. Shortly before daybreak a handful of gravel was thrown against her window: upon hearing that signal she went down to the garden, opened a private gate, and admitted two men of very unprepossessing appearance into the house. Her first care was to take them into the kitchen and set food before them. The reader shall presently be told who these men were.

XV.

About six o'clock in the morning the prefect's servant knocked at Orso's door. The knock being answered by Colomba, the servant told her that the prefect was ready to set out on his journey, and that he was waiting for her brother. She replied without hesitation that her brother had just missed his footing on the stairs and sprained his ankle; he could not walk a step; he begged M. le Préfet would excuse him, and he would take it as a great favour if the prefect would do him the honour of calling on him. Shortly after this Orso came down and asked his sister if the prefect had not sent for him. "He requests you to wait for him here," she answered, with the greatest assurance. Half an hour passed without the least movement being perceived about the house of the Barricini: meanwhile Orso asked Colomba whether she had made any discovery; her reply was that she would state what she had to say in presence of the prefect. She affected to be quite calm and collected, but her colour and her eyes betrayed the feverish agitation of her mind.

At last the door of the Barricini was thrown open, and the prefect came forth, dressed for a journey, and followed by the mayor and his two sons. The inhabitants of Pietranera had all been on the alert since sunrise to witness the departure of the first magistrate of the department. What was their stupefaction at beholding him walk straight across the place, accompanied by the three Barricini, and enter the house of della Rebbia.

"They are making peace!" cried the village quidnuncs.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said an old man. "Orso Antonio have lived too long on the continent to do things like a man of pluck."

"Ay, but don't you see," remarked a Rebbianist, "that it is the Barricini that are going after him. They beg pardon."

"The prefect has twisted them all round his finger," said the old man. "There's no courage left nowadays. The young folks care no more for the blood of their fathers than if they were all bastards."

The prefect was not a little surprised to find Orso on his legs and walking with ease. In two words Colomba confessed the untruth she had committed, and begged the prefect's pardon. "Had you been stopping anywhere else, M. le Préfet," she said, "my brother would have gone and paid his respects to you yesterday."

Orso was profuse in his apologies, protesting that he had no part in the absurd trick, which annoyed him beyond measure. The prefect and old Barricini appeared to credit his sincerity, which was corroborated by his evident confusion, and by his severe reprimands to his sister: but the mayor's sons did not seem satisfied. "They are making game of us," said Orlanduccio, loud enough to be heard.

"If my sister were to play me such tricks," said Vincentello, "I would soon find a way to cure her."

These words and the tone in which they were uttered, displeased Orso, and rather abated the alacrity of his good will. Looks expressive of little amity were exchanged between him and the young Barricini.

Meanwhile, every body was seated except Colomba, who remained standing near the kitchen door. The prefect opened the discourse. After a few commonplace observations on the prejudices of the country, he remarked that the most inveterate feuds were in most instances to be traced to misconceptions. Then addressing the mayor, he told him that M. della Rebbia had never believed the Barricini family had taken any part direct or indirect in the deplorable event that had robbed him of his father; that some doubts indeed had remained on his mind relative to a particular fact connected with the former lawsuit between the families; that those doubts were to be excused in consideration of M. Orso's long absence and of the nature of the information conveyed to him; but that now, in consequence of the light afforded him by recent disclosures, he owned himself completely satisfied, and was desirous of meeting M. Barricini and his family on a footing of amity and good neighbourhood.

Orso bowed stiffly; M. Barricini mumbled out something, nobody knew what; his sons stared up at the ceiling. The prefect, continuing his harangue, was proceeding to set forth to Orso the counterpart

of what he had just stated to M. Barricini, when Colomba, producing certain papers, advanced gravely between the contracting parties.

"It will give me the liveliest pleasure," she said, "to see an end put to the war between the two families; but to make the reconciliation sincere, every thing must be mutually explained, and no doubt suffered to remain. Monsieur le Préfet, I had just grounds for looking with suspicion on the declaration of Tomaso Bianchi, proceeding as it did from a man of such bad repute.—I said that, possibly, your sons had seen the man in the prison of Bastia"—

"That is false," Orlanduccio broke in, "I did not see him."

Colomba cast a scornful glance at him, and continued with much seeming calmness.

"You accounted for Tomaso's inducement to threaten my father in the name of a formidable bandit, from his desire to keep his brother Theodore in possession of the mill he held of my father at a low rent?"

"That is clear," said the prefect.

"Every thing may be accounted for, where such a miscreant is concerned as this Bianchi appears to be," said Orso, deceived by his sister's apparent moderation.

"The forged letter," continued Colomba, whose eyes were beginning to glow more vividly, "is dated the 11th of July. Tomaso was at that time at the mill with his brother."

"Yes," said the mayor, with some uneasiness.

"What, then, was Tomaso Bianchi's interest?" cried Colomba, triumphantly. "His brother's lease was expired: my father had given him notice on the 1st of July. Here is my father's memorandum-book, with an entry of the notice to quit; and here is a letter from an agent in Ajaccio, proposing a new tenant." So saying, she delivered the papers she held in her hand to the prefect.

The astonishment was general. The mayor visibly turned pale. Orso, knitting his brows, stepped forward to examine the papers which the prefect was reading with great attention.

"They are making game of us!" cried Orlanduccio again, starting up in a passion. "Come away, father; we should never have come here!"

A moment was enough for M. Barricini, to enable him to recover his self-possession. He asked to see the papers; the prefect handed them to him without a word. Pushing up his green spectacles upon his forehead, he glanced over them with much seeming composure, whilst Colomba watched him with the looks of a tigress that beholds a deer approaching the lair of her young ones.

"Well," said M. Barricini, lowering his spectacles, and returning the papers to the prefect, "knowing the goodnature of the late M. le Colonel—Tomaso thought—he must have thought—that M. le colonel would withdraw his notice to quit. In fact, he remained in possession, therefore—"

"It was I," said Colomba, contemptuously, "who gave him leave. My father was dead; and standing in the position I did, it was incumbent on me to deal tenderly by the retainers of my family."

"But after all," said the prefect, "this Tomaso confesses that he wrote the letter—that is clear."

"One thing is clear to me," said Orso, "and that is, that there are infamous villanies at the bottom of the whole affair."

"I have still to contradict an assertion made by these gentlemen," said Colomba. She opened the kitchen door, and forthwith there entered into the room Brandolaccio, the theological student, and the dog Brusco. The two bandits were without arms, at least apparent; they had their cartridge-boxes in their belts, but not their usual accompaniment of the pistol. They took off their caps respectfully as they entered.

One may guess the effect produced by their sudden appearance. The mayor had like to fall flat on his back, while his two sons threw themselves bravely before him with their hands thrust in their pockets in search of their daggers. The prefect made a movement towards the door; and Orso, seizing Brandolaccio by the collar, shouted to him, "What brings you here, you rascal?"

"It is a trap!" cried the mayor, striving to open the door; but Saveria had double locked it on the outside, by order of the bandits, as it came out afterwards.

"Good people!" said Brandolaccio, "don't be afraid of me; I am no devil, for all I am so black. We have no bad intention. M. le Préfet, I am your most obedient. Gently, *mon lieutenant*, you are strangling me. We are here as witnesses. Come, curé, you talk; you have the gift of the gab."

"M. le Préfet," said the licentiate, "I have not the honour of being known to you. My name is Giocanto Castriconi, better known as the curé. Ha! you know me now! Mademoiselle, whom I had not the advantage of knowing either, sent to beg I would give her some information touching one Tomaso Bianchi, with whom I was a fellow-prisoner three weeks ago in Bastia. Now this is what I have to tell you—"

"Spare yourself the trouble," said the prefect; "I can hear nothing from a man like you. M. della Rebbia, I cheerfully believe that you have had no part in this vile plot. But are you master in your own house? Have this door opened. Your sister will probably have to answer for the strange correspondence she keeps up with bandits."

"M. le Préfet," cried Colomba, "condescend to hear what this man has to say. You are here to render justice to all, and it is your duty to search out the truth. Speak, Giocanto Castriconi."

"Don't listen to him," cried the three Barricini, simultaneously.

"If every body talks at once," said the bandit, smiling, "we shall hardly come to a clear understanding. In prison, then, as I was saying, I had for my companion, not for my friend, that Tomaso

in question. He was frequently visited by M. Orlanduccio."

"That is false," cried the two brothers, together.

"Two negations are equivalent to an affirmation," observed Castriconi, coolly. "Tomaso had money; he ate and drank of the best. I have always been fond of good cheer (it is the least of my failings), and in spite of my repugnance to rub skirts with the scamp, I consented to dine with him several times. By way of returning the favour, I proposed to him that he should escape along with me;—a certain little body, who was indebted to me for some favours, had furnished me with the means. —I do not wish to compromise any one.—Tomaso refused, telling me he was sure of his affair; that the avocat Barricini had spoken for him to all the judges, and that he would get off as white as snow, with money in his pocket. As for me, I thought it expedient to take the air. *Dixi.*"

"What the fellow says is all a pack of lies," said Orlanduccio, stoutly. "If we were in the open country, each with a gun in his hand, he would not talk in this style."

"That's all my eye," said Brandolaccio. "Don't you go quarrel with the curé, Orlanduccio."

"Will you let me out at last, M. della Rebbia?" said the prefect, stamping with impatience.

"Saveria, Saveria!" cried Orso, "open the door, in the devil's name!"

"One moment," said Brandolaccio. "We must first cut our sticks. M. le Préfet, it is customary, when people meet at the house of a common friend, to give each other half an hour's truce at parting."

The prefect scowled disdainfully upon him.

"Good day to all the company," said Brandolaccio. Then, stretching out his arm horizontally, "Come, Brusco," he said to his dog, "jump for M. le Préfet!"

The dog jumped, the bandits hurriedly caught up their arms in the kitchen, a shrill whistle was heard, and the door of the room was opened, as if by enchantment.

"Monsieur Barricini," said Orso, with concentrated rage; "I hold you for a forger. I will this day lay my complaint against you before the attorney-general, for forgery and confederacy with Bianchi. Perhaps I shall have another and more fearful charge to bring against you."

"And I, Monsieur della Rebbia," said the mayor, "will bring my charge against you for ambuscade and conspiracy with bandits. Meanwhile, M. le Préfet will commend you to the gendarmerie."

"The prefect will do his duty," said that gentleman, sternly. "He will see to it that public order be not disturbed at Pietranera; he will take care that justice be done. I speak to you all, messieurs!"

The mayor and Vincentello were already out of the room, and Orlanduccio was backing out after them, when Orso said to him in a whisper, "Your father is an old man I could crush with a blow: it is for you I intend it—for you and your brother."

By way of reply, Orlanduccio drew his dagger, and flung himself on Orso like a maniac; but before he could use his weapon, Colomba seized his arm, and wrenched it round with great force, whilst Orso struck him in the face with his fist, and sent him reeling, till he was brought up by the doorpost. The dagger dropped from Orlanduccio's hand, but Vincentello had his, and was returning into the room, when Colomba, catching up a gun, showed him that the match was not even. At the same moment the prefect threw himself between the combatants. "We shall meet soon, Ors' Anton'!" cried Orlanduccio; and, rushing out, he pulled the door to behind him, and locked it, to gain time for his retreat.

Orso and the prefect remained a long while without speaking at opposite ends of the room. Colomba, her face radiant with the pride of victory, gazed upon them by turns as she leaned on the gun that had decided the fray.

"What a country! what a country!" cried the prefect at last, springing from his chair. "Monsieur della Rebbia, you have been wrong. I demand your word of honour that you will refrain from all violence, and wait till justice decides in this cursed affair."

"True, M. le Préfet, I was wrong to strike the miscreant; but the thing is done, and I cannot refuse him the satisfaction he has demanded of me."

"No such thing! he has no thought of fighting you. But if he assassinates you,...you have done quite enough to bring that about."

"We will be on our guard," said Colomba.

"Orlanduccio appears to me a fellow of courage," said Orso, "and I augur better of him, M. le Préfet. He was hasty with his dagger, but I do not know if I should not have done the same in his place. It is lucky for me that my sister's wrist is not that of a fine lady."

"You shall not fight!" cried the prefect. "I forbid it."

"Permit me to tell you, monsieur, that where my honour is concerned I recognise no other authority than my own conscience."

"I tell you you shall not fight!"

"You may have me arrested, monsieur,—that is, if I let myself be taken. But if that were the case, it would only serve to postpone an affair that is now inevitable. You are a man of honour, M. le Préfet, and you know well it cannot be otherwise."

"If you were to arrest my brother," said Colomba, "half the village would take his part, and we should have a fine shooting bout."

"I warn you, monsieur," said Orso, "and I beg you will believe it is no empty bravado I make—I warn you that if M. Barricini abuses his authority as mayor to cause my arrest, I will defend myself."

"M. Barricini is suspended from this day," the prefect answered. "He will prove his innocence, I hope. Look you, monsieur, I feel interested for

you. All I ask of you is very little: remain quietly at home till my return from Corte. I shall be but three days away. I will return with the attorney-general, and we will then thoroughly unravel this sad affair. Will you promise me that till then you will abstain from all hostilities?"

"I cannot, monsieur, if Orlanduccio demands a meeting of me, as I expect he will."

"What! Monsieur della Rebbia, you a French soldier, to think of fighting a duel with a man you suspect of forgery?"

"I have struck him, monsieur."

"But if you had struck a fellow from the galleys, and he demanded satisfaction of you, would you fight with him? Come, monsieur Orso! See now, I ask you still less than I did before: do not seek Orlanduccio. I give you leave to fight him if he challenges you."

"He will do so, I am sure. I promise you, however, I will not give him any more blows by way of persuaders to fight."

"What a country!" the prefect repeated, striding up and down the room. "When shall I see France again?"

"M. le Préfet," said Colomba in her sweetest voice, "it is growing late, would you do us the honour to breakfast here?"

The prefect could not help laughing. "I have stayed here too long—It looks like partiality—And that confounded stone!—I must go—Mademoiselle della Rebbia—what mischiefs you have, perhaps, sown the seeds of this day!"

"At least, M. le Préfet, you will do my sister the justice to believe that her convictions are deeply rooted—nay, I am now sure, you yourself think them well grounded."

"Farewell, monsieur," said the prefect, waving his hand. "I tell you fairly, I am going to give orders to the brigardier de gendarmerie to have his eye upon you."

When the prefect was gone, "Orso," said Colomba, "you are not on the continent now.—Orlanduccio knows nothing about your duels; besides, it is not the death of a brave man that wretch should die."

"Colomba, my dear, you are a heroine. I am under great obligation to you for having saved me from a good thrust under the ribs. Give me that little hand of yours till I kiss it. But see now, let me go my own way to work. There are certain things you do not understand. Let me have breakfast, and as soon as the prefect is fairly on his way, send for little Chilina, who is so capital a messenger. I shall want her to carry a letter."

While Colomba was preparing breakfast, Orso went up to his bedroom, and wrote the following note:

"You must be eager for a meeting with me; so am I to give it you. Let it be to-morrow morning at six o'clock, in the valley of Acquaviva. I am very expert with the pistol, and do not propose that weapon to you. They say you are a good shot with the gun: let us each take a double-barrelled gun. I will be on the ground, accompanied by a man from this village. If your brother chooses to accompany you, take another second, and let me know. In that case only I shall have two seconds.

"ORSO ANTONIO DELLA REBBIA."

The prefect, after remaining an hour in the house of the mayor's adjunct, and looking in for a few minutes upon the Barricini, set out for Corte, escorted by a single gendarme. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Chilina took the above letter, and delivered it into Orlanduccio's own hands.

The answer was not received till the evening. It was signed by M. Barricini senior, and notified to Orso his intention of laying before the attorney-general the threatening letter he had addressed to his son. "Strong in a clear conscience," the letter concluded, "I wait till justice shall have pronounced its verdict upon your calumnies."

Meanwhile, five or six goatherds, sent for by Colomba, came to garrison the tower of the della Rebbias. In spite of Orso's protest, *archere* were arranged before the windows looking out on the Place, and all that evening he was continually receiving offers of service from different people of the village. A letter even reached him from the theological bandit, promising in his own name and that of Brandolaccio that they would each lend a hand if the mayor called in the aid of the gendarmerie. It ended with the following postscript. "May I venture to ask you what M. le Préfet thinks of the excellent education my friend is bestowing on the dog Brusco? Next to Chilina I know not a more docile pupil, nor one of happier promise."

[*To be continued.*]

A RIDDLE.

THE grave readers of THE STORY-TELLER must not be alarmed at the sight of a "riddle" in our pages. It is not our intention to perplex them very often with such productions, which, as a class, are excluded with good reason from the plan of our work. But as it sometimes happens that there is considerable ingenuity and poetical artifice in compositions of this nature, we do not hold ourselves pledged to a total prohibition. The most costly essences are frequently preserved in fragile vases.

In this particular instance we have a sufficient apology in the merits of the poem itself, and in the name of the author. Mrs. Carter was the most famous literary woman of her time; and, although scarcely known to the present generation of readers, deserves a large measure of honour from the grudging justice of posterity. The correspondent of some of the greatest celebrities of Europe, the intimate friend of

Dr. Johnson, and the translator of Epictetus, is too remarkable a person to be suffered to fall into oblivion. We propose to take an early opportunity of entering at some length upon her biography, and of writing such a sketch of her literary character, as may serve to interest the reader in future specimens of her poetry. For the present, let this suggestive trifle be accepted as a slight relish of good things to come. If any very wise gentleman should be inclined to throw it aside, merely because it is a "riddle," supposing it be made up of the usual stuff, we entreat of his wisdomship to pause and read it; and to bear in mind, while he is reading it, that it was written by a person of refined taste and rare accomplishments, who had as serious an intellect as his wisdomship himself, and who traversed more varied and remote regions of learning than nineteen-twentieths of the profound people, who entertain a conventional contempt for conundrums and enigmas of all kinds.

RIDDLE.

By Eliza Carter.

Nor form, nor substance, in my being share ;
I'm neither fire, nor water ; earth, nor air ;
From motion's force alone my birth derive ;
I ne'er can die, nor never was alive :
And yet with such extensive empire reign,
That very few escape my magic chain :
Nor time nor place my wild excursions bound,
I break all order ; Nature's laws confound ;
Raise schemes without contrivance or design,
And make apparent contradictions join ;
Transfer the Thames, where Ganges' waters roll ;
Unite the equator to the frozen pole :
Midst Zembla's ice bid blushing rubies glow,
And British harvests bloom in Scythian snow ;
Cause trembling flocks to skim the raging main,
And scaly fishes graze the verdant plain ;
Make light descend, and heavy bodies rise ;
Stars sink to earth, and earth ascend the skies.
If nature lie deform'd in wintry frost,
And all the beauties of the spring be lost,
Rais'd by my power new verdure decks the ground,
And smiling flowers diffuse their sweets around.
The sleeping dead I summon from the tomb,
And oft anticipate the living's doom ;
Convey offenders to the fatal tree,
When law or stratagem have set them free.
Aw'd by no checks, my roving flight can soar
Beyond imagination's active pow'r ;
I view each country of the spacious earth ;
Nay, visit realms, that never yet had birth ;
Can trace the pathless regions of the air,
And fly with ease beyond the starry sphere ;
So swift my operations in an hour,
I can destroy a town, or build a tower ;
Play tricks would puzzle all the search of wit,
And show whole volumes that were never writ.
In sure records my mystic powers confest,
Who rack'd with cares a haughty tyrant's breast,
Charg'd in prophetic emblems to relate
Approaching wrath and his peculiar fate.
Oft to the good by heaven in mercy sent,
I've arm'd their thoughts against some dire event;
As oft in chains presumptuous villains bind,
And haunt with restless fears the guilty mind.

HANS RUDNER;

OR, THE FIGURE OF NINE.

In the year 1632, the Great Forest in the neighbourhood of Frankfort was infested by poachers. When game was not to be found in sufficient plenty for their wants, they waylaid the travellers on the highroad which passed through a portion of the forest; and, after stripping them of all their effects, betook themselves for concealment to the recesses of the woods. Poachers and brigands were, in that age, nearly synonymous terms; indeed, at all periods, there is a great affinity between the two characters. A man, whose nightly occupation it is to go out in the pursuit of game, provided with arms and skilled in their use, is always ready to fire upon any one who shall be rash enough to oppose himself to his depredations. Even at this day, in the heart of enlightened England, scarcely a month passes without the newspapers supplying us with the details of desperate encounters of this description.

Two centuries ago, throughout Europe, life and property were but slightly protected, compared with the arrangements of our advanced system. When the poacher failed to capture a sufficiency of game, the temptation to supply the want by obtaining the ready possession of a purse well filled with gold, was irresistible to the half-savage minds of men living in a lawless state. The latter course had this advantage, that it precluded the necessity of going to the market, and disposing of the game under suspicious circumstances, and at a reduced price; while in either case, the prize was won by the pulling of a trigger!

The leader of the band of poachers which frequented this forest, was a young man of a good family, residing near a village upon the skirts of the forest. Libertinism had lured him into crime. Passionately enamoured of a young girl, who had been refused him in marriage, he had decided upon her abduction. For this purpose he associated himself with some wild youths, of dubious or decidedly bad character; and, to escape the vengeance of the laws which the greater number of them had outraged, they went together to pass their lives in the midst of the forest. Skilful and fearless poachers, they presently became the terror of the keepers; and when any of these opposed their depredations, a shot from an arquebuse (the fire-arm then in fashion), aimed from behind the covert of a tree, speedily silenced the gamekeepers' attack. Presently no one dared to penetrate within the recesses of the Great Forest; and few were hardy enough even to journey on its environs. Hans Rudner, the leader of this daring band, had commenced the reckless life of an outlaw by carrying off the young girl of whom I have already spoken; but running riot in the excess of his unbridled power, he presently became sated with his conquest. Like other gallants, less alienated from society, but scarcely less mischievous, he was fond of change. He vi-

sited the neighbouring towns and villages under different disguises, and whenever he spied a beautiful woman, he was sure to watch all her movements, until a favourable moment arose, and then pouncing upon her like a vulture, he bore her away into the heart of the woods. After this, came the turn of a second and a third, until, presently, there were reckoned in Frankfort no fewer than nine beautiful girls thus carried off, eight of whom were subsequently returned to their disconsolate parents in a state little calculated to allay their sad disquietude.

Hans Rudner left to his companions his share of the plunder, reserving for himself the maidens whom he tore from their homes and kindred. The best shot for many a long German mile around, the stags, wild boars, and roebucks which passed within two hundred paces of his arquebuse, were sure to receive a fatal ball, which usually passed through their hearts.

When the keepers of the forest jointly attacked the poachers, the latter, forming an ambuscade in the pits and ravines with which the forest abounded, or amidst the branches of the tall trees, allowed the enemy to advance. At a signal given by Rudner, their pieces were all fired at once, and seldom did one of the unfortunate keepers escape from the cruel massacre to carry the fearful intelligence to the neighbouring villages. Rudner's companions fired at the bodies of their opponents ; but Rudner himself always lodged his ball (so at least said the peasantry) in the left eye of the man at whom he took aim. Whenever a poor wretch was found lying dead upon one of the forest-paths, or of the roads adjoining, with the mark of a ball having passed through his left eye, the customary exclamation was, "'Tis the ball of Rudner *Lincks-auge*" (left-eye).

Enormities like these could not fail to lead to a decisive catastrophe. The senators of Frankfort assembled to deliberate upon the most effectual means of breaking up and utterly exterminating this atrocious band. Troops were hastily enrolled for the service. All the hardy youths of the neighbouring villages, including the brothers and those who had been affianced to the injured maidens, panting for revenge, joined the expedition with an ardour which was nursed by the sense of personal wrong, armed themselves to the teeth, proclaimed a sacred crusade, and swore never to return without the body of Hans Rudner, living or dead!

The forest was surrounded, and the circle contracted by degrees, as in the grand hunting expeditions of the east, until the poacher-brigands were at length discovered, hunted to their lair, and, urged to extremity, these lawless men defended themselves with great bravery ; but, overpowered by numbers, they were taken almost all alive, with the exception of their chief, the dreaded "Left-eye," and led in triumph to Frankfort, to be judged and hung.

As might well be expected, short work was made of such notorious criminals. The inhabitants of all the surrounding districts rushed to Frankfort to witness their execution, as to a most delightful spectacle.

But men, and women, and children who had been taught to lisp his name in terror, deeply regretted that Hans Rudner was not the first to mount the scaffold.

An exceedingly pretty young woman, leading a child by the hand, was standing near the gibbet, watching the executioner performing his office, when, on suddenly turning her head, she perceived a tall man standing by her side. A cry of terror escaped her.

"Silence!" said the tall man, in a deep, but concentrated and ferocious tone, while at the same time he displayed a long woodman's knife: "Silence, or that infant is an orphan!"

She uttered not a word; but that wild cry of terror, and the faint murmur of the stranger's muttered words were heard by one of the municipal officers. He eyed the mysterious man before him, and remembered that the woman had passed some months in the brigand-poacher's cave. Comparing his face with that of the child, he perceived a striking resemblance. He made a sign to two of his brother-officers; and the three precipitating themselves upon the stranger, made him a prisoner, in spite of his violent resistance, and led him before the senators.

"The poachers have been executed," said the man who had been principally instrumental in effecting the capture. "Worshipful senators, you wanted the arch-villain that led them—there he stands!"

"Spare him! Spare him!" shrieked the woman, whose involuntary cry had led to his arrest, "for Heaven's sake, spare the father of my child!"

"Well, be it so!" said the prisoner; "let there be no farce about it! This woman has betrayed me, but I pardon her—I AM RUDNER—Rudner *Lincks-auge*," he added fearlessly and proudly.

"Go, tell the hangman," said a senator, "that his day's work is not yet accomplished."

"That paltry wretch who, with the assistance of two others, has made me a prisoner," quoth Rudner, "I played with him yesterday at two hundred paces' distance. I was about to plant a ball in his left eye—but pity withheld my hand. Had I followed my first impulse, he would have fallen dead the next instant, and (bitterly he continued) I should not now be standing before you with fettered hands."

"You reckon with certainty, then, on lodging a ball at two hundred paces' distance in the eye of a man?"

"Ay, ten—one after the other. They shall enter through the same hole!"

"Pooh, impossible!" said the arquebusiers of the city, who assisted at the execution, with the banner of their craft displayed.

"Because you are all bunglers," said the poacher, with an ill-suppressed sneer, "you imagine I am no better; good! if you desire to be amused, I

am ready, before I die, to show you how to handle an arquebuse."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted several of the bystanders, eagerly closing with the proposal.

The senators did not oppose the wishes of the people, and the chief of the arquebusiers said:—

"Let a bottle be placed at two hundred paces' distance. If the ball enter through the neck without breaking it, I would most humbly suggest, right worshipful senators, that a free pardon be accorded to this man."

"A mere nothing!" said Rudner. "True," said another of the arquebuse-troop; "besides, chance might serve his turn; for the devil hath his luck. This lawless galliard hath borne off nine of the fairest maidens in all the district; let him, then, with nine balls, write the figure of 9 upon the weathercock which surmounts the Thor Ernscheinmer (a gate so called); let him hang else!"

The by-standers roared out their applause.

"If he fail but once," continued the same voice; "if one of the balls is ill-placed, assuredly we will hang him."

"Good! good! excellent!" shouted the crowd, charmed at the idea of having two sights instead of one.

"Agreed," said Rudner. "If I do what is required of me I shall have my pardon?"

"Yes, yes," cried the arquebusiers; "we shall demand it!"

The senators consulted together for some time; and, as the majesty of the law boasted no great supremacy in those days, they informed Rudner that the condition was accepted.

"Let me have an arquebuse, powder, and nine balls," said Rudner.

"Place him beneath the gibbet," said the burgomaster; "put the rope round his neck, and if he be not as good as his word, pull until death ensues!"

Hans Rudner examined the arquebuse, without seeming to pay the smallest attention to the painstaking and revolting laboriousness with which the executioner disposed the fatal knot, so that, at the slightest signal, he might execute the burgomaster's order. Rudner charged the piece with powder and ball, and rammed the wadding tightly down. After finishing these preparations with the minutest attention, he fired, and the weathercock, turning on its pivot, showed itself pierced through and through.

"Oh, that's nothing at all!" said one of the arquebusiers.

"Any one might do as much," said another.

"I'm waiting for the remaining balls," said a third.

"I'll wager a brace of florins," said a fourth, "that he is hung before the third ball."

"My business now is with the second, and not with the third ball," said Rudner. "Hold for a moment—look sharp—there it is. Is it well placed?"

The arquebusier assented.

"Now for a third," said Rudner; and he fired. "Does that describe the curve-line accurately?"

"To admiration!" was the reply.

"And the fourth—and the fifth?" quoth Rudner: "there, the O's made; I've only to put the tail to it now."

"Better and better!" cried out the astonished arquebusiers; forgetting their hatred of the man in their admiration of his skill.

"Now for the sixth!" The ball flew from the muzzle of Rudner's piece, and hit as accurately as if the head schoolmaster of the town had designated its place.

"Long live Rudner!" shouted the crowd; "the foremost marksman in all the world!"

Thousands of people who, a few moments before, eagerly desired the poacher's death, now offered up ardent vows for his safety! Such is human nature. The arquebusiers trembled with apprehension, lest the remaining balls should not be so accurately placed: the young woman who had been the involuntary cause of the situation of jeopardy in which he was placed, pressed her infant closer to her breast, and her heart beat almost audibly, to think that one single ball, diverging in the smallest degree from the right line, might be the signal for his instant execution.

The three remaining balls were fired, and ranged themselves in the order which was necessary to complete the figure of 9 with as much accuracy as if they had been placed there with the hand.

"Hurra!" cried the young woman.

"Hurra!" echoed the arquebusiers.

"Hurra!" repeated the people.

Rudner was instantly released from his hempen cravat, and carried in triumph before the senators.

"What dost thou mean to do," was the first question asked, "with the life which we are about to render to thee?"

"I will employ it in earning the character of an honest citizen."

"Lawless man, why didst thou not begin sooner?"

"My companions prevented me. They are dead—may they rest in peace! If this young woman consents, I shall become her husband tomorrow; and Frankfort shall possess no better citizen."

Hans Rudner kept his word. He became "an honest citizen, a good father, and an exemplary husband," in the familiar words of the epitaph engraven on I know not how many thousand head-stones. He was unanimously appointed chief of the arquebusiers of the city. Go to Frankfort on the Maine: above the gate which is called the Thor Ernscheinmer, you will see a small Gothic dungeon, surmounted by a weathercock. Look closely, and you may read the figure of 9 traced upon it by the nine balls of Rudner Lincks-Auge.

PINS.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day!

Old Proverb.

ROSABELL.

As a mere work of art, this poem cannot fail to be read with admiration by everybody who can appreciate the charm of perfect rhythmical construction. But it has still higher merits as a work of profound and earnest feeling. It is full of poetry of the noblest kind, and abounds in passages of thrilling pathos. The sequence of the events indicated rather than developed in this familiar history, is conducted with consummate skill; and as we advance towards the catastrophe, the inevitable issue looms darkly and solemnly upon us with a dim, yet palpable force, and retributive necessity not unlike that of the Destiny of the old Greek tragedy. We would gladly dwell in detail upon the sweet and touching beauties of this production, but the reader would hardly forgive us for forestalling his enjoyment. He will feel in the perusal that he is in the presence of original genius, under whose influence sunshine or tears are made to gush through the lines with equal facility and power.

ROSABELL.

BY W. B. SCOTT.

"Ring the changes."

I.

Age—Eight Years.

The lark unseen, o'er the village spire,
Sings like an echo from the sky,
"Let us go, mother! the first bell has rang;
The second rings merrily now,"
Said little Rosabell,
As she ran to the door and looked over the fields,
With their patches of meadow and tall dry corn,
And hedges sharp between,
Standing still in the Sunday air.
Her cautious mother shuts the door,
And leads her forth to the belfry's call;
While little Rosabell,
With her knitted bonnet on,
That shaded half her face, went by
Each cottage with a sober smile.
The bell chimed louder as they walked;—
In folded stillness white, the clouds
Seem cradled by the sound.
"Mother," said she, "will my father sing
Psalms by himself upon the hills?
Or do the sheep as well as I
Know Sunday from the common days?"
They pass into the churchyard now,
A pigmy bunch of sward,
But rank and long, with sunken stones
Looking up here and there;
But a strange wilderness indeed
To little Rosabell;
And the old men, in sauntering groups,
Who gossiped o'er their staves, to her
Were kings and counsellors august.
The laird has come to church to-day!
How glad is Rosabell.
She will look at him all the while.—
Now hear the Psalm—
For the days of thy youth remember,
And when old thou wilt not forget.

Age—Fifteen Years.

I've come o'er the fields to meet thee, lass,
O'er the misty meadows green;
Before the sun has dried the grass,
Or the first lark his light hath seen.

I've come through the rye to meet thee, lass,
All through the rye-rigs deep;
Before the cloud from the hill might pass,—
While the plover is fast asleep.

My father's wains are on the ways,
We will meet them by the tree,
And ride to the town, so blithesome and gay,
In each other's company.

Then dip thy face in the water clear,
And lave o'er thy shoulders fair;
Thy mother will lace thy bodice, dear,
And snood up thy parted hair.

For I've come through the rye to meet thee, lass,
All through the rye-rigs deep;
Before the mist from the hills might pass,
While the plover was fast asleep.

III

Age—Sixteen Years.

"Thy mother tells me, simple girl,
Thou art to be a semstress now;
I like to see a blush: take off
Thy shapeless cap. Canst read and write?
And dance and sing, perhaps, sweet girl?
The freshness of new hay is on thy hair,
And the withdrawing innocence of home
Within thine eye; indeed
Thou art as fair a youth as I have seen.
If thy new world shall woo thee as the old
Seems to have wooed, thou'rt fortunate:—
Thou hast a throng of comrades here,"
Said a well-bedizened dame,
While timid Rosabell
She ushered to a chamber, where
A throng were fashioning,
And mingling silks and lawns;
Or travelled fabrics, richer far
Than the purple pall of chivalry.
A simpering fairy terror floats
O'er her face as every one
Eyes timid Rosabell.
"Sit here, young rose,"—"Nay, Maryanne,
I knew better how to guide
A dimpling cheek, and braid fair locks
Unbound before; her looks refresh
Like oranges in a hot theatre."
But timid Rosabell—
She did not like to speak, altho'
She knew not what they meant;
And aye, she cast a wondering glance
At each one as they spoke;
But Joan drew her to a seat,
And leaning o'er her, whispered, "Sweet,
None may hear us, tell me true,
Hast thou left a lover-lad
Behind thee, by the plough?"
"I never thought of such a thing,"
Said timid Rosabell—
As amidst their smothered laughter
An orient crimson spread
Unto her very fingers,
And met around her neck.

IV.

Age—Seventeen.

A year has passed her, since the voice
That taught her infant words—
Her mother's voice—brought early loves
And patience to her mind:
And many lisping tongues since then
Have mimicked truth and hope;
Or for the easy merchandise
Of smiles, have bartered words.
She knew not how to speak to her,
And yet it must be done;
She will be glad, thought Rosabell,
To find a lady in her child;
Andrew came with her; they had walked
Two-days to see her daughter:
Poor Andrew! he was grave, he smiled,
He wondered, and he hoped.
But she did not run to meet them,—
She did not push him back and laugh,—
Nor kiss her mother's cheek.
Scarce knew he, with a quivering lip,
Which way to look—her dress
So gaudily assumed, her hair
So 'tired, her head so cunningly
Withheld, so cold her eye.
He had brought a gift to her,
But he wavered long, altho'
Two weeks of labour it had cost,
Whether he ought to offer it.
They left her—many thoughts she had,
As silently sat she long;
Every word that had been said,—
Each look,—she pondered well,
With her eyes reclined upon the floor,
She neither smiled nor wept.
A face bends over her drooping neck,
So close, its breathing stirs her hair;
A dark and a smiling face,—
Her red lips leap, her eye expands,
Her young heart flutters, throbs:—ah! now
She can both smile and weep!
Her trembling hand, her love, her life,
She would give him—freely give.
Smother up the thoughts of ill,
Heaven is around her, as he lisps
"All is prepared; come Rosabell,
For ever come with me."

V.

Age—Eighteen.

In a neat suburban room
Songs of free and pleasant time
Sang careless Rosabell.
Who would dream that such a change
Could fall in one short year!
And Joan was there also,
Laughing busily and loud;
But Rosabell sat still and sang;
Or with head askance at the window-pane
She looked for Lizard along the road;
And every morn, and noon, and night,
She would dance across the room for joy.
Oh! would it were not so intense,
For she was happier than a wife,
Thought careless Rosabell.
Her mother told her not to look
Towards strangers, nor to speak too loud
Unto her sister-sewers, till
She knew them well,—to rise by morn,
To dress so plain, to lace her shoes
As she had learnt of old,—a long
Unmentionable troop she left
Of sweet advices: Rosabell
Believed some punishment would follow
If in aught she disobeyed:—
And yet she did! the bond was burst!
No lightning flashed, but all at once
A new sun seemed to smile on her,
And a new moon, more earnest than the old,
And stars more numerous, and kindly lips
Seemed ever smiling on her from that day,
And friendly voices sounded more sincere;—
Free will for the first time seemed hers:—
While her mother, like a prophetess,
Whose oracle undoubted has been nulled
By adverse fate, sank from her trust
Altogether,—altogether!
Who would dream that such a change
Could come in a year like leaves in spring!

VI.

How fresh the breeze is everywhere!
How blossom out the flowers so fair!
The primrose and the daffodil,
And the geranium scenting the household air,
Over the narrow sill.
The wind has softer wings than e'er
Were felt before: the flowers appear
Like the never-fading light
Of eyes cherubic, wide and clear.
From whence this dear delight?
Reins are heavy on thy dove,
Purple Love! young Love!
The window looks unto the west
O'er placarded walls: oh, blest
Is every stone and every seam!
And every chimney smoke-caressed
Is but a pleasant dream!
The errand boy comes whistling by,
And sits down on the kerbstone nigh;
He is as blithe as an infant-god,
Who never might either grow old or die,
In spite of his weary load.
Reins are heavy on thy dove,
Purple Love! young Love!
"Will you take a little wine?"—
"Whate'er you like best shall be mine."
The air is sweet, and mild indeed;
These market-men are scarce divine—
Is it true a lamb can bleed?
Are there footsteps on the stair?
Is the sun in the noonday air?
Rosabell! you are so still,—
Thine is sure a happy share
In this sweet world of ill.
Reins are heavy on thy dove,
Purple Love! young Love!

VII.

Age—Nineteen.

But how felt he
Who opened first those gates that never close
To the bewildered footstep hurrying on?
"Life is a melody, no doubt,
An ever-changing melody, that ne'er
Runs through the scale; the hand of Love
The plectrum holds, they say;—
I' faith his hands should be made of gold!"
Said he one evening; as a friend
Broke in upon his gloom.
"Ha, Lizard, moody—strange indeed
When Rosabell is thine!
I have seen her, such an air
Of the reposing dancer blent
With the quiet softness of the girl!
So delicately she has gained
A taste like pure simplicity."
"Oh, she is perfect grace, refined,
Yet marvellously fresh;
More wine, dear Thorn?"—"Yes, yes, more wine."
"You must meet her"—"And must love"—
"Well, no matter!"—"Be it so!"
Two weeks therefrom, said Rosabell,

"I wonder, Joan, what he means
By coming not; his handsome friend
Laughs at him too."—"Forget him! dear;
How richly all our wants are filled
Since he is gone."—"Indeed they are,"
Said Rosabell, and gave a laugh
Of scorn so very like Joan's!

VIII.

Age—Twenty.

"The bath is pleasant, Rosabell,
Take an ice"? "Oh, thank you—thanks."
"It is an awkward scarf indeed,
Though from the heaven of Cashmere;—
It so destroys the hips."
"That will not matter, we will drive:
Jacob! are the horses out?"
"Who's he that wears the forage-cap,
Who rides so hurriedly —?"
"That moustachioed ensign nods—
How gracefully he leans his sword
Upon the square toe of his boot!"
"These ladies—dost thou know their names?"
"Oh, she on the left is Rosabell,
A very clumsy wench."
"Let us return?"—"Whene'er you please!"
Such are snatches of the talk
Of lounging riders various.

"How strange a converse we have heard,
Such characters—so opposite—
Cannot dispute at all!"
"Now, mark that blushing earnestness
O'ermantling that young man's face;
'Tis like a May-day morning,
Or as Hybla's honey sweet;
He is an innocent as yet — !"
With a gay cunning, said Rosabell,
Beneath the glittering chandelier.
The music swells, and dies and wakes,
Like a spirit after death;
Upon a languid ottoman
She sinks almost asleep;
But a snake, with a sickly skin, lifts up
Its sharp head to her heart.
Her father, mother, sister, friend,—
They know not where she is;
She weeps and laughs, and weeps again,
For the tears are stronger far,
Nor can she quell her quivering lip.
"A glorious Juliet, by heaven!"
Said the lookers on, and praised
Her acting, but she acted not.

IX.

Age—Twenty-two.

The chill of eve is stayed from closing yet
By the rosy and golden streaks
Still lingering 'gainst the leaden dusk;
Like a thoughtless eye that sleep
Slowly closes by degrees.
While Andrew stands by the closed door
Of a cottage lone and dark;
His finger bent as if to knock,—
Yet he pauses ere it falls,
And hesitating draws his breath:
A cat sits on the thatch-roof top
With its tail wrapt round its feet:
On the deep-set lattice from within
Flickers the sinking fire.
The door is opened, by the hearth
Down he sits. He came not there
To seek her who so oft had led
His footsteps night and morn.
No! she will ne'er be there again,
To hear her father's whining prayers,
Or see her mother's wrinkles deepen,
While her broken-spirited sister fears
To sing as she prepares the meals.
Still he sits—few words are said,
Though oft he fain would speak:
"Have you heard of Rosabell?"
Her mother cried at last
As with frail hand his stalwart arm
She seized, but he was mute;
And when he spoke his words fell dead,
Like an echo of her constant thoughts.
Her hand slid from his arm, she leant
Quietly o'er the fire;
Anon a tear was heard
To hiss on the burning coals,
As it spired away in a feeble smoke
Through the roof's dark chimney-gap
(A prayer of childish suffering),
To the stars that sparkled high.

X.

Bring me wine at eventide,
And poppy-juice to-morrow!
Can I forget the courtly pride,
Or go to bed with sorrow?

They call me Rosabell the knave,
Rosabell the fortunate!
How kind unto the woman-slave
To bid her thank her fate.

Bring me wine! it may not be
That I throw up the game,
Nor sink to scorn contentedly
With a brain and a heart of flame.

I am forsaken; not a wheel
Rings on the causeway-stones;
Bring wine! in laughter let me reel,
Lest the vile may say—she moans.

Bring me wine at eventide,
And poppy-juice to-morrow!
Shall I forget the days of pride,
Or go to bed with sorrow?

XI.

Age—Twenty-three.

"How fare you! shall we ride
An hour together on so fine an even?
People all seem winged and free,
Like a colony of birds
Floating about the tree-tops for an hour
Before they dive into their nests.
Have you heard aught of Rosabell?
They say no one can know
Where she has sank since Thorn, your friend,
Left her and his debts together."
"She had no wit, no management,
It might have been presaged;—
I gulled him by her—Figaro!
She never will retrieve,
She meets the rapids in the stream—
The world's eye now will turn to her
Like slingers from an old town-wall
Inflicting shapeless wounds."

'Tis midnight, put the candles out!
"My boy!—this is our midwatch now,
What think you of our cheer,—
Wine and song and tears and strife!
Laughter and broken bowls!
Mark that green youth beside the stove,
He will topple from his seat—
By my faith! he tries to wink
Though his eyelids cannot rise."
"Come, now Rosabell for me!
Ha! so bitter,—you have been

A Lady and all that,
I care not, Bet is handsomer."
"Methinks the Lady grows too old,
I would spit upon such pride,
She thinks herself so fine!"
Said Bet, and Rosabell replied;
Hear ye her voice, like lyre-strings once,
Now screaming in spite and rage.
'Tis Sunday morning, almost day,
Though pale and cold and blue:
Hovering pigeons venture down
On the noiseless streets to feed;
The steeple-clock chimes slow and loud;
Doth she sit still, or hath she slunk
To her couch to wake or sleep?
Neither; she snores upon the floor,
With the flask beside her head.

XII.

Age—Twenty-five.

What is love? the fevered hand,
The palpitating heart,
The blushes beautiful and young,
The visions light as aerey bells
That buoy us waking or asleep,
Clothing in transient paradise
The common life of every day,
Until necessity becomes a pain;—
When the voice is only heard in song,
Deliciously exulting, like a bird
Full of summer's golden gleams,—
Or weeping passionately loud
Unto the pillowed night?
And is this love?
Slim girlhood answers, "yes."
Or is it the gentler harmony
Of mind and act and hope,—
A soothing up of careworn truth
With all the beautiful and good,—
A binding link of confidence,—
A staff in the traveller's hand,—
A music to the soldier's march
That charms his weariness,—
An interbreath of soul with soul
Of which all life is typical?
Oh, such is love, sweet love!
He, the youth who wooed of old,
Her who is now forgot by all,
What time the cricket's chirm succeeds
The grasshopper's, wends towards his home,
A man, a home, of every day.
He knows the window and the light
That shines from it he knows:
Each thing within the room he knows
Its face so well, so long has known,
It seems a household god that claims
His reverence or his love.
He doffs his shoes contentedly,
And draws his seat beside the fire;
Slumber is on his child, his dame
Sews fairy frills that it may wear,
As ever-anon she turns a glance
Upon its open-mouthed repose.
Happy he seems with a quiet peace,
But toils he not by the loom all day?
Aye, and each hour's toil is like a wedge
So steady his advance to age,
When around him shall have grown
Stalwart sons with shoulders broad,
And daughters with long Eve-like hair,
And noiseless step along the floor.
The blind child-god of love hath lent
His wings unto the hours, and smiles
As they hurry past like bees;
Love! whom Anacreon's nymphs scarce pleased,
Who listened to Arcadian lutes,
And thought them wearisome,—
Unto the shuttles lend his ear!

XIII.

Down the wet pavement gleam the lamps,
While the wind whistles past them shrill;
A distant heel rings hurrying home,
It lessens into stillness now;
And she is left alone.
The rain-drops from the eaves are blown
Against her face; she turns;
The wind lifts up her dripping scarf,
(Faded now with its tinselling,)
And flings it o'er her head.
Her lips are sharp as if a scorn
Of our humanity had shrank
And bitten them,—her eyes—
They are not sunk, for generous care
Is not her misery;
They never weep, for she can think
Of her childhood while she laughs,
But they are blind and insolent.
And is this Rosabell the mild?
Can it indeed be she?
What is sin and what is shame?
The brutish and the ignorant
Say that she hath them both.
But why measure blood in a carved wine-cup,
Or blame the blind altho' he laugh
While funeral-mutes pass by;
Whose is the sin and whose the shame
That the ignorant say is her's?
The spider's whose web first caught her? or
The lawyer's or the priest's?
Can the outcast retrace her steps?
Would any mourn with her, although
She washed the earth with tears
From a rent and bleeding heart?
Bereft of sympathy, she lives
Without the buoyancy of life;
The human voice no music brings
To her, and the sun doth only shine
That the shadow where she sits may be
More dense, that she may feel the light
In which the spider spins,
Can unenlivening fall on such
As have a soul. But, hark!
She sings as she walks along
To all who stagger by.

XIV.

Age—Twenty-seven.

"Out of my house!" a screeching tongue
Rings through the turnpike stair:
"Out of my house!" the hag appears
Like a hairless polecat bending o'er
A woman staggering as she flies,
With swollen eye, and lips
That would have uttered curses
Had she dared to speak at all.
She breaks into the light of day,
And crawls away again:
She is a spot upon the sun,
A foul thing on the street,
A blight on the fields, a festering sore
Unto her sister woman.
Without a friend, a child, a home,—
Without the power to cling to them;
Albeit she had them all:
Without a wish save what is felt
By the worm, the wish to live.
Stand up in the face of heaven, and ask
Why art thou punished thus?
The smoke of the chimneys rises straight,
And glowing in the yellow rays of even,
That strike athwart their dusky tops
And skimmer on the gilded bells of spires,
Or western windows, like a holiday:
The hum of men decreases, and the sharp
Shrill tongue of childhood now is heard alone,

Until the mother from her window calls
"To bed." On saunters Rosabell,
Avoided, gazed at; once-a-time
She was the harvest-queen, and bore
The last bunch home
With honesty and admiration rife
Among her followers:
Once-a-time her necklace was of gold,
Or triple gilt at least,—
When a gleam of her silken sock had drawn
Sighs from an epaulette. Alas!
She leans herself against a wall,
And longs for drink to slake her thirst
And memory at once.
A band of girls were at their play
Beside her; in the midst sat one,
And many hand in hand, advanced
Before her and retired,
At each rhyme as they sang.

1.

Water, water wall-flower,
Growing up so high,
We are all maidens,
We must all die.
In especial Mary Anna,
She is the whitest flower;
She can skip and she can sing,
Like the breezes in their bower.

2.

A dis, a dis o'green grass,
A dairy dis, a dis!
Come all ye pretty maidens
And dance along with this.
You shall have a duck so blue,
And you shall have a drake,
And you shall have a pretty young-man
A-dancing* for your sake.

She heard them as they sang, she stood
As she were dead while still they sang;
Then in her utter abandonment
She loathed their loveliness.

XIV.

Age—Unknown.

A white-washed chamber wide and long,
With unscreened pallets placed in rows,—
Each tenanted by pain.
In the first a grey-haired woman, tho'
Almost a youth; within the next
A girl with yellow teeth, and eyen,
And lips as blue as heaven!
The next,—but why detail the curse
Or turn its aspects round: one form
Is there which we have marked before,
Whose merriment we have heard. My God!
And yet—perhaps 'tis her best bourne,
Nor live to fight with hungry dogs
For bones on the nightly causeway,—
Or gather ashes thrifty wives
Fling from their hearthstones forth.—
She may die!—the board is sawn
And blackened, and the turf
Can be rent up to lay her down:
Many fair forms and gleesome hearts
As blindly shall succeed, and place
Their feet where she hath trod, and in
Loud laughter shut their eyes, and then
With shaven heads fill her blank mattress.—

And every father shakes his head,
And keeps his daughter still a child,
Until she blooms into a fool;—
And country queens at harvest-home
Shall blush they wear not scarfs of silk,
And every lamp on every street
Lights them as heretofore.

* This childish dance and rhyme may be met with, any summer evening, in the suburbs of Edinburgh.

We wish we could satisfy the curiosity of the reader concerning the authorship of this remarkable poem—a curiosity which we take for granted its perusal must excite. But we have not at present the means of saying more than that it appeared some six or seven years ago in the *Monthly Repository*, a magazine edited by Mr. Leigh Hunt, whose own genius well qualified him to appreciate its merits. Mr. Scott, we believe, is connected with the fine arts; but, however he may excel in pursuits of that nature, (and with such faculties we cannot doubt his excellence,) poetry seems to be his true province.

THE FORLORN-HOPE MAN.

At an early age I entered the first battalion of the 95th regiment, now the Rifle Brigade, and served in it from the retreat of Corunna to the battle of Waterloo. As I had volunteered on the Forlorn-Hope at Ciudad Rodrigo, and escaped without a scratch, I was determined to have a touch at Badajos, so volunteered for the taking of that town also. You may wish to know what a Forlorn-Hope is—I will tell you. It is the vanguard, generally few in number, or, as the French more truly express it, the "*enfans perdus*" of an army determined to take a town by storm. It is constituted in the following manner. The captains of companies, upon private parade, call their companies to attention; and telling them that a certain place is to be stormed, inquire if any men will volunteer on the Forlorn-Hope. Such as volunteer come to the front, and he then takes down their names; but if none volunteer, it is, I believe, customary to hit at random on a certain number of men, who are in that case ordered on the duty. I never, however, witnessed any such case of compulsion, and I must say our regiment was never backward in volunteering on such occasions. The Forlorn-Hope party having been thus formed, always starts before the division which is to attack the town, and being the first to receive the enemy's fire, is of course exposed to the greatest danger.

I am now about to give an account of one of the bloodiest contests a British soldier had ever to contend with; compared to which the battle of Waterloo itself appeared to me, during the action, like a field-day in Hyde-park. At about seven o'clock in the evening of the 6th of April, 1812, the storming party fell in, each man having been previously served with a double ration of rum. I gave my

knapsack to Robert Fairfoot, then acting corporal, now quartermaster in the Rifles, with my father's address, in case of being killed; and joined the stormers of the light division, which was composed of the 43d and 52d regiments, and our 2d and 3d battalions of Rifles. We then fell in for the attack, our regiment, as usual, taking the front. I happened to be on the right of the front section, when Major O'Hare,* who commanded the four companies to which I belonged, came up in company with Captain Jones of the 52d regiment, both in command of the storming party. I believe a pair of uglier men nature never made; but a brace of better soldiers never stood before the muzzle of a Frenchman's gun. "Well, O'Hare," said Captain Jones, "what do you think of to-night's work?" "Don't know," replied poor *Peta* (for so we familiarly called Major O'Hare) "I think it will be my last, for, I know not how it is, I cannot keep my spirits up." "Tut, tut, man!" answered Captain Jones, "take a drop of the *cratur*," and at the same time handed him his calabash. A coutryman of my own, Sergeant Flemming, then coming up, told Major O'Hare that a ladder-party was wanted, and asked what he was to do? "Take the right file," said the major, "of each section." No sooner said than done, for I and my rear-rank man were instantly tapped on the shoulder for the ladder party. I now gave up all hopes of ever returning. At Rodrigo we had fatigue parties for the ladders, but now it was not the case; besides which, the ladders were here much longer than at Rodrigo. I must just mention that whatever may have been my own forebodings on the occasion, the apprehensions of my poor old captain, Major O'Hare, and those also of Captain Jones, were soon fatally realized; for, in less than twenty minutes after the above conversation, both fell, riddled with bullet-holes. I now put my shoulder to the ladder, and, assisted by my comrades, moved onwards. There were six of us supporting the ladder to which I belonged, and I contrived to carry my grass-bag before me.† We had not proceeded far when we heard a jabbering noise as of persons talking on our right, upon which we halted, and, supposing they might be enemies, I disengaged myself from the ladder, and, cocking my rifle, prepared for action. One of our party, however, cried, "Take care! 'tis the stormers of the 4th division coming to join us." It proved to be the case. There was a small ravine through which ran a rivulet of water to our right, and their crossing it caused the noise which startled us. This panic over, we continued advancing, the rifles, as before, keeping in front. We had to pass close to a fort on our left, near the town. As we neared it the sentry of the French challenged. A shot was immediately fired from the fort, and another from the walls of the town. In a moment a fire-ball was thrown out, which threw a bright red glare of light all around us; and instantly a fire of grape-shot, canister, and small arms, poured in among us at a distance of about thirty yards, while we were yet on the glacis.* Three of the men carrying the ladder with me were shot dead in a breath, and the weight of the ladder falling on me, I fell down with the grass-bag on my breast. The remainder of the stormers rushing up, not minding my cries, nor yet the cries of those around me, were shot as rapidly as they advanced, and several of them fell dead upon me. I was drenched with blood; the weight was intolerable: had it not been for the grass-bag on my chest, I should have been suffocated. It was now in vain that I endeavoured to cry out. At length by an effort of nature I managed to extricate myself, in doing which I left my rifle behind me, and then drawing my sword, I rushed towards the breach which had been already effected by our cannon. There I found four men putting a ladder down the trench, and not daring to pause, fresh lights being still thrown out of the town with a continued discharge of musketry, I slid quickly down the ladder, and, before I could recover myself, was again knocked down and covered by the dead bodies of those who had been shot in attempting the descent. Again I succeeded in extricating myself from underneath the bodies, and rushed forward to the right, when to my surprise I found myself suddenly up to the neck in water. Until then I was composed, but now all moral feeling left me, and driving through the water, with my sword still drawn, with great difficulty, although a good swimmer, I attempted to rush up the breach. In doing this I lost my sword. However, without rifle, sword, or any weapon of defence, I clambered up the breach, and came near to a *chevaux-de-frise*,† composed of swords revolving upon an axis; but just before reaching it I was struck on the breast; whether by a grenade, a stone, or by the butt-end of a musket by some French soldier, who, seeing an unarmed man, did not think him worth the skivering; I cannot say, but down I rolled and lay senseless, how long I know not, drenched with both water and blood. As my senses gradually returned, I perceived our gallant fellows still rushing forward, each seeming to share a fate more dreadful than my own. The fire continued horrible; it appeared to me as if the mouth of hell had opened; or as if some more than earthly volcano was pouring forth destruction on mankind. I now, strange as it may appear, began to feel if my legs and arms

* None of the names mentioned in these sketches are fictitious. Many of the parties are still living, and will not fail to recollect the incidents referred to.

† A grass-bag is used to throw down into the trenches for the men to jump on, so as to prevent them hurting themselves. They are from five to six feet long, and two feet in circumference, and are generally filled with hay or recent grass.

* The glacis means a gentle slope of ground extending from the parapet of the outer ditch going round a fortified town. It leads into the country, and terminates at a distance of about sixty yards.

† A *chevaux-de-frise* is an obstacle used in fortification, consisting of an horizontal beam of timber with pointed stakes radiating from its centre. It is used to defend a pass, to form an impediment to cavalry, or to stop a breach. The French, ever ingenious, instead of wooden stakes, at Badajos, had recourse to radii of sword.

were entire, for at such moments a man, I believe, feels not his wounds. At this time, losing the phrensy of courage, which I had before possessed, I felt on a sudden all the weakness and cowardice, as it were, of any woman, and endeavoured to protect myself by squeezing myself in among the dead bodies that surrounded me. As I lay in this condition, the fire still continued blazing over me. I now for the first time for many years put up a prayer. The fire presently slackened from the breach, and I heard a cheering which I knew to proceed from within the town, and shortly afterwards a cry of "Blood and Ouns! Where's the light division? The town's our own! Hurrah!" I then attempted to rise, but was so feeble that I could scarcely stir, indeed could not stand! I now found that I had been wounded, I know not when, but a ball had passed through the lower part of my right leg. Two others had passed through my cap, which I should have lost had it not been tied down under my throat with pieces of twine, as we had not then scales to our caps. At this moment, seeing two or three men moving towards me, and not knowing who they might be, I laid down, but as they approached nearer, I knew by their voices that they were some of own men. Again I sat up. One of them happened to be a man of my own company, named O'Brien; the other, if I recollect right, belonged to the 3d battalion. "What! is that you, Ned?" exclaimed O'Brien, and, seeing the helplessness of my situation, they assisted in raising me up. The *chevaux de frise*, however, still remained, so that we could not enter the breach until more men arrived and forced it down. I think it was the 3d division which was then within the town, for they got in on our right by the castle, where there was no breach. When we reached the top of the breach where we were, we found another trench with a plank of wood going across leading into the town. I moved with difficulty. I was so feeble that I was still obliged to lean on the arm of O'Brien, who lent me for additional support his rifle, which, placing the butt-end under my arm, I used as a crutch. Not until then I felt drops of blood trickling down my face, and found that one of the balls in passing through my cap had torn the upper part of my head. In this crippled state, supported in the manner just described, I and my comrades entered the town, towards the centre of which we heard a running fire with occasional cheering. As we turned the corner of a street, we observed two men advancing towards us, and thinking they might be some of the enemy, I clapped the rifle which I had been using as a crutch to my shoulder, at the same time asking O'Brien if it were loaded? He answered in the affirmative. One of them entered a house on the opposite side of the street, and the other, who, by the light in a window opposite to us, we perceived to be dressed in a blue coat with green wings on his shoulders, seemed to be making a rush towards us. Just as he came up O'Brien collared him, and twisting his firelock from him, struck him with his shut fist a blow on the side of the head. I then said, "O'Brien, let me have the pleasure of shooting this rascal, for he may be the man who has left me in the state I am now in!" I then presented my rifle close to his breast, with the full intention of shooting him through the body, but in an instant, just as my finger was about to snap the trigger, he dropped upon his knees and implored mercy. He lifted up his hands clasped together in the most earnest manner; I paused—hesitated,—and dropping the piece on half-cock, said, "O'Brien, I cannot shoot the scoundrel, 'tis cowardly, he is unprotected;" and then taking him by the hand, I told him in Spanish to get up! He did so, and immediately threw his arms round my neck, and, trembling very violently, bestowed several kisses on my cheek. I desired him to follow me, and leaning my weight on his shoulder, while O'Brien carried the musket he had wrested from him, and I used O'Brien's rifle once more as a crutch; we proceeded to the house opposite, in one of the windows of which was the light above-mentioned. We knocked against the door—no answer; we repeated the summons—still no notice taken of it; we then put the muzzle of a rifle to the keyhole, and discharging its contents through it, the door was burst open. We now entered the house, in which we found a young Spanish woman, crying bitterly and praying for mercy. We told her we would not hurt her. She said that she was the wife of a Frenchman not there to protect her. I asked her if she had any money? She answered, in Spanish, that there was nothing but her poor self in the house! O'Brien then inquired if she could give us some spirits?—upon which she produced a bottle, and gave me a cake of chocolate, which I eat with much relish. Here we were not content to remain, because there was no appearance of money; the house itself looked miserably poor. I may remark that, however some may boast of courage, the generality of men who enter on a case of Forlorn-Hope like the present, do so in the hope of plunder. It was, I confess, my own case, for, although very ill prepared, I was determined to have some "*blunt*," at all events; so I said, "We will leave this place: there's nothing here;" upon which, supported by the Frenchman and O'Brien, I returned into the street, and proceeded towards the market-place. It was a dark, though still night. The confusion and uproar in the town cannot be conceived. Arrived in the market-place, we found a number of Spanish prisoners rushing out of the gaol, which had been broken open by some men of the 3d division. They appeared like a set of savages suddenly set free; some had chains rattling about their limbs, others none; and in the midst of the crowd were numbers of our own men, chiefly of the 5th and 88th regiments, holding lighted candles in their hands. I said to O'Brien, "I am getting very tired; let us go somewhere where we can find a place to rest." We then turned down an opposite street, and came to a house which we perceived to be occupied, and on entering it found a number of men there belonging to the

88th regiment; they were in the act of plundering. One of them seeing blood on my face took up a full bottle, and breaking it off by a blow with a bayonet immediately below the neck, desired me to drink. I did so. There was a good fire blazing on the hearth, and I advanced towards the fire-place. It is the custom, I may mention, for soldiers who enter a house under such circumstances, to make a fire of whatever they can lay hold of. I have seen chairs, tables, and the most finished mahogany furniture broken up for the purpose; nay, on these occasions so reckless are men of the value of property, that I have seen the face of the finest mirror smashed into pieces merely to obtain a bit of looking-glass to shave at. I had not long been seated at the fire when I heard the screams of some one in distress coming from the adjoining room, and on entering it I found the old man of the house on his knees imploring mercy, and one of the British in the act of levelling his musket at him. I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that he would not give the men his money; they declared he had some—he swore he had none; upon which I begged that they would not shoot him, but allow me to speak to him, as I thought I could speak better Spanish than the rest. It was agreed. I then said to him, "Diga me *Vmd* [usted] donde esta su dinero?"—Tell me where is your money? "Da *Vmd* a mis camarados."—Give it my comrades! He then rose, kissed my hand, and going to a huge clay wine-vessel, which rested upon cross sticks, and which was round, or rather pot-bellied in the middle, and tapered towards a point at each end, he drew out from underneath a bag of dollars, which he laid with trembling hands upon the counter. There were six of us present; four of the 88th, and two rifles, viz., I and my comrade O'Brien. It was immediately agreed to divide the dollars, without the trouble of counting them, into six heaps, and allot one to each. Accordingly one of the 88th stood with his back towards the counter; and while another man, pointing to one of the heaps, cried, "Who shall have this?" he who had his face turned from the money answered, such or such a one, belonging to the 88th, or to the rifles. Thirty-six Spanish dollars fell to my share. I now returned to the fire-place and requested the Frenchman to lend me his jacket, as my own was thoroughly wet through. Grateful for my having spared his life, he did so in a moment, indeed he said over and over again that he would not leave me; that he would follow me through the world. I was sitting by the fire with this Frenchman's jacket on, when the street door of the house was forced open, and a number of Portuguese soldiers entered. One of them, supposing me to be a Frenchman by my jacket, snapped his musket at me; I immediately, as well as my wounded leg allowed me, rushed at him, and some of the 88th also interfered. A scuffle took place, which ended in one of these Portuguese soldiers being run through the body with a bayonet, and the rest of the party, with the dead body, were ejected into the street. I had not long returned to my seat when some of the men, in ransacking the house, discovered the two daughters of the old man, who had concealed themselves up stairs. They were both young—they could oppose only a feeble resistance to any violence. Hitherto their mother had escaped; but she too was now dragged from her hiding-place, and their concealment so long was cruelly avenged. Without dwelling on the frightful details, it may be sufficient to *add* that our men, more infuriated than before, seized on the old man and insisted on a fresh supply of money. His protestations that he had given them all he possessed were vain, and while his wretched family—his wife and two daughters—were lying senseless on the ground, he was—shall I go on?—shot through the body!

It is to be lamented that the memory of an old soldier should be disturbed by such painful recollections! But it is to be considered, that the men who besiege a town in the face of such dangers are generally desperate characters; and when once they get footing within its walls, flushed by victory—hurried on by desire of plunder, and heated with excess of drink—they stop at nothing. They are mad, they know not what they do! I do not say this in justification—I only state what I have observed human nature on these occasions to *be*. I now determined to leave this scene of horrors, and, accompanied by the Frenchman, went in search of another house. We observed one open on the other side of the way, and he having helped me across the street, for my leg much disabled me, we entered it. Here we found a number of our men of the third division, who were drinking chocolate, made, not with water, but with wine. They were more sober and peaceable than those we had just left; but here also, indeed in every house in Badajos that night, the most fearful outrages were committed. For my own part, I felt tired and anxious to get some sleep; I therefore laid down, but fagged as I was, could obtain little rest. The next morning, being determined to rejoin my regiment, I left the house, accompanied by the Frenchman, who rendered me every assistance in his power. It appeared to me that the town was still in a state of great confusion and uproar. In one of the streets I saw the Duke of Wellington giving directions about the erection of gallowses for the punishment of men guilty of plunder, or of such atrocities as had been enacted over-night. Poh! he was surrounded by a number of British soldiers, who were drunk, and who, holding up bottles with the necks knocked off, containing wine and spirits, cried out to him, "Nosey! old boy! will you drink? The town's our own!*

* This exclamation, "*The town's our own!*" deserves attention, inasmuch as it explains the notion which all soldiers entertain on entering a town they have besieged. Not actuated or guided by any reflecting principle, they imagine that every description of property they can seize is truly their own, to carry away or destroy. Even the persons of women—no matter whether old or young—they conceive themselves licensed to outrage! Hence, every house reverberates with shrieks of horror—every hearth reeks with blood. Such, even in the hour of victory, are the characteristic horrors of "glorious war."

Hurrah!" A little further on I found two carts standing each on end, and a pole running across between them, on which were suspended two halters; but I am not aware that any one was really hanged. One man of my own company, whose name was Johnny Castles, as quiet a creature as ever lived, was brought out, and being placed under the gallows, was threatened with death. It was never, however, intended to hang him; but the fright made him ill for some time, and rendered him the subject of many a hearty laugh among his comrades afterwards. The division of the regiment to which I belonged was about two miles out of the town, where we were encamped to the left, the fourth division being in the centre, and the third to the right. Feeling tired, notwithstanding I had been leaning, as I hobbled along as well as I could, on the arm of my French companion, we sat down on a bench opposite the bridge which leads to Fort St. Christopher. We had not been long seated when I was amused by a large baboon, which was surrounded by a number of soldiers, who were tormenting him. The poor animal had been wounded in the foot, probably by one of our men, and by his chattering, grinning, and droll gesticulations, he showed as much aversion to the redcoats as any of the French—then our enemies—could possibly have done. To me, however, and the Frenchman by my side, seeing us in dark jackets, he wanted to come as if for protection; but a man of the fourth, stating he was the servant of the colonel of that regiment, claimed him as the property of his master. Hereupon a scuffle took place, in which, as usual, several of the men got wounded, and one bayonetted. We now saw a number of Frenchmen, guarded by British soldiers, coming over the bridge; they were those, it appeared, who had defended Fort St. Christopher, which had just surrendered, and they were immediately marched into town as prisoners. They were soon surrounded by our men, who began to ransack their knapsacks; a number of watches were tumbled out of one, dollars out of another, shirts, handkerchiefs, socks, &c., out of another, and the spoil was eagerly seized and divided. I now, having rested myself, wished to proceed towards the camp, and, assisted by my companion, renewed my attempts to walk. As we proceeded along, I saw two mules tied to a doorway; no person was with them; they appeared to me worth seizing, so without further ceremony we untied them. Assisted by the Frenchman, I mounted on one, and he, guiding the other by the rope-bridle behind me, we moved slowly onwards towards the camp. It was to me a welcome change. We had just passed the gates of the town, when an officer of the 83d regiment, whose name was either Jackson or Johnson, but I think Jackson, meeting us, asked me whether I would sell the mules. "Yes," was my reply. "How much do you want for them?" said he. "Forty dollars," was my answer. "I will give you twenty," he replied. "Done!" said I; but in consideration of my wound, it was agreed that I might continue mounted on the mule until I reached my own regiment. We halted, however, the officer being with us, at the camp of the 83d, which was part of the third division; and having dismounted, I sat down on a knapsack waiting for the money; the Frenchman stood by the side of me. Here an unfortunate accident occurred: while one of the men was cleaning the lock of his musket, the piece went off and shot a corporal through the head, wounding also the arm of another man. The Frenchman was dreadfully frightened. He turned as pale as ashes; he perhaps thought the shot aimed at him, as the corporal fell dead beside him. It struck me as a forcible example of the casualties that attend the adventurous life of a soldier. I could not, indeed, help feeling for the poor corporal, who, after escaping through all the dangers of the previous night, now lost his life by a clumsy hand cleaning a firelock. The money for our four-legged booty was sent out to me by a servant who had directions to accompany me to the camp and bring back the mule, and I then parted, as I thought for ever, with the faithful Frenchman, and giving him part of the money I had just received, advised him to return to Badajos.

It may seem strange that I did not wish to remain in Badajos, but I was suffering from my wound and preferred the camp, because I thought I should there get more rest; however, a few days afterwards I was removed into the town and admitted into hospital, where I continued under medical treatment until sufficiently recovered to rejoin the army, which I did near Ciudad Rodrigo. I have been in many sieges and in many actions, but I never witnessed such horrors as surrounded me when on the Forlorn-Hope at the Siege of Badajos.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause o' th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock which in our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

Sir John Davies. 1570—1626.

PERISHING BEAUTIES.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

George Herbert. 1593—1632.

Time is the herald of Trueth, and Trueth the daughter of Time.

The young man may die quickly; but the old man cannot live long.—Elizabeth Grymestone. *Miscellanea.* 1604.

TALE OF A CHEMIST.

The advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of reason is by its very definition the necessary object of rational beings. Timid theologians have trembled on the confines of some topics, which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical, are at least inseparable. To me, however, the one consideration, that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet, at their present distance, the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect, that I am now in possession of an art, which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and of ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow; and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun,—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and satellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the proportions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.*

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements, was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist; a burning fever drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings, devoid of weight! Up sprung my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles, which were no longer curbed by the reaction of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend, closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city, where I might make the instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uneasy, unsteady motion of a man in water, whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced, but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow, uniform motion, but, gracious heaven! imagine my horror and distress, when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress; and, when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city, motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight; I stretched my arms towards the earth, and implored assistance. Poor fool! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people! I was too high to be personally known;—they called to me, and I answered; but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, an unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exorcise me; but had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground. Alas! I thought, would to God it had pierced me, for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I still was, cold, terrified, and motionless — nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this! I must starve and be stared at! I poured out a torrent of incoherent prayers to heaven—but heaven seemed as deaf as I deserved.

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town: but even now new horrors seized me;—I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this, my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunuff;—the blow and the deep intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived, I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades: I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and ran as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's per-

formance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the reassembled crowd, looked upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I dare say was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that, after this trial, I should have burnt my pump, and left gravity to its own operations. But no! I felt I was reserved for great things;—such a discovery was no every-day occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntarily upward, like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honour. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere, I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity, which I have mentioned, enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs; thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though my body would have at least sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight-rope: but when at last I stood barefoot on a single needle, and balanced myself, head downwards, on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped, head foremost, from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprung into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions. But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her, and determined in some great pursuit to forget my disappointment. A thought struck me. I knew that mortal man had conceived nothing so sublime, and yet it was in my power! I prepared a large tube, and bound myself round with vast bales of provisions, which, with myself, I severally divested of gravity. It was a bright moonlight night. I stood in my garden, with a weightless watch in my hand, gazing on the heavens through the tube. I am confident there was in my face the intrepid air of one who on great occasions can subdue the little feelings of the heart. I had resolved on visiting the planet Venus, and had prudently waited till she was in that part of her orbit which was most distant from the sun, and nearest to the earth; the first of which might enable me to endure the heat of her atmosphere, and the latter to subsist on the stock of provisions I could conveniently carry. In fact, I had no doubt but that, owing to the extreme cold of a great part of the journey, the evaporations from the pores of my body would be little or nothing, and I could, consequently, subsist on a trifling meal. I had arranged some elastic rods of steel to project me with considerable velocity along the tube, the moment the planet should face it; and, by simple multiplication, I was enabled, from the given velocity of projection, and the known distance of the planet, to compute to a day the period of my arrival there. In fact, I took double provision, partly from over-abundant precaution, and partly to support me on an immediate return, in case I found the heat oppressive. The moment approached —arrived! The planet stood shining on me down the tube. I looked wildly round me for a last farewell, and was on the point of loosing the springs, when a horrid doubt flashed on me. United saints of Constantinople! should a light breeze blow me from the line of projection, aye, even a single inch, I should shoot past the planet, fly off into immeasurable space and darkness from eternity, whirl raving along cold, uncomfortable chaos, or plunge headlong into the sun itself! A moment more, and I had been lost. I stood fixed like a statue, with distended lips, gazing on the frightful planet; my eyes swam round, my ears rung with hideous sounds, all my limbs were paralysed; I shrieked wildly, fainted, and should have sunk to earth, had I not been utterly devoid of weight. But, lifeless as my body stood, my thoughts still teemed with the frightful horrors I had escaped: my frenzy bore me on my voyage, and to this day the recollections of the delirium are fresh on my mind. Methought I was on the very journey I had meditated; already the earth had faded to a twinkling speck, and Venus, with an expanded disk, lay glittering before me. Unhappy being! I had committed blunder on blunder. I had forgotten the motion of the planet herself, and the effects of refraction and the aberration of light; and I saw, at the distance of many hundred miles, that I should exactly miss her. It was even so. Imagine the horrors of my dream, when, after a bitter journey of twenty-three millions of miles, I exactly missed her by a foot. Had there been a tree, a bush, or a large stone, I might have saved myself. I strained my powerless fingers at the planet in vain; I skimmed along the surface rapidly, and at length found myself as swiftly leaving it on one side as I had approached it on the other. And then I fancied I was rushing quickly towards the sun, and, in an approach of some years, suffered as many years the horrid anticipation of approaching combustion. Well, I

thought I passed safely and unscathed by the sun, and launched past him into infinite darkness, except where a stray comet, carrying fuel to the sun, flashed a few years' glitter on my path. Sometimes, in the utter silence of this boundless solitude, some large, unseen body would whiz by me with a rushing whirl, rolling in its orbit even here, beyond the reach of light, yet still obeying the universal laws of gravitation. Alas! how I envied that mass its gravity! And then I heard strange sounds, the hisses of snakes and the shrieks of evil spirits, but saw nothing; sometimes I felt my body pierced, and bruised, and blown about by the winds; and heard my name screamed out at intervals in the waste; and then all would pass away, and leave me still shooting silently on in the same black, hopeless, everlasting track.

After this my phrensy turned, and methought I stood even on the surface of the planet Venus. The ground, if ground it were, seemed nothing but colour. I stooped to touch it—my hand passed unresisted through the surface. There was a perpetual undulation on its face; not of substance, but of colour: every hue I had seen was there; but all were light, and pale, and fleeting; blue faded into violet, violet to the lightest green, green into gentle silver, in perpetual and quick succession. I looked round for the inhabitants of this strange place; methought they too were colours; I saw innumerable forms of bright hues moving to and fro; they had neither shape nor substance, but their outline was in continual change, now swelling to a circle, sinking to an oval, and passing through every variety of curve; emitting the most glittering coruscations, and assuming every diversity of tint. But all these forms were of the brightest and most powerful colours, in opposition to the pale surface along which they floated. But there was order in their motions, and I could discover they were rational beings, holding intercourse by faculties we neither have nor can conceive; for at one time I saw a number collect about a pale feeble light, whose coruscations grew less frequent, and the vividness of its colours faded; at last it seemed to die away, and to melt into the surface of the planet from very sameness of colour, and then the forms that stood about were for some time feeble and agitated, and at last dispersed. This, I thought, is the death of an inhabitant of the planet Venus. I watched two bright colours that seemed to dance about each other, floated in the most winning curves, and sparkled as they passed. Sometimes they almost met, drew back, and again approached. At the end, in a shower of light, they swam together, and were blended into one for ever. There is love, then, I thought, even in this unsubstantial clime. A little after, I saw vast troops of hues collect and flash violently, but their flashes were not the soft gentle colours I had just seen, but sharp and dazzling, like forked lightning. Vast quantities faded into nothing, and there remained but a few on the spot, brighter, indeed, than they had arrived; but I thought these few brilliant shapes a poor compensation for the numbers that had perished. Even in the planet Venus, I said, there is death, and love, and war; and those, among beings impalpable and destitute of our earthly faculties. What a lesson of humility I read! I passed my hand through many of these forms—there was no resistance, no sense of touch; I shouted, but no sound ensued; my presence was evidently unnoticed—there existed not the earthly sense of sight. And yet, I thought, how we creatures of earth reason on God's motives, as if he were endued with faculties like our own; while we even differ from these created phantoms of a sister-world, as much, perhaps, as they from the tenants of Jupiter, and far more from the creatures of other systems! But there was still one thing common to us all. All these bright beings floated close to the surface, and it was evident, that to keep the restless beings of creation to their respective worlds, a general law was necessary. Great Newton! neither touch, nor taste, nor sight, nor sound are universal, but gravity is for ever. I alone am the only wretched being whom a feverish curiosity has peeled of this general garb, and rendered more truly unsubstantial than the thin sliding hues I gazed on.

After some time I fancied my own native planet was shining above me. I sprung frantically upwards, but many a dreary century passed by, before I approached near enough to distinguish the objects on its surface. Miserable being! I was again out of the proper line, and I should have passed once more into boundless darkness, had I not, in passing along the earth's surface, imbibed a small portion of gravity; not, indeed, sufficient to draw me to it, but strong enough to curve my line of flight, and make me revolve round earth like a moon, in a regular elliptic orbit. This was, perhaps, the most wretched of the phantasies of my brain; in continual sight of my native land, without the chance of approaching it by a foot! There I was, rolling in as permanent and involuntary an orbit as any planet in the heavens; with my line of nodes, syzygy, quadratures, and planetary inequalities.

But the worst of it was, I had imbibed with that small portion of gravity, a slight share of those terrestrial infirmities I had hitherto felt free from. I became hungry, and my hunger, though by the slowest degrees, continually increased, and at the end of some years I felt as if reduced to the most emaciated state. My soul felt gradually issuing from my tortured body, and at last, by one of the strange inconsistencies of dreams, I seemed in contemplation of myself. I saw my lifeless body whirling round its primary, its limbs sometimes frozen into ghastly stiffness, sometimes dissolved by equinoctial heat, and swinging in the wide expanse. I know not if it sprung from the pride inherent in all created beings, but this contemplation of the ultimate state of degradation of my poor form gave me greater distress than any part of my phrensied wanderings. Its extreme acuteness brought me to myself. I was still standing in my garden, but it was daylight, and my friends stood looking on my

upright, though fainting form, almost afraid to approach me. I was disengaged from my tubs and sacks, and carried to bed. But it did not escape the notice of the bystanders, that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was, myself, that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case, I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure, for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavoured to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me and filled myself by its means with gravity, when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labour and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method:

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called, by a termination common among chemists, "gravium." When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which might be called "essential oil of gravitation;" and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze, and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English Davy lamp), as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again, the azote receded through the gauze, and left the weightless oil. Thank Heaven, I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my enquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. As I feared, I was indicted as a sorcerer, and condemned to be hung; I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country. At Petersburgh I heard that Captain Khark of Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview. "Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of every thing going on in the fortress you are to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage and keep my secret." I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor. "Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy and you shall behold a specimen of my art." He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling to his great amaze. He was a man of honour, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors, and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which was requisite in northern climes. But when I had ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason: if you hold an orange at its head and stalk, by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies would be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight; but I now found, that in the equatorial regions I was thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing; I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country, spread out like a map beneath me. I recognised the scenes of historical interest. *There* rolled the Hydaspes, by the very spot where Porus met Alexander; *there* lay the track of Mahmoud the great Gaznevide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right; I passed over the head-quarters of Persia, in her different ages, Herat, Ispahan, Kamadan; then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty, whose sway reached, uninterrupted, for two thousand miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian, on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed

along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learnt on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased. From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I was, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl, I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow-servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes, when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders, it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over—and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But, however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support. I was, therefore, enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but, on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death; I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes, when they pressed hardest on me, I would leap up a perpendicular crag, twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some part in Catherinoslaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life, under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated, I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine—and to this wretched place state exiles were frequently doomed. The name became proverbial, and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English, that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgle in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence, I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling, I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as on a couch. I loosened my neckcloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair—fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft; once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach, between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and, by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minsk. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle, that fell with the independence of this unhappy country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow; neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation, than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus, on improved principles, to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation, than of all of mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth, in order to bring it nearer the sun: and though, by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded, may be guessed from the recent errors in the almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

All are ready to punish a bad action—few to reward a good one.—*Thoughts.*—G. H. Lewes.

A BRAID OF VERSES.

Tiny poems accumulate upon our hands, and we propose, now and then, to bind a few of them up into small bouquets, adapted to the dimensions of our periodical. Here are four, selected out of a variety, the remainder of which shall, from time to time, flower out into similar miniature anthologies.

It is precisely the season of the year when verses such as these may be read with advantage under the foliage of large trees, through which the sun cannot penetrate, and where he has no chance of making himself felt except by flying down into the green knoll, and dancing like mad, outside the verge of the cool shadows. In a situation of this satisfactory description, at once balmy, fragrant, and secure, this charming little love-song of Goethe's may be read over and over again to one's heart's content. Who knows but it was intended for Bettina, that wondrous "child," whose whole life (at least up to her marriage!) was one passionate poem, poured out into letters and caresses? It is hardly a fit matter to speculate about, seeing that one cannot touch upon the subject at all, without entertaining some grave suspicion as to the propriety of Goethe's conduct. But, be that as it may, Goethe was not a man to be in love beyond the precincts of a madrigal or an ode. He had a fine taste for the language of love, and nothing can excel the delicacy, beauty, and truth, of some of his tender lyrics; but there the matter ended. His heart was too stately and placid to be really moved. It is one thing to write about love, and another to feel it; and Goethe was great in the passion—upon paper. He avows, and others attest the fact, that he had no enthusiasm, in the world-sense of the word. He kept clear of strong emotions, and lived folded up within himself, like the bell of an evening flower. To this was to be attributed his strict avoidance of politics, and his invincible repugnance to national education. He had a horror of every thing that was likely to eventuate inaction; and hence his life was a negation of progress. He sat still, thinking of systems and elementary truths, while the universe was palpitating and moving onward without. The muscles of the giant were dormant in him, so far as man in his inter-relations with man was concerned.

But he was fond of old tales and traditions. This was a saving grace that hallowed a small corner of his affections, and imparted something like living sympathy to the profounder passages, of his dramas and poems. The little song that follows has a gleam of this spirit in it, and possesses the charm of being, at all events, undeniably sentimental.

SONG

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

1.

I think of thee! when early morn gleameth,
From her ocean cave;—
I think of thee! when the full moon beameth
On the fountain wave.

2.

I see thee where gay motes of sunny gold,
Quiver o'er my way,
When on the mountain steep, at midnight cold,
Wand'rer lone I stray.

3.

I hear thee, when with wild and plaining moan
Gliding waters sweep.—
In whispering woods, I list thy gentle tone,
When Earth and Heav'n sleep.

4.

Thus link'd in soul, though parted long and far,
Loved one, thou art near!
Slow sets the sun, soft beams yon trembling star,
Loved one, wert thou here!

Our next specimen is from Lamartine, the most romantic of French deputies. We have always found it very difficult to imagine Lamartine in parliament, although we have actually seen him there, trying to look as solemn and as much in earnest as his own inevitable consciousness of the oddness of his position would allow him. We never could separate him from his *Souvenirs pendant un Voyage en Orient;* and he always presents himself to our imagination standing with folded arms in the twilight on the solitary sea-shore, or on the deck of a vessel, looking dismally into the surging waters, and talking to himself about the harmonies of nature, and *la belle France!* The "prettiness" of Lamartine's poetry is its principal recommendation. It never reaches any thing like grandeur, and is tinged all through with feminine weaknesses of thought and expression. His manner is always so imagerial and pensive, that, if he were not a Frenchman, it would require a great deal of critical magnanimity to restrain the charge of maudlin affectation to which every page of his writings would expose him. But that which in an English poet would be utterly intolerable, is not only natural in Lamartine, but ought to be regarded as a sort of merit in its way. His Travels in the East—making reasonable allowances for the climate of the country, and of his own imagination, the general character of his style, his constitutional sensibility, and the monotonous drone of his poetical piety—is a very captivating work. It puts the reader into a kind of sensual swoon, and carries him gently

through a lulling dream of pomegranates, falling waters, dusky fruits, and sweltering perfumes.

We have him here in one of his most felicitous aspects—singing to us the song of the Calabrian women, returning home from the fountain, with their pitchers on their heads, and their picturesque tresses and costumes floating on the winds. The reader must get up the scene before his eyes in order to enjoy the poem; and having conjured up a dark background of mountains, clothed to the summit with pine-trees, rent by a cataract in the distance, with a glimpse of a valley, broken by rocks, sweeping into the foreground, he may proceed to indulge himself with this characteristic lyric.

SONG OF THE CALABRIAN WOMEN,

RETURNING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.)

When scarce twelve summers o'er my head,
In orchard's sweet retreats I stray'd,
'Neath citron bowers, where zephyrs young
Disported free my locks among—
A voice I heard, my heart it fill'd
So sweet, that heart with transport thrill'd;
'Twas not the wind, the bell, the reed—
Nor voice of child, or man, or maid.

Angel, 'twas thou, thou guardian divine,
Whose heart e'en then was whispering to mine.

In later years, when now was o'er
The evening's love, 'neath sycamore;
When still with pleasure throbb'd my breast,
By his fond hand so late caress'd:
That voice I heard—again it stole,
In soothing accents, o'er my soul.
'Twas not *his* voice, *his* footsteps' tread—
Not lovers' notes, 'neath arbour's shade.

Angel, 'twas thou, thou guardian divine,
Whose heart was then still whispering to mine.

A mother now, when round me press'd
Heaven's gifts, the dearest, sweetest, best;
When to my children, at my door,
The fig-tree gave its willing store:
Tender and soft, a voice I heard—
It was not note of singing bird,
Nor infant's breath, in cradle sleeping,
Nor fishers' voice, their night-watch keeping.

Angel, 'twas thou, thou guardian divine,
Whose heart sang then harmonious with mine.

Now as I sit, alone and old,
'Neath hedge untouch'd by winter's cold,
Or guard, whilst warm, beside my hearth,
The sportive kid, or childhood's mirth:
Still in my breast I hear a voice,
Which sings and bids me still rejoice,
Not that which blest my youth's bright dawn,
Nor *his*, who now in death is gone.

Angel, 'tis thine, thou guardian divine,
Whose heart still gives its sympathy to mine.

The transition from Calabria to Denmark, is no great feat in these days of aërial steam-ships. By the way, nobody has yet taken into consideration the effect this discovery will have upon the dramatic unities. It will no longer be improper to open a comedy at Almack's, and finish it in a pic-nic on the Neilgherry hills. There will be nothing to prevent a dramatist from laying the scene of his first act in France, his second in Nova Scotia, his third in Norfolk Island, his fourth in Tobolsk, and his fifth in Trincomalee; and indeed, with a little clever management, he might conduct the action of the piece so as to carry his audience upon a complete voyage of circumnavigation within the compass of two hours and a half. A startling variety of costumes would be thus drawn into the service of a single play; and the effect might be further enhanced by the aid of a moving diorama, illustrating the course of the scenery.

As to plot, there would be no difficulty at all. Let a runaway match take place in London in the first scene; in the second, the lovers might be seen touching at Madeira, and in the third, they might be "discovered" at Sierra Leone. Then there might be a moving view of Cape Coast, Fernando Po, and Ascension Island, showing the track of the pursuers; and in the next scene the father and mother, a foreign count, travelling for company, but in reality carrying on an intrigue with an Ashantee princess, and the rival of the fortunate lover, might be brought forward, waiting with great anxiety at an hotel at Rio Janeiro, having put on additional steam in hope of passing and surprising the fugitives. At this eventful juncture, the "Harlequin" aerial steam-ship might be seen floating majestically through the air, with the lovers on board; whereupon the pursuers might order out their balloon in a terrible flurry—the stage should be thrown into the utmost consternation—and to lengthen the excitement, and increase the delay, a boiler might burst just as they are about to start. The act might appropriately end with a grand situation—the ascent of the "Pantaloon"—with the count left behind in the confusion, tearing his hair in the balcony.

The second act might disclose the griefs of the Ashantee princess, who, seated at the door of a kraal in Caffreland, wringing her hands and singing a national lament, is bewailing the infidelity, as she supposes, of the foreign count. While she is singing, an aërial ship appears in sight; she believes it to be the count, dries her eyes, and, after the Ashantee fashion, begins to dance. But it turns out to be the "Harlequin." The lovers alight. They commiserate her situation, and offer to take her to Jericho. She

thinks she would have no objection to go to Madagascar, the king, Ramananoulouna, being a second cousin of her mother's. While they are speaking, the father and mother of the runaway bride are discerned coming down a mountain (no matter how they got there); there is not a moment to be lost—the whole party make sail for Madagascar. Scene 2d.—A cave on the shore of Bembatock Bay; a carousal of bandits, with a drinking chorus. In the midst of the revel, two aërials are perceived in the sky, the one hotly pursuing the other. A youth might get on a rock (see Pizarro, *passim*), and describe the phenomenon. The first finding its steam running low, ought to drop upon the shore, and the second should instantly anchor beside it. The functions of the bandits in this emergency are clear. They seize the crews and passengers of the two vessels, and make them fast prisoners amidst a blaze of red and green fire, just as Mr. Richardson discovered Lady Teazle behind the screen, on the only occasion he ever produced the "School for Scandal." The audience cannot possibly see how the captives can be released. *Tant mieux.*

Act 3d.—A ball at the house of the governor of Zanzibar. Music suddenly interrupted by screams outside. Folding doors at the back thrown open, just as the whole dramatis personæ, including the foreign count, are pitched on their heads out of a temporary locomotive they had constructed for their flight. They are carried in and stretched upon sofas. The count revives first, and relates his adventures. How he had caused a swift-sailing aërial to be built at Rio Janeiro, in which he successfully visited the four quarters of the world in search of the princess, and was about abandoning the inquiry in despair, when he happened accidently as he was sailing on a moonlight night over Bembatock Bay, to hear her well-known voice issuing from the robbers' cave. His resolution was taken in a moment. Descending cautiously under the shadow of a rock, he made himself known to her, and then gradually communicated with the other prisoners. Foreign counts are not always so bad as they are made to appear in plays. He nobly vindicates their honour, and shows by what wily stratagems he contrived the escape of his friends in a new machine built with his own hands, the Rio Janeiro boat being no longer wind-worthy. The sequel need not be repeated to the astonished company who witnessed it. During this narration, throughout which the eager listeners, with their hair on end might be dispersed in pictorial groups about the stage, the lovers, making a significant sign to the audience, might abscond. It is easy to see what this will lead to. The old people and the disappointed rival, being fearfully bruised, are put to bed, and the scene changes. Scene 2d, a handsome chamber in a country house at Pondicherry. The lovers discovered, seated at opposite sides of the stage—the gentleman twirling his watch in his hand—the lady rocking on her chair. The illness of their pursuers has left them time for reflection. The old story! The lady pouts and reproaches him—he hints that she is fatigued and out of humour. Brisk dialogue—she threatens to leave him—he laughs fiendishly, and wishes she would. She says that, far as she is from the Regent's Park, she has one friend in Pondicherry. He demands fiercely, who that friend is? He is here! she answers with a cry of triumph. Enter an old post-captain. He knew her father. They were boys together at Westminster. What strange coincidences happen! That he should meet the daughter of Jack Ponsonby in Pondicherry, and in such circumstances! She throws herself upon his protection; he swears he will defend her at the risk of his life. The lover foams with rage. *Tableau.*—The old post-captain warns the young man not to follow them. An aërial booms against the windows—the lady puts on her bonnet and shawl—an interval of painful suspense—she rushes out with the captain. The lover draws his sword, attempts to follow, makes a few blind passes in the air, and falls senseless on the ground. This is the culminating point of the action.

The fourth act to open with a moving diorama of Madras, Bangalore, Masulipatam and Visagapatam, closing with a view on the river Hoogly, near Calcutta, the picturesque accessories of which might be greatly increased by the howling of jackals on the banks. A festival of blacks, speaking broken English, picked up from the sailors. The post-captain and the lady are seated in the open air on elevated chairs next to the owner of the property, who is to be readily distinguished by his loose nankin dress and broad-brimmed straw hat. The lady has apparently undergone serious mental anguish and grown thinner since the last act. She has her handkerchief to her eyes, but is evidently looking through her fingers at a solitary figure leaning against a date-tree. The figure must be so disguised that the audience cannot discover that it is the foreign count until he begins to speak. He must have a long speech, aside, to express his astonishment that he is alive after what he has suffered, and to say that he leans against a date-tree, because dates are laden with old memories. It now becomes obvious that he has deserted the princess for the purpose of

following the lady with the post-captain, and that the lady herself, aware of the sacrifices he has made, is vacillating between putting off the old love and putting on the new. The blacks, having terminated their dance, file off in a succession of genuflections before the captain and the lady; the owner of the property takes the captain aside to talk to him about the opium trade, and the lady and the foreign count are left alone. An embarrassing scene. A long suppressed passion breaks out, for the first time; she hesitates, but he assures her it was all nonsense about the Ashantee princess, the fact being, that his connexion with her was purely of a political nature. She is convinced. She sees it all. She recalls a thousand little incidents of a suggestive kind that happened during their transit through the air, and wonders how she could have been so blind as not to have detected his attachment before. She touchingly reminds him of her defenceless situation, and draws his attention solemnly to the confidence she is about to repose in him. He asks her is she of age? She answers timidly, "Yes!" He then assures her she is her own mistress, and may dispose of herself as she thinks proper. She may then exclaim, placing her hand in his, that gratitude dictates the first act of her independence. No more words are necessary here. She may sink on his shoulder, and suffer him to lead her off. The scene suddenly changes to Van Diemen's Land. The father and mother and the jaded lover, and the governor of Zanzibar, who has generously accompanied them on their forlorn journey, and even promised to come over and dine with them in the Regent's Park on the 10th June, after the horticultural show at the Chiswick Gardens, rush in bewildered. They have resumed the chase, but with no better success. They hold a council of war, one proposing a visit to Macao, another assigning good reasons for believing that the runaways are gone to Lapland. In the midst of the discussion, the post-captain enters, engaged in the very same business. He recognises his old friend, and an affecting interview takes place. The flying post, with letters for Van Diemen's Land, hovers for a moment over the stage, and drops a note for the post-captain. He tears it open, reads it in silence, and hands it to the bereaved father. The venerable gentleman's eyes are blinded with tears. The letter announces his daughter's departure with the foreign count, but whether east, west, north, or south is still a mystery. The captain shrewdly suspects they are gone to New Zealand. The governor of Zanzibar thinks it very likely—an aërial is ordered, and the scene closes.

Act 5th, to commence with a panoramic sketch of New South Wales, New Zealand, and Cape Horn, showing the course of a six hours' trip in that direction. Dockyards at Cape Horn. The process of building an air-vessel, with windpipe and respirators. Crowds of people to witness the launch. Difficulty of securing berths. A private cabin for the Count and Countess Rotopoli. Passengers crowd up the ladder—the ponderous machine is set free, and springs into the air like a bird. Scene changes to the deck of the vessel. Several persons walking about. The count is anxious to be put out at the moon; but the countess insists upon being taken to England. The vanity of high-fliers exposed. A mysterious gentleman, in a suliote cloak, dogs the count to the door of the engine-room, and suddenly seizing his arm, drags him to the footlights. The count calls for help. The man in the cloak tells him it is useless—that every person he sees about him is in his pay and at his command—that it is idle to make a noise at such an elevation from the earth—and that the wisest thing he can do is to submit quietly. This mysterious man turns out to be an aërial pirate of the most ferocious class. The passengers are put under irons, and the night-watch is set in the solitude of the stars, from whence hundreds of weird heads may be seen looking down in amazement. Scene 2d. The drawing-room in the Regent's Park. The butler in a bustle—servants flying from room to room—and the whole house in motion. Letters have been received, stating that the family would be home from New Zealand at four o'clock, accompanied by the governor of Zanzibar. Four o'clock strikes. Tantarara at the street-door. How wonderfully accurate the New Zealand mail is! In rush the father and mother, the post-captain, the governor, and the lover. They have sought the whole world over for their child without success! They go to dinner with what appetite they may. The governor never tasted such turbot—the chickens are incomparable—the French pie is perfect——Crash! crash! the conservatory opening upon the drawing-room is dashed to pieces. Can it be an earthquake? No, it is the good ship "Endeavour," that has caught fire, and come tumbling headlong down through the air. This is the most marvellous scene in the drama—as it ought to be. The "Endeavour" is a frigate of war, which descrying the pirate's vessel soaring aloft, and trying to evade pursuit by loitering in a rainy cloud, fired upon her, and brought her to. The passengers were instantly released, the pirates thrown overboard to the hawks, and ho! for

England. The discarded lover is on board the "Endeavour," and great is his surprise to find the count and the lady amongst the captives of the pirate-ship. Rivalry with his former opponent is now at an end; the lady belongs to another. But the catastrophe in the conservatory once more changes their relative positions. The count is killed by the fall, and the lady is a widow. The only difficulty to be adjusted is as to which of the suitors shall be made happy in the possession of her hand and fortune. They agree to refer the question to her own decision. She declares she will accept neither; that having, like Ariel, put a girdle round the earth, although in not quite so short a time as forty minutes, she has learned the value of freedom, and that she has seen so much of mankind during her voyage of circumnavigation, as to impress her with the necessity of being very cautious before she forms another matrimonial connexion. The characters form themselves into a semicircle, and the curtain drops.

This would be as good a drama as "Jane Shore," with a safer moral than "George Barnwell."

But there is a Danish legend waiting for us all this time—a capital specimen of the traditions of the legendary North. The original of this piece appeared in the "Kiämpe-Viiser," published upwards of a century ago at Copenhagen. It was translated into German, together with two other pieces, by Herder, and included by him in his "Volkslieder"—The Voices of the Nations in Song. The following version is made direct from the German translation.

The reader who is familiar with this kind of lore, will remember Lewis's translation of "The Erl-king's Daughter," in the "Tales of Wonder," beginning—

O'er mountains, through valleys, Sir Olaff he wends,
To bid to his wedding relations and friends;
'Tis night, and arriving where sports the elf band,
The Erl-king's proud daughter presents him her hand.

The following is the same piece; and the difference between the two translations consists in this rather material point, that Lewis's is paraphrastic, and the following is as close as the nature of the two languages will permit. Lewis has translated the three Danish ballads transplanted by Herder into his collection; and, in our opinion, has spoiled their original simplicity by the verbal effects he has endeavoured to add to them. We infinitely prefer a version of this kind, in which not only the metre but the spirit of the original is strictly preserved. At all events it will enable the reader to judge for himself between the two modes of rendering a fairy tradition.

SIR OLAFF AND THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER:

A DANISH BALLAD.

1.
Late rideth Sir Olaff—fast fadeth the west;
To his wedding he biddeth the priest and the guest.

2.
The Elves are all dancing along the lone stand;
And the Erl-king's daughter holds out her white hand.

3.
"Oh, welcome, Sir Olaff! why haste thee to flee?
Come join the gay ring—dance a measure with me!"

4.
"Nay, lead thee a measure, nor will I nor may—
To-morrow, at dawning, breaks my wedding-day!"

5.
"Oh! hear me, Sir Olaff, and dance here with me—
The gold spurs of knighthood I'll give unto thee!

6.
"And a shirt of the silk, so fine and so white,
That my mother hath bleached in the full moonlight."

7.
"Nay, dance with thee, fair one, nor will I nor may,
To-morrow, at dawning, wakes my wedding-day."

8.
"Oh! hear me, Sir Olaff, and dance here with me,
A heap of red gold I will give unto thee."

9.
"The heap of red gold were right welcome to me,—
But I cannot, I dare not dance, lady, with thee."

10.
"Thou wilt not? Then happy thy bride shall be never,
Sickness and sorrow shall follow thee ever!"

11.
Lightly she touched both his breast and his brow—
In anguish he shrank from the death-giving blow.

12.
She raised him, all fainting and pale, on his steed—
"Home! home to thy maid with a doomed lover's speed!"

13.
Home, home rode Sir Olaff; he reached his own gate,
Where alone stood his mother, disconsolate.

14.
"Tell, oh! tell me, dear Olaff—my child,
Why so pale is thy cheek, and thine eye so wild?"

15.
"And should not my cheek wear the paleness of death?
The court of the Erl-king I've seen on the heath."

16.
"And oh! tell me," she said, "my heart's only pride,
What—what shall I say to thy sorrowing bride?"

17.
"Say, her Olaff is gone to the dark pine wood,
To try his staunch sleuth-hound and charger good."

18.
The day it is dawning—red blusheth the east,
The bride and the bridal-train come to the feast.

19.
They drink the gold mead, and they drink the red wine,
"But where is Sir Olaff—dear bridegroom of mine?"

20.
"He is gone, he is gone to the dark pine wood,
To try his staunch sleuth-hound and charger good!"

21.
But the falt'ring young bride drew the curtain red,
And there lay Sir Olaff, cold, pallid, and dead!

Descending from ancient Denmark to the England of our own day, we close our little gathering, with a most spirited snatch of verse, which the author facetiously designates a "modern legend." We should be glad to see many such legends, old or new. We need not commend it to the reader, who, before he has read half a dozen stanzas, will discover in it a rich vein of humour, and a facility of treatment that cannot fail to excite his admiration.

A MODERN LEGEND OF THE NAVY;

OR, THE SKY SAILOR.

Jack Tar was a man of war,
'Though born in a time of peace;
He was fond of riot, and couldn't live quiet,
Like some of the new police.
And he long'd to take part in a regular battle,
Where the great cannons roar, and the little ones rattle.

Now Jack they say was pining away,
Like ministers out of place;
All the money he made by the rat-catching trade,
Never brighten'd his sinister face;
And all the night long he went lurking about,
Though his poor old mother knew well he was out.

Then he cross'd the seas, as the bold Chinese
Were likely to lighten his mind;
And he got rather stout by the time he got out,
And he'd never a coat-tail behind.
And he made himself known "as a devil to fight,"
And one as could "give it 'em left and right."

Now Jack being there, said, "I'm dashed if I care
How soon our pleasure begins."
So he put a brown jug to his own brown mug,
Saying "Here's luck to the chap as wins;"
And he hitch'd up his trousers and turned his quid,
And he swore to "surprise 'em"—*and so he did!*

Next, the fight began, and every man
Went to work in a regular way;
And the shot flew about with a musical shout,
To the tune of "The devil to pay."
But Jack begg'd the Captain would send him to land,
For he "wanted a shy at 'em hand to hand."

So Jack got on shore, with a hundred or more,
And he ran in among the Chinese;
And he shouted "Hurray!" and he hammer'd away;
And when a man fell on his knees,
He gave him a kick, saying, "Out of the way!
This isn't the place for to come for to pray!"

Now Jack got ahead in the fight which he led,
And he revell'd, untired in slaughter,
While his friends, one and all, were not near him at all,
But engaged in a different quarter.
So he paused in his task, just to spit in his hand,
And see how things went with the rest of his band.

"I'm adrift then," said Jack, as he coolly look'd back,
Amongst black wagging tails and pig's eyes;
And many a one, with his bamboo gun,
Seem'd anxious to make him a prize;
And he thought of an old woman ate by cats,
And a dog that was kill'd by a swarm of rats.

The Chinamen were delighted when
They saw Jack scratching his head;
So they raised a shout all round about,
And they gave him a shower of lead:
And a seven-tail'd mandarin, one of great rank,
Offer'd countless rupees for the head of the Frank.

Then at him they ran, and our hero began,
Again his good cutlass to wield;
And he fought his way back, leaving foes in his track,
As reapers leave corn in a field;
And he mutter'd, as down came his murderous stroke,
"Five thousand to one is too much of a joke."

But Jack fought away in a masterly way,
Till he almost a victory won,
When a young Chinaman, as backwards he ran,
For the twentieth time fired his gun,
And the ball, by some miracle, grazed poor Jack's head,
And down he fell plump—very stunn'd, and not dead.

Then fighting Jack Tar was a pris'ner of war,
And carried away as a prize;
And thousands of men came to gaze at him *then*,
As a wonderful man for his size;
And the crafty Chinese behaved wondrous civil,
And studied to please the barbarian devil.

Now Jack was "awake," so he promised to take
Up the cause of the Moon's near relation:
So he let his tail grow, and it made quite a show,
And he ruled in a prominent station;
And he drank all night and he swore all day,
With honours and favours and plenty of pay.

But Jack was untrue, for he vow'd he would "do
For all of the Emperor's foes;"
And he led on the war, this "downy" Jack Tar,
With the Chinamen all up in rows;
And when the first signal was made to fight,
He turn'd round upon them with all his might

But Jack was "done." In the midst of his fun
A Chinaman touched his clothes;
'Tis true that he died ere he left Jack's side,
And cock'd up his little dub nose;
But nothing could equal poor Jack's amaze,
When he found himself in an unquenchable blaze.

'Twas for *that* they were made, for they felt afraid
That Jack might turn round on their ranks,
So from head to toes, in combustible clothes,
They rigged out this man of the Franks,
And with fire and sword he fell on 'em pell-mell,
Like a demon come up from the regions of h—.

The Englishman stared—their foes were scared
As onward he rushed in fire;
And soon he was seen near a large magazine,
As he raved betwixt pain and ire:
And then came a fearful and terrible cry,
And a deafening, thundering sound rent the sky.

We know but thus far of the fighting Jack Tar,
Not a rag of him after was found;
All the Chinamen say, up to this very day,
That his body will never touch ground:
But for ever he's doom'd to be whirling in air,
With a fiery pang and a shout of despair.

At a young lady's seminary, where the pupils, with a view to their improvement, were permitted to speak French, no matter how, from morning till night, little Selina Grout, who detested pork, and doted on hard dumplings, was one day bewailing to Miss Jane Mobbs, who sat next her at dinner, that the only dishes on the table were a griskin and a spare-rib—she hated pig in any shape too well not to know its various forms—when Miss Mobbs interrupted her with this elegant consolation, "*Ne frettez pas, ma chère: il sera* DIFFICILES DUMPLINGS *demain.*"

Common sense laughs outright at genius, and genius curls its lip with a sneer, half in pity, half in contempt, at common sense. These are their characteristics.—*Thoughts.* —G. H. LEWES.

COLOMBA.

(From the French of Prosper Mérimée.)

[Continued from page 207.]

XVI.

The next day passed without hostilities. The two parties stood each on the defensive. Orso did not leave the house, and the door of the Barricini remained constantly closed. The five gendarmes left in garrison in Pietranera were seen walking up and down the Place, or about the environs of the village, assisted by the garde champêtre, the solitary representative of the urban militia. The adjunct never took off his official scarf; but, saving the *archère* before the windows of the hostile houses, nothing betokened war. A Corsican only would have remarked, that the groups in the Place round the evergreen oak consisted exclusively of females.

At supper, Colomba handed to her brother, with great glee, the following letter, which she had just received from Miss Nevil:

"My dear Mademoiselle Colomba,

"It gives me great pleasure to learn, by a letter from your brother, that your feud is at an end. I sincerely congratulate you. My father is quite tired of Ajaccio, now that your brother is no longer here to talk of military matters with him, and to join him in his shooting rambles. We leave the town to-day, and will pass the night at the house of your relation, for whom we have a letter. The day after to-morrow, about eleven, I will beg you to let me taste your mountain bruccio, so superior, as you tell, to that they make in the town.

"Adieu, chère Mademoiselle Colomba,

"Votre amie,

"Lydia Nevil."

"Then she has not received my second letter," cried Orso.

"You see from the date of hers, that Miss Nevil must have been on the road when your letter arrived in Ajaccio. You told her then not to come?"

"I told her we were in a state of siege; no fit situation, it strikes me, for receiving company."

"Poh! these English are queer people. She told me the last night we passed in the same room, that she would be sorry to leave Corsica without having seen a handsome vendetta. If you liked, Orso, we might treat her to the spectacle of an attack on the house of our enemies."

"Do you know," said Orso, "nature has committed a great mistake in making you a woman, Colomba. You would have made a capital soldier."

"May be so. Be that as it may, I will go and make my bruccio."

"There is no need. We must send some one with a line to them to stop them before they set out."

"Indeed! send a messenger in such weather as this, that the torrent may sweep him away, and your letter along with him. How I pity the poor bandits in this tempest! Fortunately they have good *piloni*.* Shall I tell you what you must do, Orso? If the weather clears up, set off very early to-morrow morning, and get to our relation's house before our friends shall have started. You may easily do that, for Miss Nevil is always a late riser. You will tell them what has happened here, and if they still have a mind to come, we shall be very glad to see them."

Orso readily acceded to this arrangement, and Colomba resumed after some moments' silence.

"May be you think I was joking, Orso, when I spoke of an attack on the house of the Barricini. Are you aware that we are in strength, two to one at least? Since the prefect suspended the mayor, all the men hereabouts are for us. We could make mincemeat of them. It would be very easy to set the thing going. If you liked I would go to the fountain and make game of their women; they would come out. Perhaps—for they are such cowards! perhaps they would fire upon me through their *archere;* they would miss me. It would be all right then; they would have been the aggressors. Woe betide the beaten: who is to know the quarter a good shot came from in the confusion of a fray? Take your sister's advice, Orso; these blackgowns that are coming here will spoil a lot of paper and talk a deal of useless words. Nothing will come of all their doings. That old fox would find a way to make them see stars in broad noon. Oh! if the prefect had not thrown himself before Vincentello there would have been one the fewer of them."

All this was said with the same coolness as she had talked a moment before of preparing a bruccio.

Orso, astounded, stared at his sister with an admiration tinctured with fear.

"My gentle Colomba," he said, rising from table, "you are, I fear, the devil incarnate. But make your mind easy. If I don't succeed in bringing the Barricini to the gallows, I will find means to settle the matter another way.—Hot ball or cold iron!† You see I have not forgot Corsican."

"The sooner the better," said Colomba, sighing. "What horse will you ride to-morrow, Ors' Anton'?"

"The black. Why do you ask?"

"To have barley given him."

Orso having retired to his chamber, Colomba sent Saveria and her goatherds to bed, and remained alone in the kitchen where the bruccio was cooking. From time to time she listened, longing, as it seemed, for the moment of her brother's going to bed. When she judged that he was at last asleep, she took up a knife, tried the sharpness of its edge, put her little feet into large shoes left behind by one of the men, and went into the garden without making the least noise.

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* Cloaks of a very thick cloth, furnished with a hood.

† *Palla calda u farru freddu*—a very common expression.

The garden, enclosed between walls, adjoined a tolerably spacious paddock, where the horses were kept: for the Corsican horses hardly know the stable. In general they are turned loose afield, and thrown upon their own sagacity for finding fodder and shelter from cold and rain.

Colomba opened the garden-gate with the same caution and went into the paddock, and the horses, which were used to receive bread and salt from her hand, came up to her at the signal of a low whistle. The moment that the black horse was within her reach, she grasped him firmly by the mane, and slit his ear with the knife. The animal made a tremendous bound, and darted off with that horrid piercing cry, which sometimes escapes from the horse when he suffers acute pain. Satisfied with what she had done, Colomba was making her way back into the garden, when Orso threw open his window, and cried out, "Who goes there?" and she heard him cocking his gun. Fortunately for her, the garden-gate was in complete darkness and partly concealed by a great fig tree. Presently she saw from the intermitting flashes in her brother's room, that he was striking a light to kindle his lamp. She hastily closed the garden-gate, and stealing along by the walls, so that her black garments were confounded with the dark foliage of the fruit trees trained along them, she succeeded in getting back to the kitchen some seconds before Orso made his appearance.

"What is the matter?" she asked him.

"It struck me that some one was opening the garden-gate."

"Impossible. The dog would have barked. Let us go and see however."

Orso went all round the garden; and having satisfied himself that the outer-gate was fast, he felt rather ashamed of his false alarm, and was about to return to his bedroom."

"I am glad to see, brother," said Colomba, "that you are growing wary, as one ought to be in your situation."

"You are breaking me in. Good night."

Orso was up and ready to start next morning by daybreak. His costume bespoke at once the pretension to elegance of a gentleman about to present himself before a lady, whose favourable opinion he coveted, and the prudence of a Corsican *en vendette*. Over a blue military frock, fitting closely to his shape, he wore a green silk cord as a bandolier, from which was suspended a small box of white metal containing his cartridges; his dagger was in a side-pocket, and in his hand he carried his good Manton loaded with ball. While he hastily swallowed a cup of coffee poured out for him by Colomba, a goatherd went out to saddle and bridle his horse. Orso and his sister soon followed the man and went into the paddock. The goatherd had caught the animal, but had let the saddle and bridle fall and seemed speechless with consternation, whilst the horse, recollecting the wound he had received over night, and fearing for his other ear, plunged, kicked, neighed, and played all manner of pranks.

"Come, be quick!" cried Orso.

"Eh! Oh! Ors' Anton'! Ors' Anton'!" cried the goatherd; "Blood of the Madonna!" &c. And out came a volley of imprecations innumerable, the greater part of which were untranslatable.

"What is wrong now?" said Colomba.

The whole household was by this time gathered round the horse, and when they saw him bleeding, and with his ear slit, there was a general burst of astonishment and indignation. The reader must be informed that to mutilate an enemy's horse is, on the part of a Corsican, at once an act of vengeance, a defiance, and a menace of death. "Nothing but a gun-shot can expiate this outrage." Though Orso, from his long residence on the continent, was less sensible than those about him to the enormity of the insult, nevertheless had a Barricinist fallen in his way at the moment, it is very likely he would have made him pay dearly, on the spot, for the gross affront he thought his enemies had put upon him. "The cowardly blackguards!" he cried, "to wreak their spite on a poor animal, when they dare not meet me to my face!"

"What do we tarry for?" vociferated Colomba. "Shall they come and insult us, mutilate our horses, and we not retaliate? Are you men?"

"Vengeance!" shouted the goatherds. "Let us lead the horse about the village, and go and storm their house."

"There is a barn thatched with straw close to their tower," said old Polo Griffo. "I'll set it blazing in no time." Another proposed to go and fetch the church ladders; a third to break in the door of the Barricini with the help of a beam lying in the place, and intended for some building. Amidst this whirlwind of fierce voices, Colomba's was heard telling her satellites, that before they set about their work they should every one come and have a large glass of anisette from her.

Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, the effect she had expected from her cruelty to the poor animal was lost in a great measure on Orso. He had no doubt but this savage mutilation was the work of one of his enemies, and Orlanduccio was the individual he more particularly suspected; but he could not have imagined, that after receiving a blow from his hand and a challenge, that young man would have thought to wipe out his disgrace by slitting a horse's ear. So mean and paltry an act of vengeance increased Orso's scorn for his enemies, and he now coincided in opinion with the prefect, that such men were unworthy of meeting him. As soon as he could make himself heard, he declared to his amazed partisans that they must abandon their warlike intentions, and that the ministers of justice, who were coming, would very sufficiently take vengeance for his horse's ear. "I am master here," he said, sternly; "and I will be obeyed. The first that ventures to talk of killing or burning will be very like to catch something hot from me. Come! saddle the gray."

"What! Orso," said Colomba, taking him aside, "will you suffer them to insult us? In my father's

time the Barricini would never have dared to mutilate an animal of ours."

"I promise you they shall have cause to rue it; but it is for the gendarmes and the gaolers to punish such despicable wretches, who are only brave against brutes. I told you before, justice shall avenge me upon them, or if not, you shall have no need to remind me whose son I am."

"Patience!" said Colomba with a sigh.

"Bear it well in mind, sister," continued Orso, "if I find on my return that any overt act has been committed against the Barricini, I will never forgive you." He then went on to say in a milder tone, "It is very possible, nay, very probable, I shall be accompanied on my return by the colonel and his daughter: see that their rooms are in good order, and let there be a good breakfast, so that our guests may have as little as possible to complain of. It is a very good thing, Colomba, to be courageous; but a woman should also be able to manage a house becomingly. Come, kiss me, be steady; here comes the gray."

"Orso," said Colomba, "you shall not set out alone."

"I don't want any one," replied her brother, "and I promise you, I will not let my ear be slit."

"I will never let you set out alone in time of war. Ho! Polo Griffo! Gian' Francè Memmo! take your guns; you are to go with my brother."

After a pretty keen discussion, Orso was forced to submit, and suffer himself to be attended by an escort. He chose the most impetuous of the goatherds, those who had been loudest in proposing aggressive measures: then, after renewing his injunctions to his sister and to the goatherds who remained behind, he set off on his journey, taking a circuit on this occasion to avoid the house of the Barricini.

They had left Pietranera some distance behind them, and were riding forward at a brisk pace, when, as they forded a small brook that emptied itself into a swamp, old Polo Griffo saw several pigs lying comfortably in the mud, enjoying the double delight of the sunshine and the cold water. Instantly taking aim at the largest of them, he sent a ball through its head and killed it on the spot. The companions of the victim started up and scampered off with surprising agility, and though the other goatherd had a shot at them as they ran, they escaped safe and sound to a thicket where they were quickly lost to sight.

"Blockheads!" cried Orso, "you take pigs for wild boars."

"No we don't, Ors' Anton'," replied Polo Griffo, "but these pigs belong to the avocat; that will teach him to mutilate our horses."

"What, you rascals!" shouted Orso, in a fury. "Do you copy the infamous acts of our enemies? Leave me, scoundrels. You are good for nothing but to fight with pigs. I vow to God, that if you dare to follow me, I will break your heads."

The goatherds stared at each other in speechless amazement. Orso clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped away.

"Well!" said Polo Griffo, "here's a go! That's the way people treat you for loving them, is it? His father, the colonel, gave me a blowing up for levelling a gun once at the avocat. The more fool not to fire. And the son—you see what I have done for him. He talks of breaking my head, as you would serve a leaky gourde. That's what folks learn on the continent, Memmo!"

"Ay, and if they find out that you killed the pig, they will be down upon you with a lawsuit, and Ors' Anton' won't talk to the judges or pay the avocat. Luckily no one saw you, and you have Saint Nega on your side, to get you out of the scrape."

After a brief deliberation, the two goatherds concluded that the best thing to be done, was to throw the pig into a quagmire, which they accordingly did, but not, be it observed, till they had helped themselves each to some rashers from the innocent victim to the feuds of the della Rebbias and the Barricini.

XVII.

Having shaken off his ill-disciplined escort, Orso was pursuing his way, thinking more of the pleasure of meeting Miss Nevil, than of the danger of encountering his enemies. "The suit I am about to carry on against those dastard Barricini"—thus ran his communing with himself—"will oblige me to go to Bastia. Why should not I go along with Miss Nevil? What is to hinder our setting off together from Bastia for the waters of Orezzo?" Suddenly, recollections of childhood rose up in his mind, and brought that picturesque spot distinctly before him. He fancied himself transported to a verdant plain overshadowed by chestnut-trees, the growth of uncounted centuries. On a glistening green sward, thickly set with blue flowers, looking like eyes that smiled on him, he beheld Miss Nevil seated by his side. She had taken off her bonnet, and her rich hair, softer and finer than silk, shone like gold in the sunbeams that glanced through the foliage. Her eyes, of so pellucid a blue, seemed to him bluer than the firmament. With her cheek resting on her hand, she listened pensively to the tremulous accents of his passion. She was dressed in that muslin gown she wore the last day he had seen her at Ajaccio; and from beneath its folds peeped out a small foot in a black satin shoe. Orso was saying to himself how happy he should be to kiss that foot; but one of Miss Nevil's hands was ungloved and held a flower. Orso took the flower, and Lydia's hand pressed his; and he kissed the flower, and then the hand, and Lydia was not angry. And all these thoughts prevented his attending to the road he was travelling, but still he trotted on. He was about to bestow a second kiss in imagination on Miss Nevil's white hand, when he had like to kiss in earnest the head of his horse, as it stopped short all at once. It was little Chilina who had seized his rein, and thus checked his progress.

"Where are you going, Ors' Anton'?" she said,

"Don't you know, that your enemy is near at hand?"

"My enemy?" cried Orso, enraged at being interrupted at so interesting a moment. "Where is he?"

"Orlanduccio is near this. He is waiting for you. Go back, go back."

"Ha! He is waiting for me! You have seen him?"

"Yes, Ors' Anton', I was lying down in the fern when he passed by. He looked all round him with his spy-glass."

"Which way did he go?"

"Down that way, the road you are going."

"Thank you."

"Ors' Anton', had not you better wait for my uncle? He can't be long, and with his company you would be safe."

"Never fear, Chili, I have no need of your uncle."

"If you like I will go before you."

"No, no, thank you."

And urging his horse, Orso rode rapidly in the direction pointed out to him by the little girl.

His first impulse had been a headlong burst of anger, and he welcomed the opportunity chance threw in his way to castigate the cowardly ruffian who had mutilated a horse to revenge himself for a blow. Then, as he rode on, the sort of half promise he had given the prefect, and above all the fear of missing his visit to Miss Nevil, made him change his mind and almost wish that he might not encounter Orlanduccio. Presently, the recollection of his father, the outrage committed upon his horse, and the threats of his foes, rekindled his anger, and impelled him to seek out his enemy, that he might provoke him and compel him to fight. Thus agitated by conflicting feelings, he continued to ride forward; but he now did so cautiously, scrutinizing every bush and hedge, and sometimes stopping to listen to the vague sounds commonly heard in the country. Ten minutes after he had parted from Chilina (it was then about nine o'clock) he reached the verge of an extremely abrupt slope. The road, or rather the scarcely marked path he was pursuing, passed through a recently burnt mâquis. The ground on that spot was covered with white ashes, and here and there some shrubs and large trees blackened by fire and entirely stripped of leaves, stood upright, though they had ceased to live. Looking at a burnt mâquis the spectator fancies himself transported to a northern clime, in the depth of winter, and the contrast between the arid spots, over which the flame has passed, and the luxuriant vegetation all around, makes them appear still more dreary and desolate. But Orso beheld only one thing just now in the landscape before him, a thing of no little importance indeed in his situation; the earth being bare could not shelter any ambuscade, and a man who may expect every moment to see the muzzle of a gun thrust out from a bush and pointed at his breast, regards as a sort of oasis an uniform tract of ground where nothing interrupts the view. Beyond the burnt mâquis there were several cultivated fields, enclosed, as usual in that country, between dry stone walls breast high. The path passed between these inclosures, which from the huge chestnut trees scattered irregularly over them looked at a distance like a thick wood.

The steepness of the declivity obliging him to dismount, Orso threw the bridle on his horse's neck, and was descending rapidly, the loose ashes slipping from beneath him at every step; and he was not more than five and twenty paces from one of the walls to the right of the road, when he saw exactly in front of him, first the barrel of a gun, and next a head rising above the wall. The gun was brought down to the level, and he recognised Orlanduccio about to fire. Orso promptly put himself in a posture of defence, and the two adversaries, with their guns presented, gazed on each other for some seconds with that keen emotion which the bravest man experiences at the moment of dealing or receiving a death blow.

"Despicable coward!" cried Orso, and the words had not passed his lips when he saw the flash from Orlanduccio's gun, and almost at the same moment another shot went off on his left on the other side of the path, fired by a man he had not perceived, and who had taken aim at him from behind another wall. Both balls struck him; the last fired passed through his left arm, while Orlanduccio's struck him in the chest, tore his coat, but fortunately meeting with the blade of his dagger flattened upon it, and only bruised him slightly. Orso's left arm fell powerless by his side, and the barrel of his gun sank for an instant; but he immediately raised it again, and pointing it with his right hand alone, he fired at Orlanduccio. His enemy's head, which he only saw as far down as the eyes, disappeared behind the wall. Turning to the left Orso discharged his second barrel at a man wrapped in smoke, whom he hardly discerned. That figure likewise disappeared. The four shots had followed each other with incredible rapidity, such as never was surpassed by the platoon firing of the best trained soldiers. After Orso's last shot all was once more still. The smoke from his gun rose slowly upwards; there was no movement behind the wall, nor the slightest noise. But for the pain he felt in his arm he could have fancied that the men he had just fired at were phantoms of his imagination.

Expecting a second discharge, Orso moved a few paces, and placed himself behind one of the burnt trees that remained standing in the mâquis. Thus sheltered, he placed his gun between his knees, and hastily loaded it again. Meanwhile he suffered excruciating torture from his left arm, which felt as if dragged down by an enormous weight. What was become of his adversaries? He could not understand it. Had they run away, or had they been wounded, he would assuredly have heard some noise, some movement among the leaves. Were they dead then? or rather, were they not waiting ensconced behind their walls for an opportunity of firing at him again? In this uncertainty, and finding his

strength diminishing, he sank on his right knee, laid his wounded arm on the other, and rested the barrel of his gun on a branch projecting from the trunk of the burnt tree. His finger on the trigger, his eye fixed on the wall, his ear attentive to the slightest sound, he remained motionless for some minutes that seemed to him an age. At last he heard a faint shout that came from a long way behind him, and presently a dog darting down the slope with the swiftness of an arrow, stopped near him, wagging its tail. It was Brusco, the pupil and companion of the bandits, the forerunner, no doubt, of his master, and never was an honest man's appearance more intensely longed for. The dog facing towards the nearest wall, with his nose thrown up, snuffed the air uneasily. Suddenly he uttered a low growling, ran and leaped across the wall, and almost immediately sprang up again on its top, whence he stared at Orso, with looks that spoke surprise as plainly as dog could do. He then began to snuff the air again, turning this time towards the other wall, which he jumped as he had the first. He made his appearance again in a second on the top of the wall, and again he showed the same symptoms of astonishment and uneasiness. At last he leaped down into the mâquis, and with his tail between his legs and his eyes continually bent on Orso, he sidled away from him slowly till he got to a certain distance; then setting off at full speed he reascended the slope almost as swiftly as he had descended it, to meet a man who was hurrying down rapidly in spite of the steepness of the declivity.

"Hola! Brando!" shouted Orso, as soon as he thought him within hearing.

"Ho! Ors' Anton'! You are wounded?" said Brandolaccio, running up out of breath. "In the body or in the limbs?"

"In the arm."

"The arm! it won't signify. And the other—"

"I think I hit him."

Brandolaccio, following his dog, ran to the nearest wall, and leaning on the top, looked down on the opposite side. Then, taking off his cap,—

"Good day to Signor Orlanduccio," he said. Then turning towards Orso, he saluted him gravely in his turn. "That's what I call a man handsomely fixed," he said.

"Is he alive still?" said Orso, gasping for breath.

"Oh! he could not think of it; he is too much bothered with the ball you put in his eye. Blood of the Madonna, what a hole! Prime gun, by my soul! What a bore! How it squashes your brain! I say, Ors' Anton', when I heard first, crack! crack! says I to myself, The devil! they're spificating my lieutenant. Then I hear, boom! boom! Oho! thinks I, there's the English gun a-talking: he's giving it them back again.—Hallo, Brusco, what do you want with me now?"

The dog led him to the other wall. "So!" exclaimed Brandolaccio, stupified at the sight he beheld. "Right and left! that's all! Ay, ay, it's easy to see powder's dear, for you make the most of it."

"What is it, for God's sake?" said Orso.

"Come, none of your joking, *mon lieutenant!* You tumble down the game and want another to pick it up. I know who will have a rum desert to-day, and that's the avocat Barricini. Fresh meat, will you buy, will you buy? And now who the devil is to be the heir?"

"What! Vincentello dead too?"

"Dead as a door nail. God save the hearers!* There is one thing good in you, you don't leave your men long in pain. Just come and look at Vincentello: he is on his knees still, with his head leaning against the wall. You would fancy he was asleep: a leaden sleep, as the saying is. Poor devil!"

Orso turned away his head with a sickening feeling. "Are you sure he is dead?"

"You are like Sampiero Corso, who never dealt but a single blow. Look, just here—in the chest, to the left, exactly as Vinceleone was hit at Waterloo. I'd lay any wager the ball is not far from his heart. Right and left!—Oh! I've done with shooting. Two in two shots!—with ball!—The two brothers! If he had had a third shot he'd have brought down the papa. Well, better luck next time. What a shot, Ors' Anton'!—And to think that the like will never happen to a brave chap like me, to bring down the gendarmes with both barrels!"

While talking thus, the bandit examined Orso's arm, and ripped up his sleeve with his dagger.

"Nothing to signify," he said, "Here's a frock coat, will give Mademoiselle Colomba a job. Eh! What's this? Hit in the breast? Nothing gone in there, is there? No, you would not be so lively. Let's see; try to stir your fingers. Do you feel my teeth when I bite your little finger? Not much? No matter, it won't signify. Let me take your handkerchief and your cravat. Your frock coat is done for. What the devil did you make yourself so fine for? Were you going to a wedding? Here, drink a drop of wine. Why don't you carry a flask? Who ever saw a Corsican leave home without a flask?" Then in the midst of his surgical occupations he stopped to ejaculate, "Right and left! both stiff dead! How the curé will laugh! Right and left! Ah! here she comes at last, that little tortoise, Chilina."

Orso made no reply. He was as pale as a corpse, and trembled from head to foot.

"Chili," shouted Brandolaccio, "go and look behind that wall. Eh?" The child climbed up the wall, and the moment she perceived the corpse of Orlanduccio she made the sign of the cross.

"Is it you, uncle?" she inquired, timidly.

"Me! a'n't I grown an old good-for-nothing? It's monsieur's work, Chili. Make him your compliment."

"Mademoiselle will be very glad of it," said Chilina; "and she will be very sorry to know you are wounded, Ors' Anton'."

* *Salute a noi!* An expression that commonly follows on the heels of the words death and dead, and serves by way of corrective to them.

"Come along, Ors' Anton'," said the bandit, when he had finished dressing the wound; "here's Chilina has caught your horse again. Mount and come with me to the mâquis of la Stazzona. They'll be sharp fellows that will find you there. We will entertain you with the best we have. When we get to the St. Christina's cross you must dismount. Chilina will take your horse and carry the news to Mademoiselle Colomba; and on the way you can give her whatever messages you have to send. You may speak without reserve to the little thing, Ors' Anton'; she would let herself be chopped to pieces sooner than betray her friends. Go along," he said, while his looks and his voice bespoke fond affection; "go be excommunicated, you hussey; go be cursed, you jade!" Superstitious like many of his brother bandits, Brandolaccio was afraid of putting a spell on children, if he addressed them with words of blessing or praise; for it is well known that the mysterious powers that preside over the *anocchiatura** follow the malicious practice of executing the reverse of our wishes.

"Where will you have me go, Brando?" said Orso, faintly.

"Egad, there's a choice for you: to prison or else to the mâquis. But a della Rebbia does not know the road to prison. To the mâquis, Ors' Anton'!"

"Farewell then to all my hopes!" the wounded man sadly ejaculated.

"Your hopes? Well, that's a good one. Did you hope to do better with a double-barrelled gun? But, I say, how the devil did they manage to hit you? They must have been as hard to kill as cats."

"They fired the first," said Orso.

"Ay, true, I forgot. Crack, crack! boom, boom! right and left with one hand!† Let any man better that, and I will go hang myself. Come, there you are in the saddle. Before you go, just have a look at your work. It is not polite to quit the company so without bidding them good-by."

Orso set spurs to his horse; for no consideration would he have looked upon the unfortunate men he had slain.

"Hark ye, Ors' Anton'," said the bandit, taking hold of the horse's bridle; "shall I speak frankly to you? Well then, no offence to you, but I am sorry for these two poor lads. I beg your pardon—so handsome—so strong—so young! Orlanduccio, that I hunted with so often! He gave me a packet of cigars four days ago. Vincentello, that was always so sprightly! It is true, you did what you ought to do; and besides, it was too pretty a shot to be regretted. But for myself, I was not in your vengeance. I know you are right; when one has an enemy, one must get rid of him. But they were an old family, the Barricini. Another missing from muster; and by a right and left shot! That's what tickles me!"

Thus pronouncing the funeral oration of the Barricini, Brandolaccio hastily conducted Orso, Chilina, and the dog Brusco, towards the mâquis of la Stazzona.

XVIII.

Meanwhile Colomba had learned by her spies, shortly after Orso's departure, that the Barricini were afield, and from that moment she was a prey to intense anxiety. She was seen running all over the house, now going into the kitchen, now visiting the chambers prepared for her expected guests, doing nothing and always in a bustle; stopping every moment to see if she could not discern any unusual movement in the village. About eleven o'clock a tolerably numerous cavalcade entered Pietranera, consisting of the colonel, his daughter, their servants, and a guide. Colomba's first word as she received them was, "Have you seen my brother?" She then asked the guide what road they had taken, and at what o'clock they had set out, and from the answers he made, she was quite at a loss to understand why they had not met.

"Perhaps your brother took the upper road," said the guide, "we came by the lower."

Colomba shook her head, and went on with her questions. In spite of her natural resolution, seconded by the pride that forbade her to display any weakness before strangers, she was unable to conceal her uneasiness, which was soon shared by the colonel, and above all by Miss Nevil, when she had informed them of the attempt at reconciliation there had been made, and with what ill success. Miss Nevil, fretted and restless, wanted to have messengers sent off in every direction, and her father offered to mount his horse again, and go with the guide in search of Orso. The alarm of her guests recalled Colomba to a sense of her duties, as mistress of the mansion. She forced herself to smile, pressed the colonel to sit down to breakfast, and found twenty plausible ways of accounting for her brother's delay, every one of which she herself knocked down in the next breath. The colonel too, thinking it incumbent on him as a man to keep up the spirits of the females, offered his own explanation of the matter.

"I'll warrant," he said, "della Rebbia has fallen in with game, and could not resist the temptation; we shall see him return with his bag full. And, by jove! now I think of it, we heard four shots as we were coming along. Two of them were louder than the others, and I said to my daughter, I'll bet any money that's della Rebbia shooting. It can only be my gun that makes so much noise."

Colomba turned pale, and Lydia, who watched her closely, readily guessed what were the suspicions the colonel's conjecture had suggested to her. After a silence of some minutes, Colomba eagerly in-

* An involuntary fascination, effected either by the eyes or by word of mouth.

† Should any incredulous sportsman question my veracity in narrating M. della Rebbia's double shot, I would beg of him to go to Sartène, and hear the story told him of the manner in which one of the most distinguished and amiable inhabitants of that town extricated himself singly, and with his left arm broken, from a position at least as perilous.

quired whether the two loud reports had preceded, or followed the others. But neither the colonel, nor his daughter, nor the guide, had paid attention to that capital point.

About one o'clock, none of the messengers, sent out by Colomba, having returned, she rallied all her courage and forced her guests to sit down to table; but, except the colonel, no one could touch a morsel. Upon the least noise in the place, Colomba ran to the window, then returned sadly to her seat, and struggled more sadly still to keep up with her friends an insignificant conversation, to which no one paid the least attention, and which was interrupted by long intervals of silence.

Suddenly the gallop of a horse was heard. "Ah! this time it is my brother," said Colomba, starting up. But seeing Chilina mounted astride on Orso's horse, she cried out in agony, "My brother is dead!"

The colonel's glass fell from his hand, Miss Nevil shrieked, and all three ran to the house-door. Before Chilina could throw herself from the saddle, Colomba had caught her up, like a feather, with a suffocating gripe. The child understood her terrible look, and the first words she uttered were those of the chorus in Otello, *He lives!* Colomba relaxed her grasp, and Chilina dropped on her feet as nimbly as a kitten.

"The others?" inquired Colomba, hoarsely.

Chilina made the sign of the cross, with the index and middle finger. A deep flush instantly overspread the deadly paleness of Colomba's features. She cast a fiery glance at the house of the Barricini, and said, with a smile, to her guests, "Let us go back to our coffee."

The Isis of the bandits had a long story to tell. Her *patois*, translated into Italian, such as it was, by Colomba, and then into English by Miss Nevil, extorted many an imprecation from the colonel, and many a sigh from Miss Nevil; but Colomba listened with an air of impassibility, only she twisted her damask napkin all to shreds. She interrupted the child five or six times, to make her repeat that Brandolaccio said the wound was not dangerous, and that he had seen many a one in his time. At the conclusion of her tale, Chilina related that Orso urgently demanded writing paper, and that he desired his sister to entreat a lady, who was probably in his house, not to go away till she should have received a letter from him. "That was what he was most distressed about," said the child. "I was already on my way, when he called me back to bid me be particular about this message. It was the third time he repeated it to me." Colomba smiled slightly at hearing this injunction of her brother's, and squeezed the hand of the English lady, who burst into tears, and did not deem it expedient to translate this part of the narrative for her father.

"Yes, you will remain with me, my dear friend," cried Colomba, embracing Miss Nevil; "and you will assist us."

Then bringing out a quantity of old linen from a press, she began to cut it up for bandages and lint. To see her flashing eyes, her heightened colour, and her alternate intensity of emotion and cool self-possession, it would have been hard to say, whether she was more affected by her brother's wound or delighted at the death of her enemies. At one moment she poured out coffee for the colonel, boasting to him of her skill in preparing it; at another she gave out work to Miss Nevil and Chilina, urging them to the task of sewing together and rolling up bandages. Twenty times over she inquired whether Orso was suffering much pain from his wound. Every now and then she would stop short in the middle of her work to say to the colonel, "Two men so expert! so terrible! Alone, and wounded, with one arm disabled, to bring them both down! What courage, colonel! Is he not a hero? Oh! Miss Nevil, how happy one is to live in a quiet country like yours! I am sure you did not know my brother!—I knew it would be so, I said, 'The falcon will awake anon!' You were deceived by the gentleness of his manner. Because when near you, Miss Nevil....Oh! if he saw you working for him—poor Orso!"

Miss Nevil scarcely worked, and had not a word to say. Her father inquired why informations were not forthwith laid before a magistrate. He talked of the coroner's inquest, and of many other things equally unknown in Corsica; and lastly, he desired to know was the country-house of that worthy M. Brandolaccio, who had given his assistance to the wounded man, very far from Pietranera, and could he not go himself and see his friend.

And Colomba replied with her habitual calmness, that Orso was in the mâquis; that he was under the care of a bandit, and that he would run great risk if he showed himself before he was assured how the prefect and the judges were disposed; and lastly, that she would take measures to have a skilful surgeon secretly conducted to him. "Above all, colonel," she said, "be sure and remember that you heard the four shots, and that you told me Orso fired last." The colonel could make neither head nor tail of the matter, and his daughter did nothing but sigh and wipe her eyes.

The day was now far advanced, when a mournful procession entered the village, bringing home to the avocat Barricini the corpses of his sons, each laid across a mule led by a peasant. The dismal train was followed by a crowd of retainers of the family and idlers. Among them were seen the gendarmes, who always make their appearance too late, and the adjunct with his hands uplifted to heaven, exclaiming ever and anon, "What will M. le Préfet say?" Some women, among them Orlanduccio's nurse, tore their hair and uttered savage yells. But their noisy grief made less impression on the beholders than the mute despair of a person who attracted every eye. This was the unhappy father, who going from one body to the other, raised their dust-stained heads, kissed their livid lips, and sustained their stiffened limbs, as if to protect them from the joltings of the journey.

Sometimes his lips were seen to open as if he would speak, but not a cry, not a word escaped them. With his eyes riveted on the dead bodies of his children, he tottered on, knocking against trees, stones, and every obstacle in his way.

When they came in front of Orso's house, the lamentations of the women and the imprecations of the men became redoubled. Some Rebbianist goatherds having ventured to raise a shout of triumph, the indignation of their adversaries swelled beyond all bounds. A cry of Vengeance! vengeance! was raised. Stones were flung, and two shots, fired at the windows of the room in which Colomba and her guests were seated, broke the jalousies, and sent the splinters flying as far as the table at which the two ladies were placed. Miss Nevil shrieked, the colonel caught up a gun, and Colomba, before he could stop her, rushed to the house-door, and threw it open impetuously. Standing on the raised threshold, with both hands stretched out in the attitude of invoking curses on her enemies,

"Cowards!" she exclaimed, "you fire on women, on strangers! Are you Corsicans? Are you men? Dastards, who can only assassinate from behind, come on! I defy you. I am alone: my brother is away. Kill me, kill my guests; it is worthy of you. You dare not, cowards that you are! You know that we revenge ourselves. Get ye gone, go weep like women, and thank us for not demanding more blood of you."

There was something in Colomba's voice and attitude that awed and subdued the beholders: the crowd fell back terror stricken before her, as at the aspect of one of those malignant fairies, of whom many a fearful tale is told in the winter evenings in Corsica. The adjunct, the gendarmes, and some of the women present, took advantage of the incident to throw themselves between the two hostile parties; for the Rebbianist goatherds were getting ready their weapons, and for a moment there seemed reason to fear that a general conflict would occur in the Place. But the two factions were without their chiefs, and the Corsicans, disciplined in their rage, seldom come to blows in the absence of the principal authors of their intestine wars. Moreover, Colomba, rendered prudent by success, restrained her little garrison. "Leave these poor people to their tears," she said; "leave the old man free to fetch away his carrion. What's the good of killing the old fox now that he has no teeth left to bite with? Giudice Barricini! remember the second of August! Remember the bloody pocket-book in which you wrote with your forger's hand! My father had booked your debt in it; your sons have paid it. I give you a receipt in full, old Barricini!"

With her arms folded, and a scornful smile on her lips, Colomba looked on while the two corpses were carried into the house of her enemies, after which the crowd slowly dispersed. She then closed her door, and going back to the parlour, she said to the colonel,

"I heartily beg pardon of you, sir, for my countrymen: never could I have supposed that Corsicans would fire on a house where there were strangers; I blush for my country."

In the evening, Miss Nevil having retired to her chamber, the colonel followed her thither, and asked her if they would not do well to take their departure the next day from a village where one ran the risk every moment of receiving a ball in the head, and to quit with all possible speed a country where nothing was to be seen but murder and treachery.

It was some time before Miss Nevil replied, and it was evident her father's proposal caused her no little embarrassment. At last she said—

"How could we think of quitting this unfortunate girl at a moment when she stands in such need of comfort and support? Don't you think, papa, it would be very cruel on our part?"

"It is on your account I speak, my dear," said the colonel; "if I knew that you were safe in the hotel at Ajaccio, I assure you I should be sorry to quit this infernal island without having shaken hands with that brave fellow, della Rebbia."

"Well, papa, let us wait a little longer, and make ourselves perfectly certain before we go that we cannot render them any service."

"Good girl!" said the colonel, kissing his daughter's forehead. "I like to see you thus disregarding your own comforts to soothe the misfortunes of others. Let us stay then. No one ever has reason to repent having done a good act."

Miss Nevil tossed about in her bed unable to sleep. Sometimes she thought the vague sounds she heard announced an attack on the house; sometimes, reassured as to her own safety, she thought of the poor wounded sufferer, stretched probably at that hour on the cold ground, without other aid than such as he might derive from the charity of a bandit. She pictured him to herself covered with blood, writhing in anguish; and, what is strange, every time Orso's image presented itself to her mind, he appeared to her always such as she had seen him at the moment of his departure from Ajaccio, pressing the talisman she had given him to his lips. Then she thought of his bravery. She said to herself that it was for her sake, to see her a little sooner, he had exposed himself to the terrible danger he had just escaped; it wanted but a little more and she would have persuaded herself that it was in her defence Orso had got a broken arm. She reproached herself for his wound, but she admired him for it the more; and if the famous right and left shot had not as much merit in her eyes as in those of Brandolaccio and Colomba, she was, nevertheless, of opinion, that few heroes of romance would have displayed so much intrepidity and so much coolness in a moment of such extreme peril.

The bedroom she occupied was Colomba's. On the wall, over a sort of oak oratory, and beside a holy palm, hung a miniature of Orso in the uniform of a sous-lieutenant. Miss Nevil took the miniature down, contemplated it earnestly and long, and at last laid it down beside her bed instead of putting it back in its place. It was near daybreak when

she fell asleep, and the sun had risen high above the horizon when she awoke. Before her bed stood Colomba, waiting motionless till she should open her eyes.

"Well, mademoiselle, you fare but badly, I fear, in our poor house," said Colomba. "I am afraid you have hardly slept."

"Have you had any news of him, my dear?" said Miss Nevil, sitting up.

Her eye lighted on Orso's portrait, and she hastily threw her handkerchief over it to conceal it.

"Yes, I have news of him," said Colomba, smiling. Then taking up the miniature, "Do you think it a good likeness?" she said, "He is better looking than that."

"Dear me!" said Miss Nevil, quite confused. "I took it down without thinking. . . . I have a sad habit of touching every thing, and settling nothing. —How is your brother?"

"Pretty well. Giocanto came here before four o'clock this morning. He brought me a letter,— for you, Miss Nevil; Orso has not written to me. To be sure there is on the address, To Colomba; but underneath, For Miss N——. Sisters are not jealous. Giocanto says he suffered a great deal in writing it. Giocanto, who is a superb penman, offered to write at his dictation, but my brother would not hear of it. He wrote with a pencil, lying on his back. Brandolaccio held the paper. My brother was every moment striving to rise up, and then the least movement caused him shocking pain in his arm. It was piteous, Giocanto said. Here is his letter.

Miss Nevil read the letter, which was written in English, no doubt from excess of caution. It ran thus:

"Mademoiselle,—An unfortunate fatality has fallen upon me. I know not what my enemies will say, or what calumnies they will invent; it matters little to me, if you, mademoiselle, do not give them credit. From the time I became acquainted with you, I had lapped myself in idle dreams. It needed the shock of this catastrophe to wake me from my folly: I am rational now. I know the future that is before me, and it will find me resigned. That ring you gave, and which I regarded as a talisman of happiness, I dare no longer keep. I fear, Miss Nevil, you repent of having bestowed your gift so ill, or rather, I fear its recalling to my mind the time when I was mad. Colomba will return it to you.—Farewell, mademoiselle, you are about to quit Corsica, and I shall never see you again; but say to my sister, that I still possess your esteem. I am bold to say I still deserve it.

"O. D. R."

Miss Nevil had turned aside to read this letter, and Colomba, who stood watching her attentively, handed her the Egyptian ring with a look that asked what it all meant. But Miss Nevil dared not look up, but fixed her eyes sadly on the ring, which she drew on and off her finger alternately.

"Dear Miss Nevil," said Colomba, "may I not know what my brother says to you? Does he say how he is?"

"Why," said Miss Nevil, blushing, "he does not say any thing about it.—His letter is in English.— He bids me tell my father.—He hopes the prefect will be able to settle—"

Colomba smiling slily sat down on the bed, took hold of both Miss Nevil's hands, and bending her keen eyes upon her, "Will you be good natured?" she said. "You will answer my brother's letter, will you not? It will do him so much good. I was about to waken you when his letter arrived, but I thought it better not."

"You were very wrong," said Miss Nevil, "if a line from me could——"

"Just now I cannot send him any letters. The prefect is come, and Pietranera is full of his men. By and by we will see what can be done. Oh! if you knew my brother, Miss Nevil, you would love him as I do. He is so good! So brave! Only think of what he did! Alone against two, and wounded!"

The prefect was come back. Having received an express from the adjunct, he had arrived, accompanied by gendarmes and voltigeurs, and bringing with him, moreover, the procureur du roi and his suite, to make inquiries as to the last crowning catastrophe in the feud between the families of Pietranera. Shortly after his arrival, he saw Colonel Nevil and his daughter, and did not conceal from them his fears that the affair would take an ugly turn. "You know," he said, "that the fight took place without witnesses, and so well established was the reputation of the two unfortunate young men for skill and courage, that no one will believe M. della Rebbia can have killed them without the aid of the bandits, with whom they say he has taken refuge."

"It is impossible," cried the colonel: "Orso della Rebbia is a brave and honourable lad. I will answer for him."

"I believe it," said the prefect, "but the procureur du roi (these gentlemen are always suspicious) does not appear to me very favourably disposed. He has in his hands a document that tells badly for your friend, a threatening letter to Orlanduccio, in which he assigns him a rendezvous, and in the procureur du roi's opinion that rendezvous looks like an ambuscade."

"This Orlanduccio," said the colonel, "refused to fight like a man of honour."

"It is not the custom here. People lie in wait and kill from behind, such is the fashion of the country. There is, to be sure, one favourable deposition, that of a child, who states she heard four reports, the last two of which were louder than the others, and must have been made by a gun with a wide bore like M. della Rebbia's. Unfortunately, the child is the niece of one of the bandits who is suspected of being implicated in the affair, and has had her lesson taught her."

"Monsieur," said Miss Nevil, blushing to the

whites of her eyes, "we were on the road when the shots were fired, and we heard the same thing."

"Indeed? That is important. And you, colonel, of course you made the same remark?"

"Yes," said Miss Nevil, eagerly, "it was my father, who is familiar with arms, that said, 'There's M. della Rebbia firing with the gun I gave him.'"

"And those shots you recognised were decidedly the last?"

"The last two. Was it not so, papa?"

The colonel had not a very good memory; but it was not his way on any occasion to contradict his daughter.

"We must talk of this to the procureur du roi, colonel. We expect a surgeon too this evening, who will examine the bodies, and ascertain if the wounds were inflicted with the weapon in question."

"It was I gave it to Orso," said the colonel, "I wish it had been at the bottom of the sea—that is—the brave lad! I am very glad he had it, for, but for my Manton, I hardly know how he would have come off."

[*To be continued.*]

VICTOR, LE BEAU COCHER.

I.

The details in the following narrative formed, for two or three successive evenings, the subject of animated, but desultory conversation in the well-remembered circle of Montgardat. The interruptions were so frequent, partly from the great interest felt in the story by some of those present, who had known the parties, that it is impossible to relate it as it was then told, and as I noted it down at the time. I have, therefore, thrown it into a connected form, and added a few circumstances which afterwards came to my knowledge.

It may, perhaps, still be remembered, that many years ago, at a time when the Parisian system of police had not been carried to that degree of perfection which it has since attained, attacks on person and property were extremely frequent, and the public mind for a long time kept fearfully awake, by a prolonged succession of almost nightly reiterated assassinations, accompanied with robbery, which, from their frequency and the manner of their occurrence, seemed the result of a deliberate and extensive plot. In addition to the victims openly discovered, numerous persons too—and these of no inferior rank—had disappeared under circumstances of mystery, that for the moment completely set at fault the speculations of private ingenuity and administrative sagacity. No one had hitherto escaped to tell his tale, or afford the slightest clue to the perpetrators of these acts, or the system which they were apparently directed on. The events, I am about to give a sketch of, at length furnished one.

The carnival of 18— was at its close; it had been the most brilliant and lively that had taken place of many years. Masked and fancy balls were the rage, and whoever knows the Parisians, will understand to what extent these rages are carried with them. The different theatres vied with each other in splendour of decoration, variety of entertainment, and attraction of every description. The opera, however, bore away the palm, and was, consequently, night after night the rendezvous of all the beauty, rank, and fashion in the metropolis; for then it was not only correct, but even quite "de bon ton," for the aristocratic and higher classes to be present at and take an active part in those amusements. Now the custom is wholly obsolete; there is even an idea of strong impropriety attached to it. The last ball particularly, from which we date the opening of our tale, was got up in a style of magnificence that surpassed every thing previously attempted, even in that temple of pleasure. All that could flatter eye, ear, or imagination, was collected and united in exhaustless profusion; and teeming crowds of the rich, the noble, and the beautiful, thronged its glittering halls till they seemed (if one may be allowed to use the expression) to swell and burst around. Many accidents of course occurred from pressure, heat, and confusion; many were the fair forms that appeared there for the last time, and then, but to carry away the germs of disease and death.

In an assemblage so numerous, composed, in a great measure, of the picked and chosen among the already select, though extensive world, called "good," it would have been difficult to assign first places—and still more so the first place of loveliness and distinction; in fact, where there were so many pressing claims, and each so bewildering, that it was absolutely impossible to decide which was the one that ought to prevail over others—which the witching being that should be made the reigning divinity. Let it suffice to say, that the youthful Countess Olga Weminski, whose name will often occur in these pages, was remarked above all, where all were remarked; and seldom, indeed, had nature formed, or art perfected, a work of beauty and grace that more deserved that the eye should dwell on it, and that mind and heart should alike be spell-bound while gazing. She had been married some months before, being then scarcely seventeen, to the Count Albert Weminski, colonel of one of the regiments of the Polish Legion, who, on the first overthrow of Napoleon, had quitted the army, and, realizing his property, come to reside in his adopted country. He was not many years her senior, a man of striking personal appearance, amiable character, and bland engaging manners;—loving her with so much the more devotedness of affection, as their union had met with many obstacles, but violent and ungovernable in passion when roused; and, at intervals, the kind world added, (for once not without good reason,) immeasurably jealous of his charming wife. Such was the Colonel Weminski, than whom a nobler heart, a more fiery daring soul, his brothers in arms unanimously agreed, had never led them on to danger and tri-

umph. It is needless to add, he was universally beloved and respected by them.

A detailed account of the festivity, of its various scenes and display—now stately and pompous, now lively and amusing, now ludicrous and burlesque—would be quite foreign to my purpose. Many *quadrilles historiques*, many of the pageant representations, in which the artists belonging to the establishment took a principal share, went off with great success; a number of characters, too, were ably supported by the spectators; above all, the dresses, with few exceptions, were uniformly appropriate, and splendid in the extreme. Almost every one was irreproachable in this particular;—yet here again the Countess Olga was the most distinguished, and shone supremely among the rest. She appeared as a Fairy Queen, and whether it was in reality the richness of her chastely correct attire, its perfect harmony and keeping with the sylphid figure it covered, or the dazzling blaze of the diamonds which adorned it, but few of the most gorgeous, to be seen flitting around on every side, could be with justice named in comparison.

Weminski felt proud and happy at the general impression she created, yet, by a contradiction no less natural than seemingly strange, could not, even at the moment of his highest enjoyment of her triumph, avoid yielding himself up to the influence of a deep and pleasure-destroying pang, arising from the misgivings of his jealous spirit. 'Tis true, they were not wholly without motive, even to a person of less susceptible temperament in his regard. He had observed several times during the evening, hovering about the countess, and watching her every movement, a mask, habited in a Spanish costume of the most surperb and costly description; so much so as to attract the eyes of all beholders; his sword-hilt, girdle, and buckles were studded with jewels; he wore a massive chain of richly wrought gold, ornamented in the same manner; altogether, if he were not the most suitably, he was certainly by far the most richly dressed man in the room. He had more than once solicited Madame Weminski's hand for the dance, and had been, from whatever cause, with some hesitation refused. This apparent embarrassment did not fail to strike Weminski, and he immediately began to brood over it; he now thought he recollected something in the stranger's mien and gesture—even in his voice, though counterfeit, which was not wholly unfamiliar to him: this suspicion was confirmed on the former's second approach to engage the countess for the next quadrille. Decidedly there were one or two accents of that voice, which he recognized, which caused him—which caused the countess involuntarily to start—she knew not exactly why; perhaps, because her husband seemed moved. Weminski saw this, and was miserable. Who was it? Who could it be? He knew not—he remembered not—but he felt, and his countenance expressed the thought, "that man and I have been friends or foes somewhere." Perhaps Olga could help his memory? Accordingly, the poor countess, who saw the struggle swelling in his breast, was questioned over and over again—each time becoming more confused, more ill at ease than before, as she noted her husband's agitation and ill-concealed emotion—all this was food for the "monster," and sorely did Weminski writhe beneath his grasp. He longed, he was on thorns, yet he feared to leave her for a moment, in order to glean, from his friends and acquaintances, any information they could give respecting the Spaniard. Uneasy curiosity, the self-inflicted urgings of anxiety, at length prevailed, and he on two occasions tore himself from her side for a few minutes, leaving her safe, as he thought, in the centre of a group they had encountered. His eye did not quit her however; and he saw from some distance, with indescribable sentiments of anger and suspicion, that each time, the object of his inquiries had almost immediately advanced, and was endeavouring to engage Madame Weminski in conversation. Turning abruptly away, he joined the company, and offering her his arm, led her, sick at heart, trembling, and more dead than alive, as she marked his fearful looks and lowering brow, to another part of the room; his friendly acquaintances, of course, charitably raising their eyes the while, and exclaiming, half aloud—"What a pity!"

This was too much to be borne, at least too much for the gentle frame and spirit of Olga; she walked for some time listlessly and mechanically about—answering at random, almost unconsciously, his eager questions—every moment becoming more feeble and overpowered, and at length sinking with distress of mind, fatigue, and dizziness, she asked him to conduct her home, a request which he gladly complied with.

Several parties, tired with the crowd and heat, had already left, and a few more were endeavouring to leave; but not having calculated on retiring so early, they had not ordered their vehicles and servants to be in readiness, and these gentry, happy at the opportunity, were occupied in celebrating their carnival elsewhere. Many, having waited some time, gave up in despair, and returned to the ball; a few remained, among them Olga and Weminski—determined to put up with the inconvenience of the vilest hackney coach, if it could be found, rather than again expose themselves to suffer what they severally had suffered. Their patience was put to the test: nearly three quarters of an hour passed without the appearance of any kind of conveyance; the greater number of those who stood in chilly expectation in the vestibule, went again up stairs. Those who still continued to brave its cold atmosphere, were now reduced to two groups, the one consisting of Olga and Weminski, the other of an old gentleman, the Marquis de ——, and three ladies, who seemed equally desirous to get away; every moment increased the impatience of both parties. Weminski determined at last, to go out himself and seek for a carriage, leaving his lady, of course, alone in the interval: he had scarcely descended the entrance steps, when he perceived one, a hired coach

of good appearance, approaching, and immediately sprung forward to secure it; another person, whom he had not hitherto taken notice of, made a similar precipitate movement at the same instant, and they arrived together beside the horses. To his surprise and rage, he now saw it was the Spaniard; he could no longer contain himself.

"You here again!" he cried in an insulting tone, "the carriage is mine, you dare not take it."

"What I dare shall soon be seen," replied the stranger, and throwing himself on the short reins, he seized them fast. In the hurry and suddenness of the movement, his mask fell, and Weminski, who was rushing forward to arrest his hand—to strike him down perhaps—he knew not well himself, such was the blind impetuosity of his impulse at the moment, absolutely recoiled, and stood for a few seconds as it were stunned, as he staringly saw and scanned the features of his opposer, now plainly distinguishable in the strong glare of a reflector that shone full upon them. "De Renzio!" he exclaimed, when sufficiently master of himself to utter the words. "Yes, De Renzio—Weminski, and what then? Any thing further? Why stop in such good speed?"

"Nothing, Marquis—my dear Marquis, I mean," replied the latter to his questioner, seeing that a crowd of loitering bystanders, attracted by those few words pronounced in a tone not to be mistaken, was already collecting about them. "Nothing but *this*," he added in a suppressed tone of hatred and defiance, lowering his voice: the rest was said in a whisper to the person he had named, and whom we shall have to know as De Renzio.

"'Tis well," answered the latter, as if unable to restrain a feeling of satisfaction. "Thanks, my best thanks, you have forestalled my wishes."

"This morning at seven."

"Good."

"Meantime," (changing his manner altogether,) "let us not keep these poor ladies waiting, and perishing with cold—who is to have the carriage?"

"Monsieur le Comte Weminski, and not one else," exclaimed a voice from the box; "he was first to hail me, and, even if he were not, I should give him the preference. "Besides," continued the speaker, "here comes a fellow of mine. Halloo—I say! Brison! fare here!—so let there be no quarrel, gentlemen."

"Ah, 'tis you, Victor," said Weminski, looking upwards, and recognizing the voice, "so much the better; come this way.—Don't forget," he continued to De Renzio, who was hastening towards the other carriage.

"Forget!" echoed his adversary, (for now we may fully consider him as such,) through his closed and grinding teeth—"forget!"

It will be necessary to say a few words here of the individual whose name is prefixed to our story, and is now for the first time introduced to the reader's notice. Victor S—— was a young man of not very obscure birth, nor humble expectations, who had been remarked from his earliest years, as well for the extraordinary symmetry of his person, cast in every respect, his parents often boasted, after the antique mould, as for the promptness of his wit, and aptness of his intellect. To learn, cost him neither effort nor the slightest labour; unfortunately, however, to the injury, and final unprofitableness, of all those brilliant qualities, he was incorrigibly idle and indolent; his natural tastes and propensities driving him unresistingly on in search of pleasure and excitement, wherever and however they were to be found. The inevitable consequence was, that after having tried various pursuits, and been, through his own fault, unsuccessful in all, he was at last obliged, his means being squandered away, to offer his services as a domestic; and in this capacity had been employed for some time in the household of Colonel Weminski. His ill conduct and irregularities, an intrigue with one of the *cameristes*, had driven him thence, much to the colonel's regret, who liked him for his boldness and ready effrontery; he had been offered, even then, one or two situations by persons less scrupulously rigid than his former master, in the domestic economy of their establishments, but after having, in the first instance, quickly assented, he as suddenly declined, choosing, he said, the enjoyment of his own independence before ever other advantage. He was now, as has been already seen, enrolled among the brethren of the whip; and both by the force of his natural abilities, his often tried physical strength and dexterity, and the influence of his personal appearance and manner, managed to maintain great mastery among them; to that degree, that scarcely any one ventured to compete with him or dispute his will; thus, like other conquerors and great men, he had acquired a distinction apart—a surname—and was at last, at the time we mention, generally known by the title of "le beau cocher," or "Victor, le beau cocher."

We left our principal personages at the door of the opera. Victor obeyed his employer's orders; the marquis had not been idle, and both coaches drew up nearly at the same moment, De Renzio's in advance, however.

It so happened that Weminski, probably not wishing to bring Olga in contact with the object of his dislike and detestation, delayed until De Renzio had ushered out, and seated his party, the three ladies and elderly gentleman, before he went to seek her. The ladies insisted on De Renzio's accompanying them, assuring him they could easily make room.

"No, not at all—by no means," he answered, "I shall only inconvenience you; the night is cold; a walk will do me good; by taking the Rue de ——, I shall be home in less than ten minutes." So saying, he bade them farewell, and wrapping his cloak about him, stepped briskly forward in the direction he had pointed out: his friends immediately drove away in somewhat a different one. Weminski now returned to the vestibule, and quickly returned, leading out the countess, much to her delight, for she had noted the motions of her Spanish persecutor, the cause of all their evening's unhappiness,

and was filled with vague apprehension lest any thing untoward should be the result of his again encountering her husband. He handed her in, and got in himself without speaking, except to say "home" to Victor, who, in the interim, had been parleying with one or two of the lookers-on at the scene which had just occurred, and the abrupt termination of which seemed to disappoint them extremely.

Weminski paid no attention to a circumstance too insignificant to call for notice; he was besides too much wrapped up in the gloomy musings his own mind had made for itself. The horses were set in motion, and they were soon proceeding quickly onwards.

At length, for the first time since she had entered that place of amusement, where instead of finding pleasure she had suffered nothing but poignant uneasiness and anguish, freed from the constraint of public gaze, Olga could at last yield to all the agony of the feelings that swelled and throbbed within her, and totally overwhelmed by their intensity, she had only strength to throw herself on her husband's breast and burst into tears. At the sight of her affliction, all his love, his tenderness, his idolatry revived in a moment; he cursed himself as a fool, and a wretch, and gave way to the most passionate demonstrations. He forgot his anger, his jealousy, everything, but the weeping being before him, and used every means his affection could inspire, to comfort and console her. In the midst of his endearments, casting his eyes by chance on one side of the way, they met the figure of De Renzio, whom the carriage had just then overtaken; this view gave him a momentary pang, and revulsion of feeling, which as immediately disappeared before the imploring looks of his suffering wife. Violent emotions by their very strength exhaust themselves quickly, and they had both been in a short time able to regain a tolerable share of composure, when Weminski perceived that the driver had slackened his pace, and was now merely at a walk; he fancied too, the street through which they were passing, now becoming, at each step, more narrow and dark, was not the usual thoroughfare he was accustomed to. Letting down the glass in front, he made the observation somewhat angrily to Victor.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Comte," the latter replied, with obsequious submission, "but I cannot make better haste; my poor horses are jaded, they have been at work since daylight yesterday; as to the way I am taking, it is a short cut to the hotel, you'll find it so."

Weminski, quite satisfied, was in the act of raising up the blind, when an outcry from a short distance behind, caught his ear.

"Help!—murder!—assassins!—help!"—was vociferated in an urgently piercing voice, and that voice De Renzio's!

A sudden, unaccountable shock and struggle seemed to agitate Weminski's frame.

"Open the door, let me down," he cried, breathlessly.

"The countess threw her arms about him. "Do not go," she almost shrieked in excess of terror, "do not go, Albert, do not leave me, they will murder you; stay, oh stay," forcibly detaining him.

"Don't stir, M. le Comte," exclaimed Victor, stopping suddenly, and jumping from his box at a bound, "don't stir, don't quit Madame la Comtesse; I'll deal with the ruffians." So saying, he rushed away, brandishing his loaded whip—it was then about three in the morning. * * *

Some hours afterwards, in the late forenoon of that day, strange rumours were pretty generally circulated in the aristocratic world; the Marquis de Renzio, it was said, with many additions and commentaries, had been waylaid and murdered on his return from the opera; the Count Weminski had been taken up, and was in prison, on suspicion of being the author of the crime; the Countess Olga Weminski had disappeared, and was no where to be found. As is generally the case in similar circumstances, some believed the news—others (these formed the greater number) smiled incredulously, convinced the whole was one of those thousand fabrications, daily invented by the idle for the amusement of the idle in a great city. A few, having had by some means wind of the dispute that had taken place, and the words of the provocation which closed it, asserted the fact, thus magnified, simply to be, that De Renzio had fallen that morning in a rencounter with Weminski; treating the disappearance of the countess as a fable. Whatever might be the true state of the case, there was a good deal of curiosity and speculation afloat, and all felt anxious to know it.

As the day wore away, the reports first spread assumed a more consistent shape; the inmates and domestics of the two establishments had been stirring—had been seen, had given the alarm—questioning and questioned. The old Marquis de —— had told all he knew, and surmised the worst, which too soon proved to be the sad and inexplicable reality. De Renzio *had* been assassinated, Colonel Weminski *was* accused and in custody, the countess *was* missing. To put an end to all doubts and uncertainties on the subject, (if any still remained,) the evening papers published, somewhat in the following terms, an authentic account of what had till that moment transpired from the investigations of the police, whose every effort and exertion were at work to fathom the secret of this deplorable catastrophe.

"A crime, or rather complication of crimes, of the most extraordinary and mysterious nature, has plunged several families of the Chaussée D'Antin and Faubourg St. Germain in mourning and consternation, and forms the principal topic of conversation there, and generally through town. It must, no doubt, tend still further to alarm the public mind, already so much and painfully excited by the incessant repetition of those deadly nocturnal attempts, which have for some months past afflicted our capital. The particulars of this occurrence, as we have been enabled to collect them, are these:—This morning,

towards the hour half-past three to four, the attention of a patrol, making its rounds in the vicinity of the Rue ——, was attracted by cries of distress proceeding from the further end of that street. On hastening to the spot, they found two persons in masquerade dress, the one (recognized to be the Marquis de Renzio) lying senseless and bleeding from several wounds,—the other, who immediately declared himself to be Colonel Comte Weminski, apparently just risen from the ground, his dress disordered and covered with blood, supporting himself against an adjoining doorway. He stated rapidly, and, as the commanding officer judged, rather confusedly, that returning from the opera with his lady, he had come to the assistance of the Marquis de Renzio, who had been attacked by assassins—that they had assailed himself in turn, and struck him down—he could recollect no more. The officer's suspicions (the sequel will prove how justly founded) now increased, particularly when, on sending two or three of his men in search of the carriage which the person calling himself Colonel Weminski asserted to be waiting further on, no carriage or trace of a carriage was to be found. Orders were immediately given to look to and secure that individual; they were not executed without considerable difficulty, as he offered the most violent resistance, vociferating alternately threats and supplications, demeaning himself altogether like one bereft of reason. All attention was now turned to the other wounded man, evidently about to breathe his last, whose consciousness had returned. On an effort being made to raise him up, and offer him any succour that might still be availing, he motioned them faintly to be left quiet—that all was over. Lieutenant S—— (whose zeal and entire conduct on this occasion we cannot sufficiently applaud) thought, that, under the circumstances, the ends of justice ought to be paramount before all others, and he, accordingly, in the immediate presence of his sergeant and two or three of his soldiers, essayed, with the utmost kindness and delicacy, to interrogate the unfortunate Renzio. At first, no reply, even by signs, was elicited; but when Lieutenant S—— caused the prisoner to be placed, well guarded, before him, the dying man made a sudden effort, raised his head, stared for a moment wildly about him, then, in answer to the well-timed question, '*Who?*' feebly gasped, in a hollow voice, pointing with his hand as he spoke, 'He—there—Weminski!' and fell back and expired as the words passed his lips.

"The countess, who had accompanied her husband to the opera, and was seen to quit it along with him in a hired coach, has not reappeared at the hotel, and is nowhere to be found; nor can the minutest trace, in spite of the most active researches of family and friends, aided by the strenuous exertion of the authorities, be discovered either of her or the driver, (an individual formerly in her service, since well known through town under the sobriquet of '*le beau cocher*,') or of the vehicle in which they had gone away. Any thing that can be surmised on the matter amounts to mere conjecture, and that conjecture most unfavourable to the accused. Not satisfied, it is insinuated, with the sacrifice of his enemy, (some say his successful rival in the affections of the countess, whom he is supposed to have loved to distraction, and been jealous of in the same degree,) he has found means, in vengeance, to make away with *her*, and bribe his accomplice, the person above alluded to under the mock title of '*le beau cocher*,' to silence and voluntary exile. There are not wanting many who go so far as to hint that this man, too, has been summarily disposed of. Altogether it has been seldom, perhaps never, our task to lay before our readers a case more enveloped on every side in mystery—more replete with all the elements of terror and of crime."

A paragraph to this effect was found in the afternoon papers of next day:—"We this moment learn that important disclosures have just been made in reference to the awful charge alluded to in our number of yesterday, in consequence of which, Colonel Weminski, after having undergone a lengthened examination, is fully committed for trial at the next assizes. Weminski, it would appear, says our authority, was jealous of his wife, and jealous of her in relation to the hapless De Renzio, against whom he likewise bore an inveterate ill feeling, originating in some cause not well ascertained, but which the progress of the judicial inquiry may probably bring to light. His suspicions, continues the same person, received partial confirmation on the evening of the masked ball, when he was observed to manifest them in no measured manner, and to give himself up unrestrainedly to demonstrations which seriously alarmed his friends then present. Leaving the theatre abruptly, he, all at once, on some frivolous pretext, fixed a quarrel on the marquis, appointing, at the instant, time and place for a meeting. He waited until he saw his antagonist depart on foot in a certain direction, through the Rue de ——, which was wholly deserted at that time, and was plainly overheard to give his coachman (an individual, as we have hinted, supposed to be wholly at his devotion) orders to follow and keep up with him—the rest is known. Strange to tell, ('tis our informant who still speaks,) neither money nor valuables of any description were found on De Renzio's person, though he had been conspicuous during the whole night for the richness of his disguise, which shone with the most costly jewels. It is supposed the accomplices of his murderer took occasion to rifle the dead body, as they thought. The light weapon, a mere sword of ceremony, which he wore, had been broken in his efforts of resistance; a portion of the blade was found lying beside him, and a few steps further on, a poignard, richly mounted, and bearing Weminski's arms! No intelligence whatever has been gained respecting the other presumed victim, or victims, up to the time we went to press; but the revelations of a person who had an opportunity of witnessing the greater part of the dreadful scene, and through personal fear, or the apprehension of being

himself implicated, made haste to escape from it, are spoken of as likely to afford considerable aid, both in this regard and the ensuring the satisfactory conviction of the offender."

II.

Matters remained in the same state for several days—still no tidings of the countess—still no news of Victor. Weminski was strictly immured as before, and watched with the utmost care. He was allowed to communicate with no one but his counsel, and a very few friends. To them he fearlessly asserted his innocence, and they believed him; but they seemed to apprehend the worst, and to be prepared for it. Public feeling, on the other hand, as the day of trial drew near, had taken a strong bias in a contrary direction; and his guilt to the general mind, was a thing beyond all doubt.

At an early hour on the morning of the appointed day, the various avenues leading to the "Palais de Justice" were literally blocked up by an eager crowd, composed for the greater part, not of the common-place, emotion-seeking class, but of the select, the refined, and the fashionable. The applications for reserved tickets had been innumerable, and it was found impossible to comply with even a tenth of them. The favoured few were at their post long before the proceedings commenced, and the space allotted to the bar was filled to overflowing with its most eminent members. The moment the doors opened, every crevice became crowded, while lengthened lines of heads remained outside, attentively watching to catch even a glimpse, a breath, a sound of what was going forward. Altogether, such a scene of intense interest and excitement had not, for a long period, been witnessed within the precincts of those walls, that had so often been startled by the frightful records of human abandonment, sin, and misery. On a table below the bench, in front of the spectators, was seen a spread-out bundle, composed of the clothes, still soiled with blood, which De Renzio wore when he was discovered in a dying state, a fragment of his broken sword, and a dagger—the accusing dagger—by which he was supposed to have perished. Three quarters of an hour passed away in busy expectation; at length the court sat—the jury was called over—and the president gave orders to introduce the prisoner. All eyes were instantly rivetted on him;—he shrank not—he bent not—he bowed not beneath the "million's gaze;" though evidently feeble and faint—so changed too—so wan, so wo-stricken, that the friends, who had known him longest and most nearly, could with difficulty at first recognize in the gray-haired, sallow, aged-looking man before them, the formerly noble figure and fine manly features of the soldier Weminski. His eye only was unaltered, his attitude and bearing erect and unbending as before; his step too, as walking calmly forward between his guards, he took his place in the dock, were he pacing the ground at a review before battle in front of his regiment, could not have been more stately and commanding. An indistinct murmur of admiration and pity ran through the crowd. Could such a man be guilty of the atrocious acts imputed to him? was the question which every one inwardly asked himself. Alas! the proofs and damning testimonies were conclusive.

My readers may not, perhaps, be aware of the forms observed in a French criminal court. I shall, in consequence, beg leave to make a few remarks on the subject. In the first place, previous to any public investigation, the accused and witnesses undergo a private one, before the examining magistrate. Their deposition is carefully taken down in writing, and produced when they are interrogated afresh on the same points, and compared with their former testimony. The jury being sworn—a formality hurried through, even in a still less impressive manner than with us, each juror in turn merely holding up his hand, and affirming, rather than swearing, he will judge "in his soul and conscience according to the truth, and nothing but the truth," —the indictment is read, and the examination of witnesses commences, generally opening by that of the prisoner at the bar. The official accuser (*avocat du roi*) next speaks in support of the charge; the opposing counsel presents the defence. The public prosecutor replies, if he thinks fit, the prisoner's advocate rejoins, and the president sums up. He then puts the question to the jury in writing, and, according to the tenor of their verdict, which the majority of two-thirds of the whole body suffices to render valid, the officer of the crown grounds his conclusions, and sentence is passed accordingly. It must be remarked, however, that the court, as well as the jury, possesses a great latitude in the application and measure of punishment; it being frequently in the power of the former, by the manner in which the principal or subsidiary questions are put; and of the latter, by the terms in which their reply is couched, materially to alter, and, in many cases, to render nugatory, the very dispositions of their verdict, as regards the criminality of the individual whom it condemns, and the enactments of the law which allot the degree of penalty incurred. Sentence being passed, it does not necessarily follow, that the punishment awarded, even in the most clearly proved capital cases, will be carried into execution. There still remain two chances for the culprit—an appeal to the superior jurisdiction of the "*Cour de Cassation*," presented in the limited delay of the three next ensuing days after judgment, and based, either on the facts and circumstances submitted during trial, or the breach of legal formalities. This step, even if it be unsuccessful, will have at the worst for result, to procure a delay in giving effect to the decree of the court, extending to the space of forty days. The second resource consists in addressing a petition to the crown, backed, if possible, by influential recommendations, claiming the intervention of its prerogative of mercy. Should both means fail, sentence is executed forthwith, the moment the authentic papers, confirmatory of the fact, reach the hands of the proper authorities.

[*To be continued.*]

SMOKE;

OR, WHO WAS IT LOOKED OUT OF THAT DOOR?

A Piece of Personal History.

BY PHILIP BLANDFORD.

It was about six o'clock of a fine summer's evening. The sky had many clouds in it, but the sun was so strong that it seemed to give them the most picturesque colours, and, whether it might have been an indirect effect of it or not, certain it is, that their forms were equally beautiful. The air was deliciously warm and serene, and the tall gables, of all tints, marked with the multitudinous shadows of their carvings, with the intermixture of beams, and with projecting cornices, knotted with grotesque heads and protruding leaden waterspouts, or *gargoyles*, as they are called in Gothic architecture—these tall gables of an ancient Dutch town, rose up, crowned with glittering weathercocks, in the air, with many chimneys peering behind them, from one of which the thin blue smoke ascended in a slender longitudinal column, with the appearance of a fairy vapour, in the sapphire hue of the soft sky.

Now this thin column of smoke formed, as he slowly and painstakingly paced up the street, an object of peculiar curiosity and speculation to a solid-looking man, Dutch in every sense of the word, that is, all cloak and unmentionables.

For,

Strange as it sounds, this Dutchman, was in love, as even Dutchmen will occasionally be, and he was wondering, and wondering very naturally, since in that particular house, to which that precise chimney belonged, resided the Dutch maiden, whose name happened to be Trüdchen Oldburtz, to whom he was devoted, and who had given him sundry assurances of unalterable attachment, and promised that she would never be any other than Reichel Cautwittchauff's, which, as it happened, also, was this Dutch gallant's name.

Now,

Reichel Cautwittchauff, in the true Dutch fashion, indulging a notorious Netherlandish predilection, was smoking a Dutch pipe; which fact supplies reason for wondering that there should have been any displeasure on his part, seeing that he countenanced the habit himself, at that chimney in particular smoking,—seeing also that the vapour was issuing from it as gently and placidly as any one, not having an interest in its not proceeding from it at all, could possibly desiderate.

But,

Reichel, though a Dutchman, was unfortunately of a suspicious, and a jealous disposition, and he hardly liked, to confess a truth, that these indications of good cheer, for the fire from which that smoke proceeded, (since the old adage declares that there never was, nor is, nor shall be, smoke without fire,) could not possibly be lighted for warmth—I say he did not like that all this should be seen when he was absent from, and when he had no foreknowledge of what was going on in, the house to which these ominous signs were incontestably the index. He was a man of short stature, but appearing as if he were so only by accident, for, in his instance, nature seemed to have had the intention of elaborating a long man, but, in some fit of absence of mind, or having been somehow diverted from her purpose, she made the mistake of causing him to grow outward—horizontally, in fact, instead of perpendicularly, which latter, in the growth of men and poplar-trees, is certainly the most natural, as it is presumed to be the most desirable direction. His face was broad, and, though perhaps not quite as flat as a board, still so flat, that a board, with a small indentation for a nose, would have exactly fitted it. He had small eyes, like glass bugles, and a double chin. Spite of these peculiarities, his visage was not uncomely. He wore capacious nether garments, and a curious square cut cloak, which gave him the appearance, when looked at from behind, of a man cut out of pasteboard.

That was the man.

As he advanced up the street, catching the sight of that which was proceeding from the chimney, he gravely paused, opened his eyes, and took the pipe from his mouth, ejecting the smoke. After he had done the latter, he slowly shook his head as if he could not understand the meaning of it. His abstraction was evidently great, for he shortly afterwards, standing in the same position in which he had fixed himself at his first descrying that marvel, put again his pipe into his mouth, but unfortunately he had turned it in his hand, and it was the wrong end, which he only discovered when his mouth was filled with smoke and it was rushing out of his nostrils. Half choked, tears rushed to his eyes, he became red in the face, until a hearty cough shook his solidity, and his gravity, at the same time, to its centre, dispelled the smoke in all directions, and relieved him.

He took out his pocket handkerchief, which was a printed cotton one, adorned with ships and anchors, about as large as the foresail of a Flemish galliot, and therewith he wiped his face. His mind somewhat misgave him about that smoke, though he could scarcely give himself a reason for it—at least, a sensible one, though an insensible one, to a man of his peculiar way of thinking, which was so peculiar, that people were puzzled to make out whether it was any thing or not, might have done just as well. Heaving a profound sigh, which might as much have been construed as arising from the discovery, which he that instant made, that his tobacco box was empty, as his disturbed state of mind, he again put himself in motion, and went slowly sailing up the street, with as much ponderous dignity as a state barge.

Thus thought he at the moment,

"Every day, for four summers, have I come up this street, at much about this same time:—yes. And I have never seen smoke come from any of those chimneys, much less from that particular chimney, yet:—yes. This bodes something:—

yes. That bodes something. That smoke is not seen for nothing:—no. Ahem!"

Having come to this sound and palpable conclusion, Reichel Cautwittchauff looked up with the air of a man who had relieved his mind of a weight. As if, actually, there was some satisfaction in finding out that there was a positive reason for his jealousy. That there should be this peculiar feeling —a feeling which approaches in character nearly to that of enjoyment—in arriving at a certainty that you are miserable, is certainly strange enough, but it is none the less true on that account.

And all this disturbance of mind—all the rumplings of his cloak which were the consequence of it, and all the running of his fingers up and down the buttons of his jerkin, to come of a little smoke seen proceeding from a chimney by an even-tempered—plain-sailing Dutchman.

But circumstances in themselves are nothing, an incident—*per se*—merely an incident. It is in that which goes with circumstances—that which is implied by them that we must look for the impelling force—for the disturbing power. It is the luminous cloud which surrounds the nucleus, which lights our mind and shows us the dreary images which fill it. Reichel saw something which hinted something else, which was as clear to his mind as that two and two are four, and which followed as naturally that which went before, as one link of a chain succeeds another.

In great perturbation of mind was Reichel Cautwittchauff, and he suddenly discovered that his cloak was a great deal too warm for him. So he tried to unbutton it, but, whether owing to the confusion of his mind or not, certain it is, that he had great difficulty in freeing himself from it, for it seemed as if the instant he had unbuttoned one button and had gone down to the next to perform the like office upon it, that he must return up again and re-button the one that he had just unbuttoned. At this rate it certainly seemed as if he was never going to take off his cloak at all. At last he bethought himself of beginning from below, and, although it was very much like saying the alphabet backwards, nevertheless he did succeed, and, rolling up his cloak, he threw it over his arm.

Now,

Wishing to obtain some decided proof of what he suspected,—and he suspected so many things, that I am afraid I am in the same condition as the reader, and do not know what he suspected and what he did not,—

But,

Desirous of being in possession of conviction, Meinheer Cautwittchauff resolved on making a *reconnaissance*, as the French say, and therefore he cautiously advanced towards the house, on the same side of the way. He passed the parlour-window, the trellis lattices of which, composed of thin wire, were filled with some creeping plant, throwing its convoluted tendrils over, and intermixing them amongst, its reticulations in multudinous graceful scrolls and curling blossoms, like ringlets of fine hair intertwining through the golden network of an ancient female head-dress. Reichel was just stepping on to the door-stone, and his eyes were fixed on the green door with its bright metal handle, when that door slowly unclosed itself, as if by magic, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared, who had on his head a high black cap and a long feather in it. Reichel stood agape, just as much astonished at the suddenness of the apparition as at his instantaneous conviction that this gallant was a man he had never seen before. A man with a black cap, and a long feather in it, looking so familiarly out of the door of Trüdchen Oldbürtz!—the most reserved, and the quietest maiden in all Holland, and her father, Older Oldbürtz, a perfect hermit of solitude.

Truth to say, that feather, and that which was implied by that feather, which was

"The unkindest cut of all"—

betokening, too surely, a *cut* which Reichel was now convinced of, and which went to his very soul, stuck in his throat and choked his utterance. He had,

"Nor voice, nor breath."

He could no more open his mouth to speak, than if he had had a padlock on it. Recovering himself suddenly, he withdrew his head as if he were jerking it out of a mousetrap, he took off his steeple-crowned hat, and, in his uncontrollable vexation, though the action was ridiculous enough, and he was sensible that it was, jumped upon the crown. The street door closed like a spring, and, as he set it down then, closed upon his hopes for ever.

It may seem strange, after the foregoing, but it is none the less true, that six weeks afterwards the bells of this ancient Dutch town rang their heart out in celebration of the wedding of

A pair;

Which pair was Trudchen Oldbürtz, and Reichel Cautwittchauff. The fact is, that explanations had been come to, and such disclosures are made in an hour, much less in six weeks. Reichel found out that he had been driving himself to madness unnecessarily, for the long feather belonged to the hat of Trudchen's elder brother, who had just come home in his good ship, "Flyingkites," from a long voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and back again.

FLOWERS.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey drops; press not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.
George Herbert. 1593—1633.

OBLOQUY.

I fear'd the world and I were too acquainted;
I hope my fears are like her joys, but painted;
Had I not been a stranger, as I past,
Her bawling curs had never bark'd so fast.
Francis Quarles. 1592—1664.

Vanity is universal—and universally disowned.—*Thoughts*.—G. H. Lewes.

JOHN ROWLAND OTTIWELL.

The author of this tale was a man of original genius, who did not live long enough to develope the rich resources of his intellect and his imagination. Had he survived that period of life when the mind is engaged in garnering up stores, rather than pouring them out, he would have vindicated the justice of the highest eulogium which mourning friendship can pronounce over his early grave.

Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, John Rowland Ottiwell took a distinguished place at once amongst his contemporaries. His destination was at the bar, and long before he was called, he displayed considerable powers of eloquence in an "Historical Society," which was formed outside the walls of the University, to supply the place of that famous society which had been abolished within the walls, in consequence of the freedom of its discussions, and of which Curran, and North, and Foster, and many others afterwards honourably distinguished in public life, were conspicuous members. In the debates of the second Historical Society, Ottiwell took a leading part; and was remarkable for the affluence of his diction, the closeness of his reasoning, and the variety of his illustrations. Nor was he less distinguished as a poet and essayist. He published little, and rarely wrote any thing with a direct view to publication. The tendency of his genius led him rather to shun that sort of notoriety; which only increased the interest with which he was regarded by those who were well acquainted with his powers. With brilliant talents for society, his real passion was solitude. And this inward warfare between his tastes and the necessities of his position, helped to heighten his intellectual self-reliance, and to impart a sort of moody grandeur to his character.

His favourite author was Dante—a type of his own mental yearnings. Had he lived, time would have ripened his faculties into the production of some work worthy of an earnest disciple of the gloomy Florentine. But it was not to be. The spirit was too proud and enthusiastic for its bondage.

His literary reliques are slight, but full of beauty and intensity. We hope to gather them all into our columns. The following tale is peculiarly characteristic of the writer. He traces in it, with striking fidelity, some of those romantic scenes in the county of Wicklow which were so familiar to his boyhood, and which he so often traversed alone and on foot through all hours of the day and night. He took a passionate delight in excursions of that kind; the wildness of the adventure: the dangers to which a solitary man is exposed in the depths of those trackless mountains, in whose defiles so many fearful tragedies have been enacted; and the very perils of the storm in such desolate regions, possessed irresistible charms for him. He had great nerve, great resolution and energy, mental and physical, equal to the severest exigencies.

Whether the story related in the following narrative be actually true, we have no means of determining. But we have reason to believe that the incidents related in his own person have received no further embellishment from his pen, than the form in which they are drawn up rendered unavoidable. The descriptions of the approach to the county of Wicklow through the Dargle, of the impressions derived from the solitude of the mountains, of the magnificent panorama stretched out at the foot of the Long Hill, of Lough Dan, and of the tempest amongst the hills, have never been exceeded in accuracy and force. Judy of Round-wood has become a sort of historical character; and the picture of the interior of the kitchen-parlour of the mountain auberge, of which she was the presiding genius, is a setting worthy of her renown. The story itself has a touch of the vivid colouring of Salvator Rosa; but it is, perhaps, on that account all the more thoroughly Irish.

THE MURDERER'S DEATH.

BY JOHN ROWLAND OTTIWELL.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I left Dublin for the county of Wicklow. The day was sultry: fitter for Jamaica than Ireland.

One found me at ——: poor Mrs. —— saw me from the window, and met me at the door with a kind welcome, and a smile that she wished to be a cheerful one, but it made me sigh; she looked pale and careworn, and no wonder, her lot is indeed a hard one; her kind friends and relations, however, look on like the Levite, and pass by on the other side, satisfying themselves with the reflection, that it was her own choice. Let me except her aunt, old lady P——, she is a good Samaritan indeed.

On my way to Kilgobbin Castle and its most Irish village, Step-aside, I met with a civility unexpected so near the metropolis. An elderly gentleman driving past me with a dashing equipage drew up, and offered me a seat in his carriage; I declined his offer, for I am luckily a pedestrian from choice as well as necessity; however, as we happened to be at the foot of a somewhat steep ascent, he alighted, and joining me, we entered into conversation: he was a sensible, well-informed man, and we parted, I believe, with a mutual desire to meet again, at least I can answer for myself.

At the entrance to the Dargle, I met Miss M——

and her uncle, riding so slowly that I could not avoid joining them. Now if there is any thing that annoys us pedestrians in the superlative degree, it is meeting fine acquaintances on public roads. On mountains, or in glens, by waterfalls, or lakes, it is all as it should be; our jackets and straw hats look picturesque and are in keeping; we have a chance of being put in a picture if not in a book; if we are ugly, we look like banditti, if handsome, like shepherds or poets; but on a dusty road, while our more fortunate fellow-travellers whirl past us in their carriages, or charge by us on their steeds, we cut an itinerant, vagabond figure, besmeared with dust, overtopped and outstripped as we are by every one, from the peer to the carter. Let me do justice, however, to the parties in question: they had too much politeness either to dash by with a flying salute, shaking the dust off their feet in testimony against me at every bound, or to make a dead halt as if they were condoling with a cripple, so that in spite of my sensitive pedestrian vanity we sauntered together through the Dargle very agreeably. Now I am not going to inflict upon you for a hundreth time the description of that celebrated glen: if you want to read about it, and never be the wiser for your pains, go study Sir John, or any other Irish tourist; if you want to know what it is, go and visit it.

A pleasant, shady road, varied with snatches of woodland scenery, and mountain view, led me to a sequestered and romantic cottage in the valley of Powerscourt, the residence of near and dear relatives. I love to take my friends by surprise, especially in the course of my solitary rambles: when the mind's eye as well as the body's is tired with many a mile of weary thought and silent contemplation, the quick look of joyful welcome, or that sweetest of all music, the voice of a dear friend, is like the first glimpse of a fountain in the desert, or the song of a bird after a sleepless night.

The solitude of mountains is not melancholy, it fills the mind with awe, not with gloom, it opens a sealed fountain of deep and solemn thought, and we drink alone and in silence and are refreshed: the thronging rush of society would trouble and disturb it. But in cultivated scenery it is otherwise: Nature has disappeared before man, or has yielded to his sway; he has covered her face with cities, he has called forth, and fashioned, and distributed as seemed fit to him, her trees and plants, and flocks and herds, and she has obeyed him like the slave of the lamp; every thing around you speaks of his combined intellect, and demonstrates his social strength, and as the solitary wanderer looks upon his works, he feels his own helplessness and insignificance.

The evening was falling when I left my friends, and kissing my hand to merry little J—— from the first turn of the mountain path, resumed my walk. They call the great ugly brown lump, (God help the sheep that starve on it!) which stops the way between Enniskerry and Roundwood, the Long Hill, just as one would say of a tiresome bore of a companion "that long, awkward fellow, he seems longer and duller every time I meet him." I protest I never heard any one pronounce the name without a drawl; the worst of men or hills, however, have some redeeming attribute or adjunct: the long man may have a pretty sister or wife, and the Long Hill is own brother to romantic Sugar-loaf, and has taken graceful, quiet Powerscourt deer park under his protection. May the curse of all poets light upon the custard-eating cockney, too saucy or too stupid to learn our language, yet impudent enough to nickname our mountains, who dared to call "the Altar of the Sun,"* Sugar-loaf. Well, I have often longed to know who set the example to the absentees, and I hope we will no longer grumble at our nobility for abandoning their palaces to shopkeepers, when we see that our mountain spirits led the fashion.

I paused on the brow of the Long Hill to enjoy the prospect, and if ever you chance to go there, I advise you to follow my example. In the east, huge piles of clouds were huddling together over the sea, as if they were going to sleep, while Sugar-loaf, like a tall sentinel, stood out boldly in the foreground; southward, beneath my feet, lay Eniskerry, nestling among its pleasant woods, with its fantastic pass, "the Scalp," in the distance, and stately Powerscourt beside it; and in the west a gorgeous sunset was piercing the thin gray mist that hung over Glencree, and raining down purple and gold on the tops of its lofty mountains, while their tall shadows threw into deeper gloom the dark chasm, where the upper and lower Lough Bray lie buried. And this was "the Valley of the Kings," a lofty name for a wild glen traversed by a brawling stream, with its unpeopled hills and solitary lakes. And who were ye, the rulers in the desert, the monarchs of flood and fell, whose title has outlived your name, and race, and language, to linger like an echo in your native valley? Did peace and plenty smile on your patriarchal sway? or did ye stoop from your mountain fastness, like the eagle from his eyrie on the flocks and herds of the warlike Lowlander? Were ye of the unbelieving race against whom Adrian lifts up his voice in pious horror? or did ye consecrate your domains, like the mysterious Valley of the Seven Churches—the Tadmor in the desert of these lonely regions—with gloomy rites of by-gone, antique superstition, whose very name has perished with your own?

All these things let the antiquarian settle, or rather, I will settle them myself some other time, for I too, am of the craft; but in my present mood would not exchange this grand and solemn sunset view, for all the monastic dogmatism, and sullen, sententious, but profitable ignorance, that ever Leland or Ledwich gulled the world with.

* This was the ancient Irish name of that most picturesque and singular-looking peak. From its easterly situation, it is the first of the Wicklow mountains which is "kissed by the morning light;" besides, once upon a time, we ignorant Irish, in common with our Phœnician ancestors, and other barbarians, worshipped the sun; you see we were always making blunders.

Slowly and imperceptibly the features of the landscape changed, like the altered aspect of an inconstant friend: the warm and glowing tints faded away in the dull gray uniformity of twilight; and casting "one longing, lingering look behind," I addressed myself to my journey. A wild upland road of a few miles brought me to the rustic, comfortable auberge of Roundwood, where poor old Judy (every one who has ever visited the County of Wicklow will remember her) stood ready to receive me with her quiet, mirthful, twinkling eye, that age might dim, but care could not, and her unchanging lack-a-daisical, simpering smile, and well-worn venerable jests, with such a careless, fresh and new-born air about them, that thirty years old as they were, not a guest but chuckled at the thought that they were inspired by his own good-humoured, wit-creating face. Have you ever seen the kitchen of an Irish inn, a village or a mountain inn, where one room serves for parlour, kitchen and all? Probably not, so I will take chance and describe it to you, or, as we say in Ireland, *insense** you about it.

The form and plan in all parts of the country are pretty nearly the same, though the furniture varies; the hospitable door (inns are proverbially hospitable) stands always open, but the guests are sheltered from the thorough air by a screen, composed like the rest of the mansion, of mud; the partition walls which separate it from the adjoining rooms reach no higher than the spring of the roof, so that warmth and air, not to mention the grunting of pigs, and other domestic sounds, are equally diffused through all parts of the tenement; from the rafters, well blackened and polished with smoke, depend sundry flitches of bacon, dried salmon, and so forth, and above them, if you know the ways of the house, "may be you couldn't find (may be you *couldn't* means, may be you *could*) a horn of malt or a *cag* of poteen, where the gauger couldn't smell it." If you are very ignorant, I must tell you, that poteen is the far-famed liquor which we Irish, on the faith of the proverb, "stolen bread is sweetest," prefer in spite of law, and—no—not of lawgivers, they drink it themselves to its unsuccessful rival, parliament whisky. Beneath the ample chimney, and on each side of the fireplace, run low stone benches, the fire of turf or bogwood is made on the ground, and the pot for boiling the "mate, or potaties" as the chance may be, suspended over it by an iron chain: so that sitting on the aforesaid stone benches, you may inhale, like the gods, the savour of your dinner, while your frost-bitten shins are soothed at the same time by the fire which dresses it. Here then, with cigar in mouth, (I learned to smoke while at sea, but more about that another time) I established myself, enjoying that genuine *otium cum dignitate*, which none but a traveller can feel, when established in the seat of honour, and taking his ease in his own inn.

Good supper, good bed, good breakfast, imagine these enjoyed, and accompany me, while I lead you to one of the finest scenes even in romantic Wicklow,—Lough Dan, as approached, not by the roadster but by his lord and master—as far as the enjoyment of the first fruits of nature is concerned,—the pedestrian mountaineer. Your way lies over a brown monotonous hill, without house, or tree, or rock to break its dull uniformity: at last you gain the flat and heathy summit; from the abrupt dip of the ground at a little distance, you perceive that you are near a precipice, and the change from heath, to short, dry, slippery grass, warns you to mind your footing well; in a few minutes, however, you reach a safe rocky ledge; a single step, and the broad, black mirror of Lough Dan is stretched beneath your feet, reflecting mountain, and cliff, and far off deep blue sky, and light and shadow, sunshine and cloud, with a vivid distinctness of outline, and a solemn depth and stillness of repose, that disturb the mind with a sense of awe; you could persuade yourself that the winds of Heaven are forbidden to visit that lake, or break with their riotous mirth the eternal sleep of its motionless waters.

The sheer descent from the ledge of which I speak, may be about three hundred feet; there are ravines, however, by which you can reach the shore without much difficulty. Through one of these I descended, and a few minutes found me seated in a cave—I might better call it a recess, at the foot of the cliff on which I had been standing

You must know that I never travel without that most gentlemanly and unobtrusive companion—a book. A volume of Shakspeare was with me on the present occasion, and I had to choose between "The Comedy of Errors," "Richard the Second," "Henry the Fourth," and "Macbeth," for the hour (a long one I promise you) which I spent in my cave—I took the last.

If you wish to read "Macbeth" as you ought, and as it deserves, go, find out such a resting-place as mine, with a gloomy lake sleeping before you, shadowed by gloomier mountains, with heathy summits, that the witches would love; and near you, to retire to when the solemn fit is over, have such a tranquil glen as sweetest Luggela—near you, but not in sight; and while you saunter through its pleasant groves, or by its sunny waters, forgetting the weird sisters and the traitorous king, and calling up Rosalind and Celia, or that gentlest child of fancy, poor Ophelia, or dreaming of Una and Britomart, conscious that you are in Ireland, the land of Spencer's inspiration, you will scarcely envy the listless loungers of Regent-street or Bond-street, or their apathetic worshippers of Merrion-square or Cavendish-row. Talking of Shakspeare, if you want to make a pet of him, get Pickering's edition, 9 vols., fairy size; that is to say, about 384mo, to speak technically; and coax some gentle friend to make you a velvet, prayer-book-like case for it—say nothing about the value *you* set upon *her* work until you have fairly got it in your possession; but tell her that the delicate fingers

* i. e. Inform; literally, put sense into you.

of the noble and beautiful are worthily employed in making a shrine of Shakspeare; and if, "with such appliances and means to boot," you do not read him *con amore*, if your heart does not glow with reflected inspiration, you are as dull as the fat weed that rots on Lethe's brink.

I did not visit Luggela this walk, I only thought of it; some time hence, when I am in a pastoral, arcadian mood, I will read and think about the golden age; and having thus prepared myself, will write about Luggela, taking care to avoid (if possible) saying any thing which to a stranger might sound like flattery of the family whose property it is, though to one who knows them it would be but a transcript of his own thoughts.

On the present occasion my path wound along the side of Lough Dan, emerging at length from which, and avoiding as much as possible any thing resembling a road, I voluntarily suffered myself to lose my way among the wild upland, boggy moors which surround the Devil's Glen.

"The sky is changed—and such a change—Oh! Night."—One of the most sudden and violent storms of rain and thunder I ever remember, surprised me about an hour after sunset, when hugging myself with the thoughts of a beautiful moonlight night after a shower, which "good easy man," I thought would clear the air and moderate the tropical heat of the weather. It was a grand sight, that thunder-storm; and though attended at the time with not a little danger, I still look back upon it with a feeling of awe, as realizing some of my wild reveries and day-dreams about chaos, and the war of the angels, and the deluge.

The sun went down amidst a sea of fiery-looking clouds, while a fresh breeze springing up unexpectedly from the north-east, came sweeping over the waste of moor and bog, driving before a dark gray gigantic mass, more like a chain of uprooted mountains travelling through the air, than an assemblage of unsubstantial vapour. When right over head, the canopy of clouds settled and paused, the breeze lulled, then died away in faint and irregular moanings, until all was as still as if Nature herself was holding her breath for awe. Then the clouds opened like the rending of a veil, giving to view, not a flash, or a sheet of lightning, but something like a mighty conflagration of blasting, supernatural light, accompanied, not followed, by a crash as if ten millions of angelic chariots were chasing the ruined host of Lucifer from the uttermost verge of heaven into the bottomless abysm of the damned. The blackness that followed the roar of thunder was so sudden and startling, that for an instant I thought I was struck blind for my daring hardihood, in looking with a bold and over-curious eye at the awful and dangerous mysteries of elemental strife; but again the clouds rolled back like mighty gates, again the lightning sprang forth, and the thunder pealed, and, then down through the pitchy darkness, came a flood, a cataract, a Niagara of rain, such as never since the days of Noah deluged an unfortunate bog-trotter like myself. I plunged and floundered through the solid sheet of water, until I got to an elevated situation, and there I sat down upon a rock, for as for proceeding until the rain lightened, the thing was out of the question.

I suppose about two hours passed in this agreeable situation; at length, as if more for want of means than inclination, the torrent abated; and, though the rain still fell in what would be counted a very severe shower under ordinary circumstances, yet as it no longer threatened to beat me to the ground, and then float me to the nearest river, I judged it expedient not to pursue my route, for that as I told you I had voluntarily lost, but to seek the shelter of the nearest cabin, and there wait until the friendly morning should come with its welcome "*vade mecum*" to throw new light upon the subject, and help me out of my dilemma.

I had not proceeded more than half a mile, when the sullen voice of rushing water warned me of the proximity of a mountain stream, swollen to a dangerous torrent by the heavy rains. Steering myself cautiously by the sound, I reached what seemed to be a rude by-path; and not being in a very fastidious mood, I was right well pleased in finding myself in a few minutes in front of a ruinous looking hovel, through whose manifold chinks a faint light glimmered, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Knowing that the part of the country I was in was free from disturbance, though the embers of insurrection still glowed in the southern counties of Ireland, the worst I apprehended from intruding into the cabin at that unseasonable hour, was finding myself amidst the orgies of a knot of bibacious peasants enjoying the festivities of "Shebean," *anglice*, house of concealment; that is to say, a house where people get drunk in secret, not because the *act* is disgraceful, or frowned at by the law, but because the *whisky* is of that illegal description I have spoken of already: and as I well know the manners and language of the people, and have not in the least the look of a gauger, I apprehended no danger beyond that of being obliged to join in the debauch, my scruples about which, to say the truth, the rain had in a great measure washed away; so I saluted the door with the half confident, half diffident knock of an unexpected guest, sure that whatever difficulties he may encounter in getting admittance, when once fairly in he can make himself welcome.

Several minutes passed without any notice being taken of my application. I thought the light appeared to move; but, though I listened attentively, I could not hear the slightest noise, except a low snoring, as of one in a drunken sleep. "I must disturb these revellers," thought I, "unless I can reconcile myself to passing the night in the bog, in preference to interrupting their gentle slumbers." So, forthwith, I assailed the door hand and foot, after a fashion calculated to satisfy the inmates that if they took much more time to consider before they made up their minds to admit me

in the usual way, I was likely to save them all further trouble on the subject, by effecting an entrance into their respectable mansion in the manner of house-breakers and heroes: that is to say, by storm. A harsh-voiced female instantly acknowledged the force of my reasoning, with "Asy—asy—take your time—ye're always in a hurry," at at the same instant opening the door so suddenly and readily, that, be the sleepers whom they might, it was quite clear that she was not one of them. I never, in the course of my life, saw so repulsive-looking a being as that woman. Her age might be about five-and-thirty; her strong-built muscular figure rose so considerably above the female height, as to give her the appearance of a man in disguise, and the harshness of her voice in some measure countenanced the idea; but her features, stamped more deeply than any I have ever seen before or since with the indelible traces of fierce and evil passions and a licentious life, were those of a woman. Her dress was squalid and neglected; her long hair, once as black as jet, but now tinged with gray, less as it seemed from years, than from the premature old age of misery and care, and, it might be, guilt, hung in matted elf-locks over her face and shoulders. In one hand she held a candle, and cautiously shaded it from the wind with the other, so that the light fell full upon her face and figure, while I remained in the shade; and in spite of all I have said, and though I repeat that I never saw a human being from whom I felt so much inclined to draw back, with that undefinable, instinctive feeling which seems implanted in us by nature to give warning of the approach of guilt, yet I could not help seeing that, changed as they were, that face and figure had once been beautiful and majestic; but, as it was, so strong were the traces of recent and powerful emotion, that she looked more like a witch, disturbed from some damned rite, than the poverty-stricken tenant of an Irish cabin. I suppose I need hardly tell you, that in the minute description I have given you, I have embodied much more than the first impression of my hasty glance when the cabin door was flung open; but, I promise you, enough occurred afterwards to fix all I saw that night in my recollection to the longest day I have to live. "Come in," said she, too busily occupied in shading the candle from the gust of the wind, to bestow a glance on me. "Ye needn't be afeard of disturbin' him now—come in quick, and shut the door." Though I saw that she evidently mistook me for some one she expected, I did as I was desired, and then turning round from the closed door, our eyes met for the first time. The woman drew back a step or two, and holding up the light, eyed me in silence from head to foot with a most sinister look. "Who the devil are ye?" said she at last, "and what d'ye want here this hour of the night?" "My good woman," said I, "I am a stranger, and I only want a little shelter until daylight." "Your good woman! who tould ye I was a good woman?—don't believe them the next thing they tell ye. And you're a stranger, and only want shelter—throth an' I dare say, or its not here ye'd come to look for it." Just then the snoring noise I spoke of, and which seemed to come from a pallet in the corner of the cabin, ceased abruptly. The woman walked slowly to the side of the bed. Upon it lay a man stretched on his back at full length. She felt his temples, and his side, as if to ascertain if pulsation remained, holding the light close to his face; but a single glance at his distorted features was enough to show that he had, that instant, passed the final and bitter agony of death. She set down the candle at the head of the corpse, and stood for an instant with her hands folded and her lips moving. Then turning abruptly to me,—"Are ye a minister?"* said she, "because if ye are, say some o' yer prayers: any body's prayers 'ill be betther nor mine." I assured her that though I did not belong to the sacred profession, yet I sincerely compassioned her desolate condition, and would willingly assist her to the utmost of my power, taking out my purse at the same time as the best and shortest proof of my sincerity. My singular companion bent on me a look of solemnity not unmixed with scorn. "Put up your purse, young man," said she, "and leave off condoling me. I don't want your money—an' I'm not in grief. But mind what I'm sayin'. Ye say ye want shelther till daylight—take my warnin', and go look for it somewhere else, or maybe ye'll never see daylight again—lave the place—there's neither loock nor grace in it." "Why," said I, "what danger can happen to me from remaining here for a few hours? You are alone, I suppose?" "Yes," replied she, sternly: "yes—I am alone—here, in the world—but I'll soon be where there's company enough." She paused for a moment, as if to master her feelings, and recall and collect her scattered thoughts; and so wild and convulsed was the expression of her countenance, while, with a powerful effort, and without uttering word or groan, she controlled an obvious tendency to something like epilepsy, that, for the instant, I was afraid both mind and body would give way in the struggle, and, with an impulse of pity which I could not check, I caught her in my arms to prevent her from falling on the floor. The effect of this trifling act, not of kindness, but mere humanity, was magical. The touch of human sympathy struck to the fountain of her grief like the wand of the prophet to the waters of the rock: and the unhappy creature burst into a flood of tears, so passionate, vehement, and overpowering, that it resembled rather a struggle of nature for life and death, than any ebullition of mortal grief I had ever beheld. At last, when the hysterical sobbing suffered her to articulate. "Ye're the first," said she, "that spoke a kind word, or looked a kind look at me for many a long day, and may God

* In most parts of Ireland the Protestant clergyman is so called by the lower classes.

Almighty grant ye an innocent life and a happy death, and may the heavens be ye're bed for the same. Many and many a weary hour I've been prayin' to be able to cry, an' I didn't think there was a tear left in my heart: but God was good to me, and gave me leave to cry at last; so let me alone a little, an' I'll be betther by and by." I saw, of course, that the best thing I could do was to let Nature take her own time, so I turned away from her at once, and employed myself in examining the cabin itself.

Every thing that met my eye in this house of death, spoke of the most abject, hopeless poverty: that state of self-abandonment and despair, when the wretch gives up the contest with his destiny, and suddenly resigns himself to his doom. A low ruinous partition had divided the cabin into two rooms; but the door and door-frame were gone, and the greater part of the petition itself had fallen down and cumbered the floor, from which the inmates had not even taken the trouble of shovelling it away, though, to all appearance, it had remained there a considerable time. The entire furniture consisted of two or three broken stools, a crazy dresser, ungarnished by a single plate, a large wooden chest, and the wretched pallet where the dead man lay; and so scanty was the covering of bed-clothes that lay upon the body, that I could judge of his proportions almost as well as if he were naked. Though emaciated, either by hunger or wasting sickness, he had evidently been a man of a most powerful frame. He appeared to be several years older than his wretched companion; and if ever I saw "Despair and die!" written by the mortal agony of an abandoned villain, it was on the brow of that man. In his wildest reveries, Dante never dreamed of any thing half so horrible. I could have thought that the guilty spirit had been suffered, for an instant, to return from the place of doom to whisper the awful secrets of the grave to its cold companion; or, that half in life and half in death, while looking down into the gulf, before the final spring, it had left (like the footsteps of a suicide on the brink of a precipice, stamped deep with the energy of his fatal plunge,) the appalling traces of its despair on the senseless clay it had abandoned,—so intense and powerful was the painful expression of the final pang which tears the soul out of the body, and the mental *spiritual* horror of the soul itself at the thoughts of the doom to which it was about to be borne on the wings of death. I turned, shuddering, from the ghastly corpse, as from a dark vision of hell.

By this time my companion had recovered her self-possession to a degree I could scarcely have expected from what I had seen her suffer. Her features, which were as pale as those of the dead, had lost their struggling and convulsive expression: her mien and manner had no longer the abrupt energetic sternness which at first attracted my attention, but were solemn, and marked by the natural dignity which a strong mind, when excited by danger, or emergency, or any other impulse sufficient to awaken its powers, communicates to the tone and bearing of its possessor, be his state of station what it may, thereby lifting, as it were, in the crisis when a leader is required, the master spirit above the heads of the throng, and placing him in an attitude of command. Her eye was calm and settled, but full of serious purpose. "Young man," said she, "it was in an unloocky hour that ye came to the house o' sin, to see a bad man die an unhappy death, without priest, nor prayer, nor friend, to say a blessed word, nor heart to think a holy thought, an' make his way asy. If ye had taken my word, and gone ye're way when I bid ye first, it might have been betther for you, maybe, but worse for me; for I'd have missed the only kind eye that 'ill ever look on me in this world agin—but mind me now, for the time is short. There's thim comin' that 'id cut the priest's throath afore the althar ov God for a goolden guinea, let alone the money in ye're purse, an' the watch in ye're pocket, an' thim chains o' goold ye have twisted about ye, like a lady, jist as if ye wanted to coax somebody to murther ye; an' him that's lyin' dead afore ye 'id be the first to do it if God 'id let him—ye've staid here, any how, till it's safer for ye to wait on till mornin', an' take chance, than venthur out o' th' door whin maybe every step ye'ed take 'id be to meet thim that—— hould ye're tongue—iv ye stir, or spake, ye're time's come—here they are"—and, sure enough, I heard the voices and footsteps of several men approaching the hut. Silently, but with the speed of lightning, the woman passed two strong rough wooden bars, such as I had never seen in a cabin before, across the door, secured them in their respective staples, and then sitting down near the dead body, commenced singing a low, monotonous song, something like a nurse's lullaby. Her arrangements were scarcely completed, when the dreaded visiters reached the door. Something had happened to tickle their fancies, for they were laughing boisterously, and continued in noisy merriment for a few minutes before any of them thought of knocking. During this time, I watched the face of my mysterious hostess, without taking my eyes from her for a second; though she never interrupted her melancholy, moaning lay, yet her eyes, fixed on the door as if they would pierce through it, her erect attitude of watchful attention, and the air of coldness and promptitude with which she had made her simple preparation for defence, satisfied me, that be my dangers what they might, treachery was not among the number—at last one of the party knocked for admittance—"Who's there?" said my companion, in the same harsh tone with which she had first addressed me. "It's me—it's all of us," growled a brutal voice from without. "Open the door, an' be damned t'ye, an' don't be keepin' us in the could rain." "Ye can't come in, Larry," replied my hostess coolly.

"An't he dead yit?" exclaimed the other: "blood an' turf, let us in quick, we've got what'll

put life in him in a hurry." "The breath's lavin' him while ye're spakin'," answered my companion, "an' nothing ye have can stop id, an' the sight o' ye will brin' bad loock; devil resave the one o' ye'll see him till he's laid out, thin yez can do no harm."* "Ye'll not let us in—ye'll not let us in, wont ye?" shouted half-a-dozen voices; "brake the door, boys." "An' then iv ye do," cried the woman in the same tone, springing to her feet, and snatching a blunderbuss from under the bed, "ye'll go out stiffer nor ye come in; for, by the cross, I'll blow the head off the first o' ye that stirs a fut in here this blessed night." As she passed to the door, with the cool, fierce look of one determined to execute her threat, she turned for an instant towards me. Notwithstanding her sneer at my effeminate chains, I had better means of protecting them than she imagined. I never go altogether unarmed on a wild pedestrian ramble, for as my habits on those occasions are very erratic, I cannot even guess where, or in what strange scene nightfall may find me: so that on the present occasion I had within my waistcoat an ancient and trusty friend, namely, a dirk: not a midshipman's minature sword, but a small, stout, substantial eight-inch blade, that a strong hand might drive through a deal plank—and I need hardly tell a cool active man that such a weapon is the best possible one in a scuffle. When she saw me with this unsheathed in my hand, prepared to second whatever she might do, her eyes actually flashed fire. "Stab the tall black-lookin' one first," whispered she, her mouth so close to my ear that her voice sounded within my head like an uttered thought of my own mind, rather than an advice from without; "make sure ov him iv they brake in, he's the activest an' the worst ov all. Boys," said she, when close to the door, "what do yez want? is it proper or dacent for yez to be wanting to come into the place where the corpse is, the minute the breath's out ov it? it id be fitter for ye to go an' sind Biddy Oulaghan to me to help an' lay it out, nor to come rioting this away afore the wake." "Throth, an' that's thrue forye," replied another and a graver voice; "an' divil a one o' the best o' ye, boys, I'll let stir in tonight, till the wimin lays him out, an' makes him dacent an' fit to be seen—so come along an' sind Biddy;" and instantly, though not without some gruff murmurs, the siege was broken up, and the party retired.

When I thought they were out of ear-shot, I was about to speak, but the instant I articulated a sound, my companion laid her hand on my mouth, and with a fierce gesture motioned me to be silent. Scarcely had she done so, when a low whisper of "Molly—Molly," close to the door, told me that her caution was not without reason. "Well, what is it?" replied she, sinking her own voice to the same key with that of the whisperer. "The boys are gone on to Biddy's, as I bid thim, an' I stopped to ax ye iv ye wouldn't like a dhrop ov whisky to comfort ye in the could an' the grief, ye poor crathur." "An there's nobody wid ye, an' ye wont want to cross the door, Micky?" inquired my hostess. "The never a sould wid me, an' I wouldn't go in iv ye axed me till the wake," replied he, in an offended tone, as if hurt at his politeness being called into question. While unbarring the door with one hand, with the other she drew me behind it, so as to put me completely out of view, and holding it ajar, took from the hand of her condoling visiter a bottle. "Did he go asy?" said he, in a voice intended to be very sympathetic, but which resembled the subdued growling of a mastiff over a bone. "He was in grate pain, ravin' and dhramin' about the bloody billhook last night,—he died as hard as ever man died," said she, "an' struggled the way you'll struggle on the gallows, Micky; bud away wid ye, an' send Biddy down afore he gets stiff;" and, without further ceremony, she shut the door in his face.

From a dark nook she produced two horn goblets and a pitcher of water, and knocking off the neck of the bottle she had received from her last visiters, invited me by her example to taste its contents; and let *bons vivants* say what they please about Clos de Vougert, La Fitte or Sillery, there never was a draught so much to my mind after the fatigue, the deluge, and the excitation of that night, as the copious libation of whisky and water with which I forthwith refreshed my inward man. "Ye want to know who I am, and where ye are," said my singular hostess when I had finished my draught; "I see it in ye're eye, an' so ye shall: ye're in the house of a man that might have been a dacent labourer, and the father ov a lively, healthy family, and the husband of an honest wife," and here her voice faltered for an instant, "but he had a bad dhrop in his heart that wouldn't let him come to good. I listened to him, an' he made me a fool an' a disgrace to my people; an' *he* listened to the devil, an' spilt his masther's blood for the lucre ov gain; but the judgment's come at last. I was a dacent, innocent girl, when I first met him that's there—look at me now, an' see what he has made me—but that's not what I want to talk about. It's now eleven years, last Michaelmas, sence him an' I were livin' in the sarvice ov Mr. Daly, a farmer, and a kind masther he was; an' there come a girl out ov the County Mathe into the same sarvice, an' she wasn't in it two days, when she come in the morning in a thrimble of fright to Miss Daly, and tould her that she dhramed that the masther and misthress were murthered in bed by a man that she knew the face ov well, and that the dhrame was too sharp a dhrame, not to come for a warning. Miss Daly was walkin' out ov her room an' goin' on to the kitchen all the time, never mindin' a word the girl was sayin', for she had a bould heart an' didn't mind dhrames no more nor if she was a Jew. In the kitchen

* In Ireland, the corpse is never exposed to view until it has been washed and dressed, or, to speak in the usual phrase, "laid out;" any intrusion before that time, is counted to the last degree indelicate.

were the labourin' men all at breakfast, an' him," pointing to the corpse, "along wid the rest; an' as the girl passed through after Miss Daly, the moment she saw him she screeched, and ran out as fast as a hare from the dogs; an' when Miss Daly axed her what ailed her to make her behave that way, she tould her, that the murtherer she saw in her dhrame was sittin' in the kitchen, an' iv he wasn't turned off that instant minute she'd lave the sarvice that very day. An angry girl Miss Daly was to hear her talk that way, an' tould her to go as fast as she liked, and go she did. Three nights afther that the dhrame come thrue, and the masther and the misthress were killed in their bed—Oh! the kind misthress that never closed her eyes on her pillow with an angry thought agin mortal breathin'. Am I belyin' ye?" said she, stepping fiercely up to the corpse, "Didn't I curse ye on my bended knees, when ye wakened me up wid your bloody hands to tell me what ye had done? Didn't I tell ye that bad loock an' misfortin' id stick to you an' yours to ye're grave, an' that nothin' that touched ye id thrive? An' isn't the curse come thrue? Where's my child, my beautiful boy, that sickened from that very hour, as if he was sthruck wid an evil eye? Where's my ould father, that died ov a broken heart wid the shame ye brought upon me? and where, oh! where is the innocent thoughts that used keep me singin' for joy the live-long day, an' I listenin' to the birds in the threes, an' lookin' at the deer in the park, an' gatherin' the flowers on the hill, an' thinkin' nothin' that wasn't good and happy? An' where is that quiet sleep that never come near me from the day I knew ye, an' never will 'till I'm laid in my grave? an' the sooner that blessed hour comes the betther, for there I'll be quiet at last. Ye've seen an awful sight, sir, an' ye've heard an awful story, an' iv it's a warnin' to ye, gentleman as ye are, that company lades to ruin, I'm glad ye come: any how it was kindness made ye stay, an' God 'ill bless ye for it. There's the day breakin', an' the wimin 'ill be comin' here to lay him out wid the first light, and the sooner ye go, the betther for both."

It was with the utmost difficulty that I could prevail upon this extraordinary woman to accept of a trifling sum, which I pressed upon her: she said that "she had done nothing to desarve it,' and it was only through fear of offending me by a refusal, that she took it at last. An hour and a half of sharp walking, brought me to the village of Delganny, and though the scenery in that neighbourhood is of a most romantic and picturesque character, you must excuse me from describing it after the events of the night. About two miles from Delganny, I got on board a fishing-boat bound for Dublin, and a bright and tranquil evening found me at anchor in the harbour of Kingstown, "a sadder and a wiser man," than I was the day before.

That which degrades philosophy, to the superficial is always acceptable, because by allowing them to despise, they imagine they rise *above* it.—*Thoughts*.—G. H. Lewes.

DREAM-CHILDREN:

A REVERIE.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, and when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me, the other evening, to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so, at least, it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with, from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is, that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in the wood upon the chimneypiece of the great hall; the whole story down to the robin-redbreasts —till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not, indeed, the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet, in some respects, she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a new and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining country;—but still she lived in it, in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house, in a sort, while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry, too, of the neighbourhood, for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart; ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how, in her youth, she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop; but

they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight, gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept; but she said, "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out; sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when, now and then, a solitary gardening man would cross me; and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at, or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me,—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth,—or in watching the dace, that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike, hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her; and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet, in an especial manner, she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries; and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back, when I was a lame-footed boy,—for he was a good bit older than I,—many a mile, when I could not walk for pain; and how, in after life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago (such a distance there is betwixt life and death); and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first; but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and I knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again; and was uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John; and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens; when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes, with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages, before we have existence and a name." And immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.

CANDLE-END ECONOMY.

To make your candles last for aye,
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put 'em out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

Old Saw.

COLOMBA.

(From the French of Prosper Mérimée.)

[Concluded from page 240.]

XIX.

It was rather late when the surgeon arrived. He had had an adventure of his own on the way. Having been met by Giocanto Castriconi, he had been called on with the greatest politeness to go and render his professional aid to a wounded man. He had been taken to see Orso, and had dressed his wounded arm; after which the bandit had escorted him back a considerable distance, and greatly edified him by his discourse about the most famous professors in Pisa, who, he said, were his intimate friends.

"Doctor," said the theologian, as he took leave of him, "such is the high opinion I have conceived of you, I think it unnecessary to remind you that a physician should be as discreet as a confessor." Here he played with the lock of his gun, making it click two or three times. "You have forgotten the place where we have had the honour of seeing you. Adieu! delighted to have made your acquaintance."

Colomba entreated the colonel to be present at the examination of the bodies.

"You are better acquainted than any one else," she said, "with my brother's gun, and your presence will be very useful. Besides, there are so many bad people here, that we should run great risks if we had no one to defend our interests."

Being left alone with Miss Nevil, she complained of a violent headache, and proposed a walk a little way beyond the village. "The air will do me good," she said; "it is such a long time since I have enjoyed it." She talked of her brother all the way, and Miss Nevil, who was not a little interested in that subject of conversation, did not perceive she was wandering far from Pietranera. The sun was setting when she made the remark, and proposed to Colomba that they should return. Colomba knew a short cut, which she said would save them a good deal of ground, and presently she struck into another path, apparently much less frequented than that on which they had been walking. It soon led them up so abrupt a slope, that Colomba was obliged continually to cling with one hand to branches of trees for support, while with the other she pulled her companion after her. After a long quarter of an hour spent in this toilsome ascent, they reached a small platform covered with arbutus and myrtle, and surrounded on all sides with great projecting masses of granite. Miss Nevil was greatly fatigued; there was no appearance of the village, and it was almost night.

"Do you know, my dear Colomba," she said, "I am afraid we have lost our way."

"Never fear," replied Colomba. "Come along, follow me."

"But I assure you, you are mistaken; the village cannot be on that side. Upon my word I think we are turning our backs upon it. Look, those lights a long way off, I am sure that is Pietranera."

"*Ma chère amie,*" said Colomba, while her voice faltered, and her manner was agitated, "you are right; but two hundred paces from here—in this mâquis—"

"Well?"

"My brother is there: I might see him and embrace him if you pleased."

Miss Nevil made a gesture of surprise.

"I have got off from Pietranera," Colomba continued, "because I was with you; otherwise I should have been followed. To be so near him and not see him! Why not come with me and see my poor brother? It would be such a delight to him!"

"But, Colomba—it would not be becoming."

"I understand. You ladies from the towns are always teasing yourselves about what may or may not be becoming; we villagers think only of what is right."

"But it is so late. And your brother, what will he think of me?"

"He will think he is not forsaken by his friends, and that will give him courage to bear his sufferings."

"My father, too, will be so uneasy—"

"He knows you are with me. Well! make up your mind. You were looking at his portrait this morning," she said, with a cunning smile.

"No, indeed, Colomba, I dare not—those bandits—"

"Well! those bandits don't know you; what matter about them? You wished to see some of them!"

"What shall I do?"

"Come, mademoiselle, make up your mind one way or the other. To leave you here alone is out of the question; there is no knowing what might happen. Let us go see Orso, or, if you will, let us go back together to the village. I shall see my brother—God knows when—perhaps never."

"What do you say, Colomba? Well then, let us go! but only for one minute, and then return immediately."

Colomba squeezed her hand, and without answering a word, set off at so rapid a pace that Miss Nevil could hardly keep up with her. Fortunately, Colomba soon stopped, saying to her companion, "Let us go no further till we have given them notice, we might chance to be shot." She then whistled through her fingers; presently afterwards a dog barked, and the advanced sentinel of the bandits was not long in making his appearance. This was our old acquaintance, the dog Brusco, who instantly recognised Colomba, and took upon him to act as her guide. After many windings among the narrow paths of the mâquis, they fell in with two men armed to the teeth.

"Is it you, Brandolaccio?" said Colomba. "Where is my brother?"

"Down yonder," replied the bandit. "But move forward softly; he is asleep for the first time since

his accident. *Vive Dieu!* it is plain to be seen where the devil gets through, a woman will make her way too."

The two ladies advanced cautiously, and near a fire, the light of which had been prudently concealed by raising a little wall of dry stones round it, they found Orso stretched on a heap of fern and covered with a pilone. He was very pale, and his laboured breathing was audible. Colomba sat down beside him and gazed on him with her hands folded as if in inward prayer. Miss Nevil pressed close to her, covering her face with her handkerchief, but now and then raising her head to look at the wounded man over Colomba's shoulder. A quarter of an hour elapsed before a word was spoken. At a sign from the theologian, Brandolaccio had withdrawn with him into the thick of the mâquis, to the great satisfaction of Miss Nevil, who, for the first time, thought the bushy beards and the wild equipment of the bandits had too much *couleur locale.*

At last Orso stirred. Colomba instantly leaned over him and kissed him repeatedly, overwhelming him with questions about his wound, his sufferings, and his wants. After answering her that he was as well as he could expect to be, Orso inquired of her in his turn was Miss Nevil still at Pietranera, and had she written to him. Colomba bending over her brother completely concealed her companion from his view; besides the darkness was such that he could hardly have recognised her. She held Miss Nevil's hand in one of hers, and with the other she gently raised Orso's head.

"No, brother, she has not given me a letter for you. You are always thinking of Miss Nevil, you love her then dearly?"

"Love her, Colomba! But she—perhaps she despises me now!"

At this point in the conversation Miss Nevil made an effort to withdraw her hand, but it was not an easy matter to break from Colomba's grasp. Her hand, though small and beautifully formed, possessed a strength of which we have seen some proofs.

"Despise you!" exclaimed Colomba, "after what you have done. On the contrary, she speaks highly of you. Ah! Orso, I could tell you a great deal about her."

The hand was always struggling to escape, but Colomba continued drawing it nearer and nearer to Orso.

"But after all," said the wounded man, "why not reply to me? One single line and I should have been happy."

By dint of pulling Miss Nevil's hand Colomba contrived at last to place it in that of her brother. Then suddenly starting aside, with a burst of laughter, "Take care, Orso, how you speak ill of Miss Nevil," she said, "for she understands Corsican very well."

Miss Nevil immediately drew back her hand, and stammered out some unintelligible words. Orso thought he was dreaming.

"You here, Miss Nevil! Good heavens, how could you venture? Oh, how happy you make me!" And raising himself up with difficulty, he tried to draw near to her.

"I came with your sister," said Miss Nevil, "that it might not be suspected where she was going—and then—I wished too—to satisfy myself. Oh, what a wretched state you are in here!"

Colomba had seated herself behind Orso. She cautiously raised him up, so as to rest his head on her lap. She put her arms round his neck, and beckoned to Miss Nevil to draw near. "Nearer, nearer!" she said; "it is not good for a sick man to raise his voice too high." And as Miss Nevil still hesitated, she caught her by the hand, and forced her to sit down so close beside them, that her gown touched Orso, and her hand, which Colomba never let go, rested on the invalid's shoulder.

"He is very comfortable so," said Colomba, gaily. "Eh, Orso? It is very pleasant bivouacking in the mâquis on a lovely night like this, is it not?"

"O yes, a lovely night indeed," said Orso. "I shall never forget it."

"How you must suffer," said Miss Nevil.

"I don't suffer any more," said Orso, "and I would willingly die here." And his right hand approached Miss Nevil's, which Colomba still kept prisoner.

"You must by all means be carried to some place where you can be taken care of, M. della Rebbia," said Miss Nevil. "I shall never be able to sleep now that I have seen you lying in such a wretched way in the open air—"

"If I had not been afraid to meet you, Miss Nevil, I would have endeavoured to return to Pietranera, and surrender myself a prisoner."

"And why were you afraid of meeting her, Orso," said Colomba.

"I had disobeyed you, Miss Nevil, and I durst not see you."

"Do you know, Miss Nevil, you make my brother do just whatever you please?" said Colomba, laughing. "I will put a stop to your seeing him."

"I hope," said Miss Nevil, "that this unfortunate affair is on the point of being cleared up, and that you will soon have nothing more to fear. I shall be very happy to know when we leave the island, that justice has been done you, and that your honour is as fully admitted as your courage."

"You are going, Miss Nevil! Do not speak that word yet."

"Why, you know my father cannot shoot for ever. He wishes to leave."

Orso let the hand that touched Miss Nevil's fall listlessly, and there was a momentary silence.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Colomba, "we will not let you go yet. We have a great many things still to show you at Pietranera. Besides you promised to take my likeness, and you have not made a beginning. And then I have promised to make you a *serenata* in seventy-five couplets. And then—What's Brusco growling at? Here comes Brandolaccio running after him. Let us see what it is."

She rose suddenly, and laying Orso's head with-

out ceremony on Miss Nevil's knees, she ran to meet the bandits.

Rather astonished at finding herself thus supporting a handsome young man, and tête-à-tête with him in the middle of a mâquis, Miss Nevil did not know what to do, for she was afraid of hurting the invalid if she withdrew suddenly. But Orso quitted of his own accord the pleasant support his sister had just given him, and propping himself on his right arm, "So, you are going away soon, Miss Nevil?" he said. "I had never supposed you would make a long stay in this wretched country; and yet since you are come here I suffer a hundred times more when I think I must bid you adieu. I am a poor lieutenant, with no prospects, at this instant proscribed. What a moment, Miss Nevil, to tell you that I love you; but it is no doubt the only time I shall ever be able to breathe the word to you, and I feel as though I were less unhappy, now that I have unburdened my heart."

Miss Nevil turned away her head, as if the darkness was not sufficient to conceal her blushes. "M. della Rebbia," she said, with a faltering voice, "would I have come here if—" and as she spoke she placed the Egyptian talisman in Orso's hand. Then making a violent effort to resume her habitual tone of pleasantry, "It is very ill done of you, Monsieur Orso, to speak thus. In the midst of the mâquis, surrounded by your bandits, you know well I should never venture to be angry with you."

Orso leaned forward to kiss the hand that gave him back the talisman, and as Miss Nevil drew it back rather hastily, he lost his balance and fell on his wounded arm. He could not suppress a groan of anguish.

"Have I hurt you, dear Orso?" she cried, raising him up, "it was my fault! forgive me." They continued talking for some time in a low tone, and very close to each other. Colomba running up hastily found them precisely in the position in which she had left them.

"The voltigeurs!" she cried out. "Orso, try if you can get up and walk; I will help you."

"Leave me," said Orso. "Tell the bandits to make their escape,—whether I am captured or not, matters little; but take Miss Nevil away: for God's sake do not let her be seen here!"

"I will not leave you," said Brandolaccio, who followed Colomba. "The sergeant of the Voltigeurs is the avocat's godson: instead of arresting you he will kill you, and then he will say he did not do it on purpose."

Orso made an effort to rise, and moved a few steps forward! but stopping soon, he said, "I cannot walk. Fly, all of you! Farewell, Miss Nevil; give me your hand, and farewell!"

"We will not leave you!" cried the two girls.

"If you can't walk," said Brandolaccio, "we must carry you. Come, cheer up, *mon lieutenant;* we shall have time to decamp by the ravine behind there. M. le curé will keep them busy a bit."

"No, leave me," said Orso, stretching himself on the ground. "For God's sake, Colomba, take Miss Nevil away."

"You are strong, Mademoiselle Colomba," said Brandolaccio; "lay hold of him by the shoulders, I'll take his feet. Good! forward, march!"

They set off rapidly with him in spite of his protestations; and Miss Nevil was following them in a terrible fright, when a shot was heard, which was immediately responded to by five or six others. Miss Nevil screamed, Brandolaccio blurted out a curse, but redoubled his speed, and Colomba, following his example, continued to dash along through the mâquis, heedless of the branches that switched her face or tore her gown. "Stoop, stoop, my dear," she said to her companion, "or a ball may strike you." The party had trotted along about five hundred paces in this manner, when Brandolaccio declared he was dead beat, and squatted himself down on the ground in spite of Colomba's exhortations and reproaches.

"Where is Miss Nevil?" said Orso.

Miss Nevil, terrified by the firing, and checked every moment by the thickness of the mâquis, had soon lost all trace of the fugitives, and found herself quite alone in a situation of the most painful distress.

"She is left behind," said Brandolaccio, "but she is not lost; the women always turn up again. Hark, Ors' Anton', what a row the curé is kicking up with your gun. Unluckily he can't see twice the length of his piece before him, and there is no great execution to be done a-sharpshooting by night."

"Hush!" cried Colomba, "I hear a horse; we are saved."

The fact was so; a horse that was grazing in the mâquis had been frightened by the firing, and was escaping in the direction of the fugitives.

"We are saved!" echoed Brandolaccio. To run to the horse, seize him by the mane, and pass a cord by way of a bridle into his mouth, was for the bandit, aided by Colomba, the work of a moment. "Now let us warn the curé," he said. He whistled twice, a distant whistle replied to the signal, and the loud voice of the Manton was heard no more. Brandolaccio now sprang on the horse's back; Colomba placed her brother before him, and the bandit grasped him firmly with one hand, directing the animal with the other. The horse, urged by two stout thumps from Brandolaccio's heel, set off briskly in spite of his double load, and galloped down a rugged descent, where any horse but a Corsican would have broken his neck a hundred times.

Colomba then retraced her steps, calling after Miss Nevil as loud as she could, but no voice replied to hers. After wandering at random for some time, endeavouring to recover the path she had first taken, she fell in with two voltigeurs who shouted to her, "Who goes there?"

"Well, gentlemen," said Colomba, jeeringly, "here's a terrible to do. How many killed?"

"You were with the bandits," said one of the soldiers, "you shall come with us."

"With all my heart," she answered, "but I

have a friend here, and we must find her first of all."

"Your friend is taken already, and you shall go to prison along with her."

"To prison! We shall see. Meanwhile take to her."

The voltigeurs now conducted her to the encampment of the bandits, where they collected the trophies of their victory, that is to say, the pilone that had covered Orso, an old pan, and a pitcher of water. Miss Nevil stood a prisoner on the same spot, half dead with fright in the midst of the soldiers, and replying only with tears to all their inquiries respecting the number of the bandits, and the route they had taken.

Colomba threw herself into her friend's arms, and whispered in her ear, "They are safe." Then, turning to the sergeant of the voltigeurs, "Monsieur," she said, "you see plainly that mademoiselle knows nothing of what you are questioning her about. Let us return to the village, where we are anxiously expected."

"Ay, we'll take you there, and sooner than you wish, my charmer, and you will have to account for your business in the mâquis at this time of night with the bandits who have just escaped. I don't know what conjuring these rascals employ, but to a certainty they put a spell upon the petticoats, for wherever there are bandits there are sure to be girls, and pretty ones too."

"You are gallant, Monsieur le Sergent," said Colomba, "but you had better take care what you say. This lady is a relation of the prefect's, and is not to be joked with."

"A relation of the prefect's!" whispered a voltigeur, to his officer; "sure enough she wears a bonnet."

"The bonnet does not matter," said the sergeant. "They were both of them with the curé, who is the greatest wheedler in the country, and it is my duty to bring them along. There is no use in our stopping here any longer. But for that infernal corporal Taupin,—the drunken dog of a Frenchman must let himself be seen before I had surrounded the mâquis, otherwise we had them all as safe as in a net."

"There are seven of you, are there not?" said Colomba. "Do you know, gentlemen, if the three brothers Gambini, Sarocchi, and Theodore Poli, should chance to be at St. Christina's-cross with Brandolaccio and the curé, they might cut you out some warm work. If you are to have a conversation with the *commandant of the campagna*,* I would rather not be present at it. Bullets make no distinction of persons by night."

The possibility of an encounter with the formidable bandits Colomba enumerated seemed to make an impression on the voltigeurs. The sergeant, with many an imprecation against corporal Taupin, the dog of a Frenchman, gave the word to retreat, and his little troop took the road to Pietranera, carrying off the pilone and the pan. As for the pitcher, summary justice was executed upon it with a kick. A voltigeur was going to take hold of Miss Nevil by the arm, but Colomba pushed him back. "Let no one touch her!" she said. "Do you suppose we want to run away? Come, Lydia, my dear, lean on me, and do not cry like a child. We have met with an adventure, but it will not turn out badly: in half an hour we shall be at supper. For my part, I am dying of hunger."

"What will people think of me?" whispered Miss Nevil.

"They will think you lost your way, that's all."

"What will the prefect say?—What will my father say above all?"

"The prefect? You will tell him to mind his prefecture. As for your father, why, from the manner in which you were chatting with Orso just now, I should have thought you had something to say to your father."

Miss Nevil squeezed her arm and said nothing.

"Is not my brother worthy to be loved? Confess now, you love him a little, do you not?"

"Ah! Colomba," replied Miss Nevil, smiling in spite of her confusion, "you have betrayed me, me that put such confidence in you."

Colomba put her arm round Lydia's waist, and kissing her on the forehead, whispered very softly, "Will you forgive me, my dear little sister?"

"I suppose I must, my terrible sister," replied Lydia, returning the kiss.

The prefect and the procureur du roi had taken up their abode with the adjunct of Pietranera, and the colonel, whose uneasiness about his daughter was very great, was just visiting them for the twentieth time to inquire if they had heard any thing about her, when a voltigeur, sent forward by the sergeant, related to them the terrible engagement that had been fought with the brigands, an engagement in which there had been, indeed, neither killed nor wounded, but in which there had been captured a pan, a pilone, and two girls, who, he said, were the mistresses or the spies of the bandits. The two prisoners, thus announced, presently made their appearance in the midst of their armed escort. The reader may picture to himself the triumphant expression of Colomba's features, her companion's shame, the prefect's surprise, and the delight and astonishment of the colonel. The procureur du roi, like a wicked slyboots as he was, made poor Lydia undergo an examination, which did not end till he had put her quite out of countenance.

"It strikes me," said the prefect, "we may discharge the prisoners. These young ladies have been for a walk, a very natural thing in such fine weather; and they have fallen in by chance with a very interesting wounded young gentleman, a very natural thing likewise." Then, taking Colomba aside, "Mademoiselle," he said, "you may send word to your brother that his affair is taking a better turn than I expected. The examination of the bodies, coupled with the colonel's deposition, proved that he only acted in self-defence, and that he was alone at

* The title assumed by Theodore Poli.

the moment of the fight. All will be well, but he must quit the mâquis without delay, and surrender himself a prisoner."

It was near eleven when the colonel, his daughter, and Colomba sat down to a nearly cold supper. Colomba ate with a good appetite, making game of the prefect, the procureur du roi, and the voltigeurs. The colonel ate, but did not say a word; gazing continually at his daughter, who never took her eyes off her plate. At last he said to her in English, in a mild but serious tone of voice, "Lydia, so you are engaged to della Rebbia?"

"Yes, papa, since this evening," she replied, blushing, but firmly. Then looking up, and not seeing any symptoms of displeasure in her father's face, she threw herself into his arms and embraced him, as is usual with well-bred young ladies on the like occasions.

"With all my heart," said the colonel, "he is a brave lad; but, look ye, Lydia, we will not remain in his infernal country! otherwise I refuse my consent."

"I don't understand English," said Colomba, who was watching them with extreme curiosity, "but I shrewdly suspect I know what you are talking about."

"We have been talking," said the colonel, "of taking you a journey with us to Ireland."

"Ay, I am quite willing, and I will be *la surella Colomba*. Is it done, colonel? Shall we strike hands upon it?"

"People kiss upon such bargains as this," said the colonel.

XX.

Some months after the double shot that plunged the community of Pietranera into consternation, as the newspapers say, a young man with his arm in a sling rode out from Bastia one afternoon towards the village of Cardo, celebrated for its fountain, which in summer furnishes the epicures of the town with a delicious water. He was accompanied by a tall and remarkably beautiful young woman, mounted on a little black horse, the fine figure and action of which would have delighted a judge, though one of its ears was unfortunately disfigured by some strange accident. On arriving in the village the young female alighted nimbly, and after having assisted her companion to dismount, she unstrapped a pair of rather heavy saddle-bags attached to her saddle. The horses were committed to the care of a peasant; and the young woman putting the saddle-bags under her mezzaro, and the young man carrying a double-barrelled gun, they bent their steps towards the mountains, striking into a very steep path that did not appear to lead to any dwelling. Having reached one of the lofty platforms of Mount Quercio, they stopped and both sat down on the grass. They seemed to expect somebody, for they were continually looking towards the mountain, and the young woman frequently consulted a handsome gold watch, perhaps as much for the pleasure of contemplating a trinket she had not long been mistress of, as for the sake of knowing whether the time appointed for some meeting or another was come. They were not kept waiting long. A dog came out from the mâquis, and the young female having called out Brusco! it ran up and greeted them with many friendly demonstrations. Shortly afterwards appeared two men with long beards, each with a gun under his arm, a cartridge box in his belt and a pistol by his side. Their patched and torn garments contrasted curiously with their polished weapons, the production of a manufacturer renowned all over the continent. In spite of the apparent inequality of their social position the four persons in this scene accosted each other familiarly, and like old friends.

"Well, Ors' Anton'," said the elder of the bandits to the young man, "so your affair is settled and done with. I wish you joy. I am sorry the avocat is no longer in the island to see the rage he would be in. And how goes your arm?"

"They tell me," replied the young man, "that in another fortnight I shall be able to lay aside my sling. Brando, my brave fellow, I am off to-morrow for Italy, and I wished to bid farewell to you, and to M. le curé; this was my reason for begging you to meet me."

"You are in a great hurry," said Brandolaccio; "you were acquitted yesterday, and you are off to-morrow!"

"Business, business to be attended to," said the young lady, gaily. "Gentlemen, I have brought you some supper; fall to, and do not forget my friend Brusco."

"You spoil Brusco, mademoiselle, but he is grateful: you shall see. Come, Brusco," said his master, holding out his gun horizontally, "jump for the Barricini!" The dog remained motionless, licking his snout and looking up at his master. "Jump for the della Rebbias!" and he jumped two feet higher than was necessary.

"Hark ye, my friends," said Orso, "yours is a bad trade: if you do not chance to end your career on that open space we see down yonder,* the best fate you expect is to fall in the mâquis by a bullet from the musket of a gendarme."

"Well," said Castriconi, "a man can die but once, and better so than by a fever that kills you in your bed amidst the whimperings more or less sincere of your heirs. When people are used, as we are, to the open air, there is nothing like dying in one's shoes, as our village folks say."

"I should be glad," Orso went on, "to see you quit this country, and lead a more quiet life. For instance, why not go and settle in Sardinia, as several of your comrades have done? I could facilitate your removal."

"In Sardinia!" cried Brandolaccio. "*Istos Sardos!* The devil fly away with them with their patois. They won't do for us."

"There are no pleasurable resources in Sardinia," said the theologian. "For my part I despise the Sardinians. I am told they have a mounted force

* The place where criminals are executed in Bastia.

for hunting down the bandits; the fact is decisive as to the character both of the bandits and of the country.* Out upon Sardinia! It is to me matter of astonishment, Monsieur della Rebbia, that you, who are a man of taste and judgment, have not adopted our mâquis life, after having once had a taste of it."

"But," said Orso with a smile, "when I had the good fortune to be your messmate, I was hardly in a condition to appreciate the charms of your way of life, and my ribs ache to this hour when I think of the gallop I had one fine night, laid cross-ways like a sack on a bare-backed horse ridden by my friend Brandolaccio."

"And the pleasure of escaping from pursuit," rejoined Castriconi; "do you reckon that for nothing? How can you be insensible to the charms of freedom absolute and uncontrolled in a lovely climate like ours? With this *porte-respect* (pointing to his gun) a man is king over all around him, as far as it can carry a ball. He commands, he redresses wrongs. This a very moral amusement, monsieur, and a very agreeable one, which we do not deny ourselves. Can any life surpass that of the knight errant, when is better armed and more rational than Don Quixote? I'll tell you:—The other day I learned that the uncle of little Lilla Luigi, the stingy old curmudgeon, would not give her a dowry; I wrote him a few lines, without threats, mind you; that is not my way. Well, behold you, here was a case of instantaneous conviction; the old fellow settled her in marriage. I had made two beings happy. Take my word for it, Monsieur Orso, nothing is comparable to the bandit's life. Poh! you would have made one of us most likely, were it not for a certain fair lady from England, of whom I have only had a glimpse, but who is the talk and the admiration of all Bastia."

"My sister-in-law that is to be, is not fond of the mâquis," said Colomba, laughing, "she was too much frightened in it."

"Finally then, do you choose to remain here?" said Orso. "Be it so. Tell me is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Nothing," said Brandolaccio, "except to keep us a little in your kind recollection. You have loaded us with favours. There's Chilina has a fortune, and need not trouble my friend the curé to write letters without threats to enable her to settle well in life. We know that your tenant will give us bread and powder in our need: so farewell. I hope to see you back again in Corsica one of these days."

"At a critical moment," said Orso, "a few pieces of gold are of great service. Now that we are old acquaintances you will not refuse this little cartridge which will help to procure you others."

"No money between us, lieutenant," said Brandolaccio, resolutely.

* I am indebted for this criticism upon Sardinia to a friend of mine, an ex-bandit, who alone is to be held responsible for the remark.

"Money is all-powerful in the world," said Castriconi, "but in the mâquis, the only things prized are a brave heart and a gun that does not miss fire."

"I should be sorry to part from you," said Orso, "without leaving you some token. Let's see, what can I leave you, Brando?"

The bandit scratched his head, and cast a sidelong look at Orso's gun.

"Why, then, *mon lieutenant*—if I might venture—but no, you set too much store by it."

"What is it you wish for?"

"Nothing—the thing itself is nothing—unless a body had the knack of using it as well. My head's always running upon that devil of a shot, right and left, and with only one hand. Oh! the thing's not to be done twice."

"It is this gun you wish for? I brought it with me to give it you. But use it as seldom as you can."

"Oh I don't promise you to use it like you; but be assured when another shall own it, you may say for certain that Brando Savelli has turned up his toes."

"And you, Castriconi, what shall I give you?"

"Since you are positively resolved on leaving me a material reminiscence of yourself, I will, without ceremony, request you to send me a copy of Horace, of the smallest possible size. It will amuse me and prevent me from forgetting my Latin. There is a little body that sells cigars in Bastia, by the port, give it to her and she will convey it to me."

"You shall have an Elzevir, *monsieur le savant*; there happens to be one among the books I intended to take away with me. Well, my friends, we must separate. Let us shake hands. If ever you think seriously of Sardinia, write to me. N——, the avocat, will give you my address on the continent."

"*Mon lieutenant*," said Brando, "to-morrow when you are clear of the harbour, look up the mountain to this spot; we will be here and will make a signal to you with our handkerchiefs."

They separated; Orso and his sister took the road to Cardo, and the bandits turned back into the recesses of the mountain.

XXI.

One fine morning in April, colonel Sir Thomas Nevil, his daughter, who had been made a bride some days before, Orso, and Colomba set out in a carriage from Pisa to visit an Etruscan subterranean chamber, recently discovered, which was an object of great curiosity to all foreigners. After they had gone down into the interior of the monument, Orso and his wife set about copying the paintings on the walls; whilst the colonel and Colomba, neither of them much interested in archæology, left them to themselves and strolled about the environs.

"Colomba, my dear," said the colonel, "we shall never get back to Pisa in time for luncheon. Don't you feel hungry? It is all over with us now that Orso and his wife have got among these antiquities;

when they once begin drawing together they never know when to leave off."

"Yes," said Colomba, "and yet they never bring home the least scrap of a drawing."

"It is my advice," said the colonel, "that we go down to that little farm yonder. We shall get some bread there, and may be a bottle of aleatico, strawberries and cream, and so wile away the time till our antiquarians join us again."

"A very good thought, colonel. I don't see why you and I, who are the sensible people of the family, should make martyrs of ourselves for the sake of these turtles who live only on poetry. Give me your arm. I improve, don't I? I take a gentleman's arm, I wear fashionable bonnets and gowns; I have jewels; I learn I don't know how many fine things; I am not at all a savage now. Only look with what a grace I wear this shawl. That fresh complexioned young man, one of the officers in your regiment, who was at the wedding—Mon Dieu! I can't recollect his name; a tall, frizzleheaded fellow, I could knock down with the blow of my fist—"

"Chatworth?" said the colonel.

"Ay, that's the name; but I shall never pronounce it. Well! he is over head and ears in love with me."

"Aha, Colomba, you are growing a great coquette. We shall soon have another wedding."

"I marry? And who would bring up my nephew when Orso shall have given me one? Who would teach him to talk Corsican? Ay, he shall talk Corsican, and I will make him a pointed cap to set you all mad."

"Let us wait first till you have got a nephew, and then you shall teach him to handle a stiletto if you have a mind."

"Adieu to stilettos," said Colomba, gaily; "I have a fan now to rap you over the knuckles if you speak ill of my country."

Chatting in this way they reached the farm, where they found wine, strawberries, and cream. Colomba helped the woman of the house to gather strawberries, whilst the colonel sat sipping aleatico. At the corner of an alley Colomba saw an old man seated on a straw chair, in the sun, an invalid as it seemed, for his cheeks were hollow, his eyes sunk; his emaciation was extreme, and his immobility, his paleness, and his fixed and vacant stare made him look more like a corpse than a living being.

Colomba gazed on him for several minutes so earnestly, that she attracted the attention of the good woman of the house. "This poor old man," she said, "is a countryman of yours, for I can see, from your speech, mademoiselle, that you are from Corsica. He has had misfortunes in his own country: his sons came by their death in a frightful manner. They say, begging your pardon, mademoiselle, that your countrymen are not very merciful to their enemies. After that, this poor gentleman left all alone, came over here to Pisa to a lady, a distant relation of his, who owns this farm. He an't quite right in his head, poor dear soul, it's the grief you see. It put madame out of her way like to have him about her, for she sees a deal of company, so she sent him here. He is very quiet, and gives no trouble; he does not speak three words in the day. The doctor comes once a week, and he says he is not long for this world."

"Ha! he is condemned?" said Colomba, "In his condition it would be a blessing to be released."

"May be you'd speak a few words of Corsican to him, mademoiselle: it would rouse him up a bit mayhap to hear the sound of his own country tongue."

"We shall see," said Colomba, with a peculiar smile, and she went up to the old man till her shadow intercepted the sunshine from him. Upon this the poor idiot looked up and stared at Colomba, and she too gazed steadfastly at him, smiling all the while. Presently the old man passed his hand across his forehead and closed his eyes, as if to escape from Colomba's gaze. He then opened them again unnaturally wide; his lips quivered, he strove to stretch out his hands, but fascinated by Colomba he remained nailed to his chair, unable to speak or to move. At last big tears rolled from his eyes, and a few sobs burst from his bosom.

"This is the first time I ever saw him so," said the woman. "Mademoiselle is a young lady from your country; she is come to see you," she said to the old man.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the latter, with a hoarse and hollow voice; "mercy! are you not satisfied? That leaf—I burned—how did you contrive to read it? But why both? Orlanduccio—you can't have read any thing against him. You should have left me one—a single one—Orlanduccio—you did not see his name."

"I wanted them both," said Colomba, in a low voice, and in the Corsican dialect. "The branches are lopped, and if the stem was not rotten I would have torn it up by the roots. Go, go, do not complain; you have not long to suffer. I suffered two years!"

The old man uttered a cry, and his head sank on his breast. Colomba turned her back on him, and slowly retraced her steps to the house, humming some words of a *ballata:*

"And vengeance claims, and, doubt ye not, will have its amplest meed,
The hand that shot, the eye that aimed, the heart that planned the deed."

Whilst the woman of the house was busily and anxiously rendering assistance to the old man, Colomba, her cheek flushed, and her eye flashing fire, sat down at the table opposite the colonel.

"What is the matter?" said he, "you look just as you did at Pietranera the day they sent the bullets among us when we were at dinner."

"Some recollections of Corsica came into my head. But it is all over now. I shall be godmother, shan't I? O, what fine names I will give him; Ghilfuccio Tomaso Orso Leone."

The woman now entered the room. "Well!" said Colomba with the utmost coolness, "is he dead, or was it only a faint?"

"It was nothing, mademoiselle; but it is curious what an effect the sight of you had on him."

"The doctor, you tell me, says he has not long to live?"

"Not two months, perhaps."

"He will be no great loss."

"Who the deuce are you talking of?" inquired the colonel.

"An idiot from my country," said Colomba, with an air of indifference; "who is boarding here. I will send from time to time to enquire how he does. But I say, Colonel Nevil, do leave some strawberries for my brother and Lydia."

When Colomba left the farm to take her seat again in the carriage, the woman of the house followed her for some time with her eyes. "You see that very handsome young lady?" she said to her daughter, "well! as sure as you stand there, she has the evil eye."

MARY ALLAN.

Oh! thou, who sleep'st where hazel bands entwine
The vernal grass with paler violets drest:
I would, sweet girl! thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest;
For never more by human ills opprest,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE interest which every sensitive mind feels in Highland scenery does not arise merely from the bold and striking features which inert matter assumes in mountain landscapes. There is doubtless much that is fascinating in the outlines of natural scenery of the wildest kind; in the long lines of hill and upland, and the rich variety of wood and water; in the dark frowning masses of bare mountain cliff, which bound the view on every side; and the picturesque variety of flood, and lake, and plantation, which fill up the deep and beautiful straths. The feeling, however, has a deeper foundation. When we step on Highland ground, we feel that we are treading a land which is consecrated by the recollections of love and heroism; we breathe, as it were, the fresh air of freedom; and our imaginations dwell on the nameless majestic deeds which have signalized, from immemorial time, the "land of the mountain and the flood." I never ascend a Highland eminence, without being irresistibly oppressed with a load of high and indefinite feelings of power and awe. Hill and dale, and rock and stream, seem pregnant with the images of sublime and stirring antiquity; and those very fields, from which every trace of "other times" has long departed, appear yet haunted by a dim and majestic shadow of former renown. Different minds necessarily feel those impressions with different degrees of vivacity; but that mind must have very scanty resources of deep and solemn thoughtfulness within itself which can derive no warm and glowing lessons from our high hills and our deep glens, or which can reflect upon them the beautiful association of no sweet or romantic legend.

The simple tale which I am now to relate is one of those which shows a consecrating light on the scene which witnessed it; and though its simple incidents happened within the memory of man, they breathe so much of the spirit of the "olden time," that to me, at least, they are invested with a considerable portion of that sacredness, which only remote antiquity can, in its widest extent, bestow.

Strath-Almond is one of the most lonely of those mountain defiles which intervene between the high ground of the north of this kingdom. The summits of the hills which encircle it are covered over entirely with black moss and heath, and their sides, except in a few plots, where some hardy evergreens contrive to struggle out a melancholy existence, are nothing but successive ridges of bare rock. The only spots where the hand of cultivation is at all visible, are here and there on the banks of the wild brawling stream, which rambles along the bottom of the defile; and these are rare, being only a few acres of arable ground around the pastoral huts which are scattered, at long intervals, at the bottom of the hills.

Mary Allan was an only daughter of one of the inhabitants of this mountain retreat, and was considered, as well from her superior education, as from the grace and beauty of her person, the female ornament of the valley. John Allan, her father, was the wealthiest and most respectable shepherd, or rather farmer, in the Strath; and Mary, therefore, was not neglected by the rustic gallants who were at all aware of the value of a beautiful wife and a bountiful dowry. The only youth, however, who had made any impression on Mary's heart was William Lee, then a farm-servant of her father's, but who latterly exchanged

"Following the plough upon the mountain side,"

for the more heroic occupation of following the arms of his native country, in the plains of the New World. The cause of this change was his aspiring to the hand of the Highland maiden, who was generally beloved. The marked civilities paid by Mary to the lowest of her father's servants, could not fail to attract the attention, as well as to excite the alarm, of the youthful suitors, who had an eye to John Allan's flocks, as well as his daughter's person; and long time did not elapse before this unfortunate young man became the object of the resentment of all the wealthy youth of the glen. His situation was at last rendered so irksome, that he determined to leave the place of his nativity, and taking the opportunity of a recruiting party, who paraded a neighbouring town, without taking leave of his mistress, he accepted the king's bounty, and set sail for the destination of his regiment, from which, it is believed, he never afterwards returned.

The grief of Mary for this sudden and unexpected departure of her lover was almost insupportable: but she was obliged to cherish it in silence and se-

crecy. Her suitors having got so easily rid of their dangerous rival, lost no time in plying all their efforts to get her fettered in the bonds of matrimony. Her father, fond of her to distraction, was too anxious to see his daughter well settled in life, to be long in complying with the unremitted solicitations of so many lovers; and at last she was united, at his wish, and contrary to her own inclinations, to one of the young men who was considered rather opulent, and who had been most active in persecuting the unhappy William Lee. Many of the old women in the glen still remember the bridal of Mary Allan; and often have I heard its ceremonies dolefully chaunted over by a venerable granddame, for the instruction of a group of little urchins, who were eagerly crowding round a wintry ingle side, with gaping earnestness, to listen to them.

"I ne'er could think it a good sign," said old Margaret Alison to me, the last time I went to inquire respecting Mary's only surviving child,—"I ne'er could think it was owre gude sign," said she,—assuming a look of mysterious solemnity, that seemed put on for the purpose of impressing her auditor with an idea of her superior capacity,—"when the salt tears streamed down frae the bonnie bride's face, on the green graves i' the kirk-yard."

"And that," continued Elspeth Mathers, in the same solemn tone, "on the very first sabbath she was kirkit, and bonny sunny sabbath it was."

"Wha but kens," said a third gossip, "that cauld tears and new opened graves are nae mair canty than winding-sheets, and death-signs—and weel I wot, Mary, that's now dead and gone, kens the truth o't."

Mary certainly felt comfortless and unhappy with her husband; but either from motives of prudence, or from simple and artless notions of married life, she never expressed by her conduct, any of her regrets or grievances. The affection which she showed towards her husband was, however, merely assumed. Her heart, in spite of herself, was still with William Lee, beyond the Atlantic, fighting the battles of his country; and often has she been surprised in tears, with no mortal beside her, on the banks of the lorn stream, where William and she first plighted their youthful vows.

The secret evil which preyed at Mary's heart, was not, however, always to lurk concealed. Her spirits began gradually to deepen into a settled melancholy, and her health at last to exhibit a visible alteration; instead of the high-hearted, smiling girl, that was wont to be seen tripping to the kirk on a spring sabbath, decked out in all the gaudy finery of rustic life, you might now witness a pale, a wasted figure, clothed in the simplest attire, and exhibiting the most chastened deportment; and she who, heretofore, had been always foremost at the May-day sport, or the harvest merry-making, was now never seen but sitting lonely in the chimney-corner, or wandering, like a disconsolate and broken-hearted widow, by the unfrequented banks of the brook, or among the desolate and melancholy heather.

This alteration could not long escape the penetration of Mary's husband; and instead of softening, it had the effect of rendering still more unendurable his naturally sour and unamiable disposition. It would be needless, and it would be endless, to attempt recounting the different ways in which this savage and merciless ruffian betrayed his coarse ill-humour. Suffice it to say, that it grew to such excess that, at last, the meek and passive Mary could no longer bear it.

The sun had set in a chill and dazzling evening of spring, when this brutal monster came home in a state of intoxication. His natural temper, in addition to being stimulated by the strong liquors of which he had drank copiously, was rendered tenfold more caustic and irritable by the news which had been brought him, during the day, of the unexpected death of John Allan, without any legacy in his favour. In the most unfeeling manner, he told Mary of the death of her father; and in the same breath, upbraided her with the disappointment he had suffered in not falling heir to his property. This was too much for the already broken-hearted Mary; and she decided upon taking that resolution, which had often occurred to her, but which, till then, she had never seriously determined to carry into execution. Cold and comfortless as the night was, she sallied forth; and, clothed almost in rags, bade an eternal adieu to the detested scene of her connubial misery.

That long night, the hapless Mary Allan never closed her eyes in slumber. Alone and unprotected, labouring under decline, without clothes, without sustenance, she pursued, at the cheerless dead of night, a wild, unfrequented path, which she would, in other circumstances, not have ventured to tread alone in summer and in sunshine. Not a human step once in a twelvemonth crossed that howling wilderness; and in the minds of a simple pastoral people, it was associated with the personifications of a wild and romantic superstition. Surely some power more than human watched that live-long night over the gentle traveller, and ministered that strength and courage, without which she must have sunk on the desolate moor. Mary's strength, however, had not long to undergo so flinty a probation. The last shade of evening which she was to witness in this world, had already closed around her; and, with another setting sun, she was to sink into her long last slumber, and to mingle with the clods, over which her wearied limbs now scarcely supported her.

I shall never forget the incidents of that day which closed this hapless female's humble history. At the boundary of that dreary extent of heath, over which Mary Allan wandered, there is a neat cottage, connected with some plots of cultivated ground, then possessed by a David Laidlaw, with whom I was intimately acquainted. The traveller will easily distinguish it from the other cottages, which, like gems in a desert, people the interminable solitude, and give animation to the lonely moor, by its being built upon a green sloping upland, from which it commands a fine prospect of

the Almond, as it widens into the loch of the same name. To that beloved house I was wont to go on a tour every annual spring-time; and many a gleesome holiday have I spent, in roaming with its happy inmates, over the long moor, when gaudy with all the garish bloominess of spring, seeking for the nest of the green-linnet among the resplendent broom and the scented whins. The day to which I allude, was devoted to one of those boyish rambles: we had left the cottage, after an early breakfast, with the intention of visiting a mountain cataract, that was distant among the hills. The aspect of the morning was enchanting; there had fallen during the night a considerable quantity of rain; and the vapour, which was steaming from the tepid earth, under the radiance of the morning sun, had formed itself into a soft and silvery wreath of mist, which hung like a rich mantle over the face of the landscape. There was scarcely a breath of air, and, as we turned off into the wide common, the birds on the neighbouring furze were beginning to chant sweet hymns to the sunshine; and the smell of the moistened furze, came mellowed to us from the glens, on which the bright mist still lay slumbering. As the sun rose higher, the vapour gradually floated up to heaven; and before we had reached the lynne of Langholme, the sun was high above the clear blue air of noon, and the landscape on every side spread out to the eye many a long line of wild moss and bright heath-flowers, sleeping as silently and as festally beneath the radiant heaven as a sabbath of summer. All that day we roamed up and down the romantic dells; and the aslant beams of the evening sun were lightly twinkling through the leaves of the woods, ere we ever once thought of returning to the cottage of our friends.

It was on our return that we had the melancholy satisfaction of rescuing the heroine of this tale from an unseen death. We found her lying under a rugged hedge, verging fast to dissolution:—sheltered by two lonely sycamores, which seemed also to be far advanced in the winter of their existence. Exhausted with fatigue, it appeared she had sat under the branches, and had fallen insensibly asleep, and the dampness of her clothes, which were removed from the influence of the spring sun by the boughs, had contributed, along with the coldness of the night, to accelerate the effects of a malady which had been for a long period gradually, though imperceptibly undermining her health. In that dead sleep, we bore her to the cottage of our friend, which fortunately was at no great distance. It was not till almost every restorative that could be suggested was employed, that she showed the slightest symptoms of returning animation. Young as I then was, I yet remember the pale young woman, evidently in the agony of death, casting her mild blue eyes wildly around the room, and on the countenances watching her. Her countenance, though deadly pale, was singularly expressive and touching; and it was lighted up every now and then, by a passing hectic flush, which seemed to impart a momentary warmth and animation to features now verging fast towards settled iciness. It was evident to all that the hand of death was on her; and I could see, from the mournful and resigned countenances of my friends, who hung over the bed as if she had been an only daughter of their own, that no hope was entertained of her recovery.

"Carry me to my William!" muttered the hapless Mary, in a mild, faint tone; and as she spoke, I fancied I could mark a faint sign of reviving animation flitting across her white features; "carry me to my William!" she repeated.

"Poor innocent!" said Mrs. Laidlaw; "you will never be carried again but to the kirk-yard."

The hectic flush which animated Mary's sallow countenance, was only the bright gleam that presages total extinction. Before we had time to note it, it was gone; the spirit that produced it was gone along with it.

The third day after, which was the sabbath, was the day of Mary's funeral. Not a relative came to assist in conveying her remains to the burying-ground. Unknown and strange hands were to let down her coffin into the dust; and she, whom, in the bloom of her maidenhood, all the young and sprightly thought themselves honoured in attending, could not obtain one beloved hand to perform this last office to her memory. But Mary, thy sleep was not less peaceful, though no company of relatives bore thee to thy lowly dwelling; and the wild flowers shall spring as sweetly, and the summer shall shine as brightly, on the green turf that wraps thy grave, as though a flood of conjugal tears had been shed on it. Never was there a sweeter sabbath; the sun was beaming with all its brilliancy on the green pastoral hills over which we bore her to the place of her final rest; and the sweet and simple beauty of the wild flowers that decked the solitude, shed over the scene a peacefulness that imparted much of its character to the mind. I know nothing more touching than carrying a young and beautiful female to her everlasting rest, in the green smiling beauty of the spring-time. The festal descriptions, which poets have interwoven with their immortal hymns, scattering flowers on the green graves of infancy and beauty, are all completely realised in imagination; and the thoughts that arise in the calm and mellowed spirit are so holy, and yet so solemn,—so mournful, yet so full of calm joy, that they seem given us as foretastes of the happiness of the spirit that has burst its clayey casement.

On such a day were the remains of Mary Allan committed to the dust. Every spring, for several years afterwards, I visited the place of her repose; and the last time I was there, "green was the church-yard,—beautiful and green;" the flowers were springing in beauty all around her grave.

The worst of ignorance is, that it is ignorant of its own ignorance.—*Thoughts*.—G. H. Lewes.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

In the end of the fifteenth century, when the cities of Italy were rendered rich by their trade to the Indies, Padua was one of the most flourishing of its towns, and possessed a body of merchants, particularly goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in silks, with whom Venice itself could scarcely bear a comparison. Amongst these goldsmiths and jewellers, there was one more eminent than his brethren. His dwelling was upon the bridge; and Padua was scarcely more universally known in Italy, than Jeronimo Vincente was known for one of the citizens. "It never rains but it pours," says a northern proverb; "riches beget riches," says an Italian one. Jeronimo found the truth of both these sayings. He was already rich enough to satisfy a dozen merchants, and to make a score of German princes. Fortune, however, did not yet think that she had done enough for him; every day some traveller was arriving at Padua, in the exchange of whose foreign money for the coin of Padua, he obtained some good bargains, and added to his overflowing coffers. Few died without relatives but he was appointed their executor. Many paid tribute to his wealth and reputation by leaving him their heir. The city of Padua gave him all their public contracts; and he almost sunk under the weight of trust, offices, &c., not merely offered, but obtruded and imposed on him.

Who could be more happy than Jeronimo Vincente? So he thought himself as he walked on the bridge of Padua one beautiful summer's evening. A coach of one of the nobles passed at the same moment; no one noticed it. On the other hand, every one who passed him saluted him. "Such have been the effects of my industry, my dexterity in business, assiduous application. Yes, Jeronimo, others have to thank their ancestors; you have to thank only yourself. It is all your own merit." And with these reflections, his stature, as it were, increased some inches higher, and, assuming a peculiar port, and a self-satisfied step, he walked in vanity, and almost in defiance of every thing and every one, to his own house. He fell asleep in the same mood, and dreamed that the ancient fable of Jupiter was repeated in his house, and that the heavens opened, and descended upon him in a shower of ducats and pistoles. In all this soliloquy of Jeronimo, the reader will observe, there was not a word or thought of any one but himself; he did not attribute his plenty to the blessing of God; he felt no gratitude to him who had showered down upon him his abundance; his mind, his spirit, and his vanity, were that of Nebuchadnezzar; and the fate of Nebuchadnezzar was nearer to him than he imagined. It is a part of the wise economy of Providence to vindicate the honor and duty which belong to him; it is a part of his mercy to humble those who, in forgetting him, are about to lose themselves. He sends the prosperity as a blessing; they abuse it, and convert it to a curse. He recalls the abused gift, and sends them adversity to bring them to their duty. Such was the course of divine government in the early ages of the world, such it is to the present day; and such did Jeronimo find it much sooner than he expected.

On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he saw, to his astonishment, the universal respect to his wealth and reputation on a manifest decrease. Some, who had before nearly kissed the ground in his presence, now looked erectly in his face, and kept their straight-forward course, without giving him the honourable side of the path; others kept their bonnets as if they were nailed to their heads; two or three recalled their trusts; others, happening to call for accounts of such trusts, when he was not at home or busy, spoke in a peremptory tone, dropped hints of the laws of the country and the duty of guardians. In plain words, he gradually discovered himself to be as much avoided as he had heretofore been sought. No one was punctual in his attendance but those to whom he paid their weekly or monthly pensions. If there could be any doubt that something extraordinary had happened, Jeronimo had, at length, sufficient proof; for, having put himself in nomination for one of the offices of parochial intendant, and of the great church and treasury of Padua, a competitor was preferred less wealthy than himself by some thousands.

Jeronimo returned home much confounded at this unexpected defeat. In vain he examined himself and his situation for the cause. "Am I not as rich as ever?" said he. "Have I defrauded any one? —No. Have I suffered any one to demand their payment of me twice?—No. What, then, can be the cause of all this?" This was a question he could not answer, but the fact became daily and hourly so much more evident, that he shortly found himself as much avoided, and apparently condemned, in every respectable company, as he had formerly been courted and honoured.

It is time, however, to give the reader some information as to the actual cause. A whisper was suddenly circulated, that Jeronimo had not acquired his wealth by honest means. It was reported, and gradually believed, that he was an utterer, if not a coiner, of base money. He had the reputation, as has been before said, of being the most able workman in Padua, in gold, silver, and lace; "And surely," said the gossips of Padua, "he does not wear his talent in a napkin. He employs his dexterity to some purpose." "Are you not speaking too fast?" said another neighbour; "I have always held Jeronimo to be an honest man." "And so have I hitherto," said the other. "But do you see this ducat?" "Yes, and a very good one it is." "So I thought," said the other, "till I assayed it: this ducat I received from Jeronimo; let us prove it at your assay, and you will allow that I did not speak without some good foundation." The proposal was accepted, the trial made, and the ducat found to be base in the proportion of one-third copper to two-thirds silver.

The name of this neighbour of Jeronimo, who had defended him, was Guiseppe Cognigero, a very

worthy and honest man; not one of those who found a triumph in the downfall of another, though above him in wealth and honour. Guiseppe, as he had said, had always held Jeronimo to be a respectable, worthy citizen. He had had many dealings with him, and had always found him just and punctual to the lowest coin. "Is it possible," said he to himself, "that, after such a long course of honesty and reputation, he has so far forgotten himself as to become a common cheat? I will not believe it. But this fact of the base ducat!—Well! but my friend may be mistaken; he might not have received this ducat from Jeronimo. I am resolved I will make a trial of him myself, before I give in to the belief of these reports in the teeth of so fair a character for so many years." Guiseppe was a shrewd man, and never fixed on a purpose but when he had the ingenuity to find the means of executing it. He went immediately to his home, and, taking a hundred ducats from his private store, went with them to the house of Jeronimo. "Signor Jeronimo," said he, "here are a hundred ducats, which I wish to keep secret for a certain purpose. I have just embarked in a speculation of great extent, the result of which no one can foresee. I wish to keep this sum as a deposit, in the event of the failure of my hopes, if you will do me the favour to take the custody of it." Jeronimo, pleased at the confidence to which he was now not much accustomed, very willingly accepted the charge, and Guiseppe took his leave in the full persuasion that the trial would correspond with his expectations, and that report would be proved to be false and malicious.

In the course of a few days, Guiseppe, according to the plan concerted in his own mind, called suddenly on Jeronimo. "My dear friend," said he, "I sincerely rejoice that I have found you at home: a sudden demand has fallen upon me, and I have an expected occasion for the hundred ducats which I deposited with you." "My good friend," said Jeronimo, "do not preface such a trifle with such a serious apology. The money is yours;" and, at the same time opening a private drawer—"You see here it is, just as I deposited it. Take your money, my friend; and you may always have the same or any other service from me." Saying this, he gave Guiseppe the same bag in which he had brought the ducats to him.

Guiseppe hastened home, counted and examined the ducats. Their number was right; their appearance seemed good. He sounded them singly. One sounded suspiciously; he assayed it; it was base. "Well," said he, "this may be an accident; I could almost swear, indeed, that every ducat I gave him was good; but this I might perhaps have overlooked." He sounded another; his suspicions increased; another: he was now determined to assay them all. He did so; and to his confusion (for the honest man was truly grieved and confounded at the detection of his neighbour's dishonesty), he found thirty bad ducats out of the hundred.

He now hastened back to Jeronimo.—"These are not the ducats, sir, I deposited with you; here are thirty bad ducats out of the hundred." "Bad or good," replied Jeronimo, indignantly, "they are the same which you deposited; I took them from your hands, put them in the drawer, and they were not moved from thence till you redemanded them." Guiseppe insisted, and at length severely reproached Jeronimo. Jeronimo commanded him to leave his house. "Can you suspect me of such a pitiful fraud?" said he. "Indeed I never should," replied he, "unless upon this absolute evidence. But there must be a fraud somewhere. Either I am attempting to defraud you, or you to cheat me. It is incumbent upon both our reputations that this matter should be cleared up. I shall go to the magistrates." "Go where you please," said Jeronimo; "but go without delay."

Guiseppe immediately hastened to the president of justice. He demanded a summons for Jeronimo. It was granted. He complained, without reciting the particulars, that Jeronimo had paid him back a deposit, and, in a hundred ducats, had given him thirty bad. Jeronimo denied it. "I gave him back the same which he deposited with me." There was a law at Padua termed the "law of wager." The substance of this was, that the party accused had it in his option to clear himself by an oath of his innocence. "Will you take your wager?" said Guiseppe. "Yes," replied Jeronimo. The Holy Evangelists were accordingly presented to him, and Jeronimo swore upon them that he had not touched, still less changed, the ducats, since they were deposited with him. The president, accordingly, gave judgment in his favour, being compelled thereto by the laws of Padua; and Guiseppe, with horror at the united fraud and perjury of the man whom he had hitherto deemed honest and respectable, left the court, and withdrew to his own house.

The trial excited a universal interest and rumour in Padua. The president of the law had acquitted Jeronimo; not so, however, public reputation. Guiseppe was a man of established character; Jeronimo's fame had been long blemished. The previous reports, therefore, were now considered as fully confirmed into certainty. The magistrates, accordingly, deemed it necessary to point the attention of the police to him and to his future dealings; and Jeronimo thereafter became a marked character. The police of Padua was administered with that discreet cunning for which the Italians are celebrated. Some of its officers very shortly contrived, in the disguise of foreign merchants, to make a deposit of good and marked money with Jeronimo, and shortly after redeemed it back. The money was restored as required. It was immediately carried, as before, in the case of Guiseppe, to the public assay; and the result was, that the greatest part of the number of the coins was found to be base.

Jeronimo was next day arrested and thrown into prison. His house was searched in the same instant. The search most fully confirmed what, indeed, now required but little confirmation. In the secret drawers were found all the instruments of coining,

as well as all the materials of adulteration An immense quantity of base coin was likewise found in different parts of the house. All Padua was now in arms. They clamorously demanded justice of a man who had not the temptation of poverty to commit crimes. "Here is a man," said they, "who has raised his head above all of us, and lived in luxury and splendour, year after year, upon the fruit of his crimes. He has even sat on the public bench of magistrates, and administered the laws of Padua. If justice be not made for the rich, if its object be the defence of all, let him now be brought to trial, and meet with the punishment which he so well merits!" The magistrates, in obedience to this popular clamour, and at the same time acknowledging its justice, somewhat hastened the trial of Jeronimo. He was brought forward, accused, and the witnesses examined; he had nothing to allege which could weigh a single grain against the mass of evidence produced against him. He was, accordingly, unanimously condemned. The trial was holden on the Monday: he was found guilty the same day, and ordered for execution in the public square on Friday following; the interval being granted for religious preparations.

Who was now so unhappy as Jeronimo de Vincente! and what a vicissitude in his fortune and reputation had a very short time produced! Within those few months he had been the wealthiest and most respected man in Padua. The noblest families sought his only daughter in marriage: his wife was the pattern and exemplar of all the ladies of the city and neighbourhood; his house was full of the richest furniture and paintings in Italy. Now, the officers of justice were in possession of it, and performed the vilest offices in the most magnificent chambers; whilst, with the ordinary insolence of such ruffians, they scarcely allowed a corner of the house to his unhappy wife and daughter. And where was Jeronimo himself? In the public prison of the city, in a cell not four feet square, and under orders for execution on the next following day. Was not this enough to reduce Jeronimo to his senses? It was: he humbled himself before God, and implored his pity; and it pleased the infinite Goodness to hear his prayers, and to send him relief where he least expected it.

Jeronimo had a confidential clerk, or managing man, of the name of Jacobo. On the day preceding that ordered for his master's execution, he was going up stairs to attend some message from his unhappy mistress, when his foot slipped, and he fell from the top to the bottom. His neck was dislocated by the fall, and he died without uttering a word. The wife of this miserable man, then in feeble health, was so overwhelmed by the intelligence of this disaster, that she was immediately pronounced to be in the most imminent danger. She repeatedly requested, during the night, that Jeronimo's wife might be sent for to her, as she had something very heavy at her heart to communicate to her. Jeronimo's wife accordingly came very early on the following morning. The unhappy woman, after having summoned up the small remnant of her strength, and requested Jeronimo's wife to hear what she had to say, but not to interrupt her till she had concluded, thus addressed her:—"Your husband is innocent; mine was guilty. Fly to the magistrates, inform them of this, and save my husband's soul from adding to his other crimes the guilt of innocent blood. Thy husband ——" She was about to proceed, but death arrested her words. Jeronimo's wife, thinking that her husband was now effectually saved, flew to the president of the magistracy, and demanded immediate admission, and related the confession she had just received. The president shook his head. "Where is the woman that made the confession?" "She is dead." "Then where is the party accused instead of Jeronimo?" "He is dead likewise." "Have you any witnesses of the conversation of the dying woman?" "None; she requested every one to leave the chamber, that she might communicate to me alone." "Then the confession, good woman, can avail you nothing: the law must have its course." Jeronimo's wife could make no reply: she was carried senseless out of the court; and the president, from a due sense of humanity, ordered her to be taken to the house of one of his officers, and kept there till after the execution of her husband.

The finishing of this catastrophe was now at hand. Already the great bell of the city was tolling. The hour at length arrived, and Jeronimo was led forth. He was desired to add any thing which he had to say, without loss of time. He satisfied himself with the declaration of his innocence, and with recommending his soul to his Maker, then knelt down to receive the destined blow; but scarcely was he on his knees, before the whole crowd was thrown into motion by some of the marshals of justice rushing forward and exclaiming to stop the execution. The marshal at length made his way to the scaffold, and delivered a paper, with which he was charged, to the presiding officer. The officer, upon reading it, immediately stayed the further progress of the execution, and Jeronimo was led back to his prison. "What is all this?" exclaimed the crowd. "Have the friends of Jeronimo at length raised a sum of money which our just judges have required of them? and is his punishment thus bought off? Happy inhabitants of Padua, where to be rich is to be able to commit any crime with impunity!"

It is time, however, to inform the reader of the true cause. Jeronimo was scarcely led to execution, when the confessor of the prison demanded access to the president, and immediately laid before him the confession of a prisoner who had died under a fever the preceding night. The wretched malefactor had acknowledged that he was one of a party of coiners, who had carried on the trade of making false money to a very great extent; that Jeronimo's clerk was at the head of the gang; that all the false money was delivered to this clerk, who immediately exchanged it for good money from his master's

coffers, to all of which he had private keys, and in which coffers, on the apprehension of Jeronimo, he had deposited the instruments of coining, lest they should be found in his own possession. The confession terminated with enumerating such of the gang as were yet living, and pointing out their places of asylum and concealment.

The execution of Jeronimo, as has been related, was in its actual operation. The first step of the president, therefore, was to hurry one of the officers to stop its progress, and in the same moment to send off two or three detachments of the city guard to seize the accused parties before they should learn from public report the death of their comrade. The guards executed their purpose successfully: the malefactors were all taken and brought to the tribunal the same evening. The result was, that one of them became evidence against his comrades, and thus confirmed the truth of the confession, and the innocence of Jeronimo.

The president, in order to make all possible atonement, ordered a public meeting of all the citizens of Padua to be summoned on the following day. Jeronimo was then produced, upon which the president, descending from his tribunal, took him by the hand, and led him up to a seat by the side of him on the bench of justice: the crier then proclaimed silence; upon which the president rose, and read the confession of the malefactor who died in the prison, and the transactions of the others, concluding the whole by declaring the innocence of Jeronimo, and restoring him to his credit, his fortune, and the good opinion of his fellow-citizens.

Thus ended the misfortunes of a man who had provoked the chastisement of Heaven by his vanity and self-glory.—The course of Providence is uniform in all ages of the world: when blessings are contemned, they are withdrawn—when the man unduly elevates himself, the moment of his humiliation is at hand.

CONCEITS.

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o'er again.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593—1632.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Sweating and constant labour wins the goal
Of rest; afflictions clarify the soul,
And like hard masters, give more hard directions,
Tutoring the nonage of uncurb'd affections.

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592—1664.

A GOOD NAME.

Those who to popular praises aspire,
Must do't by much trouble and cost;
Yet, though a good name is so hard to acquire,
There's nothing so easily lost.

NED WARD.

THE TRIAL.

(From the Note-book of a Deceased Lawyer.)

IT has frequently occurred to me, that if any member of the Bar, who has been for a few years in practice in our criminal courts, possessing the not uncommon qualities of a moderate understanding, a mind open to conviction, and a tolerable share of attention to the cases which occur, would communicate to the world the result of his experience, he would do more to enlighten the public mind upon the nature and practical operation of that most valued of our institutions—the Trial by Jury—than could be effected in any other mode. No man can have attended, even for a single day, either as a juror or a witness, in any one of our courts, whether civil or criminal, without having been struck, if he be of an observant habit, by verdicts utterly at variance with the facts upon which those verdicts have been founded.

One of the most extraordinary and most interesting trials of which I find any account in my notebook, took place on the Northern Circuit, very little less than fifty years ago. It is instructive in many points of view. To those who believe that they see the finger of Providence especially pointing out the murderer, and guiding, in a slow but unerring course, the footsteps of the avenger of blood, it will afford matter of deep meditation and reflection.

In the year 17—, John Smith (I use fictitious names) was indicted for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled. The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate, in an unfrequented part of —— shire. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had, late in a summer's day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after taking some slight refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant, appointed to call him, entered his room for that purpose, he was found in his bed perfectly dead; and, from the appearance of the body, it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence on his person, and the countenance retained the same expression which it had borne during life. Great consternation was, of course, excited by this discovery, and inquiries were immediately made—first, as to who the stranger was—and, secondly, as to how he met with his death. Both were unsuccessful. As to the former, no information could be obtained—no clue discovered to lead to the knowledge either of his name, his person, or his occupation. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighbouring village about an hour before he reached the house where his existence was so mysteriously terminated, but could be traced no farther. Beyond this, all was conjecture.

With respect to the death, as little could be

learned as of the dead man: it was, it is true, sudden—awfully sudden; but there was no reason, that alone excepted, to suppose that it was caused by the hand of man, rather than by the hand of God. A coroner's jury was, of course, summoned; and after an investigation, in which little more could be proved than that which I have here stated, a verdict was returned to the effect, that the deceased *died by the visitation of God*. Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. In the mean time, rumour had not been idle: suspicions, vague, indeed, and undefined, but of a dark and fearful character, were, at first, whispered, and afterwards boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicions was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person, some another: but they all pointed to Smith, the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger. As usual in such cases, circumstances totally unconnected with the transaction in question, matters many years antecedent, and relating to other persons, as well as other times, were used as auxiliary to the present charge. The character of Smith, in early life, had been exposed to much observation. While his father was yet alive, he had left his native country, involved in debt, known to have been guilty of great irregularities, and suspected of being not over scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining those supplies of money of which he was continually in want, and which he seemed somewhat inexplicably to procure.

"And he had left in youth his father-land;
But from the hour he waved his parting hand
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
His sire was dust; his vassals could declare,
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there:
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.

"He came at last in sudden loneliness,
And whence they know not, why they need not guess;
They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,
Not that he came, but came not long before.
Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away
To those that wander, as to those that stay.
He came; nor yet is past his manhood's prime,
Though sear'd by toil, and something touch'd by time."

Ten years and more had elapsed since his return; and the events of his youth had been forgotten by many, and to many were entirely unknown: but, on this occasion, they were revived, and, probably, with considerable additions; and, in fine, the magistrates were induced to commit Mr. Smith to gaol, to take his trial for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice, to keep secret the examination of the witnesses who were produced before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession, before the trial took place, was that which I have here narrated. Such was the state of things upon the morning of the trial. Seldom, perhaps, had speculation been so busy as it was upon this occasion. Wagers to a considerable amount were depending upon the event of the case: so lightly do men think and act with reference to matters in which they are not personally concerned, even though the life of a fellow-creature is involved in the issue.

Lord Mansfield's charge to the Grand Jury upon the subject of this murder excited a good deal of attention. He had recommended them, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to ensure a conviction, to throw out the *bill;* explaining to them most justly and clearly that, in the event of their doing so, if any additional evidence should, at a future time, be discovered, the prisoner could again be apprehended and tried for the offence; whereas, if they found a true bill, and, from deficiency of proof, he was now acquitted on his trial, he could never again be molested, even though the testimony against him should be morally as clear as light. The grand jury after, as was supposed, very considerable discussion among themselves, and, as was rumoured, by a majority of only *one*, returned a *true bill.* After the charge, it was conjectured that the proofs offered to the grand jury must have been strong to authorise such a finding; and a strong impression in consequence prevailed that there would ultimately be a conviction.

The counsel for the prosecution opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box: he entreated them to attend to the evidence, and judge from that alone. He stated that, in the course of his experience, which was very great, he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than that upon which he was then addressing them. The prisoner at the bar was a man moving in a respectable station in society, and maintaining a fair character. He was, to all appearance, in the possession of considerable property; and was above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime. With respect to the property of the deceased, it was strongly suspected that he had either been robbed of, or in some inexplicable manner made away with, gold and jewels to a very large amount; yet, in candour, he was bound to admit that no portion of it, however trifling, could be traced to the prisoner. As to any motive of malice or revenge, none could by possibility be assigned; for the prisoner and the deceased were, as far as could be ascertained, total strangers to each other. Still there were most extraordinary circumstances connected with his death, pregnant with suspicion at least, and imperiously demanding explanation; and it was justice, no less to the accused than to the public, that the case should undergo judicial investigation. The deceased, Henry Thomson, was a jeweller, residing in London, wealthy, and in considerable business; and, as was the custom of his time, in the habit of personally conducting his principal transactions with the foreign merchants with whom he traded. He had travelled much in the course of his business in Germany and Holland; and it was to meet at Hull a trader of the latter nation, of whom he was to make

a large purchase, that he had left London a month before his death. It would be proved by the landlord of the inn where he had resided, that he and his correspondent had been there; and a wealthy jeweller of the town, well acquainted with both parties, had seen Mr. Thomson after the departure of the Dutchman; and could speak positively as to there being then in his possession jewels of large value, and gold, and certain bills of exchange, the parties to which he could describe. This was on the morning of Thomson's departure from Hull, on his return to London, and was on the day but one preceding that on which he arrived at the house of the prisoner. What had become of him in the interval could not be ascertained; nor was the prisoner's house situated in the road which he ought to have taken. No reliance, however, could be placed on that circumstance; for it was not at all uncommon for persons who travelled with property about them, to leave the direct road, even for a considerable distance, in order to secure themselves as effectually as possible from the robbers by whom the remote parts of the country were greatly infested. He had not been seen from the time of his leaving Hull till he reached the village next adjoining Smith's house, and through which he passed, without even a momentary halt. He was seen to alight at Smith's gate, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He now came to the most extraordinary part of the case. It would be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased died by *poison*—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operation, and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark or token by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature, that, instead of the body on which it had been used exhibiting any contortions, or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid quiet of repose. Its effects, and indeed its very existence, were but recently known in this country, though it had for some time been used in other nations of Europe; and it was supposed to be a discovery of the German chemists, and to be produced by a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry-tree, so abundant in the Black Forest.

But the fact being ascertained, that the cause of the death was poison, left open the much more momentous question—by whom was it administered? It could hardly be supposed to be by the deceased himself; there was nothing to induce such a suspicion; and there was this important circumstance, which of itself almost negatived its possibility, that no phial, or vessel of any kind, had been discovered, in which the poison could have been contained. Was it then the prisoner who administered it? Before he asked them to come to that conclusion, it would be necessary to state more distinctly what his evidence was. The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a housekeeper, and one man-servant. The man-servant slept in an outhouse adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, and the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put into a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved, by a person who happened to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after midnight, that he had been induced to remain and watch, from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very unusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. That person would state most positively, that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept to the housekeeper's room; that two persons then came out of the housekeeper's room, and the light disappeared for a minute. Whether the two persons went into Thomson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way; but in about a minute they returned, passing quite along the house to Smith's room again; and in about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrates had committed Smith; and, singularly enough, since his committal the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined; and, in order to refresh his memory, he had been placed, at dark, in the very spot where he had stood on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again; but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above-mentioned, to ascertain, when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thomson's room. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement; that after the persons had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance: his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more (said the learned counsel), and he had done his duty: it would then be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description; it was apparently not of English manufacture, and was described by the medical men as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had

listened to it with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of his housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip; and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension; but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution: it amounted in substance to that which the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house; but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even knowledge.

When the case was closed, the learned judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said, he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence; and if the jury were of the same opinion, they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He stated, that having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had his character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, that character could never be cleared by his acquittal upon the ground that the evidence against him was inconclusive, without giving him an opportunity of stating his own case, and calling a witness to counteract the impressions that had been raised against him, by explaining those circumstances which, at present, appeared doubtful. He urged the learned judge to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfield, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way, and yielded to the request.

"Dii faciles—torrens dicendi copia multis."

The prisoner then addressed the jury and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could feel satisfied to be acquitted merely because the evidence was not conclusive; and pledged himself, in a very short time, by the few observations he should make, and the witness whom he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds—upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime. With respect to the insinuations which had been thrown out against him, he thought one observation would dispose of them. Assuming it to be true that the deceased died from the effect of a poison, of which he called God to witness that he had never even heard either the name or the existence until this day, was not every probability in favour of his innocence? Here was a perfect stranger, not known to have in his possession a single article of value, who might either have lost, or been robbed of that property which he was said to have had at Hull. What so probable as that he should, in a moment of despair at his loss, have destroyed himself? The fatal drug was stated to have been familiar in those countries in which Mr. Thomson had travelled, while to himself it was utterly unknown. Above all, he implored the jury to remember, that although the eye of malice had watched every proceeding of his since the fatal accident, and though the most minute search had been made into every part of his premises, no vestige had been discovered of the most trifling article belonging to the deceased, nor had even a rumour been circulated that poison of any kind had been ever in his possession. Of the stopper, which had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, most solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and he asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial mind even a momentary prejudice against him? One *fact*, and one only, had been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer—the fact of his having gone to the bedroom of his housekeeper on the night in question. He had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage whilst she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest. It had been said that, after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable they might tamper with his servant: he had, therefore, kept her out of their way; but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a very powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance; she might be about thirty-five, or a little more; with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story that he had told of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding that, after leaving him, she had retired to her own room,

and been awakened by the man-servant in the morning, with an account of the traveller's death. She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here that which, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene:—The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstance mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the candle and the window, which was totally irreconcilable with the appearance of the room when examined; and he had half persuaded himself that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared. His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had already brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so also, and, by that means, draw forth all that she knew. After some few unimportant questions, he asked her, in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust,—

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened *once*, or *twice*, while it stood there?—A pause: no answer.

I will call it to your recollection: after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?—He shut it.

Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forget whether you said the closet was on the right, or left, hand side of the window?—The left.

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Can you speak positively to that fact? Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the key?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes towards the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its colour; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked, and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on, by one question to another, till she had told him all that he wanted to know. During the interval (occasioned by her illness) to the proceedings, the solicitor for the prosecution left the court. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the housekeeper her's in the witness-box: the court, in the interval, had remained crowded with the spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest, during his absence, it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness:—I have very few more questions to ask of you; but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper?—I do.

To whom does it belong?—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last?—On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money-bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were in it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner. A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded: the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and, to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result is too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal, but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, *convicted and executed.*

Did we not on many occasions doubt our motives, we should not assign them.—*Thoughts.*—G. H. Lewes.

VICTOR, LE BEAU COCHER.

[Concluded from page 245.]

After having replied to the usual formulary of questions as to age, name, residence, &c., he suddenly anticipated the next coming demand, by a request to be allowed to speak. It was immediately granted him. He bowed to the president, laid his hand lightly to his heart, as if in acknowledgment, and in slow, distinct, measured accents, not unmingled with a tone of unhoping earnestness, which was inexpressibly moving, he proceeded :—

" To spare the time of the court, and abridge my own suspense, I shall beg leave so far to depart from ordinary forms, as to give without further questioning, as briefly, as clearly, as exactly as I can, a relation of all the circumstances which have led to the accusations directed against me, and to which an—to me probably too many—inexplicable train of accidental coincidences appears in the eyes of the world, perhaps of my judges, to lend such fatal proof. My life, and still more valued by me than life, my honour, is at stake ; I must make a struggle to defend them ; yet I am debarred the hope, the smallest hope of success. I have for my only resource—my only stay—the consciousness of perfect freedom from any crime, save that of unworthy suspicion and jealous violence. I am innocent, wholly innocent ; but of what avail to say so, when I can offer no evidence but my word in confirmation ?" The latter part of this passage, particularly the sentences referring to " violence" and " jealousy," was uttered falteringly ; he hesitated a moment, then passing his hand over his brow, immediately resumed. The auditory were breathless with attention. " It were as useless as painful to dwell on the incidents that occurred at the opera, where, in an unlucky moment I was tempted to be present. Others, I am fully aware, will be summoned to lay before you their views, their opinions, their belief respecting the subject of their remarks in that place ; and these views and opinions will, no doubt, go far to stir up impressions to my disadvantage. I shall merely say, that every successive event of that evening tended to awaken feelings the most destructive of my peace—feelings which I am now ashamed to have abandoned myself to, in reference to one who was ever, and shall ever be—if she has not ceased herself to be—pure and spotless ; and roused me to a degree of excitement, of furious passion, or madness rather, that deprived me for a time of all control, of all command over my words or actions. I saw the wife of my bosom, that being in whom all my hopes of happiness were centred, pursued by the insidious attentions of a man, whose very aspect, though at first unknown to me, caused my blood to boil within me, I knew not why, and fool, madman as I was, I fancied that she tacitly encouraged his attempts. Slanderous thought! —infamous suggestion of some demon of ill ! I was tortured—I was in agony ; regardless of what might be said or thought, I snatched her away from a spot that seemed to me accursed. I wished to go home, to be quiet, to know that she was safe, that she was with me, near me, no longer tempted, adulated, estranged perhaps. On the very steps of the building I encountered one who disputed my will, and he the object of my resentment and my hatred. The occasion but too well suited my mood—I insulted him grossly, unpardonably, irretrievably ; nor was he slow to answer my defiance. It was not enough of the causes of ill-will he had given me that night, to urge me on to spurn and outrage him, but I was destined to find still greater incentives to my rage, at the moment he came thus in contact, under circumstances which had else been trivial ; but of this more anon. I ordered the driver, a man whose name has been mentioned in the case, and formerly attached to my household, to proceed quickly home. We had not gone far when he overtook that person, De Renzio. Soon afterwards, while speaking to my coachman, and urging him to hasten homewards, we heard cries for succour. I knew the voice—'twas my antagonist's, and felt strange emotions within me, whatever they might be—it boots not here to tell. I instantly resolved on going to his assistance, but was prevented by my wife's clinging round me, and by the man Victor, who left me, saying he would manage the assailants. He did not immediately return, and the noise continued. I extricated myself from my wife's arms, and rushed, unarmed as I was, to where the sounds of struggling directed me. The place was very dark ; I could but imperfectly descry what was passing ; several persons were struggling ; one of them fell just as I came to the spot ; I had not time then to know who, or recognize the others, for at that moment a heavy blow aimed, I think, from behind, stunned, and felled me to the ground. When I slowly and with effort recovered my senses, I perceived I was alone, and the lifeless body of De Renzio lying beside me ! For a while dizzy and faint I strove to regain the carriage, which I imagined to be still in waiting ; but finding I was unable, I endeavoured to support myself against a projection of the wall, and called out for help.

" A company of soldiers came up ; they seized me. My enemy, the persecutor of my repose, even in death, be it hatred, be it error, be it desire of foul revenge, unlike that I panted for, since it accused him who was guiltless, had strength enough left to point me out, and name me as his assassin. Me his assassin !—me his murderer ! True, I was his enemy thoroughly, in every way his enemy, but frankly, openly his enemy, not treacherously and in the dark. He had crossed my path once before ; I little expected he should have done so again ; for in one struggle, man to man, blade to blade, fairly and honourably, he had fallen, and I had reason to believe, never to rise again. I had pardoned—had nearly forgotten the injuries, the insults, the wrongs he had heaped on me, and on one dearer to me than life, than fame, and heaven pardon me, than hope of salvation. When I felt, when I recognised him in the individual pursuing with his odious attention that angel, now lost to me"—(emotion here r—in

choked his utterance; in a few minutes he continued in a quivering voice, that became more firm by degrees)—"was anew, endeavouring to blight the happiness he envied, and had once before blackly aimed at destroying, I cannot attempt to describe my feelings. My hate, my bitter enmity, my desire of revenge, revived with a thousand-fold vigour. I longed for his life; 'tis true, I thirsted for his blood —yes, for his blood, but honourably and fairly, shed in the face of day, before the eyes of men—my life and my blood staked against, as a soldier does; as no brave man ever feared or was ashamed to do. Assassination and murder in the night, are not the work, or the means do not become the hands of one, who has passed his best years in front of his comrades in arms, sheathing his sword in the breasts of the foes of the adopted country he fought for. That man—I cannot bear to name him—has perished by another arm than mine. I regret it—I deplore it; for I could, perhaps, have forgiven him, had mine been the one; and I feel that to forgive would at least, perhaps, have set my soul and heart at ease."

While delivering this abrupt burst, as it would appear, of uncontrollable passion, the prisoner's eye had lighted up, and absolutely shot glances of fire; his cheek flushed, his nostril dilated, he stood erect and proud; he seemed once more the Weminski of his friends and foes.

Several persons who had observed Weminski's conduct and demeanour at the ball, were now brought forward; they told in more or less precise terms, all that we have already narrated; on the whole, magnifying however, and giving a more suspicious colour to what really took place.

Three or four medical men were next examined; they were nearly unanimous in their depositions—death had been the necessary, the inevitable consequence of the numerous injuries inflicted by a sharp-pointed weapon, sword or dirk it might be, similar to that presented for their inspection, which corresponded exactly to the different orifices of the wounds discovered on the body—(a richly mounted poignard, let us not forget, had been found beside the victim, bearing Weminski's crest and arms.) Pressed for explanation on this point, he could offer nothing satisfactory in reply, otherwise than by conjecturing, that the dagger might have been stolen from him by one of the assassins, and made use of by them. The officer commanding the patrol which had arrested Weminski, and those of his men, whom he had selected to testify to De Renzio's dying declaration, reproduced it exactly in the words he had used—adding nothing new, of course, to the facts already recorded.

In fine, the principal witness (of whom some mention has already been made) from whom the most decisive proofs of the prisoner's culpability were expected, was now produced. The attention of every one in court redoubled. A tall, lank, stupid-looking man, presented himself, in whom, beneath the semblance, as they thought, of simplicity and embarrassment, with which he delivered his evidence, more than one close observer fancied he could detect unequivocal signs of calculating cunning. Be this as it may, *that* evidence was conclusive against Weminski. This man gave his name Pierre Larsonnet, "*commissionaire*" (ticket-porter); his employer, and the authorities of the *arrondissement* had given him the best character for honesty, trust-worthiness, and good conduct, which explains (together with its perfect coherence and air of verisimilitude) the confidence with which his testimony was received. 'Twas he, he attested on oath, that had let down and closed the coach door, when Weminski and the countess got into it at the door of the opera; he had witnessed the short but violent dispute, between the former and De Renzio, whom he professed to know, having been employed by him to bear some messages, and to do some similar offices connected with his calling. He distinctly asserted, that he had overheard Weminski give orders to the coachman, Victor, with whom he was well acquainted, (and to whom he had in a whisper communicated his suspicions, that there was going to be 'bloody work' in the morning,) *to follow De Renzio and keep up with him.* He proceeded to say,—I quote his words: "Curious to see how it would all end, and never thinking of what was to happen, I got up behind; we overtook Monsieur de Renzio and passed him; soon after he was set upon, and cried out; the coach stopped; Victor got down; as he quitted us I heard M. de Weminski say eagerly in a smothered voice—'Take care, Victor—don't fail—make sure work!' I was frightened out of my wits, I did not know what to do, I was afraid of being killed myself if I interfered, I got down and strove to slip away;—the scuffling and shouts of murder still continued, M. de Weminski got down also, and ran to where they were killing the man. I strove to creep off as quietly as I could, unperceived in the dark, but in my fright and confusion, took the wrong way; I soon found myself nearly in the midst of them, where they had pushed on to the struggle, and had only time to hide in a dark entrance, which luckily for me was near at hand. I was near enough to see what was going on. M. de Weminski came up and made stabs at M. de Renzio, while he was still striving to keep up against the others. 'Ah, villain—Weminski!—villain!'—I heard him say, groaning, 'you have murdered me.' I was half dead myself with fright. I crept as far as I could into the passage, and concealed myself there until all was quiet; I then stole out—I could perceive nothing but the two bodies lying on the pavement. In my hurry and trembling to get away, I slipped and fell on my hands and face over them; I made greater haste then, feeling I was spotted and splashed with blood, lest the guard should come, and I should be taken up for the murderer. I ran as quickly as I could home, and fainted when I got there; I told no one but my wife about it, and I would have kept silent still, but that I heard how things were, and that the real assassin was in prison for his trial. Then I knew I had nothing to fear,

and I came forward to tell the truth." This deposition, in which the witness never for a moment varied—though the presiding judge and several of the jurors (according to the practice of the French tribunals, cross-examination by prisoners' counsel is not admitted,) urged him with numerous and conflicting questions—produced a deep and painful impression on the court, the jury, and the audience. The prisoner did not seem disturbed, at least visibly, while his accuser spoke. Several times, at intervals, he looked inquiringly at him for a few minutes. When he had ceased, in reply to an interrogation of the president, he again fixed his eyes steadfastly upon him, and exclaimed in a loud voice, pointing with clenched hand, "'Tis false—every word false, he must have been one of them; I could almost swear it!" Larsonnet started in amaze, but soon recovering himself, confirmed anew on oath all he had already declared, and no effort of president, or suggested demand of prisoner's adviser, could make him for an instant waver.

Weminski's case, it seemed now to be generally felt, was hopeless. That he thought so too, might be read in the suppressed workings of his brow and lips; 'twas but for a moment; he quickly regained his former composure, if composure that could be called, which at times resembled unconsciousness. His numerous friends, the generals he had fought under, his brother officers, men of the most illustrious rank and highest authority were summoned, and heard in his favour. They spoke, many with an emotion that betrayed itself by tears and broken words, of his bravery, his almost ideal heroism, his chivalrous sense of honour, the natural goodness and generosity of his heart, all the fine and noble qualities they esteemed and loved him for. The venerable Marshal ——, whose aide-de-camp he had been for a long time, was so affected while delivering his evidence, as to be unable to proceed, and had to be removed from court; but alas! friends and admirers, and well-wishers, when questioned on one head, the fatal point of his inflexible unforgiving temper, when once stirred into ill-will, his violence and his jealousy, could, with whatever reluctance, but admit (the details of the case—even his own admission had sufficiently proved it,) that he was, in that regard, what he was described as being.

The last words of the debate, the final rejoinder of Weminski's advocate was over. The president amid a dead silence,—with visible emotion, proceeded to put the questions for the decision of the jury in the usual form—"Is the prisoner—yes or no, guilty of the crime of wilful and premeditated murder, imputed to him?" "Do there exist extenuating circumstances?" They immediately retired. The discussion in the jury-room was a prolonged, dubious, and stormy one. The foreman several times appeared to report progress, and ask the advice of the court. "It was impossible," he first said, "to agree on a verdict;" afterwards he announced, that an insufficient majority, then that *the majority* (two-thirds)—finally the whole of the persons had come to a decision. Several hours had passed away in this manner, each moment adding to the dread suspense, that hung alike (so it would strike one) over prisoner, spectator, and judge: yet to such an intense and painfully exciting pitch were their feelings of sympathy wound up, that no one stirred from the place he was, as if rooted to it. On the entry of the jury with their foreman at their head, a silence, if possible, deeper than that into which once or twice during the trial all sounds had been quelled—a silence still as the grave, that soon, perhaps, awaited the living being before them, seized on the motionless, eager, breathless crowd; they hung upon the man's lips as though they were to open and give utterance to the judgment of their own fate.

"Yes," he falteringly said, "in our soul and conscience, the accused is guilty—we find so unanimously—of wilful and premeditated murder."

"No!—there do not exist extenuating circumstances."

A cold shivering chill ran through every human soul present; not a sound, not a murmur was heard for several seconds; at length a sigh, an universal sigh, or rather groan, broke forth. The condemned man alone appeared unmoved, undaunted, undisturbed. "My wife—my wife—my Olga!" was all he said, raising his hands and eyes to heaven—then lapsed into impassibility as before.

His advocate stood up to offer some observations—to ground some motives of opposition to sentence being taken; Weminski with a sudden imperative gesture motioned him to remain, adding a few inaudible words in his ear.

The forms usual on such occasions were quickly gone through, and sentence passed; the law-officers and judge seeming as if anxious to be rid of the dreary task. The crowd whose attention and interest had never for an instant flagged, silently, sadly, gloomily dispersed. The culprit was removed to his dungeon, and there left alone, and in his chains, to his remorse, if it might be, with his innocence if it could be.

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The fickleness of public opinion is proverbial. But a few days since, people seemed positively anxious for the sealing of his doom, and were firm and ardent in the desire, that he should rather suffer, being innocent, than by any hazard escape, being guilty. Now, however, that his crime was proved, they began to waver; the recollection of his past character and services, his noble bearing, his mute and despairing affliction during the progress of the trial, pleaded widely and not unsuccessfully.

It was thus, that when the fact of an appeal to the "Cour de Cassation" having been lodged against the judgment was made known; an appeal presented, in direct opposition to Weminski's desire, by his counsel and friends, and which he had only consented to authorize from the sole motive repeatedly urged to him, that, by gaining

time, some intelligence of the countess might be procured; nearly the whole Parisian world, with one accord united in hoping it might not be made in vain. The judges of the court were, on the whole, supposed to be unfavourably disposed. Altogether a more marked change has seldom, it would seem, taken place in the minds of men.

The day of hearing at length arrived; the pleadings on both sides recommenced, and did not terminate till an advanced hour. An adjournment was ordered, to afford time for deliberation, much to the disappointment of an assemblage, scarcely less numerous than on the former occasion; and it was not until the third day following, that they heard, with marks of satisfaction, which respect for the seat of justice could not wholly repress, a decree pronounced, quashing the verdict, and ordering a new trial. It ended by a second, but qualified condemnation to perpetual imprisonment. This it was generally given to be understood, was but a step to a further extension of clemency: accordingly, in the course of a few weeks, yielding to the solicitations of family and friends, (the prisoner himself had obstinately refused to sanction any proceeding of the kind in his own name,) backed by the recommendation of the ministerial circle, and the request, nay prayers of almost every one of note in the diplomatic and other bodies, superior authority intervened to use its best prerogative, and Weminski was once more restored to freedom and society.

To freedom, yes—but to society, he could scarcely be said to have been in reality restored. The final lenient award of his judges, the royal clemency too, had done much—but not even both together, no existing power in fact could reinstate him in the position he had lost, or cause him to reoccupy the station he had moved in. There appeared, there *was* still in point of fact, something dark and unexplained in the whole affair; men looked upon him with a dubious eye—a blot, a slur was somewhere. It seemed now as if he were unconvicted and unpunished, only by *courtesy.* He had in a word, irrevocably lost *caste* on touching the boards of the Cour d'Assizes. But what imported it now? The world and he were two! Life itself seemed, as it were, gone for him. Abstracted from every thought, every feeling, every pleasure, every occupation, save one, the seeking for his wife, and bringing to justice, or wreaking his own vengeance upon her seducers, it might be her murderers. He continued day after day, week after week, to devote his time, his strength, his every energy to the search. No means towards this end, that wealth could purchase or ingenuity devise, were left untried by him. He courted, he recompensed, he bribed the underlings, and the superiors in authority. He offered large rewards for information. He employed crowds of open and underhand agents, spies and such others, to be on the watch at all times and places, where a hint, a breath, a cobweb clue of insight could be gained into the object of his wishes—in vain, still in vain. As was naturally to be expected, numerous designing persons, attracted by the hopes of reward so liberally held out, and the avidity with which he received even the promise of assistance, preyed extensively on his credulity; yet he persisted in lavishing large sums in the prosecution of his ever renewed schemes of detection.

His relatives now thought it meet and fitting time to interfere; and, accordingly, soon came forward to sue for a commission of lunacy against him, grounded chiefly on the plea of his profuse expenditure of money, for the chimerical purposes (as they termed them) alluded to. A commission was issued in consequence, and he underwent a lengthened examination before it. Far, however, from justifying their averment of insanity, they failed, after a tedious investigation, in producing any conviction on the minds of the commissioners, except that of their interested motives. The object of this vexatious pursuit was declared, unanimously, to be perfectly sane and capable of directing his affairs. It was remarked, that he did not manifest, in any manner, the slightest resentment at the advantage thus attempted to be taken over him. He spoke not of ill-usage, he did not breathe a word of anger; not a syllable of complaint escaped his lips. The once proud, the once violent, and unbending Weminski, was now humble and gentle as an artless child; and, bowed down, spirit-broken as he was, that child he would have suffered to lead him at will in all things, save one only—there he was inflexible—the untiring pursuit he had undertaken, that pursuit in which the end and aim of his existence appeared to centre.

III.

Before we proceed farther, it were well, perhaps, to say a few words explanatory of the original causes, hitherto obscurely hinted at, of the hatred existing between the two principal personages of this narrative, and of the melancholy results of which it is the recital.

As my readers may probably, ere this, have concluded from the imperfect illusions made to the subject in the foregoing pages, De Renzio, a Piedmontese gentleman of birth and large property, had been one of Weminski's fellow-suitors, his chief competitor in fact for the hand of the Lady Olga Imhanhoff, one of the brightest ornaments of the imperial court, where her family occupied a distinguished diplomatic rank. Finding himself likely to be supplanted by this more fortunate and brilliant rival, and acting under the influence of a sentiment, as ardent as it was hopeless, he allowed himself to be driven on by its ungoverned impulse, to the employment of means, which probably, in a calmer moment, he had blushed to think of using. He watched, he spied, he employed emissaries, he lavished bribes, he did not even stop at spreading reports derogatory to his rival's honour, reputation and fortune; and, not even satisfied with this, to the purity of his now all but affianced bride, regarding whom, both in respect to himself and others before on the *love list*, (as he dared diabolically to insinuate) he muttered unutterable things. The con-

sequence was, briefly, a sudden breaking off of the engagement on the part of her family. Weminski immediately sought for, and insisted on an explanation from them—heard all—followed it up with all the characteristic impetuosity of his fiery nature—traced it to its source, to De Renzio—and, meeting him in the raging height of his exasperation, without affording an opportunity of reply or exculpation, at once, as it were in the same breath, reproached, furiously branded and struck him. They fought, it might be said, almost on the spot, choosing seconds from among the first comers in the public room, where the explosion had taken place. De Renzio, after a sanguinarily prolonged struggle, in which both were wounded, received his antagonist's sword through the body, and was left for dead. He did not die, however; though such was the belief long current, as his first earnest request to his attendant, and one or two friends, who had assisted him, on recovering his senses so far as to be able to articulate, was, that they would keep the whole occurrence a perfect secret.

Weminski almost immediately quitted Vienna, following the young countess to Paris, whither her family had removed, the Prince Imhauhoff having been sent thither on a private mission. He was, soon after, all matters at issue having been satisfactorily cleared up, wedded to her, remaining, in common with every one to whom the details of the circumstance had been made known, under the impression—nay, positive conviction, that De Renzio was no more. Hence his surprise, and subsequent conduct, when he encountered him on the steps of the opera. The sequel is known. What can have prompted the victim's dying declaration—whether he made it through mistake, imagining he had been in reality waylaid by his rival's orders—or to gratify his hatred by contributing to that rival's destruction, remains wholly unexplained. His motives and his secret died with him. Let us now return to him, upon whose head it had so materially tended to draw down a fatal sentence.

On being restored to the usual exercise of his liberty of action, which the proceedings instituted by the family had temporarily interrupted, he resumed the same course of researches as before; but from this time forward, with more caution and judgment. He frequently wandered out alone in mean disguise, sometimes vaguely into the country immediately surrounding Paris, sometimes into the interior of the city; almost constantly guiding his steps towards the obscure quarters and abodes of misery, as if there expecting naturally to meet with crime or its traces; always prying, always questioning, always eagerly alive to snatch a gleam of hope from the most casual incident.

In one of these excursions, on which he had remained absent for the better part of two whole days, (his people at the hotel, now accustomed to the irregularity of his movements, scarcely noticed whether he went or came except when summoned to attend him,) it so chanced he found himself near the entrance to the Catacombs,* not far from the Barriere d'Enfer, at the moment a large party was about to descend to view those curious caverns, which, as doubtless our readers well know, were formed in quarrying for the erection of the city, under which they extend to an immense distance in several directions, and reproduce, in many places, the actual course of the streets above, as may be easily traced by any one well conversant with the localities, and able by comparison to establish the coincident lines. Suddenly an idea struck him. He would go with them. He, too, would take a view of the regions filled with the memorials of death.

The guides, struck with something strange in his manner and appearance, as may be conceived from what has been said of his habits and mode of acting, made some difficulty; the visiters, too, looked rather oddly at him. A gratuity of liberal amount to the former soon settled the question, and he was most graciously permitted to accompany them.

They proceeded for some time together in silence—Weminski vacantly staring at the different sights, pointed out to the admiring, and not a little awed gaze of his companions. The place and its objects were akin to his thoughts; yet *they* were far away, though full of the gloomy reflections *that* consonancy did not fail to excite; mechanically, unconsciously musing, he lingered behind the party; his wax taper (every one in the descent is provided with one) in hand, and did not perceive himself to be left alone till roused by the deep stillness of the place around, succeeding to the hum of many voices that had hitherto occasionally disturbed its echoes; stillness now interrupted by the rustling of reptiles crawling over the skeleton remains there deposited, or the gnawing of rats at some dry crumbling bone. He felt at once the horrors of his position, and stepping briskly forward, endeavoured to rejoin his conductor and fellow explorers; confused, bewildered, amid the windings and intricacies of this subterranean labyrinth, he forgot—he had scarcely heeded indeed, the instructions of the guide, to follow always the black mark traced along the roof, and went on seeking, examining, stooping to descry even a footmark, if there were luckily one to be discovered, stopping at intervals to listen, and calling out, mistaking the prolonged reverberations of his own voice for welcome sounds in reply; 'twas in vain—no one came, no other accents answered his. He felt he had irrecoverably lost his way, and grew faint, even in the midst of his previous wretchedness, at thought of the prospect that now opened before him—death by hunger—immured, buried alive in these bowels of the earth, cut off too from

* The Catacombs, it is scarcely necessary to observe, have been utilized as a receptacle for the millions of human remains, dug out of the different long since closed-up churchyards, formerly existing within the city, and those that are annually exhumed, on expiration of their term of *burial-lease*, from the new cemeteries, Pere la Chaise, Montmartre, &c., without its walls, by which they have been superseded. The bones that line these excavations (now closed upon the public) are arranged in a somewhat fanciful order.

the only hope and expectancy that made life supportable; for *this*, even at the dreadful moment when the conviction of his probable fate burst upon him, was his still pervading all, occupying remembrance, "Olga and revenge: shall I then perish and leave no sign, no token that I died to recover or avenge her?" The very thought inspired him with new strength, urged him on still to struggle—still to endeavour to live for the sake of the hope it gave.

He continued to advance, stopping and listening as before; more than an hour, which seemed a century, passed in those useless wanderings. His senses were at length struck by what seemed to be the smell and appearance of smoke. He looked again —it *was* smoke—walking hastily forward, guided by that which to him was fragrance,—he rapidly came to the spot whence it proceeded; this he found to be a circular curve, or widening of the gallery, of considerable height, which on closer examination, though at present totally unoccupied, bore evident marks of having been lately inhabited. In one corner was a sort of rude fireplace, constructed of fragments of stones, in which were still burning several logs of dry wood; a rough table, some half-broken uncouthly formed chairs and benches, a mouldering chest of drawers, and other dismantled pieces of furniture of the most common kind, stood in different parts of the apartment, if such it could be called. Weminski's attention was little attracted by the sight of these things, though, doubtless, surprise at meeting with them there was his first impression; he felt an unaccountable presentiment, a thrill of foreboding anticipation, that there was something more in reserve, than what appeared—that there was something here regarding him personally, something connected with the object of all his wishes; all his expectations on this side the tomb, for the fulfilment of which he would have willingly braved death, ay, even the death he seemed but a while ago, probably was still doomed to, without a single murmur, save of pleasure.

A sudden inspiration seemed at once to recall him to all the energetic activity of his character; carefully arranging his taper, of which fortunately the greater part remained unconsumed, he proceeded with searching eye to examine those singular premises; against the walls here and there were hung, and on the floor were strewed confused heaps of articles of many sorts and descriptions—arms, implements and instruments of various kinds, smaller furnishing trifles, such as writing-desks, dressing-cases, boxes, &c., wearing-apparel, more or less valuable in quality. It was manifestly in a word, the receptacle of a gang of thieves—in his mood of mind, the place of all others he ought to leave no corner of unscrutinized. He acted accordingly.

The case of drawers already mentioned was without a lock; he opened it, and saw, huddled together without any arrangement, a quantity of things, of which the first glance told the value—pieces of plate, silver covers, watches, chains, trinkets, &c. Weminski rapidly looked them over—a sword-hilt caught his view—a broken sword-hilt! his heart throbbed; he looked more closely—it was De Renzio's! he knew it well, too well, alas!—De Renzio's broken weapon. With what intensity of hope and fear, misery and anguish of mind, did he now gaze further! Can sight deceive him? What meets his eyes, ready, as it were, to start from their sockets?—a bauble, an ornamental plaything, the fairy wand his countess wore in character, when they last—he saw no more—a mist swam before his eyes; he felt dizzy, and, staggering faintly a few paces backwards, fell powerless into a seat, he had barely the strength to reach. The whole horrible reality flashed across his mind. Olga carried off, made away with, murdered, worse, infinitely worse—a prey to wretches, the vilest of living demons, whom beauty and innocence could move only to crime. Despair, all the tortures of all the damned were in that thought.

Recovering from this mute, yet conscious trance, the whole chances of his position, the long and ardently sought-for opportunity to be derived from it, the means to be employed—the line of conduct to be pursued, the steps to be taken, were revealed, as it were, by instantaneous light of intention, to his mind. His plan of action was resolved on, and, at the same second of time, began to be put into execution. "On this be my life!" he almost vociferated aloud, clasping together his arms, and clenching his hand with desperate force. He then relighted his taper, which had fallen; and proceeded to undertake the task of endeavouring to retrace his steps to light and the world again. The effort was fruitless; he was lost in the subterranean labyrinths which he explored in vain for an outlet. At last, feeble from fatigue, and exhausted from want of food, he flung himself hopelessly on a block of stone to rest awhile, when, raising his eyes by chance towards the roof, he espied the black mark the conductor had spoken of, as he now for the first time recollected. But it was now too late; he lacked strength to retrace his steps. Yet still there was a gleam of hope. "I shall perhaps be missed," thought he; "or if not, the next coming party must pass this way, and I may be succoured, if alive!" It did so happen: he *was* missed.

It is the custom, as travellers are aware, to count over the number of persons who descend on each occasion, and recount them on their exit from the vaults. Weminski had been found wanting, and the interest of all, particularly the guide, who remembered his generosity, and had even by some means been informed, or guessed who he was, was much excited. This man immediately went back, and paced through the galleries, in every direction, but without discovering the object of his search. Nothing discouraged, he returned, however, bringing with him others of his fellows, well acquainted with the different windings and recesses of the caves; and at length, on the evening of the next day, they found Weminski stretched senseless, scarcely living, on the stone where he had thrown himself to get a few moments' repose. He had tasted no nourish-

ment for nearly forty-eight hours, and had, doubtless, traversed some leagues up and down the endless labyrinth. Suitable restoratives being immediately administered, he was transported home, where every care and necessary attention were abundantly given him.

In the course of some hours he had tolerably recovered. No entreaties of friends however, or injunctions of his physicians, from the moment perfect consciousness returned, could induce him to remain quiet. Though faint and worn, and with difficulty able to move, he insisted on being conducted to the instant presence of the prefect of police, whither he accordingly had himself driven. During all this time, he had scarcely spoken a word to any one. He was immediately admitted and remained for a long time, in close conference with that functionary. Nothing transpired of what passed. The "chef de la brigade de surete" was sent for, and he soon after summoned several of his most dexterous and trusty assistants, to the number of fifteen or twenty. A map of the environs of Paris was consulted also, more particularly a manuscript one of the Catacombs, respecting which an experienced clerk, connected with the engineering department, who had been employed in drawing it out, was called upon to be advised with. Numerous agents were despatched in different directions. A strong detachment of gendarmes was commanded for immediate duty, and ordered to provide themselves with a supply of provisions and wine. Altogether there appeared to be an unusual stir, a noiseless one however, in the whole administrative beehive, of which the intent was to the many, for the present, a mystery.

It was promptly solved.

At an early hour on the second ensuing morning was seen slowly to advance through some of the most frequented streets of the city, followed by the gazing eyes of the ever inquisitive inhabitants, a body of gendarmes both mounted and on foot, whose appearance bespoke recent hard service and severe conflict. Their accoutrements were soiled and in disorder. Several were wounded, as slings and bandages stained and clotted with blood sufficiently testified. All looked haggard and exhausted, it might be with watching or fatigue. Escorted by them in pairs, handcuffed and pinioned together, marched a number of sinister-looking individuals, in front of whom walked boldly erect, smiling in derision of his captors and the multitude, as a mere spectator might, had something ludicrous occurred, our old acquaintance, Victor, le beau Cocher, and by his side, no longer wearing a face of vacant stupidity, but one that expressed the most acute perception of the predicament he stood in, and keenest reflection on the means of altering it—Weminski's condemning witness, the ticket-porter, Pierre Larsonnet!—a large covered car filled with various articles, trunks, clothes, furniture, &c., followed, well-guarded—two hackney coaches, containing, it was understood, several dead bodies, closed the procession, which soon after, guards, prisoners, and conveyances, were safely received within the gates of the "prefecture de police." Some hours later, the second named portion of the party was transferred to the Conciergerie.

From the circumstances now related, may be, in a great measure, inferred the probable conclusion of this long and melancholy tale. The gang, sixteen in number, which had been just seized upon, in consequence of Weminski's information, formed the principal nucleus of an extensive body of malefactors disseminated widely in different quarters of the metropolis and its environs, a body regularly and most admirably organized for the carrying on a wholesale system of depredation, whether as regarded the facilities provided for the easy commission of crime, the avoidance of detection in the act, or escape from its consequences. They had established their chief place of rendezvous at the spot we have described in the Catacombs; which (the discovery had been made by chance by one of them hiding from the pursuit of justice, and they immediately profited by it) communicated through a dried-up well with a set of dismantled offices, situated in the then thinly inhabited quarter, extending between the Barrière d'Enfer, St. Jaques, and Faubourg St. Marceau, and ostensibly serving the purpose of cowhouse and dairy. There, and in their subterranean retreat, they had been waylaid, and watched, and after a desperate resistance, which cost several lives both of themselves and their captors, at length secured.

Of this band, Victor might be considered the chief. He it was whose ingenuity and deep foresight had formed and carried into execution the whole plan of the *society*. Next, perhaps equal to him in influence, if not in real authority, was the man so long regarded as little more than an idiot, Pierre Larsonnet. Admitted in the exercise, and on pretext of his employment, into a great number of houses, he was everywhere treated with implicit confidence, both in consequence of his character for honesty and good conduct, and probably not a little too from his supposed defective intellect. Never was part better acted or appearances more false; and seldom had it served as a screen to more profound depravity, designing artifice, and devilish cunning. Where he set foot, he noted every thing, he explored every thing with quick and comprehensive glance, the issues, entrances, the habit, and hours of people, &c., communicated his report immediately, and the project founded thereon, to the gang. It was generally acted upon without alteration, and did not often fail when thus planned and directed by him. His authority, in consequence, was great among them, as I have already mentioned, and nearly counterbalanced that of Victor. It was he who, on the fatal night from which we have dated these details, started to Victor (a whispering conversation of the latter with bystanders may be recollected,) a hint of the design on which they and two others of their accomplices, prowling about like him for prey, subsequently acted.

Larsonnet and the two assassins had followed De Renzio at a short distance; when the carriage

had advanced a few paces beyond, they attacked him. He had time to draw his sword, and defended himself vigorously, wounding one of them, until Victor, fearing that Pierre, whose real cowardice he was aware of, should shrink away from the struggle, running up, he stabbed him several times while engaged with his antagonist, for Larsonnet, as he expected, had stood aloof the moment he found there was danger. Weminski now arriving as De Renzio fell, the dastard villain, comprehending in an instant with fiendish perspicacity all the extent of the advantage that might be derived from the circumstance, plucked from the anticipation sufficient courage to advance and strike him heavily down with a bludgeon. Not a moment was lost, Victor understood his plan in half a breath, and smoothing the words of angry reproach that were on his lip, rushed away to the carriage with him, leaving their fellows to rifle De Renzio's body, and taking care to cast beside it Weminski's poignard, stolen formerly by Victor himself. Larsonnet mounted the coach-box, and Victor got into the interior, where he found the countess in a swoon, a long and deadly swoon, from which she but partially at intervals recovered, (her companion had profited by her state of insensibility, to place a rough bandage over her eyes, and another, that scarcely permitted the free use of breathing, across her face and mouth,) and only at length finally awoke on being released, to find herself alone, far away from help or hope, in the robber's hiding-place, wholly, irrecoverably at their mercy.

We must shudderingly draw a veil over the scenes that ensued; one too faithfully, too horrifyingly revealed in the course of the prosecution, and confirmed, as regarded the welcome close of her sufferings, by the inspection ordered by court of the ground beneath her murderers' den. This search took place by dim torchlight. It was a sight of thrilling terror and solemnity; Weminski had insisted, and there were none to control him, on being present along with the magistrates and the accused; one by one, successively, buried but a few feet below the surface, were dug up five bodies, which, owing to the peculiar nature and geological composition of the soil, were, as if by a special intervention, it would seem, of a just Providence, in so perfect a state of preservation as to be easily identified; they were those of individuals who, we have told, had at intervals been missed. Last of all was raised out of the earth the graceful statue-like form of the Countess Olga, still—dread mockery of woe!—covered with a portion of her masquerade dress, scarcely less clearly, palely fair than when living, save a livid mark round her small and delicate neck. The assistants instinctively drew close to shield the body from her husband's view. He had seen it, but he stirred not, he spoke not, he moved not.

Within a week from this moment, the principal criminals were in eternity. They died as they had lived, each in his proper character. Larsonnet crouched and shrunk from his doom. Victor was reckless to the last. On his way to the scaffold he manifested some signs of repentance, which the clergyman in attendance, with Christian zeal, eagerly endeavoured to turn to account by his exhortations; but it was, as the sequel showed, only to have an opportunity of giving a last proof of irreclaimable obstinacy. When it came to his turn (as chief culprit he was executed last) to mount the fatal steps, he motioned the venerable ecclesiastic to advance, then rushing suddenly forward, as he obeyed the sign, actually dashed his head (his arms were pinioned) into the old man's chest, exclaiming, "There is my fee, take that for your Tom-fooleries!" The demoniac laugh he burst into at this his parting exploit, resounded still as the guillotine-knife fell.

How shall we speak of the yet remaining survivor of this dismal tragedy? He did not put an end to himself—it was thought he would; but religious feeling, of which by a rare exception to the men of his time and profession, he had never wholly lost sight, forbade it. He retired to deepest solitude, and had, perhaps, soon ended his days there; for *his* was not a spirit that could long suffer and not sink under silent woe, now that it had no longer to keep it alive, the occupation of seeking out revenge; but the tidings, which had roused all Europe before, came to rouse him in turn. The emperor had landed—Napoleon, the hero of his dreams, was in arms again to reconquer his throne. This was stirring the only still unextinguished aspirations of his soul; this struck the only yet vibrating fibre of his heart. All his former fearless valour urging him, he was up—he was away—he had united himself to his toil-worn, still unconquered comrades, before it could be known or guessed what had become of him.

The events of the three short months, that finally closed the career of the extraordinary man whose power they for ever crushed, are sufficiently known. Weminski distinguished himself, as he had always done during the campaign, by repeated acts of incredible daring. Wherever peril was, *there* was he, too, foremost. He was seen to lead the last forlorn charge of the "Lanciers rouges," at Waterloo, (of which the patriotic Bellangé has given a spirited though saddening sketch,) and three times desperately rallied them to the breach of the British lines. When the shattered remnant of that body retreated he was not among them.

The day after, a *vivandière* belonging to the regiment, was seen to search long and perseveringly over the theatre of that deadly conflict. She drew forth, at length, from amid heaps of slain, a yet breathing form,—'twas Weminski. In a few moments he opened his eyes, and seeing a friendly face bending over his, (he had been kind to the woman on some distressful occasion, and she was grateful for it,) moved his lips as if to speak; no sound followed the effort. He attempted to raise with his right hand, which, mangled and covered with blood, lay close to his heart, something which it clasped. He died as it reached his lips—it was a medallion, with the portrait of Olga—his last sigh had been for her.

MRS. SOUTHEY AND MRS. SIGOURNEY.

We return to this subject in consequence of a statement which has recently appeared in an American paper, which has been copied into the *Athenæum*, and which seems to have been written by Mrs. Sigourney, or, at least, to have been distinctly published under her sanction. It is only right to let Mrs. Sigourney have as large a space for her vindication as she appears to think it requires, and we, therefore, give the passage in full, exactly as we find it.

"Having contemplated visiting Dr. Southey at Keswick, Mrs. Sigourney, on leaving England, wrote to Mrs. Southey, regretting that the accounts she had received of Dr. Southey's extreme illness deprived her of the pleasure of seeing him. In reply to this, Mrs. Southey wrote, under date of April 3, 1841, as follows :—

"'Permit me thus familiarly to address one whose name, *at least*, has long been familiar to me, and toward whom, having seen some specimens of her beautiful poetry, I cannot feel as toward a stranger.' And thus closing—'It will please me to think that I shall be held in kindly remembrance, in a far-off land, by one whose genius was held in honour by him who was (humanly speaking) my *light of life*.'

"With regard to the alteration of Mrs. Southey's letter, or 'the interpolation of phrases implying intimacy, and ejaculations of pathos,' it is enough to say that there is not the slightest foundation for the charge. We are able to state this confidently, after a careful examination and comparison of the manuscript with the printed page.

"The only remaining charge is that of having published Mrs. Southey's letter without authority. We cannot answer this better than by stating the simple fact, that since the appearance of Mrs. Sigourney's book, she has received a cordial letter from Mrs. Southey, in which she (Mrs. Southey) fully approves, to use her own words, of '*the publication of those few words of mine, to which you have done too much honour—both to them and their writer*.'"

The reader is now in possession of the whole answer Mrs. Sigourney has as yet made (up to the time we write) to the accusations brought against her on the authority of Mrs. Southey. In order that the value of this answer may be properly appreciated, we will restate the charges, which naturally divide themselves into two heads:

1. The interpolation of Mrs. Southey's private letter.

2. The publication of Mrs. Southey's private letter, without the previous authority of the writer.

Let us see how these charges are met in the above statement.

I. With regard to the interpolation, the writer satisfies himself (or herself) with observing that "it is enough to say there is not the slightest foundation for the charge." We beg to observe that it is *not* enough to say there is not the slightest foundation for the charge; the writer must *prove* it. Mrs. Southey asserts that Mrs. Sigourney has done a specific act. It is not enough for Mrs. Sigourney to *say* that she has not done it; she must produce the document by which alone the charge and the answer must stand or fall. Her assertion is, at least, no better than Mrs. Southey's, and the public will be justified in placing entire credit in the accusation, so long as the accused shall continue to withhold the only evidence by which she can be vindicated—and which it is important to mark, *she alone can produce.*

But the writer of this statement declares that he (or she) has carefully compared the manuscript with the printed page. Now, Mrs. Sigourney either wrote this statement, or did not write it. If she did write it, then her comparison goes for nothing more than a re-assertion of her original publication, which is the actual matter in controversy. If, on the other hand, the statement was written by somebody else, then the public ought to be informed who that person is, and, above all, whether he is acquainted with Mrs. Southey's handwriting. It is not satisfactory to have Mrs. Southey's letter attested at New York, by an anonymous writer in a newspaper, when it might be so easily sent to England to speak for itself.

II. As to the charge of having published the letter without authority, the newspaper writer says he *cannot answer it better* than by stating, that Mrs. Southey has written to Mrs. Sigourney *since* its publication fully approving of it. The public cannot be misled by this answer, which, instead of being the *best* the writer could have hit upon, is, in fact, no answer at all. Mrs. Sigourney publishes the letter *first*, then gets a sort of polite, commonplace acknowledgment of the publication from Mrs. Southey, and this she calls publishing a private letter with authority. The argument, to deal gently with it, is very Irish; we will not say it is uncandid and sophistical; but when Mrs. Sigourney next publishes private letters, we would strongly advise her to fortify herself with the authority beforehand; not to publish first and get permission afterwards.

That Mrs. Southey should have written to Mrs. Sigourney, not only expressing no dissatisfaction at having her private letter dragged into public notice at a moment of such profound domestic anguish, but actually thanking her for conferring such an honour upon her, is a thing which we at once confess we cannot comprehend; knowing, as we do, that Mrs. Southey in her private correspondence with friends in England, expressed but one sentiment of unmitigated pain and astonishment, at seeing her private letter interpolated with familiar phrases, and making the round of the newspapers. All we can say is, that if Mrs. Southey wrote such a letter to Mrs. Sigourney, and if, as such a letter would seem to imply, there was no interpolation

in the case, we owe Mrs. Sigourney an *amende honorable*, which we shall make with frankness and promptitude. Indeed we have no hesitation in saying that if all this be *proved*, Mrs. Sigourney is entitled to all the reparation that can be offered to her for the infliction of a very grave injustice.

But the greater moral and social offence of publishing a private letter will still remain untouched. For this offence Mrs. Sigourney can put in no valid defence; and ready as we shall be to atone to her for the charge of having interpolated Mrs. Southey's letter—(a charge made upon the authority of Mrs. Southey's own handwriting, although, perhaps, she did not intend to give it that publicity which her friends considered desirable)—we shall still entertain the same opinion of the flagrant breach of confidence she committed, in laying any fragment of such a correspondence before the public, under any pretext whatever.

LORELEY:

A RHINE LEGEND.

FROM yon rock's topmost height,
  Where sleeps the fair moonshine,
Looks down a lady bright,
  On the dark-flowing Rhine.

She looketh down and over;
  She looketh far and wide,
Where'er the white sails hover:—
  Youth, turn thine eyes aside!

Fair though her smiles be to thee;
  Beware the spell she flings;
She smiles but to undo thee;
  With siren heart she sings.

She looketh on the river
  As if she looked on thee:
Heed not the false deceiver,
  Be deaf, be blind, and flee.

For thus she looks on strangers all,
  With witching eyes and bright,
While her streaming locks around her fall
  In a dance of golden light.

The light it doth resemble
  The deep wave's deadly gleam—
As deep and icy. Tremble
  To trust the treacherous stream.

An aged huntsman sat on a mossy stone, by the cave of Goar, close to the banks of the Rhine, and sung these verses to the gentle murmur of the river, whose waves bore a small boat, in which a youth was seated. The frail bark had nearly reached the bank, a dangerous whirlpool in that part of the river, which calls forth all the art of the helmsman to avoid being carried down in it; but the beautiful youth, heedless, or unconscious of his danger, kept his eyes steadily fixed on the summit of a high rock, whence a lovely female form looked down, and seemed to smile sweetly upon him.

The old huntsman raised his voice when he beheld the young man's peril; but he heard not the warning: his lute, his oar, and his cross-bow, had all dropped unnoticed into the stream, and nought remained to the entranced youth but his cap and swan plume, which was fastened by a ribbon to his neck, while the increasing rush and roar of the waters rendered his situation more perilous, and the voice of the huntsman less audible. It was the lovely maiden, who sat on the top of the rock, that engrossed the youth's whole thought and sense. She seemed to gather glittering pebbles from the rock, and ever and anon to cast them merrily down into the water, where they vanished in the shining foam. The youth thought that the beautiful maiden was smiling upon him; and he sat motionless, with his arms stretched out towards her, gazing upon her as on a star, till his little skiff was borne upon the sharp rocks, and the whirlpool threw its gigantic arms around the youth, and drew him to its breast. But the lovely Loreley only looked down upon the scene as if it pleased her, and, smiling like a child from under her beautiful long hair, threw down fresh pebbles into the boiling whirlpool.

The huntsman raised his bugle-horn, and blew so wildly on it, that his hounds began to howl around him, and some fishermen, who were occupied at a distance catching salmon, rowed towards him; but the youth was sunk beyond recovery, deep, deep in the whirlpool. Then the huntsman said to the fishers, "Did you see how the witch up yonder rejoiced over the destruction of this poor youth? how she bent her ear and listened to the roar of the waves whilst they sucked him in, and hissed over him, as if they mocked his silly love?" But a young fisherman answered, "Is the maiden who sits up there on the *ley** to blame if an imprudent boy should gaze on her with those eyes which he never should have turned away from the waters? She did not send the whirlpool to meet him: he himself rushed into his own grave." Then the fishermen told the huntsman how sometimes, in the still evenings, the beautiful fairy had appeared to them, sitting quite close on the banks of the river; and how she had beckoned them with friendly smiles to go hither and thither with their nets; and how they always drew their nets up abundantly filled with fishes, when they followed her directions. "But if you venture to approach her", said they,—"and who would not desire to do so? she is so beautiful,—she gets angry, and vanishes like a mist. Whether she rises up into the air, or plunges down into the deep, nobody can tell; and nobody knows who and what she is."

Shaking his head, the old huntsman went away, in the darkling evening, to the other side, towards Bacharach. Close to this town stood Stahleck, a castle where the *pfalzgraf*† resided. Many tales

* On the Rhine, a slate rock is called a *ley*.
† A judge.

had been told at the castle of the marvellous lady, who sometimes, in the twilight, or when the moon shone, would appear on the rock; but none of the pfalzgraf's household had ever seen her; and he often warned them not to let themselves be led away by vain curiosity, remarking that he whom God preserved from all intercourse with such phantoms of hell, should rejoice in his mercy, and entertain no wish that it were otherwise.

But the son of the pfalzgraf, a beautiful youth, whom it seemed as if the spring had chosen for its harbinger, and who changed all into spring whereover he looked and smiled, had often turned his eyes wistfully towards the place from which came the wonderful tales of Loreley. Yet he dared not go thither; for his father and mother had become aware of his feelings, having been told by his playfellows what a picture he had drawn of the fairy, and how all his thoughts and wishes were directed towards her. Whatever came to his knowledge regarding her, was never forgotten again, but stood for ever in transparent beauty before his imagination, which would sometimes picture her seated high upon the rock, surrounded by party-coloured snakes, and green lizards, which crept about among the glittering stones; and ants, which came in long troops, as if they were carrying gifts to her; while the full moon showered down red gold into her lap. Sometimes, when all around the banks and the river was veiled in twilight, he thought he saw Loreley standing there in the rosy solitude, singing her monotonous song, while beneath her the Rhine flowed on with lonely murmurings, and the timid birds, awaking from time to time, flew up into the air, and the late evening glow still hovered above the tops of the mountains.

The same evening on which the huntsman came to Stahleck, Hagbert—for such was the name of the son of the pfalzgraf—was seated, with his sister, Wana, on the declivity of the neighbouring Kühlberg, opposite the Voightsberg, upon whose sunny sides the costly vine prospers. They saw the boats passing over the water, and many beautiful spots reflected on the river like the looks of love and of longing. Many a tale they had told to one another; and now the brother and sister sat holding each other's hand in silence. Wana was Hagbert's confidant, and she knew wherefore he sighed, and breathed so ardently towards the distant vapour, under whose golden and blue veil the mountains seemed to heave like a bosom, in which many a sweet and many a painful secret is concealed. All around was silent: the trees moved as if they were lulling one another to sleep; the odorous pinks and violets near the rock shut their eyes; the little brooks alone continued to beat and murmur like the veins of life in a dream: behind the darkling trees and bushes, the tops of the gilded forest shot up, and a shower of red sparkles seemed to fall upon the grass, and to inflame it. Suddenly the moon rose behind the mountains, and all at once every thing seemed to burn in clear and enchanted light. "There is Loreley," said Hagbert. "She smiles to us. Do you hear how she calls?" It was only a bird screaming through the red moonlight night. But Wana drew her brother up from his seat, and said, trembling, "It is time, my brother, that you bring me home to my mother. Let us not again be seated here so late and alone on the declivity; for the charm draws you down, down, and I tremble for you and for myself."

At the castle they were talking of what had lately been said of the beautiful Loreley, when Wana, in the hand of her brother, and a little afraid of the reproof of her mother, entered the hall, where her parents were seated together, as was their custom at night time. The youth listened in silence to every word which was spoken. "If she is a witch, this wild Loreley," exclaimed Ruthard, a knight of the palatine, "she must be thrown into the fire, were she even as beautiful as the evening star yonder." Then Hagbert sighed, and, leaning on his father's chair, bent over his neck, and said, "Let me catch her, father. I do not fear. If she is a witch, I will bring her to you; but if there can be found no guilt in her, and if she does not willingly do harm to any one, you will give her to me, and she shall be my own love." Hereat all who were present laughed aloud; but the pfalzgraf answered, "People say Loreley is a cunning fisher: she spreads out a glittering, wily net; but as for you, my son, you are a young inexperienced little fish, and had better keep at a distance from her. Curiosity and the forbidden fruit often excite youth to wish for a thing which they throw away as soon as it is in their possession. If even the ghostly lady should be no monster, she is most probably a mermaid; and a man shall hold no communion with such creatures. God has placed them in another house of nature, and their enmity visibly appears as soon as man approaches that which nature has designed should remain at a distance from him." "There are plenty of tales told," replied Ruthard, "from which it seems that such intercourse has brought harm and perdition over both; and it seems to me no guilt to kill such a creature, who tries to insnare men with siren love." "One may quietly pass by," said the countess; "for the water-nymph is said to be a creature without reason; but man ought not to follow blind instinct, if he does not wish to do so." I shall not lend you my cross-bow, Ruthard," exclaimed Hagbert, "if your speeches are meant for the poor fair Loreley." "We have talked enough," interrupted the palatine, desiring the priest to say the evening prayers. But Hagbert slept uneasily the whole night. It seemed certain to him that they would attack Loreley; and he fancied he saw the arrow in her breast, and her blood flowing like a coral string down the dark rock into the deep Rhine.

One of the following days, several strangers came to visit the castle; and Hagbert and his hunting companions conducted the merry sportsmen through ravines covered with vines into the green foliage of the forest of beeches: but the pfalzgraf had secretly ordered Ruthard to pay attention to Hagbert, lest

his curiosity should lead him after more witching game. Nevertheless, it so happened that Hagbert got out of sight of his companion, and suddenly disappeared. He yet heard the bugle-horns calling him back; but the sounds came from a great distance, and Hagbert's heart beat violently, like the young eagle's when he no longer hears the wings of the old one around him. Without thinking of what he intended to do, he hastened on as quickly as he could. Sometimes it seemed to him as if he truly intended to catch the mermaid, and thus accomplish the will of his father; and sometimes he fancied himself called upon to protect her, as if he had long ago seen her and loved her. He now stepped down a ravine. It was at the bending of the river, where it turns into the silent rocky solitude; the turrets of Oberwesel and the watch-towers of Schönberg glittered behind him; the last light of day, like a dying flame, played around their tops; whilst over the mountains the first rosy beams of moonlight appeared like as on that evening when Hagbert and Wana looked down from the Khülberg.

But from beyond, a wonderful sound was heard, incessantly repeated, which those who deeply listened to did not perceive was always the same note, and sweet tunes seemed to float in the air around him, like the distant and enchanting call of love. Hagbert looked around; and, when he saw nothing, he thought how that bird could be called which sings sweeter than a nightingale. Some young people from Oberwesel were now close by him; the water sparkled beneath their oars around the boat, and Hagbert heard them say, "That is Loreley." He then cried to them, "I am the son of the pfalzgraf, and would like to be rowed a little in the light of the moon. Will you ferry me over?" With these words, he sprung into the boat with his bow and his arrow, his locks streaming loosely in the wind around his temples and his neck. "Now, row me over to the rock, where Loreley sings," exclaimed he; "pull off; show me the fair Loreley."

The young men rowed on, and soon showed him the rock whence the sweet voice resounded. There stood the maiden, gleaming all silver white in the light of the moon, and twining in her golden hair a wreath of water-flowers and reeds, which she had gathered in the Rhine, while, ever as her hands moved, she kept singing, "Loreley—Loreley—Loreley!"

"Row me thither, row me thither!" exclaimed Hagbert; but the helmsman kept at a distance, and said, "It would be the death of you." Then Hagbert replied, "Well, be thou my death, or I catch thee alive, my lovely maiden; and never shall I part with thee again, nor thou with me! What! do you delay?" called he again to the young man. "Do you know my father has sent me to catch the mermaid? Therefore I came with my bow and arrows." The rowers bent to their oars, and the old steep rock soon threw its shadow over the boat; but again the boatmen paused, and warned the rash youth of his danger.

The fair Loreley had opened her bright eyes: her long, luxuriant ringlets fell undulating down her shoulders, as if longing to leap with her into the waters to entangle the youth; she remained standing at the edge, her song was silenced, and she looked as if partially revealed from a dim mist. The young men now called on Hagbert to place his arrow on the string, as the witch was just standing fair for a mark; but he took off his weapons and threw them into the Rhine, calling out, "Be not afraid, lovely maid; no harm shall be done to you; but mine you must be, and I am yours for ever." At these words, those who held the oars shuddered, and began to be afraid lest they also should lose their senses, like the son of the pfalzgraf, and so all of them find their death on the spot. Therefore they held off the rock as much as they could, and beat their oars stoutly against the waters. But Hagbert, endeavouring to spring over to the edge of the rock, missed his step, and sank down into the waters, and after him, with a sweet and mournful scream, plunged the siren into the flood, as if a silvery beam from the rock had suddenly glittered over the stream. But the young men fled away, and only thought of saving their own lives. "What shall we do?" they exclaimed; "shall we tell the palatine that his son found his death in the Rhine? And if we conceal it, a still worse suspicion falls upon us; for it cannot remain secret: so let us just say that he hired and forced us to bring him hither, pretending that his father had sent him to kill the mermaid; and that she bewitched him when he was taking up his weapon,—which is all the truth."

When Hagbert opened his eyes, it seemed to him as if he had awoke in the midst of winter, and as if blue and green pieces of ice stood like giants around him; but a gentle spring breeze blew through the crevice of the rock, and sweetly fanned his cold cheeks. What the boy thought was cold ice, was quartz and transparent crystal; and the breeze was Loreley's breath, which played around him like the sighing wave. Forests of rushes and other aquatic plants rustled around the cave; and through the crystal walls resounded, incessantly, sweet sounds, as if the waves were sighing their love to one another.

In this deep world Hagbert found himself alone with the beautiful mermaid; but he could not feel comforted here in the midst of those frightful wonders; and soon he longed, almost more impatiently than he had formerly done, to throw himself into the water, to see again the light of the day, as if it was only there that he could rejoice in the sight of the beautiful fairy, and exchange love for love. He said to her, when she threw around him her silver-white arms, and when her ringlets floated around him like the waves of the stream, "Only where the sun of heaven shines upon us can I rejoice in your sight!" So she took his hand, and led him along a narrow rocky path. It grew darker and darker around him, and waving flowers seemed to shoot down from an immeasurable height into the lonely depth. "The hills and vales are still slumbering," said Loreley, "but the sky does not shut his eyes

for so long a time: do you see how they glance down upon us?" And again the wild floods rushed around Hagbert. "Let not your foot glide," said Loreley; "come, sit down here, close, by my side, till the sun rises."

A white cliff glittered in pale light before Hagbert; but it seemed to be assailed by agitated waters, which heaved to and fro among huge mountain-like forms, and threatened also the spot where he stood in the silent night. "Where are we?" inquired Hagbert, and felt, not without a shudder, Loreley's arms surrounding him. "We are in the midst of the Rhine," said the maid. "These are the ancient children of the giants, the mountains; we are seated on the toe of one of them: and it is so long, that he stretches it out like an angle for the ships which so merrily go up and down the Rhine. He draws them down at the stone yonder; and yonder where I look to, up the river, the wrecks appear again; but no living being ever re-appears there: they have all been swallowed—swallowed."

At the opposite side a small light now appeared: it was a lamp before an altar in the church of St. Clement, on the opposite shore. The feeble glimmer glided slowly through the country, throwing here and there a beam; and Hagbert thought he could discern the Mauserthurm quite near; and before and behind him, upon the heights he saw some well-known castles. "Do you know," said Loreley, as if she had perceived his distrusting fears, "I have been leading you up the stream: the waters were carrying you down: there my kinsmen would never have let you out again from the crystal castle; but you shall remain mine; for you I left the beautiful castle: all my longing was for you." "Loreley," exclaimed Hagbert,—and, as he glanced on her countenance, her flowing ringlets in the night breeze looked again so beautiful, with the light from beyond the river falling upon them,—"they say you rejoice there above, upon yon rock, when your wild river draws a man down."

Loreley sighed, and said, "It may be so, dear youth: I did not know better; I thought it must give pleasure to all to sport with us, and to get fresh and cool in our resounding transparent world."

"They also say," replied Hagbert, "that you allure the children of men with your sweet song." "I do not care at all for the children of men," said Loreley, peevishly; "for my pleasure I sang; for my pleasure I gazed. I called none, and looked for none. If any one thought that I called for him, it sometimes amused me, and I had my sport with them without thinking of it. But now, alas! all is changed: no sport will any more rejoice me. It is you I have chosen; it is you whom I will draw down into the deep—you, whom I will follow through the world; for I am yours, and you are mine. When you approached with bow and arrow, I felt as if I wished to be a roe, and to have your arrow in my heart, and to fly before you till I had drawn you to the highest top of the rock, where you should have been alone with me."

From near and far now flamed up the first morning light over the white rocks: their tops glittered in the first dawning of the morning, whilst below them the two lovers were still seated. Hagbert held the beautiful maid in his arms: she leaned her head upon his breast; but, when the cocks began to crow at the shore, she started up, and said, "I must go. There, where you have found me, you will find me again at evening-time. Do not forget." She then threw a stone into the water, which became troubled, boiled, and gushed up, and a small boat appeared working its way to the surface. "Leap into it," exclaimed Loreley; "one of the boards was broken in sinking, take it up and make use of it for an oar, and row to the shore. Farewell, Hagbert!" With these words she plunged down; and Hagbert, now in the boat, saw her no longer. But below him there sounded a murmuring voice—"Loreley, Loreley!" till it seemed as if tears at last stifled the longing sound.

The frail boat carried Hagbert with as much security over the dangerous spot as if a careless, playful child had been entrusted to its care; and he reached the shore to the right, where castle Ehrenfels glittered in the morning glow over the merry vines. In the morning beam, Hagbert awoke gradually from the dreams of the night; he was astonished, and knew not how he felt; doubt and sweet mystery, desire and horror, struggled in him; Loreley's countenance appeared before him, such as it had smiled upon him in the light of the lamp from the church; and it seemed to him as if he should have placed her in the full glare of that light, and all fear would have fled: then he thought again how the crowing of the cock had frightened her away; and he felt as if a ghost had been seated near him in the horrors of the night, and wondered that his adventure had not cost him his life.

He went to the nearest cottage of a vine-dresser, and begged for a warm drink. His clothes were damp, and he left them in the cottage, and put on the jacket of one of the boys. He knew not whether, if he should return to Stahleek, he might hope, as his life had been miraculously preserved, that the anger of his father would be softened; and then he hoped to obtain the interest of his mother and sister for the fair Loreley, and that they might intercede for her with his father. Again, midst his secret shuddering, the wish awoke in him to fly to the maid of the rock, and to live for her alone; and again fear overcame his longings. Thus he spent a part of the morning musing upon the shore, till at last he bethought himself it would be best to go straight to Stahleek; otherwise the maid might come into danger before he could prevent it. He felt more and more anxious the nearer he a[illegible] proached the castle of his father. He mount[illegible] the steps in the rock which led a nearer way [illegible] small gate; but in seizing the knocker, he [illegible] ceived he had lost a little ring which he always [illegible] on his left hand; and he thought the m[illegible] might have taken it secretly from his finger [illegible] him for ever to her.

Night came on. The pfalzgraf, infor[illegible]

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death of his son, sent Ruthard with a troop of soldiers to catch Loreley, dead or alive. Ruthard had begged hard to be intrusted with this commission. Loreley stood on the top of the rock when the fierce-looking men came down the dark flood. She gazed up the river, wondering that Hagbert did not come, and called aloud, as she was wont, "Loreley, Loreley"! Then Ruthard cried mockingly to her, "We bring to thee greetings of your love, Hagbert: he sends by us a kiss to his bride, with which he weds thee: come down to us to get it, or tell us how to come up to thee without flying. O, thou fair and wild Loreley, here is new booty for thee. Dost thou not choose to catch it as thou hast caught Hagbert?"

Loreley lifted her snow-white hand: she pointed with her finger here and there, and showed them how they might climb up the rock; for she thought that they came in peace, and that they surely brought to her Hagbert's greetings. Many of them warned the rash Ruthard, but he laughed at their fears; and two of his savage menials climbed up the rock with him. "Bind her!" called he out, when they had gained the rock. "What do you intend?" exclaimed Loreley. "Thou must die: down with thee to the Rhine, thou witch!" said Ruthard. "Thou must die, siren that thou art, who hast killed the beautiful Hagbert."

"Hagbert!' exclaimed Loreley in a melting voice. "Come hither, Hagbert. I am no witch. I am Hagbert's love; his true love." "Phantom!" cried Ruthard, "Hagbert lies in the river." "He is at Stahleck," said Loreley, wringing her snow-white hands, and embracing Ruthard's knee. "O, let me not die! Hagbert, Hagbert, come hither!"

The hearts of all those who had remained below were moved by her beauty and her accents, so that one cried to the savage knight, "Have patience, Ruthard; I will ride to Stahleck, and see whether the mermaid has spoken the truth: if the son of the pfalzgraf is at the castle—if she has saved his life—she shall be free." But Ruthard laughed in mockery, and said, "Will you not also bring a priest that he may convert the witch? Although Hagbert were yet living, Loreley must die for having seduced him." But Loreley looked with new courage upon the man as he flew away in full speed upon his foaming horse, and said, "Do you wish to throw me into the Rhine? That I can do better myself. Here before your eyes, I will leap into it." But Ruthard got her fettered, and a heavy stone was brought, whilst the cruel knight shook his glittering sword above her swan-white neck.

A swift boat now came through the waves bearing to the edge of the rock the friendly soldier who had ridden to Stahleck. "Loreley," called he up to her, "give back the little ring you have taken from the palatine's son, and your life shall be saved:" thus the palatine spoke. "I have no ring of his," said Loreley, lamenting; "he had none on his hand to give me. Hagbert, alas! Hagbert, why dost thou not come? Drag me to him in chains, and he will loose them."

"Do you see? she will not yield up the ring," replied Ruthard, spitefully. Then Loreley wept, like the imploring deer, when the harsh, savage huntsman stands before it; and many of those who stood below wept with her, for Ruthard had no mercy; he granted her no respite; he hung the heavy stone at her neck; and the murderers approached; but Loreley looked on them, and said, "My love has betrayed me: no one shall ever see me more." Once more she glanced up the river, and leaned over as if she wished to see castle Stahleck: she then stepped to the edge of the rock, and leaped down.

As if changed into stone, Ruthard and his two blood-thirsty companions gazed after her. They could not find the way down again; and thus they died a miserable death. But Hagbert was inconsolable when he heard the news of Loreley.

The following day, a man from Oberwesel brought a net of large fine fish to the castle; and when they were about to prepare them in the kitchen, they found under the tongue of one of them the ring which the youth had lost, and which, doubtless, had fallen from his finger when the flood drew him down.

Hagbert often rowed up and down the Rhine; but Loreley's lovely form, and her fair countenance, he never saw again. Yet her voice was often heard: she sang no longer, but she answered when called to; and then it seemed as if she wept, and sighed deeply, and would have said had she spoken, "Why do you throw away your words upon me, and invite me to play as I formerly did? It is no longer Hagbert's voice. I have lost him, lost."

When Hagbert called to her, she answered his words like an echo; but he could not bear the sound. Once he pressed his sister Wana to his breast, who mournfully stood beside him; threw the ring into the Rhine; and listened through the sound of the oars towards the rock; but his sister kept him back, when he longed to fling himself down into the wild river.

From the day on which he threw the rich ring into the Rhine, near the rock which still bears the name of the Mermaid, Hagbert declined in health, as if something was gnawing at his heart; and like the sound of the bugle-horn at the Loreley, his young life died away in the longings of love.

ALEXANDER.

No marvel, thou great monarch didst complain,
And weep there were no other worlds to gain,
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiss:—
He's grief enough, that finds no world but this.

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592—1664.

LOVERS' LIES.

Say, wherefore is it lovers' lies
Cause to the world such vast surprise,
When every common fool must know,
That Cupid always *drew a bow?*

THE SECRET MISSION.

(From the German of C. von Wachsmann.)

BY WALTER K. KELLY.

Falstaff. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after.

SHAKSPEARE—*Second Part of Henry IV.*

"WHAT an ugly country, Peter!" said the young Swiss knight, Arnold an der Halden, to a gigantic, grayheaded attendant, as the latter was busily assisting his master to don his satin doublet, fringed scarf, and plumed bonnet. "I would we were at home again in our mountains, and that I heard once more the sound of our cattle bells that ring a thousand times pleasanter than the silver bells the courtly folks here, at Blois, wear on their clothes, tinkling as they go, like the Whitsuntide mummers at the fair of Uri. What think'st thou, Peter? Would my uncle take it sorely in dudgeon were we to turn back and say that the court liked us not?'

"Now, the heavens forbid it, young sir!" cried the old warrior, in unfeigned dismay. "By our dear lady of Einsiedeln, think not of the like! How would the worshipful old Herr von Wattenwyl look to see us, without a word said, making our appearance again in the castle of Firnstein, and owning, as we needs must, that we had been only four-and-twenty hours in the neighbourhood of the royal residence, and had seen neither his majesty, nor his lady mother; nay, hardly your maternal uncle, the commander of the body-guards? Why, it were as though a stranger had been in Uri and had not set eyes on the great horn in the council-house, the grand token of the canton; not to mention that you came here for the especial purpose of seeking service with the king through your uncle, the good knight Abyberg."

"Thou art right enough, Peter," said the young Swiss, in half doleful, half petulant accents. "But, prithee, do but look out at the window, and say if every thing here is not far otherwise, and far worse than with us. Here, for instance, stands this morsel of a house we are in, alongside the monstrous lump of stone they call the royal castle, on a flattened hillock; and behold ye, the folks make a wondrous ado about the view over the dead level, dreary country, and the muddy, creeping river. By'r lady! if these *Welsch* would but come amongst us! We could show them rivers, and mountains, and lakes, that were worth the pains to see them!"

"You will like these things better, young sir, when you have been here a little longer," said the old servant, consolingly.

"Never think it, Peter!" rejoined Arnold, with a sigh. "I have had some very disagreeable specimens of the place and its ways already. This morning, as thou know'st, I made it my first business to go in quest of my uncle Abyberg. I was to find him in the royal castle. Very well; away I go to the castle, and a terrible straggling building it is. On I go, in here, out there, asking my way of every body I meet. One shouts to me, *A droite!* another cries, *A gauche!* and a third nearly runs over me, and by the time he has called out *Excusez!* he has already whipped round a corner. At last, a laughing varlet points to a door from which he ha just come out; I open it, walk in, and see a demoiselle in the act of getting out of bed, who, the moment she sets eyes on me, sets up a squall as if she was spiked on a spear. I began very mannerly to explain to the lady that she had no more to dread from me than from the gentleman that had just passed out from her; but she never left off screaming, *A la porte! Ah, le vilain!* and every thing else that was cankered and uncivil. In the end I was fain to make my way out again, much faster than I entered. After this I betook myself to the guard-room of the body-guards, where I made sure, at any rate, of learning where were my uncle the commander's quarters. But no sooner had I crossed the threshold than some young lackbrains began to laugh with all their might. 'Look, here comes a magpie!' shouted one, meaning to break a jest on my white doublet with black sleeves, though the same is a right comely garb, and the colours, moreover, are those of the canton. 'Under favour, messire,' says another, jeeringly, pointing to my broadsword with the large baskethandle, 'this holiday weapon is doubtless an heirloom from some of King Arthur's knights?' and so the saucy knaves went on. I had much ado to keep from letting loose upon them; I bridled my rage, however, and asked after their commander, who, as I told them, was my uncle. Upon this they were wondrous civil, and one of them—the very same that had talked of the magpie—stepped forth to conduct me to the commander."

"But your uncle received you graciously?" inquired the sympathizing servant.

"Surely so," said Arnold, nodding; "he was by all means very friendly. But body o' me, Peter! what an intolerable volume of lessons he doled out for my behoof! Thus was I to speak upon such and such an occasion, and thus again on such another. By St. Arnulph! my poor wits could make nothing of the whole fardel; and yet I am to go back to him at ten this evening, when he will begin at the very beginning and instruct me in all form how I am to comport myself."

"Then you must make haste and despatch your supper, for it is now nine, the sun is set this long time."

"Thou say'st wisely, Peter," said the young knight, laying his hand significantly on his stomach. "I am as hungry as a wolf, and have scarcely had two mouthfuls of dinner to-day. Only think, Peter! I went into a hostelry, and the hostess put an eel before me—at least I thought it one—swimming in black broth. I tasted a morsel. Peter, hast ever seen an eel with a mouth like a duck's bill? I was startled, and asked the hostess what it might be? 'It is a lamprey, messire,' says she, 'and this nice sauce is made of the creature's blood." Pah! take away the nasty stuff, I said, and bring me some-

thing else. And what think you she brought me, Peter? A rabbit! As true as I am a sinner, a rabbit! Now didst thou ever hear in all the whole confederacy of any one ever cooking rabbits for food? My stomach could not stand it; I paid my reckoning and quitted the place; and if I had not had a crust of bread and a stoup of wine I would have been as empty as an unsuckled baby."

The young cavalier went on at great length in this way, detailing his woes to his trusty Peter, who, with difficulty, assuaged his vexation by narrating to him his own disastrous passages in the various military services he had seen, and by assuring him that such misadventures were inseparable from the lot of wayfarers in remote regions, and from that of the knight above all other wanderers. Hereupon Arnold departed with a heavy sigh for the royal castle to receive from his uncle the counsels promised by that experienced cavalier and courtier.

Has the reader ever stood before the prefecture of Blois, gazed over the mighty Loire, thick set with vessels of various sorts, and then entered the old castle and the room where the daring and chivalric François de Guise fell beneath the stroke of the assassin's steel? If so he may form some faint conception of the awe that came upon Arnold (though of a totally different kind) as he hurried in the moonlight towards the vast edifice in which the Lady Mother and her royal son kept their state, and from the illuminated halls of which a bright light shone upon his path. As Arnold stepped in at the open door he was accosted by a sentinel, who called out to him, according to the custom of that day, "For whom are you?"

"For the king and France," replied the young Swiss, and the partisan was lowered.

The young man's outward appearance had undergone some alteration in the course of the day. The black sleeves, that had provoked so much criticism, and the huge basket-hilted sword had disappeared, and Arnold's tall and handsome figure now looked to great advantage in his doublet of white satin, trimmed with black velvet, and his bonnet and plume. Accordingly he was very well pleased to see that his appearance was not greeted, as before, with derisive laughter by any of the cavaliers on duty; on the contrary, one of them took great pains to direct him to the northern tower, where the knight, Abyberg, had his lodging. Unfortunately the direction was of but little use to our young friend; for notwithstanding he had already made his way to the tower by daylight, though from another quarter, by the time he had gone up and down half a dozen flights of stairs and roamed about several intricate passages and galleries, he found himself completely at fault, and, as he judged from the dead silence all round him, in a totally uninhabited part of the castle. He coughed and hemmed before one door after another, hoping some one would come out, but all in vain. Chancing in his perplexity to look out at a window he perceived a huge tower standing out prominently, in the moonshine, and a faint light glimmered from one of its windows,

"That may be the right one," thought he.—"It lies, indeed, rather west than north, though very possibly I mistake its bearings. At any rate I cannot do better than go straight to it along the corridor; for if I open one of these doors, right or left, who knows but I may come again upon a lady getting in or out of bed, who will be ten times more curst than the one I surprised this morning, seeing it is now so suspicious an hour?"

Shrewdly as the good knight fancied he reasoned, his uneasiness prevented him from reflecting that the danger he shunned was just as likely to befall him in a chamber of the tower as anywhere else: his destiny, however, willed it otherwise on this occasion. He walked on, then, to the end of the corridor; but there he found his progress stopped by a grated door. Here he renewed his coughing, and so forth, but still without success.

"After all, the door is not locked!" said he to himself, giving it at the same time a push that seemed more suited to the resistance of the massive oak-doors in his paternal castle than for the lighter ones of a royal palace, for in an instant the lock lay at his feet.

"A murrain on it, who'd have thought it!" said the young man, somewhat startled for a moment. "But why do they lock the doors? Except the lock on the outer door there is not another in all Firnstein Castle, and no one ever steals any thing. Stupid work this locking!"

So saying, Arnold entered an antechamber, at the farther end of which he found another door. He touched the latch, and the door stood open.

The moment the young man looked into the room before him he started, and felt inclined to turn back; but presently he plucked up courage enough to advance. The sight before him was a strange one. He found himself in a large circular apartment, adorned with queer fantastic devices, and filled with a multitude of strange furniture, machines, and implements of all sorts. Some of the objects before him were frightful to behold—for instance, an enormous serpent suspended from the ceiling, a crocodile, nay—Oh, horror of horrors!—a stuffed Moor, no less, as black as ever came from Africa. But Arnold soon lost sight of all these things, his whole attention being riveted upon something of a very different kind. In seven niches, ranged round the room, on as many splendid gilt thrones, sat seven royal figures of both sexes, with crowns on their heads. At first sight, Arnold thought the figures were alive: he believed he had audaciously broken into the king's audience-chamber, never doubting but that he stood before Henry the Third, and all the members of his royal house. He had already doffed his bonnet, made a deep reverence, and was about to drop on one knee, and offer his humble excuses, when he observed that the figures never moved: upon this he advanced nearer to them, staring with all his eyes.

"Very odd!" was his soliloquy; "they are made of wood or wax, or some such thing. Ay, ay, now I have it. They are saints, and this is the

castle chapel, only it is queer there is no altar in it. I know that one," he said, going up to a gigantic figure. "That is big St. Christopher. But why has he not the infant Jesus sitting on his shoulder? I know her, too." This was a beautiful pale female figure with a star above her head. "That is the blessed Virgin; one can see that at once from the child at her side, that is practising with the bow. But no! By the mass! but they are no saints after all. Yonder pale man with the grim face has a child in his hand he seems about to devour. I never heard of a saint that was a cannibal. After all I have got into the court *apotheca*. Ay, forsooth, so it is. All these queer things, the stuffed serpent, and the Moor, and so on, are just after the manner of the *apotheca* at Bern. Hey-day! what have we here?" he said, as he stood before a table. "A wax doll, naked, except that it is wrapped in a royal mantle, and with a golden crown on its head. It lies on a velvet cushion, and—eh? what have we here? This is curious! gold pins sticking in its heart, in each arm, and in its hands and feet! Well now if—"

At this moment a female voice was heard scolding in the corridor. "Truly, Père Jacques, this is very incautious of you to leave the door open. And you, you Brittany sluggard! you have been too late to your post, otherwise you would know whether or not there has been any one in the corridor. *Tête de Dieu!* Upon the very next such act of negligence I will have you hanged to feed the crows. Be assured of that."

"Now, the saints defend us!" thought Arnold; "the ladies are all raging mad in these parts. 'Twere best I stepped aside a moment behind the giant with the crown, or there will be old brawling again. I would to heaven I were back in the castle of Firnstein, or—in Jericho!"

Arnold had scarcely time to slip behind the giant with the crown, whom he took for St. Christopher, and who was none other than the planet Mars, when two persons entered the room. One of them was an old man, apparently of seventy years of age, with a bald head and white beard, dressed in a dark silk robe. The other was a female past the middle age, but still displaying visible remains of great beauty. The lady's bearing was queenly, and imperious, but her features expressed cruelty, pride, and cunning.

"Now Père Jacques," she said, sinking as if exhausted upon a chair, "look at the heavens, and tell me if you may not hope to operate successfully to-night."

The old man slowly ascended a winding staircase, concealed by a curtain, and after a few minutes, during which the lady sat with her head resting on her hand, seemingly in deep thought, he descended again.

"Now then, how is it?" said the lady, starting up.

"Mars invisible, but Venus refulgent in the house of life: Saturn hardly discernible, and *in cadente domo*," replied the old man in a deep but feeble voice.

"I thought so," ejaculated the lady, gnashing her teeth, and striking the arm of her chair fiercely with her white hand. "Always the same. Neither heaven nor hell can prevail against this man."

"I could almost turn in despair from the science of white magic as far as he is concerned," said the old man. "How should it be possible to get the better of him, the especial favourite of the planets? Mars and Venus in continual alternation shield his accursed head; they shed their influence down upon him with ever increasing strength. Nought is to be done here but through the help of agents of this lower earth."

"If you can give me no better consolation, you are a sorry comforter!" cried the lady, passionately. "Here lies his image. Twenty pins have already pierced it, and he—he, whom I hate as I do the king of darkness, exults in the full vigour of health and strength."

"Nevertheless this is the only means left, if you will not have recourse to extreme measures."

"You mean poison or the dagger?" said the lady. "Satan is leagued with the heretic, or he must have fallen many a day since. Go to, Père Jacques, you are a wretched comforter."

"Still I have strong hopes from an eighth attempt," replied the old man. "In two minutes fourteen seconds Venus recedes beyond the limits of his house; we must instantly pierce his heart with seven pins, prepared in the way you wot of."

The lady sank again into a revery. The old man kindled charcoal in a chafing-dish, and threw something on it that presently filled the room with a dull white vapour, of a sweetish but unpleasant odour. He then looked at an hour-glass, appeared to reckon for a while, then suddenly rushed to the royal image on the cushion, and seemed to busy himself somehow about it.

"Go up once more," said the lady, pointing to the staircase. "Go and observe the constellations. We will make a note of them."

The old man disappeared for some minutes. "It is impossible to make an observation," he said, when he returned. "Half the horizon is covered with clouds, but Mars gleams through them like a fiery meteor."

"Ha, traitor!" cried the lady, springing up in a fury, and shaking her clenched fist at the image behind which Arnold had concealed himself, "what hinders me from hurling thee down from thy throne and trampling thee under foot? Wilt thou ever remain my foe?"

The pungent odour that filled the room had long irritated Arnold's olfactory nerves very considerably; nevertheless, he had till this moment heroically resisted every inclination to sneeze. But being now sorely confused by the lady's approach to his hiding-place, he forgot every precaution of this kind, and the last word had hardly escaped the lady's lips when Arnold broke out into a fit of sneezing that made the walls of the room ring again. The lady sprang back with a loud cry of alarm, and the old man was looking round in dismay towards the door, when

Arnold came out from behind the image with a half anxious, half sheepish look, and altogether making a very ludicrous appearance. The lady seemed now to rally her courage.

"Who art thou, audacious wretch?" she cried, in the most violent rage. "Père Jacques, call the guards. But no! stay a moment. Speak, villain, madman! How com'st thou here? Speak! or shall the halberds of my guards loose your tongue-strings?"

"Hark ye, lady!" replied Arnold with tolerable composure. "You scatter phrases about, that if you were a man you should swallow again, or I would let you taste ten inches of cold steel, but as you are a woman I take your talk for mere fiddle-faddle, and give myself no concern about it. Just as little care I for what you say about the guards; for should there be no more than some three or four men before the door, with the help of our dear Lady of Einsiedeln, I would make short work with them and their spits they call halberds. If, however, you ask for information-sake who I am, and what is my calling, there can be no objection to that, and so I give you to know that I am a Swiss of knightly degree, by name Arnold an der Halden, and I am come hither to offer my services to the king. That I have made my way in here to your *apotheca*, or whatever else it is, comes simply of a mistake, since I was in quest of my uncle Abyberg, and I understand no more of all the things I have heard and seen here than a cow does of the deliberations of the greater and lesser council of Uri."

"Canst thou pledge me thy knightly word that thou hast understood nothing of all thou hast seen and heard here?" inquired the lady, bending her eyes keenly on Arnold.

"Ay, forsooth, that I can!" exclaimed the young man. "Where in the fiend's name should I have learned the mystery of all this hocus-pocus? But no! I had like to have forgotten. One thing I did understand, and that better, as I think, than you and the old man there."

"So?" cried the lady, with flashing eyes. "Speak out plainly, or thy head shall be stuck up within the hour above the palace-gates."

"A plague upon it, but your liver is hot!" replied Arnold. "The old man spoke of Venus and her refulgent house. Now that is all nonsense, for all the world knows that she keeps her state, surrounded by a train of pretty maidens, in a mountain, whither Sir Anchises once suffered himself to be allured; wherein, in my opinion, he acted very indiscreetly."

When Arnold had concluded this speech on the matter of which he appeared to pique himself not a little, the lady fixed her eyes on him as if she would look through and through him. She spoke some words in a strange tongue to the old man, to which the other nodded apparently in assent, and thereupon her angry aspect was suddenly converted into the greatest affability.

"My good young sir," she said, "your frankness pleases me exceedingly. Accompany me, therefore, for a while to my apartment, where I would have a moment's discourse with you. I will make sufficient excuse for you to your uncle, who moreover, if you question him to-morrow, will undoubtedly assure you that I can be of greater use to you with the king, than he himself could."

The friendly manner in which this was spoken, and, above all, the lady's concluding words, so wrought on Arnold, that he joyfully declared his readiness to accompany the honoured dame wherever she pleased, offering her his arm at the same time, with somewhat awkward gallantry. She seemed to hesitate for a moment, but at last she accepted the proffered support; only our young friend thought it somewhat strange that the lady only laid her hand on his forearm as she walked, a fashion he had never seen before.

As the lady and her cavalier passed through the long galleries, the numerous sentinels invariably saluted them with halberds lowered to the ground. The young man was not a little struck by this politeness, for until then (with the exception of his waggish persecutors) no one had taken any notice of him. But what was his astonishment, when, as they passed through a hall in which there were more than twenty cavaliers, all present rose up, the very man who had spoken of the magpie included, and bowed almost to the ground.

"Handsome enough, after all, the ways of this same court!" thought Arnold, nodding with the greatest good will to the courteous cavaliers. "What pleasant-mannered people! At first one may be a little put out to be sure,—witness the idle cavillings at my garments, and the lady too was rather sour at first; but when a man is once known to them, these courtiers can value him as he deserves."

Thus communing with himself, Arnold passed with his companion through a suite of rooms, each succeeding one surpassing in beauty all before it. The splendid carpets and hangings, and the rich and gilded furniture excited the admiration of the young Swiss, who had never before beheld such magnificence. He could almost fancy himself in an enchanted palace. But the best of all was yet to come. When they had crossed a large room, two handsome and sumptuously-dressed pages threw open the doors of another.

"We are arrived!" said the lady, as she entered the room leaning on her companion's arm.

Who could describe Arnold's amazement at the sight that here met his view! It was not the splendour of silk and gold, and costly Venetian mirrors that dazzled the young Swiss; no, six young girls were there, beautiful as only the imagination of a youth of twenty can conceive, and dressed in the most bewitching style, that far from concealing any natural grace seemed to enhance the charms of their loveliness to the highest degree. Whether it were chance or magic design, Arnold knew not, but it struck him as exceedingly curious, that two of these fascinating creatures were blondes, two brown haired, and two brunettes. The costume of all was pretty nearly alike in form, but varied in colour according to the complexion of the wearers.

Arnold's companion had no sooner entered the room, than the six beauties hastened to greet her with the liveliest demonstrations of respect.

"Good evening, *mes enfants!*" said the lady graciously. "You have been long expecting me, I suppose; but if I have tested your patience, I make you amends by bringing with me a young cavalier, a gallant Swiss. Take care of your hearts, *mes enfants*; you will need it; thou especially, Isabelle," she said, addressing a blackhaired brighteyed sylph, who hastily retreated behind her companions. "Thou wilt have need of all thy caution; fair-complexioned cavaliers have always been especially dangerous to thee. I must set my gentle Fredegunda to watch over thee. The little blonde Burgundian will never lose sight of the gallant knight, were it only from a little inkling of jealousy."

Arnold was at his wits' end. Was this the lady who had threatened half an hour before, to have his head stuck up over the palace gates? Was he dreaming? Had he lost his senses?

"Well, my young friend," she said at last, seating herself on a sofa, and making him sit down among her beautiful retinue, "you do not say a word. How like you my poor dwelling? Where think you that you are?"

"Madam!" replied Arnold, his eyes sparkling, "well might you have laughed, when I talked awhile ago of Sir Anchises, and his being enticed to a mountain: for now I see plainly that dame Venus inhabits no dark rocky dell, but as the old spindleshanks very truly said, a refulgent and magnificent house."

"Hey-day! how gallant! Is the honeyed voice of flattery known even in your mountains?" said the mistress of the apartment, with a smile.

"There is no flattery in the case," replied Arnold, stoutly. "I warrant me, dame Venus has nothing to show in her court to compare with the splendour here, much less any thing to compete in beauty with these young ladies. And you, madam, by St. Arnulph! twenty years ago, you must have been marvellously beautiful."

The lady smiled graciously at the plain speaking of the young Swiss, and rejoined,

"Since you confess that my young protégées meet your approbation, you shall give me a still stronger proof of your candour, and tell me frankly and plainly which of them is most to your taste?"

Here there was much tittering and whispering among the girls.

"By my troth, madam, a parlous ticklish question!" responded Arnold, at the same time running his eye leisurely enough over the fair bevy of nymphs. "'Twere as hard to answer as to choose between the two rare chargers, my uncle Wattenwyl gave me on leaving home, one of them a noble Friesland bay, the other a beautiful dappled gray Arabian. They are sweet creatures both of them; I am very proud of them, and know not what should induce me to give a decided preference to either of them over the other."

The girls tittered more than ever, and their patroness laughed aloud.

"You are very original, Sir Arnold," she said at last, when she had somewhat recovered breath. "Your comparison has at least the charm of novelty, and I love all that is new. But tell me, suppose you were compelled to make up your mind which of these pretty maidens pleased you best, which would you choose?"

"That one," replied the knight, with a boldness he was afterwards at a loss to account for to himself, pointing to the beforementioned brunette. "Since, as you say, she has a preference for fair complexioned men, it is but just that I should declare for the dark-favoured damsel."

"Bravo! your taste is not amiss. Hundreds of young men about the court are of the same way of thinking; but Isabelle is coy. However, who knows—who knows! You are a foreigner, and the French damsels love all that is foreign. But enough of jesting. Go, *mes enfants*," she said to her protégées, "I have something serious to speak of with the knight."

"Sir Arnold," said the lady, when they were left alone together, and her countenance at once assumed a totally different expression. "You seek, then, to enter the king's service?—Well, you shall have your desire. I am pleased with you, and I will secure your fortunes."

"Madam," exclaimed the young man in the most joyful surprise, "this graciousness—this beneficence—"

"No more of that," she said, coldly and gravely. "Fancy not, however, that it is my wont thus to offer my protection, without any special reason, to every young man who comes hither from abroad. If I make an exception in your case it is because—it so pleases me. Esteem it a woman's caprice, a whim, or better still, ponder not at all on the matter. In a word, you shall have an appointment; and if within a year you shall have proved by a bold deed, for which you shall have present opportunity, that you are worthy of the king's favour and mine, you shall have a commandership with ten thousand livres Tournois yearly."

"Madam," cried Arnold, beside himself with delight, "how shall I —"

The lady laid a finger on her lip in sign of silence.

"You shall do nothing but what I bid you," she said, and there was something harsh and imperious in her accents. "Two things you must observe, above all. Your fortune is made if you carefully attend to them; you are a lost man if you deviate from them a hair's breadth. The first is, that you shall not communicate what has passed between us to any one living; nay, you shall so far forget all that does not directly concern your duty, that you shall not even inquire who or what I am. The second is, that you shall execute without question or murmur whatever the king shall impose upon you as your probationary service."

"Both these conditions I will regard as the most sacred duties," cried the young knight, fervently.

"'Tis well!" said the lady, and her eyes rested with an expression of satisfaction on Arnold. "From this moment—I take the responsibility on myself—you may consider yourself in the king's service. Attend therefore at nine to-morrow morning in the king's antechamber. Speak with no one there without the most urgent necessity. A certain person will accost you with these words: 'It is a fine day.' You will answer him, 'The wind blows over the Loire.' The man will then leave the room, and you will follow wherever he leads you.—"Probably," the lady went on in a musing tone, "you will even see the king himself and receive your orders from his own lips. You will be ordered upon a journey, and it will be seen, when you arrive at your destination, whether you are worthy of the king's favour and of my good will; inasmuch as you are selected for a great deed, a deed whereon depends the weal or woe of France. If the deed prospers in your hands, hasten instantly from the scene of action to the old castle of Plessis-les-Tours. Do not give your name there, but say merely to the commandant that you are one of *Catherine's trusty men*, and wait for what shall ensue. In less than a day and night thereafter, I shall myself be in Plessis, and with me—Isabelle."

"You shall not find you have bestowed your countenance on an unworthy object, madam," cried Arnold. "Be the task imposed on me by the king ever so difficult, it shall be accomplished, so it be but within the compass of a willing mind, a strong arm, and a good sword."

"It is even so," said the lady, emphatically. "With such means as you name the deed may be done. For the man who possesses these there is nothing in France to which he may not reach. And now go. Prove what you are worth. Your good or evil fortune is in your own hands."

The lady graciously held out her hand to the young man, who pressed it eagerly to his lips. A page then led him through a suite of rooms, down a flight of stairs, to a postern opening into the outer court of the castle, whence he hastened home to his own modest lodging.

Arnold spent the greater part of that night pacing up and down his chamber. The last day had been more eventful than all his life before. How he laughed at himself when he thought that but a few hours had elapsed since he thought of retracing his steps to his mountain home. How shallow and monotonous seemed now to him the life he had led in the castle of Firnstein: *there* nothing but the unvaried routine of the husbandman and the herdsman, sparingly enlivened now and then by an assembly of the estates, or by the sports of the chase; *here*, a brilliant court, and the prospect of shining deeds, of honour, and—for the lady had plainly hinted as much—of the possession of Isabelle. A doubtful glimmering was already playing on the waves of the Loire, when Arnold at last sought his pillow.

The sun had not long shown itself in the east before he waited on his uncle Abyberg. He offered the grumbling old gentleman the best excuses he could invent for not waiting on him the preceding evening, and he heaved a deep sigh when he found, that in spite of his involuntary delay, he was not likely to lose a word of the grave lessons he had been promised. True to the pledge he had given the lady, he said nothing to his uncle of any of the adventures that had befallen him, and only smiled when the latter told him he would endeavour to procure him an audience of the king in the course of the next few weeks, with a view to his obtaining a place at court or in the army,—a thing which as he further gave him to understand was exceedingly difficult to compass. At the approach of nine o'clock the young man broke away from his uncle and hurried to the royal apartments. Passing through a number of halls, in which pages and lackeys were bustling about, he reached a moderate-sized room where several knights and courtiers of higher rank were assembled. In obedience to the instructions given him by the lady, Arnold strove to avoid observation as much as possible as he mingled with the persons present, but notwithstanding his precaution, some courtiers, whom he remembered to have seen on the preceding night as he walked with the strange lady through the castle galleries, gradually approached him and endeavoured to engage him in conversation. Arnold was very chary of his words, and the attempt to draw him out had already failed, when a man entered the room, in whom, though his dress was changed, he recognised the aged associate of the lady in the *apotheca*.

As the old man was treated with marked deference by all present, though his demeanour was exceedingly humble, Arnold thought it would be no infringement of the injunctions imposed on him, if he were to satisfy his curiosity by some inquiries respecting the old man.

"Under favour, messire," he said to a person near him, with an appearance of as much indifference as he could assume, "Who is the old gentleman in black, that glides about yonder so lightly, and talks so softly?"

"Do you not know him?" replied the person he interrogated, with a look of surprise. "That is Doctor Jacques la Barre, commonly called Père Jacques, the Fiendqueller. But go to!—you mean to make sport of me. Did you not come yesterday evening out of the astronomical tower, and that too as the escort of——"

"*It is a fine day*," was whispered at this moment in Arnold's ear. He turned suddenly, and saw Père Jacques by his side.

Arnold was a little flurried, but a piercing glance of the old man's small gray eyes soon recalled him to himself, and he answered, "The weather is tolerably fine, *but the wind blows over the Loire*."

The old man smiled, bowed, and shuffled away. Some time afterwards he passed slowly out at a side door. The young Swiss followed him speedily as quietly as he could, and found himself in a long

half-lighted passage. The old man preceded him in silence, and at last stood still.

"You will see the king," he said in a half-whisper. "His grace is accustomed in this sultry weather to go rather lightly clad, and he has sundry other little peculiarities, which may seem rather curious to one who is not thoroughly impressed with a sense of our monarch's profound wisdom. Beware, therefore, young man, of betraying surprise by word, look, or gesture: on the contrary, treat all you see as though you had already seen it a hundred times over, and as though it could not be otherwise. You will do well to speak as little as possible, and above all ask no questions—do you hear?—for that were most unseemly. Furthermore, you must make as though you were acquainted beforehand with all the orders his majesty will give you, and as——"

"But, worthy sir," said Arnold, interrupting the speaker, with some uneasiness, "I fear it will be a very tangled business. Truly, I know not one tittle of the whole matter."

"Had you allowed me to finish what I was saying, you would have known all that was necessary for you," said the old man, peevishly. "You are to set out with this letter for Courtenay in Bretagne, and there you will receive from the knight, Pierre Ducoudray, all needful instructions. You must know, my good youth," the old man said in a milder tone, "that the great ones of the earth like rather to have their meaning guessed at, than to speak it out distinctly. Besides this, his grace the king is wont often to express himself somewhat ambiguously,—nay, it sometimes happens that he changes his opinion—though it be always wise in the extreme—twice or thrice within a brief interval: you might therefore very possibly involve yourself in some perplexity, were you to attend to any verbal communication, any casual expression, and not to the written instructions you carry with you to the chevalier Ducoudray. Now, as you will be fully and sufficiently enlightened in proper time and place, it would be superfluous to go into matters here that will be cleared up yonder in due course.—But enough of this. This is the place."

They now entered a room, from which there was a view through the open doors of a long suite of apartments. Père Jacques, motioning to his companion to wait there, went softly to the further end of the suite, and returned in a few minutes.

"I will leave you," he said hurriedly, "and wait for you without there, in the corridor. The king will be here immediately. As you value your life, no precipitation, no inconsiderate look or word! Whoever comes out of those rooms is sure to be his royal grace; there is not a soul here besides. Sink on one knee before him, and wait till he speaks to you. Once more, be not surprised at his costume. He has rather peculiar habits."

"Silly stuff!" said Arnold to himself, when the old man had left the room. "What does the man mean by all this talk about dress? Does he take me for a know-nothing? Go to! It is true I never in all my born days saw a living king, but we had plenty of painted ones in Firnstein. There was king Herod, the three holy kings of the East, the emperor Charlemagne, and the chan of Kathay, in all two wild and four tame ones, reckoning the chan and the Moor as wild ones. Now, though they were all very different to look at, there was one thing they all had in common—namely, the crown; even the chan himself had one over his dog's visage. All I need do then is to cast an eye at his majesty's head, and give myself no concern about the rest of his person."

The good knight would have gone on we know not how long philosophizing thus on the outward token of royalty, but that the loud barking of a dog and a man's step were heard at this moment in the inner rooms. The knight expecting the king's presence, and liking rather to do too much than too little, dropped on one knee beforehand; but he had like to be turned into a pillar of salt at the strange spectacle that now presented itself to his gaze.

[*To be continued.*]

EPITAPH ON LADY CREWE'S DOG QUON.

BY GEORGE CANNING.

There would be no excuse for inserting such a trifle as this epitaph (which, we believe, has never been printed before), unless it had some claim upon the reader in the way of the authorship, or the circumstances out of which it sprung. The following couplet is at least worthy of preservation, as an impromptu by the late George Canning. Being at Crewe Hall, in Cheshire, the residence of Lady Crewe, when he was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, he was walking one morning in the grounds with her ladyship, Lady Crewe, then Mrs. Crewe, the famous toast and beauty of her day, to whom Fox and Sheridan addressed complimentary poems, and who was celebrated alike for her charms and her Whiggery, as the then familiar after-dinner pledge testifies—

Here's buff and blue,
And Mrs. Crewe!

She had just then lost a favourite dog, called Quon; and telling Mr. Canning, in the course of their walk, that it was buried near the Dairy House, she requested him to write an epitaph upon it. He protested the thing was impossible; but her ladyship implored him very pathetically to try something. Finding all his remonstrances in vain, he furnished the subjoined couplet on the spot. Lady Crewe, who was a remarkably goodnatured, as well as a very beautiful woman, found it very difficult to forgive him.

EPITAPH.

Poor Quon lies buried near this Dairy—
And is not this a sad quondary?

ALLEY SHERIDAN:

AN IRISH STORY.

It would be difficult to see a prettier country girl, when dressed in her rural finery, than the heroine of the following story. Alley Sheridan's name, to use a phrase peculiar to her own class in life, "went far an' near for bein' the purtiest an' the dacentest girl in the parish, let the other be who she might,"—a compliment to her beauty and goodness perfectly just. Alley's father had been dead since her infancy; but her mother was one of those notable, active, shrewd women, who verify the proverb, that one pair of eyes are worth two pair of hands. The fact is, that her husband, Owen Sheridan, was a tall, smoking personage, remarkable for laziness and taciturnity—slovenly in his dress, and careless in his business to such an incurable degree, that neither the energy nor eloquence of his wife could throw life or activity into his habits, or train him to industry or exertion. Owen was well to do in the world, because it so happened that his father had left him a large farm at an exceedingly light rent, together with a "skillet full of guineas," which he seemed to accumulate for no other purpose than that of leaving them to his hopeful heir. Upon the old man's death, Owen occupied the farm somewhat according to the manner in which Dominic Sampson occupied his new clothes, and smoked over the corpse just as he would have done over that of any other acquaintance. As for the skillet of guineas, he never took the trouble of invading the privacy in which they lay, until after his marriage, when his wife insisted upon exercising her right and skill in computing them, that she might know at least their numerical amount.

When Owen found himself at the head of the farm, he continued to smoke on and saunter about the hills as usual. Other men might have become smart, and have assumed a little consequence upon the occasion. But Owen was a stranger to that painful secret, how to think; he knew, as generally supposed, that he had the farm in his own right—although there were several who demurred even to his knowledge of that fact:—at all events, he inhabited the house, and came to seek his meals—not at the usual hours, 'tis true—but whenever he wanted to light his pipe; for, this being his great master passion, eating and drinking were performed rather by an association arising out of that act, than from the impulses of appetite.

In this manner Owen smoked for several years, until his mother had judged it high time for a change in his condition; and accordingly, one evening, she desired him to put on his hat and accompany her on a short journey. Owen took it down from a peg behind the door, dropped it sluggishly on his head, and crushing his pipe against the end of a half-burned turf, which he lifted from the fire, put it into his mouth, and set out, without asking his guide a single question. The honest woman was on her way to "make his match,"—and brought Owen along with her, because she thought it decorous, at least, to show his intended wife part of the live stock belonging to the farm with which she was so soon to be connected—and on which, careless of every other object, her heart was fixed. When Owen arrived, he planted himself in the chimney corner; and whilst the negotiation in which he was so deeply concerned went on between the parties, he continued to smoke and pore over the fire with his usual indifference and assiduity. It was near midnight when he and his mother returned; the latter appearing in remarkably good spirits—the form with the same imperturbable inclination to suck *doodeen.*

One morning, about a fortnight afterwards, she desired him to put on his best apparel, and accompany his friends and neighbours to Andy M'Grath's. Owen accordingly put on his best apparel, and accompanied his friends and neighbours to Andy M'Grath's—somewhat conscious, we must admit, that he was about to take a prominent part in the proceedings of the day. On their arrival they found Miss M'Grath—to whom Owen was to be bound in the bonds of matrimony—with a large party in gallant trim, ready to proceed to the priest's house.

"Andy," said he, "don't you think—(puff)—um, hem, um, um—(puff)—ha, hem, um—(puff)—don't you—(puff)—um, um, hem, hem—(puff, puff)—um, don't—(puff)—um, um, ha, hem—(puff, puff, puff, puff,)" until he lost the thread of his discourse, and left the matter in the dark recesses of his own mind, undivulged and unknown; so that the purport of what he was about to say, like most of his observations, literally ended in smoke.

All being ready, the party set out for its destination; but to Owen the priest's house seemed a secondary consideration; for, more attentive to his pipe than to his bride, many a dismounting he had, and many a cabin he entered, in order to obtain "lave to light it."

"Arah thin, honest man," said an old woman—as he stood with his middle finger on the head of the *doodeen*—his chin stretched out, his leathern cheeks sucked into his jaws, and his eyes half shut, strong proofs of the absorbing delight he found in the act of striving to revivify the expiring weed;—"Arah, honest man, maybe you'd be after tellin us who the bride and groom is?"

"Maybe you'd have a knittin'-needle within?" said Owen, who paid no attention to her question: "dang this pipe, it's stopped, and I can't get a blast out of it."

"Troth," replied the woman, "I'm sorry there's not one within the four walls wid me, or you should have it with a thousand welcomes."

He then broke a sprig of heather off the broom, with which he attempted to "red it," but still to no purpose. There was now but one remedy, and that was to put the pipe into the fire, and burn out of it whatever obstructed the draught. This having been accordingly accomplished without any ap-

pearance of hurry, the woman repeated the question as to the names of the bride and bridegroom.

"I'm the 'groom' myself," replied Owen, "um—(puff, puff), and the bride is one or other of Andy M'Grath's daughters."

"Musha, God grant you luck an' happiness! which of Andy's daughters?—clane, dacent girls they all are, any way; which o' them, aroon?"

"Um, um—(puff, puff)—ha, ha, hem. Which o' them is it? why,—hem, ha, um—(puff, puff, puff, puff,)" and he proceeded on his way, leaving the old woman shrouded in smoke and ignorance; for the truth was that he himself felt by no means clear upon this point.

The rest of the party had reached the worthy priest's residence nearly half an hour before him; for the motions of his body were as slow as those of his mind were dull and unobservant. On arriving, however, he sought his reverence's own room, where a few of their particular friends on each side were assembled; the rest being engaged dancing in the barn. After a little chat, in which Owen had, as the country people say, "neither art nor part," the priest, who happened to be a new curate, only a few days arrived in the parish, asked if it was not time to perform the ceremony.

"I would rather," said Owen, "um, ha, that Father M'Mahon himself would—hem, hum, ha—marry us; he's an ould hand at it;—hem, hum, ha!"

"He's not at home," said the curate, with a smile; "but you may rest assured that I'll tie the knot as closely as he could for his life."

"It must be done—hum—it must be done—ha, hum, un, hem—privately. You must all pack out, nabours, barrin'—hem, ha—the two Linahans, an' these colleens," he added, pointing to two young women who stood before him, either of whom he supposed might be the bride, "we want to hould some private discoorse here first."

The rest imagining that there might be some confidential matters to discuss, deliberately withdrew; and Owen, like a man in a dream, taking the hand of the young woman who stood next him, desired the priest to proceed.

"'Tis the best way, yer Riverence," said one of the Linahans, giving his brother the wink, "in regard of Misther Sheridan bein' afeard that these rollikin' divils in the barn widout will be puttin' their jokes an' thricks upon him; and he wishes to give thim the slip, sir, so he does, plase your Riverence; an' 'tis dancin' mad they'll be for this, any way."

The two Linahans were Owen's servant men, and the two young women their sisters; but whether the mistake proceeded from the bridegroom's irreclaimable habits of abstraction, or from a preconcerted plan on their part, was never afterwards discovered. It is sufficient to say, that whilst Andy M'Grath's daughter and the rest of the party were exercising their heels in the priest's barn, Owen was married to Alley Linahan, to the unbounded mirth of some, but certainly to the implacable resentment of M'Grath and his friends, who, in consequence of the affront, knit themselves into a faction, between which and that of the Sheridans many a bloody battle was subsequently fought. In one of these poor Owen, about three years after his marriage, got his skull broken, leaving his wife with two children, a boy, and the subject of the present sketch.

After his death, his widow, who was really an industrious, stirring woman, now that she found herself unincumbered by so sluggish an incubus of a husband, became more celebrated than ever as "a good manager." Nor was this virtue, so rare in our unhappy country, without the reward which industry and perseverance never fail to meet. In a short time her farm became like a garden on a large scale, being so well stocked, so judiciously divided into pasture, plantation, and arable, that had it met the eye of co-operative Owen, he would have insisted on initiating the honest widow into the doctrine of parallelograms, in order to bring the establishment to perfection. As it was, I question, however, if any of his "parallelogrammatical" systems could equal it, which I suppose might be attributed to that trite principle called common-sense, which Mr. Owen takes such desperate pains to evade.

Next to her farm, Mrs. Sheridan's mind was occupied by the education of her daughter Alley, and next to Alley was she interested in the figure which young Owen ought to make as the inheritor of such an independent property. Her mode of educating these two hopes of her house was peculiar to herself, but, at the same time, such as might be expected from a woman who, although she knew not a letter in the alphabet, contrived to succeed so well in life without book knowledge. The latter accomplishment was therefore excluded from her system, not because she undervalued it, but because there was not a school or a schoolmaster within seven miles of the remote corner of the country in which she lived. Instead of this she wisely substituted such practical acquirements as the habits of her own life, the business of good house-keeping, and the improvements of her farm, enabled her to communicate to her children. Owen and Alley were accordingly never separated when she wished to exhibit any useful process, or to read them, in her own homely but intelligible terms, a course of lectures upon the business of country life, industry, and economy. Alley, for instance, could break a colt, reap a ridge of corn, or hold a plough, quite as well as Owen, and Owen could make up a churning of butter, kill a goose or turkey, with as much skill as Alley, or at least with a tact which she could seldom surpass. The mother's plan was to teach Owen every thing comprehended within the employment of a farmer, in the first place, and afterwards to superadd all that she had planned out for the accomplishment of Alley. Alley, on the other hand, received sound instruction in whatever a young woman of her condition in life ought to know, together with an experimental initiation into the whole agricultural improvement of a farm, with all its correlative dependencies—such as buying and selling cattle, grain, &c., and a competent knowledge of farriery,

so far as farmers and graziers practise it in a simple way. It was no uncommon thing to see Owen and Alley out with the labourers, each of them in the act of knitting a stocking, or, perhaps, Alley leading a "banwin"* of men, when setting or digging potatoes.

It is not for us to discuss the advantages or defects of Mrs. Sheridan's system; we only relate it according as the worthy woman put it in execution. It was, however, the subject of much mirth among the neighbours, and, indeed, through the whole parish, as well as for some distance into the skirts of the parishes adjoining. So far as Alley was concerned it had unlimited approbation, because the prejudices of the people were not against it; but in Owen's case, whether mirth or contempt were more strongly excited, it was difficult to say. Endless were the jokes and gibes to which his practice of housewifery gave rise—some in all the gravity of affected simplicity, others in the broad caricature of farcical humour. As regarded Owen, however, all their taunts fell harmless; for the truth was, that from fifteen up he began every day more and more to resemble his father. At sixteen his mother detected him with a "cutty pipe" in his mouth, as he lay stretched at his ease on the head of a ridge of oats which he had just reaped. This alarming propensity she determined to extinguish as the root of indolence, of neglect, and indifference in a young man's character. Her attempts were spirited and judicious, we must acknowledge; but the habit descended from his father with all the prominence and obstinacy of an hereditary failing, difficult to be repressed, much less rooted out of the disposition. She consequently, after becoming weaker and more vacillating in her opposition, ultimately abandoned it; and Owen became more silent, indolent, and phlegmatic, and a more inveterate smoker, in proportion as he grew into confirmed manhood. In fact, when his dispositions became fully developed he was as accurate a copy of his father as if he had been painted after his likeness. The mother witnessed this with sorrow; but as she was possessed of no secret which had power to stimulate him into life and activity, the result was, that, like his worthy sire, he abandoned every thing but the pipe, and sank into a mere nonentity, without respectability or influence, the imperturbable butt of all the wicked wit and flying jests in the parish.

Totally the reverse of him in every thing was his sister Alley, whom we have at length advanced to the full prime of womanhood. The reader, however, is not to suppose that she is now engaged in those laborious and masculine pursuits, to gain a knowledge of which she had been trained by her mother. This shrewd woman possessed too much good sense and decent pride to make her daughter a slave to that which she had taught her only as a resource against the contingencies of her future life. On the contrary, no sooner had her practice become satisfactory, and her health and constitution been improved by active labour, than she was taught to assume all that dignity of character which a young woman with a fortune of five hundred pounds ought to manifest. A very obvious change was soon visible in her dress and manner; but no maternal precept, however dignified or rigorous, could banish from Alley that sweetness of disposition and winning kindness of deportment, for which she had been, ever since her infancy, so remarkable and so beloved. Her person, which, despite of exposure to wind and weather, had been always good, now that she led a more feminine and domestic life, softened into beauty of no common character. She was rather tall, her limbs admirably proportioned, and her features regular and well defined. Her auburn hair, which fell about her neck in natural tresses, was luxuriant, and her dark eyes were full of sweetness and feeling, while her whole countenance was lit into an arch expression of playful humour, by two red, laughing lips, within which, when she smiled, were disclosed a set of teeth equally regular and white.

It was at this period of her life that Alley began to regret the want of some portion of literary education; for she had too much sense not to feel acutely the consciousness of her own inferiority on this important subject. When she mingled in fairs and markets, and bore a part in the social intercourse which took place between friends and acquaintance, she perceived with evident chagrin the obvious advantages which many young women, far her inferiors in fortune and expectations, had over her, in consequence of having been taught simply to read. As her ignorance, too, was known to most of them, they seldom omitted an opportunity of gratifying the envy which her beauty, dress, and wealth had raised, by some insulting display of their own literary accomplishments. This to Alley was certainly a trial which required a considerable stock of patience to endure; and the evil was rendered the more intolerable by the flouting and contemptuous ostentation with which they overwhelmed her by quotations from the "Key of Paradise," the "Fairy Tales," "Forty Thieves," "Fifty Reasons," "The Irish Rogues and Rapparees," or "The Academy of Compliments," and "Polite Letter-writer." The two latter were peculiarly obnoxious; for as they regarded a subject in which at that time she felt deeply interested, viz., love, the ability to peruse their contents was considered by the simple girl as one of the most desirable qualifications in which a young woman could be instructed. Indeed, were it not for an old aunt, to whose bosom she confided this affliction, such a defect in the system of her education would have been much more severe upon Alley's mind and spirits than it actually was. This aunt had lived with the widow Sheridan since her marriage, and next to that good woman herself, was the most authoritative person in the family. She was, moreover, exceedingly capricious, having never been trammelled with the fetters of wedlock, for which, whenever a slight misunderstanding occurred in the family, she would raise her voice from the chimney-corner, where she constantly rocked her-

* Often called a "boon"—a number of labourers.

self to and fro at her "padereens," in words of humble thankfulness—uttered, however, in a tone of the bitterest regret. Though an old maid, she was inveterately wedded to her own opinions, from which, whether right or wrong, no human device or power could dislodge her. In many things she was Alley's confidant; but never did she evince such an indignant sense of scorn, as at the taunts to which her niece was compelled to listen from her enemies upon the vulgarity of unlettered ignorance, and the melancholy fate of "not gettin' the larnin' an' the edjicayshin." By her advice, Alley procured a prayer-book, and on the following Sunday sallied forth to mass, attended by her aunt, with a determination to go through the form of perusing it, by turning the leaves and moving her lips with as learned an air as possible. This, however, proved a disastrous scheme to her reputation, and a miserable specimen of her aunt's sagacity; for it happened that one of her adversaries knelt immédiately at her elbow, and thus had an opportunity to discover that the poor girl read with the wrong end of the book up, and that the book itself, instead of being a prayer-book at all, as the knavish pedlar who sold it had declared, was nothing more or less than "The History of Renard the Fox." In a few minutes her opponent jogged her neighbour, and whispered the joke, which soon went round, until a general smile gradually rose to a suppressed titter of the bitterest and most cutting ridicule. Poor Alley had not moral courage to bear this detection, and the mirth was the less endurable, as she felt conscious of its justness Her face became like crimson, and afterwards as pale as ashes; for, looking round, she observed every eye bent with a sneer on herself—and, what utterly overcame her firmness, was the presence of her sweetheart, young James Mullin, who knelt a little to her left, and witnessed the whole exposure. Her misery was now excessive, the book dropped out of her hand, and she sank lifeless on the spot where she knelt.

Mullin saw with indignation the envy which produced her embarrassment; in a moment he raised her in his arms, and carried her out of the chapel into the fresh air, but not until he swore, that if Peggy Gartland were a man, he would make her feel bitterly the consequences of her heartless conduct.

"Why, thin, Mullin, but that's manly, any way," replied Gartland's brother, who, in fact, was a rejected suitor of Alley's; "an' must we stan' by, an' hear our sister threatened? Put this in your pocket, Mullin, that you may thank the place that's in it, or ye'd be made ate yer words, a vick machree—ay, indeed, swally them to the last letther of what ye said."

"Eh, Gartland, an' have you a hand in this scheme too?" replied Mullin. "Whisper a bouchal, I am proud to hear it; for you an' I'll meet where there'll be no chapel over our heads. Chew yer cud upon that, young man."

"I have been long wishin' for it," replied Gartland, who followed him out; "an' I'll tell ye a taste of news—I'll be in the fair next Monday fortnight; ay, in throth, an' a couple o' dozen o' my frinds along wid me—*thiguh thu ma*—you undherstand me?"

"*Tha sha maigh!*—it's well—take yourself off wid you; 'tis there I'll be, wid a sharp look-out lyin' in the corner o' my eye for one Mike Gartland, that's a big rascal, wherever he is, and we'll have man for man too, or our name's not Mullin. Off wid ye, man, an' let me an' these dacent women bring the girl to herself, that's at death's door through the manes of your unsignified sisther."

Gartland returned into the chapel, burning with ungovernable rage, deepened by a hatred originating in his own want of success with Alley, and a knowledge of her predilection for his rival, on whom he now looked with the most concentrated detestation. When Alley recovered from her swoon, she felt herself unequal to the task of again encountering the jeers of those who envied her superior beauty. Young Mullin, it is true, encouraged her, from a principle of heroic attachment, to meet her enemies face to face, protesting, with many oaths, that he would take signal vengeance upon the male relations of such of her female acquaintances as should dare, after what had already occurred, to tamper with her feelings. On this point, however, she was immovable, though the downcast and tender glances with which she favoured him, while her cheeks mantled with blushes, gave very satisfactory intimation that his generosity was not unfelt. She resolved, therefore, to go home; and he very naturally determined to accompany her. We will now leave them to pursue their journey, and in the mean time proceed to give a sketch of the state of Alley's heart, and of the two principal claimants for its affections.

Michael Gartland was the son of a worthy farmer in the neighbourhood, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances with which he made his *entrée*, was really a worthy, spirited young fellow himself. His conduct, however, on that occasion, was only the natural result of jealousy, inflamed by the severity with which Mullin addressed his sister. In point of wealth, he had a fair claim upon the good will of Alley Sheridan; for his property was fully equal to her own. About six months before the Sunday in question he had formally proposed for her, and was as formally received with great complacency by her mother. Alley, however, with more decision of character than could have been expected from her father's daughter, stoutly insisted upon the right of maintaining a *veto* in a matter that so deeply involved her own happiness, and, therefore, without ceremony rejected him. In this uncertain state was Gartland placed, strongly allured by every possible attention and encouragement from the mother, but repulsed on the daughter's part by the most unequivocal expressions of dislike. Many young men, upon slighter grounds, would have given up the pursuit altogether, and, indeed, his own friends, especially his sisters, dis-

suaded him from persisting in it; but he loved the girl to excess, and received such countenance from her friends, the old aunt excepted, that he was induced to try what patience and perseverance, backed by the interest of Widow Sheridan herself, might in the course of time effect in his behalf.

Mullin, on the other hand, in personal appearance had greatly the advantage of Gartland; but, in point of property, Gartland was by far his superior. The former, however, was by no means without independence; on the contrary, few in the parish, except Gartland himself, lived in warmer or more comfortable circumstances; but unhappily, in the adjustment of matrimonial alliances in Ireland, it is no unusual thing for a suitor to be rejected when his rival can prove himself to be five pounds the wealthier man; and in proportion as the parties are poor, the much smaller advantage of a pig, goat, or a chaff bed would cause a preponderance in favour of him who possessed it. Mullin, on finding that he had an advocate in Alley's own breast, lost no time in addressing her mother; but this honest woman, who had been accumulating wealth all her life, would have considered it a crime against the future happiness of her daughter, to give her to a man at least three hundred pounds inferior to Gartland, who was her favourite.

"Why thin, Jim Mullin," said she, "the Lord he knows, yer family is the honest, an' the hard-workin', and the dacent family, root an' branch, young an' ould, man an' woman. Doesn't myself remimber yer granfather, Brian Roe Mullin, the time he bought the farm of Tamlagh from Square Baty; who sowld it to 'im a thief's pen'orth, ay, indeed, dog-chape all out, in regard o' the executioners bein' down upon 'im at the time, out of his own hard arnin', too, more to his credit be it spoken; an' every one's good word was loud an' warm upon him. Well, well, my, O! we're all but sinners, any how. Och, och, an' sure that's like yestherday to me; the way that time passes over the best of us! So, ye see, Jim avick, it's out of no ill-will at all, that I refuse my daughter to yer father's son; no, it's proud I'd be, if we could make it a match; an' if ye war able to lay down the other three hundher, throth ye'd have my full consint, an' my blessin' along wid it; but till then, Jim darlin', sure an' ye'll be keepin' yer distance, ye see, in a friendly way; seein' the thing isn't to my plasin', that reared an' has got a right to give my colleen to the man that has the heaviest purse, which I'll do wid the blessin' of the Almighty."

The conversation took place about a month before that which we have detailed as occurring between Mullin and Gartland at the chapel; and consequently our readers may perceive the relative situations in which the two rivals stood with reference to their hopes of succeeding with her daughter. It is not to be supposed that Mullin, during his walk home with Alley, neglected to avail himself of the opportunity which occurred, to press his suit with all the ardour and rude eloquence in his power. In fact, he made the most of his time, and contrived to get a promise from her, on the strength of which an arrangement was made, that our readers in due time shall have an opportunity of knowing.

We will now leave the contending parties preparing their cudgels for the ensuing fair, and proceed to the development of a plot, such as the vigilance of parents and jealous lovers has frequently discovered, and as frequently will to the end of the chapter. The evening but one preceding the fair-day had set in, when a labourer of Widow Sheridan's, called "Paul the Shot," *alias* Paul Kelly, came to the "Mishthres's," so the widow was called, having a very fine pointer-dog slung from a gun over his shoulder, and a black lamb under his arm; both were bleeding, but lifeless, having been recently shot. This man was called Paul the Shot, like *parcæ quia minime parcunt*, because, though irreclaimably addicted to the sports of the gun, he seldom ever *hit* what he shot *at*, and seldom *missed* any living object which happened to be near him, provided he did *not* aim at it.

"The butt o' the evening to ye, Misthres Sheridan! sure ye know I wouldn't be afther passin' yer door widout givin' ye a call, wishin' health and happiness, long life and visitation, to you and yours, excluding, of course, Misther Owen an' Miss Alley here. By the shot o' my pouch, but it would be ill my common to pass thim by, any how. Now, Miss Alley, for the noggin o' thick milk, *a colleen dhas*—an' *a gra gal machree* you war, my darlin'; the flower of the flock, in throth, an' maybe that's no lie. Augh, augh, there's the hand, large an' bountiful; hundhers o' thanks to ye, darlin', an' luck in lashins to where that came from: here's God bless the cows, any way. Miss Alley, yer health, wishin' it was betther for yer sake, an' a good husband to you, an' soon; *thigun thu?* eh? ah—ha, ha, ha."

"Why thin, Paul, what the dickens is this you've brought us? eh, Paul?" inquired Mrs. Sheridan.

"Hah, well! well!" replied Paul, wiping his mouth with the sleeve of his coat, "that's the stuff in arnest for milk—'tis mate an' dhrink, so it is. Why, you see," he continued, giving his mouth another wipe with his gathered palm, "the visitation of it was this: I borried *him*," pointing to the dog, "from Jimmy Duffy, Lord M——'s gamekeeper, to have some sport, as this was an idle day wid me. We went up the mountains till we came to Cullamore, when, sure enough, a murtherin' fine lump of a hare stharted out, as big as I dunna what—the divil's luck to her this day, wherever she is, I pray Gimini—but she was the misfortunate hare to me. Eh then, ma'am, would she be ould Gibson? for they say she's not right—hard feedin' to her any way—if ever I come acrass her agin, she's as dead as mutton—made off, the thief o' the world, so she did, an' he after her like Erin-go-bragh. Here's a dose o' pepper, says I, lettin' fly—pop—whoo—crack at ye, an' be my song, sure enough, up she turns head over heels and dhrops; more power to you Paul, says I, you never shot a bouchal-beg but you hot somethin'—*ershi misha*—an' I gave a caper five yards high—oh the divil an

inch less—didn't I see the parish of *Faug-a-ballagh* on the other side o' the hill down; it's powdered you are, says I, an' peppered, mistress puss, runnin' up at the same time to *bone** her—an' be all the books that ever was open or shut, when I got to her it wasn't the hare at all at all, but Jimmy Duffy's five-an'-twenty guineas' worth of a pointher that I put day-light through; bud-an-age him will I face him at all at all?" said Paul, scratching his head and looking ruefully at the dead dog.

"Paul," said young Sheridan, "ha, hem, (puff)"—

"Well, Mr. Owen?"

"How did you—(puff,) ha, um, (puff,) hem"—

"Anan!"

"How did—um, ha, hem, (puff.)"

"You may puff away, Misther Owen, but any how it was a puff too many wid me this bout; I only wish this thievin' gun had hung fire—been as slow to go off wid herself as some people we know," replied Paul, with a wink at Alley, while he screwed his mouth at Owen, who did not notice him.

"I suppose," said Alley, "that Owen wishes to know how you shot the black lamb, Paul."

"Humph," said Owen, as he nodded in assent, and swirled the smoke away from his mouth.

"Throth it was all Bridget's faut here," replied Paul, pointing to the gun—"the sorra a purtier hand at taking down beef or mutton in Europe than she is, *a vechonee bradha*—for sure there's not a day I go out, that some nabour or other isn't a sheep or a calf the worse of her, an' all in quensequence of her mischeevious ways; sowl, many a thump she gives myself when she's not in good humour."

"But how did you shoot the lamb, Paul?" said Mrs. Sheridan.

"Why, you see, ma'am, I was comin' along the head ridge of the *Hankerchy*,† an' the *breard* bein' hardly coverin' the clod, what does I see makin' a fog male of my bit of oats, but a flock of black-guard parsons;‡ what a visitation we have! but I'll have a slap at yees; for I don't love your breed, says I; an' sure no more we don't, whether or not —the curse o' the crows upon yees, says I, asy—for they're as cunnin' as their namesakes, an' as greedy any day—the curse o' the crows upon yees, says I, you black sconces, is it takin' tithe so soon yees are? wid that I levels Bridget—(puff, slap)—there's a taste o' the brimstone, any how, an' you'll get another *below*, says myself; and by the Law Harry, they tuck to their scrapers, except a big bosthon o' them, that I seen whamblin' himself in the fur; so up I goes, an' finds my own brave black lamb, that I intinded the wool of to make a black coat for Phiddhre,§ in regard of him bein' for the mission. 'Ho, ho,' says I, 'by the contints o' Moll Kelly's primer,'—faix, I suppose *she* was a descindant o' *my own*—'if we don't have wild fowl,' —for sorra tail o' them I tuck a feather out of,—'if we dont have wild fowl, we'll have wenison, at all evints; so the worse look now the betther agin. Sure an' it was only a mistake wid them both," pointing to the dog and lamb, "any how—and the mate too at first cost for us."

"Have you nothin' new, Paul?" said Mrs. Sheridan.

"The sorra taste, barrin' it be a pair o' new breeches I bought for Phiddhre on Sathurda—ha, ha, ha. Sure, if we haven't a joke in us, ma'am, what's the world gud for?"

During the conversation, Paul was giving private signals to Mrs. Sheridan, with an air of the most profound mystery; none of which, however, she perceived. At length he looked up the chimney from a point of observation immediately beside where she sat.

"Thunder-an'-turf, what bacon!" he exclaimed, at the same time contriving to give her a pluck unperceived: "why it's a full foot deep, so it is, if it's an inch; faix it's no wondher for you, Mr. Owen, to be stout an' ginteel, fat an' dacent, an' boduch-like, that's fed upon the same bacon, God bless it."

Mrs. Sheridan fixed her eye inquiringly upon him, and he immediately looked towards the door, as a hint to her to follow him out. "By dad, it's the purtiest hangin'* o' bacon I seen this many-a-day, God spare yees your health to make use of it. Good evenin', Miss Alley, the flower o' the flock ye are, ma vourneen. Mr. Owen, wishin' you the same, an' 'tis yourself that's the sprightly haro all out, an' full o' life an' spirits, an' smart as a hay-stack at a weddin'—ha, ha, ha— *banacht lhat*† any way, you deludher you."

"Ha, um—(puff,)" replied Owen.

"Why, thin, by the beauty o' man, Mrs. Sheridan," exclaimed Paul, when they had got some distance from the house, "if I had any notion at all that you war so dull of extension; and sure, myself was makin' faces at you the best part o' the time, an' you never looked round to see what I meant."

"Why, Paul avick, have you any news?"

"Augh! news, is it? arra to be sure I have. Your daughter manes to go off wid Mullin to-morrow night, an' he's to bring a lot o' the 'boys' wid him, for fear of accidents or oppersition. Now your plan is to get in as many o' the nabours to watch the house as possible. Keep them sittin' up all night. I'll come myself, an' bring Bridget here wid me. Get a lot o' whiskey from Jimmy Graham there beyant, to keep up our courage—I mane—our spirits—an' never fear but we'll pass a pleasant night intirely, so we will; an' your *colleen dhas* will be safe and sound for you in the mornin', God willin'. What I'm tellin' you's gospel, so mind yerself. I'll be here for one to-morrow night; but don't forget the poteen."

"Ay, indeed, Paul, it's the best way; sure I couldn't expect the nabours to keep from their warm

* Seize.
† Handkerchief—three-cornered field.
‡ Rooks. § Peter.

* When a farmer has his chimney well lined with hog's flesh, they say he has a good hangin' of bacon.
† My blessing with you.

beds, out o' regard o' me or my child, widout showin' them some dacency."

She then returned to the house without appearing to be in the slightest degree in Alley's secret; although both daughter and aunt had very strong suspicions that the conference between her and Paul bore in some manner upon the girl's design with Mullin, or her marriage to Gartland, the latter of which she had been pressing on Alley for the last few days with unusual eagerness.

In fact, the aunt and niece were engaged during the above conversation precisely upon the same topics, for the sagacity of love is proverbial. "Aunt," said Alley, as they retired to another room, "I'd wager a thrifle this hugger-muggerhin' between Paul and my mother is all about James Mullin and myself."

"An' what suppose, aroon; let them coggher* till they're deef. I'll warrant we'll outdo them: the sorra ring ever Mickle Gartland will put an you, if I can prevint it. The doatin' ould fool—Lord pardon me for sayin' so—doesn't the world know, and say, too—an' *she* oft to know it—that Jem Mullin's your match of a husband any day in the year, an' of as dacent a strain as any belonging to you."

"I believe my mother, bein' married to my father in mistake," replied Alley, "never was in love at all, aunt. She thinks he's the best husband that has the most *airighid*,† widout makin' no inclusion whatsomever to any thing else."

"Her in love! I'll tell you, avourneen—she's my shister, an' sucked the same breasts wid me; but I could take the sacrament on it—you're her daughter, Alley, an' I wouldn't say this to another; I could take the sacrament that she never knew act or part of love; may the heavens above forgive her this day! oftened we all to pray for it. I own to her being as good a wife as ever broke bread, an' as doatinly fond of her man:‡ but as for love—the Lord forgive and forget it to her, and grant that it mayn't be comin' agin her hereafther, *a wurrah dheelish, Amin!*"

"Oughtn't every girl to love her husband *before* she'd marry him, aunt?"

"Her husband? Och, och, you innocent crathur, that makes no differ in the world. Och, och, oh—isthrue, isthrue," sobbed the aunt, wiping her eyes with her apron; "the heavens be *his* bed this day; gallons itself I've shed over his grave, if they were counted; but he was the beautiful boy to look at, wid his fine scarlet head upon him that you'd know among a ship load o' people, so red and so illigant; but that same was nothin' to his choice bullies o' feet. He was jist two-an'-twenty when he tuck ill o' the mazles, an' as we had given one another a *hand-promise* I was cock-sure of him; but, isthrue! it wasn't laid out for us, or he would be spared—I promised to make a station to Lough Derg, if he'd mend; an' so he did get out o' them at first; but it was the dhregs o' the mazles that carried him off; an' I had to go when he was dead, an' take him by the right hand before witness, to give back my promise.* But, Alley," she continued in a whisper,

"Well, aunt dheelish?"

"If I'm a livin' woman, when I *cotch* him by the hand, an' he *stretcht*, he gave me a squeeze."

"Dsk, dsk, dsk!"† exclaimed Alley, with a shudder of alarm, "the life would start out o' myself if he did it to me. But, aunt, what if my mother has found out about my runaway wid James Mullin to-morrow night."

The aunt, however, had her apron up to her eyes, rocking her head in the abstracted remembrance of the beautiful boy who departed in the measles, to her undying grief. It was some time, therefore, before she seemed to notice Alley's question; but on perceiving it, she hastily squeezed her shrivelled nose with her apron, in the bitterness of sorrow, and replied—"Ay, ay, Alley—no matter in life *a-hudh*—we'll be man enough for all o' them—lave it to me, Alley—here she's comin'—lave it to me, you see—I'll have my eye about me—an' will go up to Vara Kelly this evening; for that omadhawn, Paul, will tell her all, an' I'll get it out o' her, wid the help of a stone o' male an' a miscaun o' butther."

With this plan in view, Alley resumed her seat at the kitchen fire, and continued her knitting, while the aunt knelt down in a corner, and pulling out her beads, began to finger them with great apparent devotion, her piercing eyes half-shut, and her body as usual swaying to and fro, whilst she glanced from time to time, a keen side-look at the countenance of the widow, with a hope of perusing upon it any expression that might throw light upon the mystery which she desired to penetrate.

The next morning widow Sheridan followed her son to the garden, through which he sauntered, pipe in mouth, with one hand thrust into his small-clothes pocket almost to his knee, and the other to the elbow in his bosom.

"Owen!"

Owen pulled out his pipe, and looked at her, letting the smoke slowly out of his mouth, into which he put the pipe once more with great deliberation, and puffed away.

"Owen, I say?"

"(Puff)—um—whaat?"

"Come here, avick, an' I'll give you a five shillin' for the fair, an' a quarther o' tobaccy, may be, of Muckatee's pig-tail, a-bouchal."

"No, thin—um—will you?"

"Faix, will I—if you do what I want you; an' maybe 'tis a watch I'll be buyin' for you, some o' these days."

"Ay, but sure I've no pocket for it in my good breeches."

* Talk secretly. † Money. ‡ Husband.

* This is quite common among the peasantry.

† A sound among the peasantry expressive of wonder; it is produced by striking the tip of the tongue against the palate.

"What matther, a-cushla—you can wear it in your coat-pocket, till you get another pair, when the tailure can take the measure o' the watch for it —clane an' dacent."

"By dad, ay!—Ha, ha—um—(puff—chuckle, chuckle,)—hoo, haa!"

"Now, Owen, stay in the house all day, an' watch Alley, till I come back, we're to have a matchmakin' to-night, and you'll get whiskey, wid sugar an' hot wather in it, and lots of things."

"No, thin?"

"Trogs, ay; don't let her lave the house till I come home, an' along wid all, I'll buy you a new caroline hat in the fair."

Owen instinctively took off his *caubeen*, and viewed it with great contempt. "I want that, any how—um, hem—(puff)—if it was Sunday mornin', I might shave myself in this, wid the way it shines —um, hem!"

"Well, I'll get you one—now go in, and don't let an that I bid you at all at all—but have an eye to her, or if you don't you'll lose the weddin', an the brave suit of clothes you'll get for it."

Owen nodded assent, and with strides of a minute each, entered the house to undertake his duty for the day. Nothing, indeed, could be more ludicrous than the literal fidelity with which he performed it. His sister could not move even from one side of the kitchen to the other, that he did not dodge after her, up or down, backwards or forwards; from room to room, he watched her with an oafish vigilance which nothing could repress. Several times he resolutely opposed her egress from the house, and with such a peculiarly awkward air of mystery, as induced her to believe that his natural sluggishness of temper was settling into downright idiotism. The girl was annoyed, but as she had nothing of importance that required her presence abroad, his conduct created on her part more mirth than anger. Not so the aunt; after remonstrating with him by fair words and abuse, and endeavouring, without success, to wind out of him the cause of his vigilance, she indignantly seized a sweeping brush, which with all her bodily energy, she applied to his back and shoulders in the most unsparing manner, accompanying the action with suitable figures of rhetoric.

"Let me at him, Alley, I say, don't hould me," said she, addressing her niece, who was in convulsions of laughter. "Is it a lump of a spy we've got? (a swinging blow)—a lump of a baste of a spy—(the blow repeated twice)—a lump of a baste of a bosthon of a spy?—(thrice.) Eh! you potwalloper you—(another)—isn't it a fine employment he's got to be watchin' the weemen, as if he was one of us—why don't you put a petticoat on you at once? (ditto, ditto)—bad luck to me; but I'll *ludher* the sowl out of your karkage, you ringle-eyed thief o' the world—you gandher-faced bagabone—och, och—wurrah—isn't it the pity that the breath's goin' out o' me, till I'd baste the bones of him; oh, oh, only I'm as wake as wather I'd pay you widout puttin' much in your pocket, you cot you! Off wid you, an' mind the hens, you thief you!"

"Behave yourself," said Owen, whose head was protected by his arms; "let me alone, you kalliagh —let me alone, you—behave I say—if you don't, by wind-an'-wether, I'll smash the windows, so I will. Now!"

The resolute old dame, however, once more took breath, and changing her point of attack, came across his shins with an activity and a degree of science, really surprising. Owen, for a wonder, was compelled to be nimble, and had not Alley herself interfered, the old woman would have given him cause to regret becoming dragon on this occasion. With a fidelity, however, peculiar to sluggish people, he continued to maintain his post, and actually refused to permit his sister to leave the house until the return of his mother.

This event was still involved in considerable mystery; nor was the widow's appearance in the evening, calculated to lessen the anxiety felt by her sister and niece on the cause of her absence. The good woman was silent, reserved and gloomy; neither did she appear to be free from apprehension and alarm. But though endeavouring as well as possible to conceal her anxiety, she could not prevent her displeasure from manifesting itself in sullen glances at Alley and her aunt. These were returned by the latter with interest, garnished, too, by several dark hints and broken innuendos, not at all palatable.

No sooner had night set in, than the neighbours began, to the evident surprise of Alley, to assemble in the widow's kitchen, each armed with a gun, pistol, pitchfork, flail, or cudgel.

"Alley," said the aunt from the inner room, "*gutsho a colleen*—come here, girl. Sure," she continued, "I didn't wish to be puttin' the grief upon you before the time; and when I tould you that Vara Kelly knowed nothin' about it, it was a big lie, the Laud pardon me—husht now, or all's over wid us—don't let them see you cryin' at all. I'll bate them myself, stock-lock-an'-barrel, if you'll be sed an' led by me. Look at this windy—when I give you this sign, (crossing herself,) be off through it; I loosened it myself when you an' that omadhawn war palaverin' through the kitchen. Put this jug o' wather undher the bed, and when the whiskey comes, I'll [illegible]-act all myself. Sorra ring ever the same Gartland will put on you; I'd purvent that, if it was only out of clane conthraryness. Now husht, alana, an' lave every thing to myself."

Early in the night, two large jars of "raal potheen" were brought from Graham's, and before nine o'clock a party, amounting to above thirty stout men, were ranged about the hearth, and in such other parts of the kitchen, as were best adapted for their accommodation. Alley, by the command of her mother, remained also in the kitchen, silent and dejected, notwithstanding her aunt's injunctions to overreach them by affecting mirth and good humour. The aunt, however, did not appear at all among them; for, in fact, the nature of her plan rendered her presence for some time longer unseasonable.

In the mean time songs, and stories, and whiskey circulated with great rapidity. The widow, in the kindness of her heart, suffered not a man to evade his glass; nor indeed was there a single person present disposed to evade it. At length ten o'clock arrived, and the old aunt made her appearance in the kitchen; but no sooner had she surveyed the fire-arms that lay piled upon the dresser-table, than, giving a shriek which startled the whole company, she dropped down in a fit. In a moment she was surrounded, carried out to the street for air, had the palms of her hands lustily clapped, and her face plentifully bedewed with cold water. These remedies had the desired effect, and she gradually recovered. "Oh wurrah dheelish—och, oh, oh, oh, livin' mother!—but no matther; I'm an ould unsignified crathur, not worth savin'. Oh my oh! has none o' yees any feelin' to take them murtherin' guns, and pisthols, and bagnets, and blundherbushes out of my sight—out of my sight wid them, except you wish the life to lave me—away up into that room wid them, an' put them on the bed that the stone walls will be betuxt us. Oh livin' mother such a fright as I got—I'll not be the same thing to the day o' my death. Och, oh, I'm goin' again—a dhrink o' wather, or I'm off—wet my lips some of yees, except ye wish to have me stiff on yer hands in no time all out!"

"For goodness sake, Mat Kearney," said the widow, "take an' put them all upon the bed in that room up there, or this foolish ould crathur will dhrop."

"Ould is it? well that bangs Banagher; is it any wondher that people forget themselves? an' me never saw the light more nor twelve years, when she was a stag of a hussey cardin' *backins** for the Slevins. But no matther in life; it's the house I'll lave, if I'm spared for one night more anyhow—och, och, isthru isthru—nabours if you knew but all—well, sure I'll say nothing; it's taking lave of her sinses the woman is, or she wouldn't turn her own house into a barrack, as she's doin'. Och, och, don't I desarve what I am sufferin' for not takin' the offer of a dacent house o' my own, instead o' standin' on another body's flure as I am."

The guns and pistols were by this time placed upon the bed, and by a disp[illegible]f histrionic skill that would not disgrace the first actress of the day, either on or off the stage, she completely succeeded in lulling any suspicion of the insincerity of what she felt. By and by she got up, saying, "Hand me that jug o'wather agin, Mick Duggan, if you plase, till I wet my lips wid it, before I go out to the barn an' sthrive to be makin' my sowl, any way; for I find it's not long for this world I am. Alley asthore, hand me them bades that's hangin' on the dockin'† in the corner beyant."

On getting the beads she sallied out, but instead of seeking the barn, she went very quietly to a back-window of the dwelling house, which opened into the room that now contained the fire-arms; in a few minutes, with an alacrity which could not have been expected from her, she squeezed herself through, and taking the jug of water before-mentioned, wet the pan and touch-hole of every gun and pistol on the bed, after which she quietly returned through the window, leaving the arms perfectly useless. In the mean time Paul the Shot, who had been detained long beyond his intended hour, arrived, and by his presence, not only enlivened them with his drollery, but occasioned the whiskey to be circulated more rapidly, if possible, than before.

The night had now advanced to eleven o'clock, when the aunt entered with a sadly devout face, beads in hand. "Here Alley, jewel, hang them on the dockin' agin—och, och—it's sinners and fools we all are!"—she ejaculated—"to be thinkin' of any thing but our sowls! Asthore, Alley, go up into that room," said she to her niece, crossing herself as the signal, "and thry if you can find my little bottle of holy wather that's some place in it; but for the love of heaven, keep from them murdherin' guns and pisthols; don't come widout it, for I'll not be myself till I get a sup of it an me."

"Katty," said Paul, winking at the company, "bud-an-age, sure such a good crathur as you doesn't want the half of the prayers you say; but any way you're what I call a tight ould blade, an' commit very little sin whin you're asleep."

"I kill no mutton thin, any how, Paul;" said she.

"Arrah, Paul," said one of them, "will you tell us the story about the time you wint to buy the porty-piana for Colonel Edmonson's daughter, long ago?"

"God be wid them times," said Paul, "they warn't like now; the ould sort o' gintlemen for me. I tuk to the carman-business then," he continued, "an' carrid it an for some time well enough; but I remimber what I'm spakin' of was the first journey I made to Dublin afther bein' ill. It was the very year that Docthor Cooper—but he was only a horse-docthor—quack'd me to death with his calumny-pills; he insisted, right or wrong, that I was subject to the fallin'-sickness—which, betune ourselves was no lie, at laste three or four times a-week—when I happened to get a sup *in* you see—ha, ha, ha! Well, he was a dhroll man, fond of his jokes, sure enough. But for all that, sorra thing ailed me, only a slight touch o' pretension in the intellects—a complaint, he said, very hard to cure all out; so that I only wanted to be kept clear wid somethin' gintle. My curse upon all quacks, any way; the thief o' the world bein' accustomed to dale wid horses, dosed me upon too large a scale entirely; an' only for Docthor Mansel, he'd have got ould Nol Cooper to make me a suit of Narroway fustian* for the winther, when I wouldn't be complainin' of a misfit, even if it was tacked with thread that you'd hardly know from sixpenny nails."

"But, Paul, about the purchase?"

* The coarse tow taken from flax; a cut at her former poverty.

† The country-people use a burdock for hanging clothes, yarn, and other light articles upon its branches.

* Norway deal—a coffin.

"Throth I wasn't to be blempt for the same purchase, but Masther Frank Edmonson, that put me up to it out o' downright wickedness. Awouh! it's there the money was as plinty as sklate stones, or this young fellow wouldn't be at such a loss to spind it in one divarsion or another; for he ped dacent for his figaries. I had, ye see, an ordher for a piana-forty, to a Misther —— och, I disrimember his name; but he lived in Wishtmoreland-street, in the town of Dublin. 'Paul,' says Masther Frank, will you have many things to bring for my father from Dublin?' 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'I'll have a piana-forty, plase your honour, an' a lot of carpetin' and two tables: only, Masther Frank, I'm afeard of losin' my way in that big place, or bein' cheated, or maybe gettin' myself into gaol.' 'Well,' said he, 'I could sarve you, if you'd keep a sacret.' 'Thry me wid it first,' said I. 'My father's throwin' away money upon a piana-forty, an' he knows no more whether one is good or bad, than a cow does of a holiday—neither does my shisther;' an' he winked knowinly at me. 'It's well,' said he, 'that it wasn't a piana-fifty or a piana-sixty that he ordhered; he's too lavish entirely of his money,' says the cute young shaver—'an' it's a shame for a man of his years to be buyin' a musical coffin, when it's one of oak he ought to be thinkin' of,'—an' he winked so wisely at me agin, that sorra one o' me ever suspected he was only makin' a hare o' me. 'Thrue for your honour,' says I, 'it's makin' his sowl he ought to be, sure enough.' 'Ay, an' all of us,' says he, very solemnly; 'but, Paul, in regard of what I'm spakin' about—I believe you're to pay forty pounds for this insthrument,' says he, 'it's from *that* it's named; but if you take my advice, you'll buy a piana-thirty,' says he, 'an' put the odd ten pounds in your pocket for the benefit of your wife an' childher. I've been very wild myself, Paul,' says he, 'an' lavished a great deal o' money, an' it's full time for me to begin to be charitable—hem, hem!"

"Accordingly we made it up betwixt us, that I should buy a piana-thirty, and pocket the differ; but I got a writin' from under his hand, that he should pay the money for me, if we'd be found out. 'Now,' says he, as he finished it, 'you may as well save twenty pounds as ten, for if you show this to the musical-coffin-man, he'll take it in place of ten pounds; an' besides it gives you a good correcthur, an' that's a very useful thing in this world, Paul—hem, hem.' Accordinly, when I came to Dublin, I went into a house where they sowld them, an' inquired to see a piana-thirty. The man looked at me. 'Who is it for?' says he. 'You won't tell me to-morrow, nabour,' says I, 'barrin I change my mind. Have you a musical coffin—a good, stout, beneficial piana-thirty, that a man will get the worth of his money of wear out of it?' He screwed his mouth to the one side of his face, and winked at a man that stood in the shop, who it seems was a fiddler; but, by gor, if Micky M'Gory had seen him!—why, I tuck him for a gintleman! 'Are you a musicianer?' says the other. 'I do a thrifle that way,' says I, 'afther the Murph—hem! I mane afther atin' my dinner,' says myself, puttin' an the *bodagh*, because nobody knew me; 'but I never resave payment for it—I'd scorn that.' 'How long are you out?' says he. 'Since last Winsday,' says I, 'I'm from home.' 'An' where is that, pray?' 'Behind Tullymuclescrag, in the parish of Teernamuckfaughalumkishla-beg.' 'I suppose,' says my customer, 'your last waistcoat was a great dale too sthrait for you?' 'Not so sthrait as your own is at present,' says I, (he was a small, screw'd-up crathur, like a whitthrit.) 'Will you show me the article I want?' 'Do you see that shop over the way,' said he, 'at the corner? You'll get the *article* you want there.' I accordingly went over, and inquired of the man behind the counter, if he could sell me a piana-thirty? 'We sell nothin' here but *ropes*,' says he—'thry over the way.' I thin went back to the fellow: 'you thievin' sconce,' says I, 'did you mane to make a fool o' me?' 'I never carry coals to Newcastle,' says the vagabone: 'Go home to your frinds, my honest fellow, an' you'll ase them of a great deal of throuble on your account; they miss your music afther dinner, very much,' says he. 'Oh, said the fiddler, ''tis betther to direct the man properly; he's a sthranger,'—writin' down at the same time a direction for me. 'Go to this house, and inquire for the owner of it; say you're from the counthry, an' have pertecklar business that you can tell to no one but himself—an' depind upon it you'll get *what you want.*'

"Off I set; an' at long last found a great house, an' gave three or four thundherin' cracks at the door. 'I want to see the masther, very bad entirely,' says I. 'What's wrong?' said a fellow, all powdher, wid a tail growin' from his head down his back. 'I have news from the counthry for him,' says I, 'that I can only tell to himself.' The fellow looked frightened, an' runnin' up the stairs, brought down a gintleman wid a wig an' black apron upon him. 'Are you the music-man,' says I, 'that has the piana-thirty for sale? I want a musical-coffin to buy.' 'Kick this scoundhrel out,' says the ould chap; 'how durst you let him in at all at all? Out wid him into the channel.' In three minutes we war in one another's wools; but faix, in regard of a way I had, I soon sowed the hall wid them; and was attackin' the ould fellow himself in a corner, whin a lot of gintlemen an' ladies came to his assistance, hearin' the *millia murthers* he ris at the first dig in the ribs I hot him. 'You dam ould dust,' says I, layin' on him, 'is this any thratement for a dacent man, that wants to give you the preference in dalin' wid you, an' to lave you *good value* for what I get, you murtherin' ould rap!'

"At last, I was seized hand an' fut, till the offishers would be sint for to take me to jail. But, thinkin' of the correcthur that Masther Frank gave me, I pulled it out, an' put it into the hands of one o' the genmen: 'Here,' says I, 'ye ill-conditioned vaagrants, read that, an' ye'll find that I'm no bird for the crib—it'ill show yees what I am.' 'Sure enough,' says he, lookin' at it, 'it describes you to a hair, you villain;' an' he read it out: 'This is to sartify, that the bearer, Paul Kelly, is a big rascal;

an' any person securin' him will resave a reward of thirty pounds, as he has broke out of jail, where he was confined for sheep-stalin'. He is a man that squints wid one eye, an' wears a long nose, turned with a sharp look-out towards his left ear.' 'May all kinds of hard fortune settle down upon him that wrote that,' says I; 'but he has fairly desaved me, the limb o' the devil that he is. Gintlemen,' says I, 'it's all but a mistake. Let me go,' says I, 'an' I'll never heed the music for this day, any how—that I may never be a bishop, but it was all a mistake.' 'Howsomediver, you'll find it a bad mistake to bate a bishop,' said one o' them. 'Oh, man o' Moses,' says I, 'was the black gintleman a bishop? Paul, you're done for now! Oh, murther, gintlemen dear, it's all of our own roguery, or it wouldn't happen me. Oh, have consolation on me, bishop jewel, an' forgive me; sure, if I knew it, when I was peggin' you up agin the corner in the ribs, I'd suffer all kinds of visitation before I'd give you a whack at all at all, plase your Reverence.'

"It was all useless: I was lugged off to the crib; an' 'twasn't till the second day that Masther Frank, who was in Dublin afore me, though I didn't know it, reading his own correcthur of me in the papers, along with the account o' the whole ruction, came—an', by givin' an explanation to the bishop, got me out; but he gaved me five pounds for the joke, any how, for the cash was flush with him; so that I was very well ped for it: an' 'Paul,' says he, as he put the money into my hand, 'the thrick I played on you was because you consinted to be a chate agin my father, that often befrinded you."

"What's keepin' that girl in the room?" said widow Sheridan. "Alley, will you bring your aunt's holy wather to her: my sowl," she added, when no reply was made, "but I'll lay my life she's away wid herself!" and she snatched a candle, with which she surveyed the room and ascertained to her utter dismay that Alley *was* gone. She found the window open and the bird flown.

Loud and vehement was the manifestation of grief, noise, and confusion which followed this disclosure; but from none was the clamour of despair and indignation louder than from the aunt. A rapid search commenced about the premises, in the course of which Alley and a party of horsemen, for it was clear moonlight, were discovered riding up the hill. In an instant the well-watered guns and pistols were in requisition, and a keen pursuit commenced after the obnoxious party. The widow's friends were, it is true, rather unqualified for a brisk race, many of them being as strongly inclined to retrograde as advance. The attempt of rescuing Alley, however, was made, and would have proved successful if Mullin's party had happened to have had a much longer stretch of the country to cross, for their route lay over ditches and rough upland, covered with swamps and brushwood. In consequence of this the pursuers gained upon them considerably: so near, indeed, was the widow's guard, that when Mullin was topping a small hill the former were at the bottom. Among the first in the chase was Paul the Shot, with Bridget over his shoulder; and it will be recollected that, from his late arrival, not only was he less advanced in liquor than any of the rest, but that Bridget herself escaped the fate of the fire-arms on the bed.

"Tarenation!" says Paul, "thundhre an' thump! bud they'll bate us as they get out on the road before we wing some o' them: hould, be the piper o' Moses, if there isn't a bagabone peepin' out at us from behind the ditch, as a spy. Here's at you, man alive; take this whoever you are—(whish, slap)—well done, Paul the Shot."

The object fell off the ditch, and Paul, on whose mind the dread of murder fell with rapid descent, became instantly paralyzed with horror. "The Laud above forgive me this night—my sowl to happiness but he's peppered, and I'll swing for him—blessed mother o' heaven what's this! Evans, go, I'm not able; go, man, an' see who it is. Murdher sheery! Oh, Vara, Vara, what will you and Phiddhre, that I intinded for the church, say, when you hear that I'm to swing for murdher!" And he commenced a howl of the most ludicrous grief imaginable.

"Paul, you have done for one, any how; you have shed innocent blood this night, you misfortunate man, you! Who did you aim at on the other side o' the hill, that you shot poor Vara?"

"Vara! what do you mane?" said Paul, horror-struck and staggering.

"Why your *own* Vara that happened to be behind the ditch, and you settled her!"

Paul's howl had now risen to a roar, continuous and incessant.

"Ay, indeed," added Evans, "you have shot Vara, your goat, that was grazin' upon the ditch."

Paul paused suddenly—"What?" said he, is it only the *gower*?" and he ran over in a state of tremor to ascertain the fact. He then put his hands to his sides, and danced for five minutes to his own music, which was not a whit less grotesque than his grief. Evans' information was correct; he actually for once had hit the object at which he aimed, and his joy was excessive on discovering that he had not committed murder.

This shot, however, was probably the means of Alley's escape; for the pause which it occasioned in the pursuit, gave Mullin's friends time to gain the road, which they had no sooner reached than the speed of their horses was increased in a manner that rendered all fear of being overtaken unnecessary.

We will now bring our readers to a gentleman's residence about a mile and a half from widow Sheridan's house; the hour, twelve or one o'clock at night. A thundering rap comes to the hall-door; and in few minutes a voice calls out,

"Why thin might one make bould to ax who gave that delicate little rap? spake, if you be fat."

"Is that Paddy?"

"Ayeh! all that's left o' me."

"Is the high constable widin, Paddy?"

"Why, 'tisn't widout you'd have him to be at this

hour o' the night, man alive. I ought to know the cut o' yer tongue, is that Frank Neal?"

"So my modher says. Why, thin, faix Paddy, I don't like to be houldin' discoorse wid you through the door, more in regard o' the dhrop o' dhrink I have in my pocket here; an' besides I want to see Misthre Little, for himself's the boy that like's a bit o' sport as a duck does a shower."

The door was opened with surprising alacrity—"What's wrong, Tim?"

"The sorra a' taste at all, but every thing right, Paddy. Look into that bottle first, and then tell the masther that James Mullin and Alley Sheridan's comin' to him as a 'runaway couple.' Start now, your sowl, for he must inspect them on horseback to bear witness that it's *her* that's runnin' away wid *him*, so he must see her before him on the saddle, clane and dacent."

"I thought Mickle Gartland was to have her."

"So did the modher of her for that matther, Paddy; but she tuck the liberty o' differin' a thrifle from them both, the jewel. Take another pull o' this, an' be off for the masther, man alive—don't you hear them comin' in full style up the avney?"

Mr. Little was a young man of a highly respectable family, who, in consequence of his frank and good humoured character, was exceedingly popular with the peasantry, although the office which he held was one in which it required great address to retain their confidence and goodwill. He was, however, a humorist, and frequently contrived to adjust many differences among them in the discharge of his duty. Being remarkable for good sense and a perception of the genius and humour of the people, he had many opportunities of compromising the quarrels and enmity of factions, and such transient disputes as originated at fairs, mar kets, and other places of their rural amusements.

When he understood the nature of the business on which his interference was solicited, particularly the necessity of his presence to witness Alley on horseback before Mullin, in order to prevent the danger of a prosecution for abduction, which Mrs. Sheridan, anticipating this event, had threatened, he lost no time in dressing himself, a task which, in this instance, he performed with unusual mirth. When ready to appear, he perceived the cavalcade near the door; nor was his mirth lessened by its singular and original appearance. About a score of stout young fellows, mounted upon bare-backed horses of every description, ranged themselves a little behind Mullin and Alley, both of whom advanced, that he might be enabled to identify them, and give, should he be required, an accurate testimony of Mullin's being the party abducted. Mullin himself could scarcely restrain his mirth, on requesting his attention to this grotesque and ludicrous circumstance, although his natural delicacy of feeling prevented him from indulging in any levity that might be offensive to her who made such an unusual departure from decorum, for his sake. His companions, however, were less scrupulous; their mirth was excessive, for to them it was "fun" of the first water. Their enjoyment of the "spree," however, was no proof of their want of attachment to Mullin, for every man of them had either a scythe, a flail, a pitchfork, or a hook tied to a pole, with which they would have defended him to the last drop of their blood. It was truly a providential circumstance, that no collision took place between Mrs. Sheridan's party and them, as in that case, although they considered the matter only as a "spree," lives would certainly have been lost on both sides.

"Mr. Little," said Mullin, "you can bear witness, that I'm clear and clane run away with—carried off by Alley Sheridan, here, agin my own free will and consint—the devil a less it is. Alley, don't you acknowledge that you tuck me away a young innocent, harmless crathur, as I am, from father, an' mother, an' friends, to lodge me wid Mr. Little here."

Alley smiled, and could the change on her cheek have been seen, blushed also: "Hem, why to be sure I did—an' a blessed prize I have got of you, you thief," she added in an arch under tone—"faix, James, I'll pay you for this one day or other."

"Don't be afraid, Mullin," replied Little, "I'll bear witness to what you suffered by this outrage. Miss Sheridan, let me assist you to dismount, come in, there are candles in the parlour, and we will talk over this matter."

"Faigs," said a droll, ill-looking fellow as ever was created, "I'm a purty delicate boy myself, nate an' ginteel, and nobody has run away wid me yet; however, we won't despair, as far as beauty goes, any how; who knows what's before me?"

"Before you," replied another, "'tis wind an' wather he desarves to be fed upon, that wouldn't guess that—'tisn't drownded you'll be, Tady, as long as two yards of himp can be got for a shillin'."

"Well, boys, see what it is to have the breedin'; obsarve how pilite Misther Little hands her into the parlour, as if he had her on a clane plate—ha, ha, ha."

"Boys," said a politician, "I wisht the country had more of his kind in it, an' there would be plinty of pace, an' oceans of happiness; not like the bloody rascals that rob and rack-rint us as if we were slaves, by their aagints, and dam procthors, and bumbaillies, rappin' and rivin' the hearts-blood out of us, to spind on their pleasures in farin' lands, an' thin we can't see their faces to get an ounce of justice, let us be whipped and thramp'd on ever so—my curse upon them—by this an' by that, for my own part, I'll never spare a prod of a bagnet, nor scruple layin' the weeshy bit of coal an' the tatch together, till we get them to mend their coorses, and live on their estates."

"*Be dhu husth*,* hem, a fine night, Paddy," said his companion, addressing him cautiously, but elevating his voice to the other, in order to put the indiscreet speaker on his guard—"Paddy, how goes

* Hold your tongue.

it, you spalpeen—have you any news from the races?"

"Middlin', I thank you, Phil; sorra word, for I wasn't at them; what news from Athnasallagh?"

"Never a thing worth talking of; this runaway is the newest news at the present spakin'."

"Troth it's the quare runaway; but I'll tell you a sacret, boys: Mickle Gartland will be on for a rescue to-morrow, if widow Sheridan makes him believe that Alley wint widout her own consint; the masther widin knows Mickle's charackther to a shavin', an' he's now discoorsin' the two about how they're to put the copin'-stone on the business to-morrow."

This was true, and Little himself felt considerable difficulty as to the means of bringing the matter to an amicable issue. He knew it was probable, that Gartland, supported by the mother, might become troublesome and unmanageable; but he was too well acquainted with the honourable and manly delicacy with which the peasantry act in circumstances of this nature. When a runaway occurs in Ireland, no motive that ever actuated the human heart, could induce a young man to wed a girl who had *voluntarily* "gone off" with another. Her virtue must not only be free from every stain, but her conduct from the imputation of any act, which would seem by its indiscretion to place her in a questionable situation, otherwise Paddy, with all his violence and outrage, would scorn her with the most indignant loftiness of spirit.

When Little conducted Alley and Mullin, together with their most confidential friends into the parlour, he addressed them as follows:

"I protest, Mullin, your conduct has staggered me not a little this night; why man, a thief might as well take refuge with a magistrate, or a debtor with the bailiff who carries the writ against him, as you to run off with your neighbour's daughter, and march, as I believe you were glad to do in double quick time, to lodge her with the high constable. Not a man on the face of the earth, but an Irishman, would do it. How will you manage?"

"How will yourself manage, sir?" replied Mullin—"you must fight the battle out for us, now that you tuck it in hand, not that we mane to be idle ourselves, plase God; but as for me carryin' her off, sure I have yourself to prove, that she kidnapped me clane to your own house."

"True, I forgot that. Well, I believe the best plan is to keep you both prisoners for this night; Alley with Mrs. Little, and you with the butler, and in the morning to send for the priest, Alley's mother, and Sir William R——, your landlord; we'll then try what can be done to arrange matters to the satisfaction of all parties. If Gartland and his friends come, we'll have a scene, however, and not a very pleasant one, I very much fear."

"In regard of Gartland, misther Little, I don't care three sthraws for what he can do; I have a crow to pluck wid him as it is; if you can smooth the mother, that's all I want. My life, however, whatever happens, must be taken before I part wid *Alley*—that I swear, b——."

"Hold, Mullin, no swearing before the lady, sir," replied Little, on seeing the young fellow's eyes beginning to glance with that fiery and headlong determination, which so often produces, among persons of his class, such destructive consequences;—"leave the matter to me," he continued, "and be calm, otherwise I neither can, nor will promise to interest myself in the business, precisely as I intend to do."

He then ordered Mullin's companions to go peaceably home; and after committing Alley, whose diffidence kept her silent, to the care of Mrs. Little, who had risen, and Mullin to that of the butler, he retired to rest.

Next morning Mr. Little wrote to Sir W. R—— and the parish priest, and was answered by the appearance of these gentlemen in person; they entertained a just apprehension that serious disturbance between the friends of Gartland, Mullin, and Alley herself, would very probably result from the elopement, particularly at the ensuing fair, as the two rivals and their friends, as was already well known, threatened to put the matter to a trial of strength. They were therefore too well acquainted with the habits of the people, not to know that if a faction fight had once commenced between them, it might be kept up in fairs and markets for centuries to come.

Soon after the arrival of the gentlemen, Alley's mother, her son Owen, and the aunt, who carried a bundle of Alley's clothes under her arm, came, together with a dozen of their relatives; and immediately after them, Magrath, with his father, three brothers, and half a dozen able-bodied cousins of every degree. Nor was Mullin left unsupported for the coming struggle, having been early that morning reinforced by twelve or fourteen of those who attended him on the preceding night, together with his father and two brothers.

Having been all arranged in the hall, the gentlemen proceeded to reconcile them. In the mean time a large crowd was assembled on the lawn, anxious to know the result, or to take separate interests, should there be a fight.

"My good woman," said Sir William, addressing Mrs. Sheridan, "will you tell us candidly the cause of this unusual commotion among the people? I ask *you* for an explanation, because I understand the conduct of your daughter has in some degree occasioned it."

Alley blushed deeply at this unintentional allusion, nor did her embarrassment escape observation, particularly that of Mullin and her aunt. The natural choler of the old woman overcame her, and she stepped forward before Mrs. Sheridan had time to reply:

"It's a lie, Sir William; it's a big lie, my lardship—*dhamno sheery woo'um*, but it is; an' but—"

"Whisht, you ould thief," said Paul, plucking her softly by the gown, "by the shot o' my pouch you'll be thransported for callin' Sir William a liar, an' him a grand juryman o' the nation."

"Plase your worship, Sir William," said Mullin, stepping forward in a very manly, determined man-

ner, "as a gintleman, sir, you might-a begun with blamin' me instid o' the girl; an' I say, widout carin' who says to the contrary, that she did *not* occasion this 'ruction o' people that's about the place; therefore begin again if plase, and place the blame on the right owner."

During this interruption Alley's aunt, who was in a state of great terror in consequence of Paul's hint about giving Sir William the lie, now came forward to explain, which she did by ducking up and down with the regularity of machinery, and in her own way, endeavouring to make an excuse for what she had said of him.

All this while Mrs. Sheridan had the corner of her apron to her eyes, whilst she glanced with deep resentment at Mullin and her daughter, as the cause of what she considered so irremediable an affliction. Up to this moment she had not an opportunity of speaking; but now she availed herself of the *first opening* to detail her grievances.

"Ogh an' it's thrue for you, Sir William; that brine-oge standin' beside her, tuck her thrum me without rhyme or rason in life, an' he not a match for the likes of her, within fifteen score o' guineas, sir, plase your honour. An' if there's law or justice to be had, I'll bring him over the coals, your honour, for the same thing—throth will I, Jem Mullin! You're there to the fore, an' I'll make it be a black business to ye, the longest day you live; for you're nothin' else—plase yer honour—than a sconce, that wants, by manes o' that green-horn of a girl, to scheme me out of her penny o' money, that I had to fortune her off in credit and dacency."

"And do you pursume for to call a son o' mine a sconce, Mrs. Sheridan?" replied old Mullin, "since we must 'mistress' you; by the same token that yer the first of yer family that was ever called so. A sconce, ma'am! and this to the Mullins of Edennasamblagh! saints above, listen to what ould Andy Linahan's daughter says, forgettin' that your mother sat over your father's coffin on the road-side, to ax charity for his berrin, when myself and my forefathers had full an' plinty o' the world. A schemer! from the woman that tuck in your pipe-suckin' *dhring** of a husband, who was married upon you in a mistake of his own, but the sorra a taste of yours. Are you answered now, ma'am? Ax the Magraths of Tullymuddin, an' they'll give you the outs and ins of the whole desate."

"Come, come," said Father O'Flaherty, "there must be no recrimination here; neither Sir William, nor Mr. Little, nor myself will put up with it. Jim Mullin you're a boy o' sense, and will give up the girl to her mother when you see she's aginst you, and bent on Gartland here; so let them be married in the name of God, and every thing end peacibly. Gartland, are you willing to take the girl if Mullin gives her up?"

"What say you to that Gartland?" inquired Sir William.

"Plase your honour, if Jim Mullin will clear her, sir, on the althar, I'll take her, but not without it."

Mullin's eyes shot fire as he rushed at his rival. "Mane villan!" he exclaimed, "is it to think that the girl would so far forget herself as to make such a thing necessary at all! Let me go I say: by the powdhers o' love I'll make hawk's-mate of him for that word; don't hould me, Mr. Little. Well, I don't care about you or Sir William, or fifty priests, the man that spakes a word against that girl's discration,* will rue it to the core! Well, so be it, so be it; but I'll meet you in the fair for this, Gartland: never mind, my good fellow, you'll pay for it."

During this paroxysm the old aunt clapped him lustily on the back, exclaiming, "Ogh! but the blood's in you, a bouchal; an' but its kind family for you to show the 'spree!' The dirty spalpeen! he desarves it; for only the mane dhrop's in him, he wouldn't *even*† a bad thought to the dacent colleen—the purse-proud beggarman! faix you'll get it, you thief, its steeped for you!"

The presence of those in the room, however, prevented a quarrel; and Little, who had great influence over Mullin, pacified him.

"Jim," said the father, "if you take my advice you'll wash your hands clane out o' the family; the girl's a good, an' an honest, an' a modest girl—but you may get a good wife; so throw the ould woman's dirty guineas to her, an' give up the girl."

"'Tis a good advice," said the priest, "and you won't have the worse luck for obeying him; besides, I that am your priest and confissor lay it upon you."

"*Dhamno sherry* be from the morsel itself," exclaimed the aunt, clapping him once more upon the back: "hould fast, yer sowl; show the blood o' the Mullin's, Jim agra; if you part wid her, you'll never rue it but wanst, and that'll be all your life: look at her, 'tis as white as a sheet she is for fraid you'd show the *garran bane*,‡ an' let yourself be bullied out of her. Hould fast, a bouchal; hould fast, I say."

"Is that old woman deranged?" asked Sir William: "she appears to be mad—quite unsettled."

"Mad inagh! The heavens be your bed, Sir William Darling: stand the colleen's friend, your Lardship. Wurrah, man alive—Vishcount jewel, I mane—wont you show fair play an' perplexity, any how. How would you like if you war a colleen—an' its you that 'ud be the darlin' an' beauty all out, barring the beard and whishkers—fair play is all we want, your Ladyship."

In spite of the bad feeling which pervaded the hostile parties, the old woman's oratory produced very general mirth, which, perhaps, contributed more than any thing else to assuage in some degree the passions by which they were agitated.

"As to the fortune," replied Mullin to his father and the priest, "to show yees all that it makes no

* A silent, lounging, stupid person.

* Virtue. † Impute.

‡ White horse—a phrase which the country people trace to Sheemus's flight on one at the battle of the Boyne.

maxim with me, I tell you, Mrs. Sheridan, that I'd not dirty my fingers wid a penny of it. You thought it was *that* I was afther—you see your mistake, ma'am; but as for the girl I'll never give her up while I've life!"

"By the shot o' my pouch," said Paul, "the young man's beside himself, clane and clear, to go for to throw away the fortune and keep the girl."

"An' it's myself," replied Mrs. Sheridan, "will spind five pounds of it, or I'll thransport you out of the country, for taking her away thrum me, you know its agin the law, an' if I should hire six counsellors, I'll make you suffer—ay will I, give one good half ginney to counsellor O'Connell, an' another to counsellor Shales, to make great speeches an' norations, that'll send you over. You common thief, to take your disadvantage of a helpless unprojected widdy; but it's asy known I'm a lone woman, or I wouldn't be put upon the way I am," and she burst into clamorous grief and abuse.

"Mrs. Sheridan," said Mr. Little, with a lurking smile beneath the gravity he assumed, "I must set you right upon the matter of law. Mullin did not steal your daughter; on the contrary, ma'am, he took her away in the most legal manner possible, strictly according to form; and if you are determined on going to law, I must bear witness that she—hem—that your daughter sat before him on the horse, and in that case you know, and every body knows, the law acquits him—hem!"

"Saints above! what's this I hear?—Oh, 'tis ruined I am—I know it does, plase your honour; but he must give her up, or get the three hundher, and lay down on the nail guinea for guinea wid me, or I'll rise the country, and take her out of his heart's blood."

"Mullin," said Sir William, "you must surrender the girl, Sir; I insist upon it, young man, if her mother continues to claim her."

"I'd be long sorry to go agin you, Sir William, but I never will; an' them that takes her will take her through my body."

"Och, och, my darlin' that you war," exclaimed the aunt—"hould to that, Jim, agra!—my sowl, but we'll conjecthur over thim at last."

"Mrs. Sheridan," said the priest, "I have used every thing in rason, to make him give her up; but I tell you that you're too stiff-necked yourself, ma'am, and it doesn't become you to make such a rout about it; I say he's good enough for your daughter, not making little of the colleen. You orget yourself, ma'am; his brother's a priest, ma'am, an' it sits very poorly upon you to refuse your child to the brother of a priest."

"I think so too," added Sir William; "Mullin is of a decent honest family, Mrs. Sheridan; and, although not so wealthy as Gartland, yet he is sufficiently independent to maintain your daughter in comfort. Money cannot give your daughter happiness with a husband she cannot love. Gartland, are you willing to give up the girl?" he added, addressing Gartland.

"By no manes, yer honour; if it was only to tache him that his bouncin' and bully-raggin wont do wid me, Sir, plase your honour. I'll show him since he puts me to it, that I am as good a man as he is, an' can gather as good a faction."

"Plase yer honour, Mr. Little," observed Paul the Shot, apart to Little, "I think that it's pride privints Gartland, more nor any thing else, from denouncin' her, lest the counthry might think that it came from fear of Mullin, who's the very devil entirely wid the cudgel, an' so is his faction. In my opinion, that's the visitation o' the whole thing. If you could but take Mullin an' him on the soft side, you might settle it, an' as for Father Flagherty, he'll soon knock the mettle out o' the ould woman!"

Little saw the truth of this remark, and determined to act accordingly.

"We have," said he, "very improperly omitted appealing to Miss Alley herself, on a matter where she is principally concerned; Gartland I know to be a young fellow of honour and spirit, who, I am sure, if he hears his refusal from her own lips, just now before all present, would not be mean enough to hold out after being refused; he's afraid of no man, or no party of men, but I know he will act with spirit. Now, Miss Sheridan, on which of these young men are your affections fixed? speak candidly."

"Plase yer honour," she modestly replied, "I have no ill-will whatsomever to Mickle Gartland, but I can't like him, an' he's not come to this day widout hearin' it from my own lips; I never desaived him, nor kept back the thruth. James Mullin—hem—I—I——" The timid girl could proceed no farther, but after giving a tender look at Mullin, she burst into tears, and in the unconscious impulse of love and innocence, laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed aloud.

Sir William looked in every direction of the room, and the priest's nasal-horn resounded a somewhat melancholy note. The aunt went over to the niece, and taking her in her arms, kissed her tenderly, wiped her eyes with her apron, then shook her hand at Mrs. Sheridan, exclaiming, "*dher manum* woman, but you're breaking the colleen's heart, so you are!"

"For my own part," said Gartland, "I'm satisfied now, an' would have been so long ago, only for the mother, an' Mullin's brow-bating. Jim, before all present I give her up—at the same time, it's neither from fear nor favour of you—I'm ready to meet you any day, me an' mine, agin you an' yours—but as for Alley, keep her, an' God bless her, for she's the moral of a good girl."

Mullin stepped over and grasped his hand, "Mickle," said he, "you war never a bad man,* an' I'm ready an' willin' to bear winess, that you'd do nothing for fear af the best sojer† that ever stepped on black leather—and while my name's Mullin, I'll never forget this behaviour, an' it'll be your own fault if ever we have a cool word agin."

A brisk crack of the fingers from the aunt, ac-

* Coward. † Fighter.

companied by a triumphant display of that old accompaniment of eloquence the *supplosio pedis*, sounded through the room, as she addressed Mrs. Sheridan.

"Hah, maybe ye'll be more worser nor sthrangers —nor black sthrangers, we may say—maybe you'll show some bowels for your own flesh and blood; an' if you do, sure it's only time for you to think of it, any way."

"Never," replied Mrs. Sheridan, "barrin he can lay down guinea for guinea wid me."

"Now, Mrs. Sheridan," said the priest, "I waited patiently to thry you, ma'am, to give you fair play; but afther all, you're any thing but a sinsible woman, that would look far before her. You refuse your colleen, ma'am, to Jim Mullin, an' his brother a priest—his only brother too—ma'am. Now, did you ever take it into your head to think, or ask yourself whose childhren will come in for his property when he dies?"

Mrs. Sheridan started at this new thought—"Eh!" the priest continued, "have I you now, ma'am? Upon my credit and reputayshun, only for the daughter's sake af you, I'd be the man myself that would privint Jim Mullin from marrying into your family."

This was an argument which the griping disposition of the widow could not withstand.

"Mrs. Sheridan," said Sir William, "I see you would have stood in your daughter's light, by refusing her to Mullin, that's evident."

"But Mrs. Sheridan has too much good sense," observed Mr. Little, "to do so any longer—of course Father Mullin's wealth will descend to his brother's children, Mrs. Sheridan."

"Well, well, it's not in regard o' that, sure," said the widow—"but as the girl is set upon him herself, that I do it now. You're standin' there to the fore, Jim Mullin, an' I never denied that you were a clane dacent boy, an' a good father's son, an' who could blame me for wishin' to see my daughter settled to the best dishadvantage, she's my flesh an' blood, an' blood yees all know, is thicker nor wather any way—so as it's come to this, childhre, may the blessin' o' the Almighty light down upon both, I pray God!"

"Deuce a heartier—sure an' that's the way it ought to ind any how," said Paul; "by the shot o' my pouch, if there's a sheep or a goat in the parish, yees must have wild fowl at the weddin', wid a blessin' an' the assistance o' my Bridget. If *I* was for Mickle Gartland, sure no one could blame me either, and him my own fourth cousin, by the side o' the Suil-cam* family—ha, ha, ha."

"*Dher manum*, man, I'll spake if I should burst—behave I say—let me to the Barrow-knight. Your Lardship—(a curtsey)—an' he a grand jurnyman o' the nation. Vischount, a hagur ma chree —(a curtsey)—the beauty o' the arth ye war, my Lardship—(a curtsey)—'tis in the regard o' the bouncer ye tould, plase yer Reverence. Sure I didn't mane it at all, only by clearin' up Alley's carrackther, nor wouldn't for the waight o' yourself o' the best gooldeen bank-notes that ever was coined; no in throth, plase yer Barrow-knight, it was no lie at all at all—only a falsity, my Lard. If ye'll jist say before witness, Juke dear, that we wont be thransported as we didn't do it, more particklerly as it was only a falsity. Will you, my Lord?"

"What, can any one tell, does that woman mean?" said Sir William.

"She's the young woman's aunt," replied Little, "a simple affectionate creature; just assure her that you wont transport her, and she'll not trouble you further."

"My good woman," said Sir William, "I promise before witness, that I wont transport you—so make your mind easy."

"Ogh I knew the true strain was in him—one o' the ould breed—kind and generosity. Musha, God condimn your sowl to happiness, Vishcount darlin', and grant you long life and reprobation, both here and hereafther! Thank the noble gintleman, both o' yees, an' may all kinds of mutilation, an' grace, an' holiness, fall down upon you, a hagur."

Things having been thus arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, nothing remains now to be said, but they had a genuine Irish wedding, to which all the personages mentioned in this sketch were invited, and that Mullin and Alley, who are now thirteen years married, have, in defiance of Malthus, thirteen children, and are happy.

* Suil-cam, swivel-eye—Gartland had a cast in his eye.

DR. JOHNSON'S GHOST TO MRS. PIOZZI.

[The following Poem appeared immediately after the publication of Mrs. Piozzi's book of Johnsonian Gossip. Being merely an ephemeral piece, it seems to have been thrown aside, as soon as the personal interest of the subject expired. But it is too good to be lost; and we consider ourselves fortunate in being enabled to recover a copy of it. The original was embellished with a curious print, representing Dr. Johnson's ghost addressing Mrs. Piozzi, very solemnly, with a purse dangling in its hand. The name of the author is unknown.]

MADAM, my debt to Nature paid,
I thought the grave, with hallowed shade,
Would now protect my name;
Yet there in vain I seek repose,
My friends each little fault disclose,
And murder Johnson's fame.

First Boswell, with officious care,
Showed me as men would show a bear,
And called himself my friend!
Sir John with nonsense strewed my hearse,
And Courtney pestered me with verse;
You torture without end.

When Streatham spread its plenteous board,
I opened learning's valued hoard,
And as I feasted prosed;
Good things I said, good things I eat,
I gave you knowledge for your meat,
And thought th' account was closed.

If obligations still I owed,
You sold each item to the crowd,—
I suffered by the tale:
For God's sake, madam, let me rest,
Nor longer vex your quondam guest,
I'LL PAY YOU FOR YOUR ALE.

THE MINSTREL OF PROVENCE;

OR, THE FOUNTAIN.

BY MR. BULLER, OF BRAZEN-NOSE,

Author of "Provence and the Rhone."

It was with no small satisfaction that we stopped for a few minutes under a grove of tall trees that overshadowed the road, with a fountain spouting up in the midst, which completely altered the atmosphere. No palm-island in the deserts of Arabia was ever more welcome than this cool spot, which belonged, we understood, to the adjoining Château Albertas. Whoever was the planner of it, he has discovered more true taste and gentlemanly feeling than if he had built the finest possible entrance or lodge as a mere tribute to self-love.

PROVENCE AND THE RHONE.—*Second Edition.*

"DUMB friend, whose melancholy wistful eye
Watches my every look, thy instinct rare,
Nurtured by human converse, can descry
Each passing cloud that dims the brow of care.
Nor wouldst thou shrink (such force doth love supply
To puny frames) from the gaunt wolf or bear
That haunt the forest-wilds which we have past
Since fair Toulouse in distance faded last.

"Thy fond and faithful hardihood, Blanchefleur,
Speaks a right needful lesson to my heart:
Thou, silent monitor, dost chide my poor
Weak efforts to fulfil affection's part.
Worse than a dog should I esteem me, sure,
Were I to spare whate'er my force or art
Can well achieve; the hope may not be vain,
To break or share my valiant father's chain.

"Clemence Isaure!* gentle and sainted maid,
In life unhappy, honoured in thy grave,
Beside the scutcheoned tomb where thou art laid,
Mingling thy modest ashes with the brave
And high-born, I besought the Virgin's head,
And vowed to her whose power can shield and save
This golden violet, thy last bequest
To love and minstrelsy, that decks my breast.

"Meantime I hold the shining gaud a loan
For holy purpose; blessed be the day
On which I won it, and the harp's full tone
According with that wild Armoric lay.
This token of fair fame, wherever shown,
Is the best, surest passport, as men say,
In hall and tourney, to the stranger wight
Who ranks below the style of belted knight."

Thus spoke a stripling, resting by the side
Of a cool fountain, with young trees o'ergrown,
Whose runnels, scattered once, and trickling wide,
Fill'd now a reservoir of rough-hewn stone;
A blessed boon to meet with at noontide,
As those can truly tell, and those alone,
Who their steep morning's way on foot have won,
Where St. Remi's white rocks reflect the sun.

From a lone mountain-cleft, its pure well-head,
Thus pent and nurtured, drew its life, and thence
The silent rill stole down its verdured bed.
"Image of calm retired beneficence
By wholesome thrift sustained," the wanderer said;
And by that fancy soothed to confidence
In his own kind, had ta'en his noonday doze,
The faithful Blanchefleur watching his repose.

"Good day, young sir; and whither bound, I pray?"
Spoke a clear manly voice—the speaker's mien
Was fatherly, and such as wins its way
To youthful confidence; his doublet green,
Bugle and belt, and hooded falcon gay,
Bespoke the woodsman of some broad demesne;
His visage, weather-tanned, was frank and free;
His years, some five-and-forty, it might be.

"For Orgon's keep, sir Falconer, am I bound,
To win some speech of warlike Florestan,
Th' young Count de Montfort."—"If that harp can sound
To purpose, 'tis thy surest passport, Man.
My master loves a gallant hawk or hound,
But better still a well-devised 'roman'
Or 'virelai.'—Come, 'tis but a short league,
Hand me thy toy, 'twill lighten thy fatigue."

"Is the Count free of access?" "None in France
Is more so; rough and headstrong, it may be,
With his proud peers, the men of sword and lance,
But cordial to plain folk like you and me.
In sooth, his temper's like his own Durance,*
A noble river, sweeping wrathfully
When swoln by storms, but (there thou see'st it shine)
Fostering the peaceful olive and the vine."

"Thou show'st some tinge of poesy thyself,
Kind friend, of which few huntsmen well can boast."
"Why, truly, when a curly-pated elf,
The old Count trained me for the jester's post;
But soon I laid my bauble on the shelf,
And took the sword, which matched my humour most.
In war and woodcraft I stuck close to him,
A Jack-of-all-trades, following my own whim.

"I know a good dog when I see him, Friend,
And thine is of the purest hawking breed.
And, though I cannot string two lines on end,
I love a good lay, and can sing 't at need.
I like a straight-grown lad, too; if Heav'n send
Thy limbs their timely pith (thy hand, indeed,
Is somewhat slight), there's mettle in thy face
Which shows the nurture of a knightly race."

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* See Florian's beautiful romance of Estelle, in which the legend of the Lady of Toulouse, the death of her lover in battle, and her bequest to the Floral games, is given at length.

En peu des jours la triste amante,
Dans les pleurs terminant son sort,
Prit soin, d'une main défaillante,
D'écrire un testament de mort.

Elle ordonna que chaque année,
En mémoire de ses amours,
Chacune des fleurs fût donnée
Aux plus habiles Troubadours.

Tout son bien fût laissé par elle,
Pour que les trois fleurs fûssent d'or,
Sa patrie, à son vœu fidèle,
Observe cet usage encore.

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* Venu pour voir sa famille des bords fleuris de la Durance.
Helion vient de célébrer la beauté des rives de la Durance.

ESTELLE, liv. i.

Vous avez passé ce diantre de Rhone, si fier, si orgueilleux, si turbulent; il faut le marier avec la Durance quand elle est en furie—Ah, le bon ménage!

MAD. DE SEVIGNE.

The part of the Vale of the Durance adjoining Orgon is called the Cheval Blanc, and, like its namesake, the Vale of White Horse, in Berks, is celebrated for its fertility.

PROVENCE AND THE RHONE.

"My sires were Norman, strangers on the soil
Where their good swords have prospered till of late;
Their fair renown, well earned by blood and toil,
Is placed beyond the reach of adverse fate.
For me, howe'er ill-framed for warlike broil,
Were I a man, I fain would emulate
The deeds I learned to feel and sing of." "Good,
Thy hand, boy! I, too, am of Norman blood.

"But come, my word may stand thee in some stead
With my old pupil; I may call him so,
For Father Mark, who fashioned heart and head,
Left me the charge of courser, sword, and bow.
Thou saw'st yon fount: we dammed it to a head
By a joint morning's toil, for high and low
To rest at and refresh them on their road;
A hunting frolic, but not ill bestowed.

"The trees we planted there show a tall crest
For saplings, and are drawing to a shade;
Some call it the Count's Folly, a fair jest
For idlers: but the village youth and maid
Style it more seemingly, the Pilgrim's Rest.
Tired, art thou? fear not but thy gentle trade
Will win anon a taste of better drink
Than that which served thee at the fountain's brink."

"Now tell me, gentle Falconer, if I might
Demand what haply is not to be told;
Raoul de Taillefer?—how fares the knight,
A prisoner in Count Florestan's stronghold?"
"His wound is well nigh healed, his body's plight
Is duly cared for; but his spirit bold
Pines sorely at restraint from battle's game,
Like this wild bird, whom I shall ne'er reclaim.

"Now then, look up; thou seem'st a cup too low:
We've turned the corner of this barrier rock:
How like ye Orgon's keep! a goodly show
Of rampart strong and bastion, that might mock
A king's beleaguering armament—and lo,
Yon watch-tower stands detached, to stem the shock
Of battle waged from the high vantage ground
Afforded by yon beetling cliffs around.

"And yonder flows, a bow-shot from the wall,
The bold Durance in fair and widening reach.
Now put thy best foot forth, and fear not; all
Of well-born bearing and of gentle speech
Are welcome guests in young De Montfort's hall;
And for the audience thou wouldst fain beseech,
Thou'lt gain it readily at banquet time;
Brush up thy doublet and thy newest rhyme."

The castle bell had rung, the feast was set,
The noble guests all ranged around the board.
"What, Baldwin, man, so soon returned? well met;
How far'st?"—the falconer bowed before his lord.
"Now say, what news?"—"This morn an estafette
Crossed to Montdragon by the southern ford,
With missives charged from Raymond of Toulouse;
Thou'lt know the whole to-night; they talk of truce."

"What else?"—Here Baldwin whispered in his ear—
"A brother of the craft?—a stranger boy
Of gentle breeding?"—"Ay, admit him here.
Troth, Father Chaplain, our enforced employ
Of cracking crowns hath bred, of late, I fear,
A hardened temper which requires the alloy
Of lay and music, and those liberal arts
Which, as thou well say'st, humanize all hearts.

"Approach, and welcome here, young minstrel guest,
And hang thy harp till occasion call,
For 'tis the hour for needful food and rest,
And tedious ceremony doth enthral
Free fancy's play. How now? within thy vest
The golden violet? noblest meed of all,
Won at the Floral Games by Trouveur's lay?
It speaks thee, youth, a master in thy way.

"Come, sit by me; the harp, like the good sword,
In hands that well can wield it, gives a claim
Of brotherhood, and place at festive board,*
'Mongst all that cherish honour and true fame.
Said I well, Knights and Dames?"—"Right well, my Lord."
"Now then fall to; the venison and the game
Are cooling, while I play the prate-apace.
Sir Chaplain, please ye say our customed grace.

"Now, Warder, what says noble Taillefer?"
"He sits beneath the western rampart's trees;
Thanks Count de Montfort's courtesy and care
For his behoof, but feels him ill at ease
In spirit; having ta'en his noon-day fare,
He craves to stand excused, if so you please,
From banquet-board: and fain would know the news,
If any that concern him, from Toulouse."

"Commend me to him; on that question, say,
We'll commune for an hour at even-tide;
Say too, in all a brother-soldier may
Grant safely, his own wish shall be his guide."
Then, muttering to himself—"Now, by my fay,
Would I could grant what yet must be denied
In prudence; the best bondsman for the peace
Is the first lance in Raymond's Companies."

The stranger youth, upon these words intent,
Drew a long breath, as if relieved from care;
But still by fits his colour came and went,
His looks were thoughtful; of the goodly fare
He took small heed. And now the merriment
Waxed louder, as fresh flasks and pigments rare,
The viands cleared, were in due order ranged,
And tale, and jest, and legend were exchanged.

The Count, who knew each rule of kindly breeding,
Sung something, whether in good rhyme or sense,
Or whether worth the hearing, much less reading,
Appears not: 'twas but to give confidence
To the shy stripling, who, in turn succeeding,
Took down his harp. "I make but poor pretence
To song," quoth Montfort, "but have done my part;
Now for a sample, youth, of choicer art.

"Thou art of Norman race, if I may guess
By thy fair colour and rich auburn hair;
There's too a Norman fashion in thy dress;
Thy country's stirring legends always were
Much prized by me for their rough hardiesse,
That rouses warriors' hearts to do and dare.
As for our Cour d'Amour conceits, peste-bleue!
I'd rather hear a sick tom-cat cry mew.

"Thou know'st my fancy now; e'en suit thine own."
Something there was in Florestan's bright eye,
And cordial downright manner, which the lone
And friendless ever felt right cheeringly;
The youth emboldened, struck the fullest tone
Of his deep sounding harp, as if to try
It's utmost power; then, gathering fire amain,
Struck off at once into a martial strain.

It was on Hastings' fated plain
The red sun louring rose,
The viewless choosers of the slain
Waiting the day's dread close.

The Saxons stood in firm array,
Tough as their forest oak,
With glaive and bill, whose deadly sway
Needs not a second stroke.

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* The privileges of Minstrels were higher in Provence and Languedoc than in other feudal countries. Sometimes (as in the matter of De Couci) too far recognised,

Their limbs were cast in giant frame,
  Their shaggy brows all bent,
And Harold, of victorious fame,
  Led the bold armament:

He who waged battle for his crown,
  A short seven days before,
And smote fierce Norway's monarch down
  On Welland's crimson shore.

Like a steel rampart, silently
  They stood their King around,
As men prepared to win or die,
  But yield no inch of ground.

Our stern Duke, hight the Conqueror,
  Exclaimed, "A gallant show!
Ha, Northmen! by the mace of Thor,
  We meet a well-matched foe
At last; a joy worth battling for,
  Which none but Northmen know."

Then forth into the van-ward space,
  Which narrowed now amain,
Spurred out a knight of noble race
  Betwixt the battles twain.

It was the minstrel Taillefer,
  Of the old Berserkir blood,
Rapt on that day, as all might swear,
  In his ancestral mood.

His barded charger's tramp kept time,
  As on firm earth it rung,
Unto the antique Runic chime
  Of the death-song that he sung.

Room there, ho! for Taillefer,
In the throng of sword and spear,
First-fruits of this noble field,
He hath vowed him under shield,
Self-devoted, here to die,
Pledge of hard won victory.—
Die! maintaining well the fame
Of the bold Berserkir name.
Grandsires of my valiant sire,
Arms of steel, and hearts of fire,
Foremost aye on field and flood,
Tameless at the scent of blood.
Champions of the Northman's line,
May your fame, your fate, be mine!

Room there, ho! for Taillefer;
Comrades! let him claim his share
In the glories of this morn,
Theme for minstrels yet unborn.
Forward! honour lies before us.
Chaunt ye now in stormy chorus
Roland, the stout Paladin;
I will sing the Northman's kin,
Odin, Balder, fabled gods
Of Valhalla's bright abodes,
Where the combat's maddening play
Peals throughout the live long day,
And the rich mead mantles full,
Quaffed at eve from foeman's skull.
That wild tale hath past away;
Yet their deeds for martial lay
Were a truer, nobler theme
Than the Scald's inspiring dream.
They, the chiefs of matchless mould,
By the Roman uncontrolled
And unvanquished, burst their way,
Like the grisly bear at bay,
To bleak Norway's solitude,
Nurse of that keen hardihood,
Which, bequeathed to later age,
Made the world a heritage,
Won at sword-point by the force
Of their sons' resistless course.

Thus the soaring clouds, that rest
Upon Dofra's glacier-crest,
Pour adown to swell the tide
Of the torrent, sweeping wide,
With a bold triumphant motion,
Over prostrate earth to ocean.
Heroes of old Odin's line,
May your fame, your fate, be mine!

Room there! let the Taillefer
Earn the name which he doth bear,
Name of ancient Norman date,
Handed down from sea-kings grim:
Cleavers of the mail and plate;
May their deeds revive in him!
Normans! swell the martial chorus;
Never-dying fame's before us,
Fame, in worth surpassing all
Won at storied Ronceval;
Fame, reserved for men who dare
Storm the island-lion's lair.
Ho, Martel! Montgomeri!
Grandmesnil! strike in with me,
Keen Mauleverer, spur away;
Wind thy horn; the game's at bay!
Brace thy buckler, Fort-Escu!
Warenne, Beaumont, and Rotrou,
Smite as ye shall see me do!
Stout De Saltzburg of Almaine!
Noble Eustace! whom my strain,*
Rolling like a mountain river,
Oft hath made to glow and quiver,
With the joy of knightly daring,
Mark ye now your minstrel's bearing,
Where fell axe and falchion ring,
Acting deeds he loved to sing.
Welcome to each valiant Thane,
Saxon stern, and fiery Dane:
Harold, would that it might be
My proud fate to fall by thee!
By true honour's rival zeal,
By the love which brave men feel
To the brave, I greet ye well.
Strive we which shall bear the bell.
Foremen! your good swords prepare;
Room there, ho! for Taillefer,
Champions of the Northman's line,
May your fame, your fate, be mine!

A deafening shout was the reply,
  The ranks prepared to close;
He spurred his steed triumphantly,
  And plunged amid the foes,
And left and right, with main and might,
  He dealt his trenchant blows.

They closed upon the self-doomed dead
  With spear and falchion-sway;
Soon, gashed and gored from heel to head,
  War-horse and horseman lay,
A fore-taste of the banquet red
  Shared by grim death that day.

Thus perished in his dauntless mood
  This noble bard and chief;
The birth-right of his genuine blood
  Were worth a royal fief;
A solace still in good or ill,
  In joyaunce or in grief.

He ceased; again a pallid cast of thought
  Came o'er the glowing cheek; [illegible]speaking eye,
Which ever and anon the theme [illegible]-wrought
  Had kindled, on the earth drooped listlessly;
The clear rich voice, with deep expression fraught,
  Faltered; the harp's full-chorded symphony

* Count of Boulogne.

Died to a low and intermitting tone
That seemed the dirge of glories past and gone.

"Why, Decius ne'er out-did this Taillefer,"
Quoth Father Mark, the chaplain.—"A brave song,
And braver deed," said Aymer of Beaucaire.
"My boy, thou art not of the common throng
Of quaint jongleurs, who at our annual fair
Flock to my hold; thy lineage must belong
To some high stock; come see me there alone,
I'll show thee how my hounds can swim the Rhone."

"And if thou art not drowned I'll see thee dried,"
Quoth Eudes of Tarascon, "and feast thee well
In our grim fortress on the other side.
Here's Lady Blanche, my dame and bonni-belle,
Learned in legends, will expound with pride
More than I care to credit or to spell
Of the Tarasque, our dragon of old times,*
Which might prove matter for thy goodly rhymes."

The youth, recalled unto himself, made brief
And graceful answer. It was passing clear
That courteous praise from high born dame and chief
Was no-wise new or startling to his ear,
But that he felt some secret touch of grief
Soothed by these terms, unstudied and sincere,
Implying fair esteem; anon his eye
Stole to the Count his host, I wot not why.

De Montfort's lofty brow and glance of fire
Were raised in deep unconscious reverie
To the proud casque and pennon of his sire,
Slain on some by-gone field of victory.
"*Die under shield*—what more can knight desire,
To gild this chequered span of life?"—quoth he,
In musing tone—"my father's *fame be mine*,
And for my *fate*—be that as Heaven incline."

He started from his meditative mood,
Roused by the sudden pause of speech around.
"Tush, the strain haunts me yet.—Deem me not rude
Kind friends, if by liege service wed and bound
To this my bachelor's rough solitude,
I commune oft with my own voice's sound
As if on the night-watch—Thanks, Ladies bright,
Laugh on, and shrive me from all wilful slight.

"Good youth, I had forgot thee."—A half smile
On the youth's downcast cheek said plainly "not,"
And said so truly.—"Be my guest awhile;
For minted gold I'll swear thou car'st no jot;
But wear this Venice chain, no guerdon vile,
A token, if thou wilt, to bind thy lot
To a plain soldier's, who would tend and guide,
And train thee up to honour by his side.

"But more of this anon.—Ho, Seneschal!
The ladies would withdraw.—Fair Esperance,
My cousin of Beaucaire, we join ye all
At the lime grove that looks on the Durance.
Now, Aymer"—"Florestan, I did recall
To memory, as I marked thy upward glance,
Old scenes, where those right dear to us have bled.
Pledge me, brave kinsmen, to 'The Loyal Dead.'"

The silent pledge brought converse of a strain
Earnest and soul-felt, as from heart to heart,
Knit by tried brotherhood on battle plain,
And griefs long mellow'd down from their first smart;
Converse by summer friendships ap'd in vain,
Which tacitly invests the listener's part
With the full honours of an equal guest;
So felt the youth, and stored it in his breast.

* For the account of the Tarasque, or fabulous dragon, which infested the banks of the Rhone, see Miss Plumtre's Tour in the South of France. The name of Tarascon, she says, is derived from it.

Nath'less, as one who scarcely can enjoy
A summer morn too bright, he deems, to last,
The keen suspense which weighed upon the boy
Was sharpened by the wakening hope that past
Across his mind; success without alloy
Had cheered him hitherto; but on the cast
Of a short moment, which would soon be o'er,
Hung all that could his anxious heart restore.

That heart throbbed sorely, when the cup of grace
Dismissed the guests to breathe the evening air,
"Fair Sirs, ye know our ladies' trysting place,"
Said Florestan; for me, I must repair
Unto the rampart for some half hour's space.—
Young stranger, if thou wilt, attend me there.—
Now for my proffer—hast thou given it thought?
What ails thee, Boy? thou tremblest,—answerest nought!

"Nay, take thy time; thy spaniel dog, thou seest,
That followed thee—how namest thou him?" "Blanche-fleur."
"Hath found protection from the shaggy beast
That guards my footstool. Ha! débout, Sans-Peur!
Then, if thou dost esteem me not, at least
Most currish of the twain, e'en re-assure
Thy heart. Sans-Peur, à nous! How lik'st thou him?
Few wolf-dogs are his match for power and limb."

"Most noble Count, the currishness were mine,
Rejecting thus the hope of a career
Beyond my merits, which, though I decline,
I hold me bounden ever." "Nay, I fear
I was not quite unselfish; my design
Was one of mutual profit, fostering here
A sombre mood, which music best can quell,
Like Saul, of whom the holy legends tell.

"My brother fell beside me; my late squire,
St. Vallier, whom I loved, as I could thee,
Now leads his father's vassals; I require
To fill the void up with the ministry
Of some brave youth, all fancy, soul, and fire,
Such as thy bearing warrants thee to be,
Whose future deeds, beneath my banner reared,
Might prove him worthy of his spurs and beard.

"Thou smil'st, and sadly,—nay, in time 'twill come,
And will not spoil, I ween, thy handsome face.
In fine, then, thou declin'st my proffer? some
Might scarcely care to do thee farther grace;
But ask thy boon: I guess thy modicum
Of means doth stand in no such thriving case."
"A boon indeed, a vital boon I crave,—
A boon of mercy, as thou'rt true and brave.

"O Florestan! forgive me, Count; my heart
Speaks from its fulness; if my choice were free,
No sister—brother, I would say—the part
Of love and duty would fulfil like me,
Kind as thou hast been, noble as thou art,
And nobly trustful: but it cannot be.
Hear me; the boon I ask for is to share
The bondage of the good knight Taillefer.

"From childhood motherless."—"I see the whole:
Thou art his son—the Northman too—that lay
Was then thine own? I thought so, on my soul,
Yet the name struck me not." "Would I could say
I were his son, for then to thy controul
I had of choice surrendered ere this day,
Thrice happy, if a scion of his race
Were deemed a fitting hostage for his place."

"Ransom is hopeless, for his name and sword
Were his sole heritage, a proud one too,
As proved too well at Hastings." "Yes, my lord,
Touching that lay, thy guess, I own, was true;
Grant but my hoped for boon, and trust my word
To serve in all that harp and voice can do

At summons ; ay, and in the jocund tone
Of a caged bird, who freedom ne'er hath known."

"True-nettled boy! my heart then spoke aright
 Of thee, when known but as an humble guest;
Not without cause may friendship at first sight
 (As minstrels say of love) in human breast
Strike a deep root. Hark thee, thy patron's plight
 Is cared for in all honour; the behest
Of others whom pride is to obey
Enjoins his watch and ward till future day;

"Till when I cannot tell thee : for thy boon,
 'Tis freely granted, though 'twere pity too;
But thou shalt have thy way. This afternoon
 Is passing bright, and well sets off the view
Of our fair river ; thou wilt meet him soon,
 Thy dark-grey knight, and earn thy guerdon due,
Of thanks or chiding, as the case may be.
I see him by yon bastion; yes, 'tis he."

The youth hung back; but Montfort quickened pace,
 As foremost to show deference of free will
To the knight's halting gait and war-worn face.
 "No news, De Taillefer : it may be, still,
An hour may bring it here; in any case
 All that may smooth thy present sense of ill
Is thine at pleasure; a companion more
Than thou may'st reckon on, is to the fore.

"Of that anon. Reports, it seems, are rife
 Of a cartel; but be it as it may,
I claim no ransom; when I saved thy life
 From my rough vassals on that hard-won day,
I felt some part in thee; the laws of strife
 Preclude not Christian dealing and fair play
'Mongst honourable foes; no fault of ours
If chance hath ranged us under adverse powers."

"Count, thou art ever noble. For the rest,
 A soldier's gratitude—I might say, love—
Is writ for ever in thy prisoner's breast;
 So be it registered by saints above !
But who may be this unexpected guest?
 Of my own following, say'st thou?" "He did move
Our hearts e'en now with rarest minstrelsy,
And hath obtained his boon, to bide with thee."

"A minstrel rare? for Heaven's dear love, his name !"
 "I asked it not, nor did he say." "His face?"
"Lovely and young; within three hours he came;
 His every motion spoke a gentle race,
And his gold badge avouched his minstrel fame
 Of highest rank, well meriting the grace
Of fitting welcome. Ha ! what ails thee now ?
Dost feel thy hurt?" "Constance, my child ! 'tis thou !

"Her very dog too !" Summoned by the sound
 Of his known voice, when raised above his breath,
Blanchefleur sprung on him with a joyous bound;
 Poor Constance tottered up, and pale as death,
Sunk in his arms. "Dear child, how hast thou found
 Thy way ? how fared ? the marvel mastereth
My credence yet,—and in this strange disguise ?
Fie on thee, Constance; 'twas more kind than wise."

Where was De Montfort? he had turned aside
 In courtesy; it might be, too, he sought
To calm some feeling which he ill could hide.
 Howbeit, to make a third he ventured not
Till the first joy of meeting should subside,
 As also, haply, his own whirl of thought.
He stood and scanned each bend of the Durance,
Till, arm in arm, they made the first advance.

The new-found damsel hardly dared to raise
 Her eyes, until she heard his voice's tone,
Polished and grave, betokening no amaze
 Or consciousness of passages by-gone
Of more familiar talk. "Sir Knight, the praise
 Of this sweet lady were a theme alone

For saints; if left to me, I fear almost
That I should play the woman, not the host.

"I had a sire, loved and renowned like thee.—
 But pass we to such matters as befit
Her sojourn here. In no discourtesy
 Say I,—may Heaven send means to shorten it !
But that, ye well do know, rests not with me.
 My cousin Esperance will lend her wit
To deck thy daughter's bower, and woman's gear
Can furnish for the nonce; 'tis well she's here.

"Aymer, her lord, my earliest friend—How now ?
 A horn ? the courier will be here anon.
Look out there on the barbican below,
 And summon here Count Eudes of Tarascon,
With Aymer of Beaucaire,—let Baldwin go."
 Constance, now seeing him intent upon
Things foreign to herself, took heart of grace
To speak to him, and look him in the face.

"Count Florestan, whatever Heaven decree,
 The father and the daughter's endless debt
To thee can nothing cancel; as to me,
 Forgive, I pray, and, if thou canst, forget
My feigned part, put on constrainedly
 In my sore need, and thought on with regret.
Take back thy gift, too, gained on false pretence,
As token of my shame and penitence."

"Shame !—and Sir Raoul's daughter ! had a man
 Coupled those words, I had avenged the wrong
On his false head. Lady, thy doubts would ban
 With the suspicion of a double tongue
A proud De Montfort; I but simply can
 Repeat my words; my feeling is more strong
Of thy pure worth and duteous tenderness
Than I with man's composure can express.

"Enough of that; and for the trifling toy,
 If aught done carelessly, or idly said,
Raised on the cheek of that shy minstrel boy
 A moment's blush, or in his bosom bred
A sense of slight, I, though with sore annoy,
 Will take it back, and bear upon my head
The shame I merit. Must I keep the chain ?"
"Unjust, De Montfort ! give it me again !"

"May I replace it then with mine own hand ?"
 He hung it with deep reverence on her breast,
As pilgrim doth his good saint's deodand,
 And she disposed it o'er her inner vest,
To match the violet. "May I understand
 'Tis not less valued ?" "Haply, valued best."
"Recall'st thou all I said thereon, ere yet
I knew thee for thyself ?" "Can heart forget ?"

"De Montfort !—Count !—I hear the blast again;
 'Tis at the barbican," cried Taillefer,
Who, since the horn's first summons from the plain,
 Had leant him o'er the wall, all eye and ear."
"I see the courier hastening up amain,"
 Said Florestan. "Ha, Aymer, art thou here ?
Where's Esperance ? my coz must grant a boon:
Of that when time permits—I'll tell thee soon.

"Welcome, Dupont !"—"This from Count Simon's hand."
 "News, Raoul ! Peace is certain—thou art free !
The Knight of Mornas, prisoner to thy band.
 (So writes my uncle), is exchanged for thee;
We thought him slain. Cheer up;—thou canst not stand.
 Look to him, Aymer.—Constance, lean on me.
Thank Heaven !—though we must lose thee;—art thou
 loth ?—
Thou weepest—is it joy, or pain, or both ?

"No more; thy father rallies. This, Sir Knight,
 To thee from Raymond of Toulouse, thy chief."
"Ha, by St. Denis !—Child, his Grace doth write
 Confirming here by seal yon frontier fief

In generous token of my battered plight.
"Montfort, my friend in need, when all relief
Seemed hopeless, how can I requite my debt?"
"Remain my guest; thou art but feeble yet."

* * * * *

Months travel on; the frontier is at rest;
The Virgin-Mother in the Count's chapelle
Wears a rich golden flow'ret on her breast;
She smiled, 'tis said by some who watch'd her well,
The day she wore it first; each village guest
Feasted in Orgon's towers, and from his cell
Strode Father Mark, to keep good rule in hall,
And Baldwin was the merriest man of all.

Still trickles on the fountain's tiny stream,
Freshening the emerald grass; the summer breeze
Fans the young elms, where, shaded from the beam
Of sultry noon, the goat-herd takes his ease:
By the cool margin rustic lovers dream,
And maidens hang their garlands on the trees.
It seems a gentle lady of high race
And peerless beauty doth affect the place.

* * * * *

"Ha, Compère Jacques! well met." "Why Maitre Pierre,
What bring'st thou hither on thy loaded wain,
With thy two 'prentices, and mason's gear?
A fair stone cross!—God and the Virgin sain
All its true worshippers!—but nothing here
Brooks alteration, neighbour; to be plain,
The boys would hoot him for a Pagan Turk,
Who meddled with the Count's own handy work."

"Content thyself for that, man: I know best
The Count's own orders; with some strong cement
To touch these chinks up in the cistern, lest
The spreading leakage mar his good intent.
Thou lik'st my cross!—see here, their double crest
Graved in the corner; our fair Countess meant
To see it placed, but feels not over strong.
Jacques, we shall drink the heir's good health ere long.

"Good soul! she ordered it some months ago,
And paid me well; her every whim is law
With the frank Count; and fit it should be so,
A kinder mistress Orgon never saw."
"How read'st thou her device? thou needs must know,
Whose skill engraved it." "Thus it runs—'Cette Croix
C. de M., née de T., a consacrée
Hommage au bon Dieu qui l'a protégée.'"

THE BEGGAR'S MARRIAGE GIFT:

A TALE.

(From the German of F. Kind.)

But do not so—I have four hundred crowns,
* * *
Take that;—and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!—Here is the gold;
All this I give you.

SHAKSPEARE.

OTTO VON D——, after an absence of several years, two of which he had spent in the luxurious capital of France, was recalled to his native Germany by the unexpected death of his father. He found the family estate involved in difficulties, chiefly occasioned by extravagance and mismanagement, which would have appeared inextricable to a mind possessing less energy than his own; but by at once adopting a system of curtailment and method, he soon succeeded in bringing matters into such a train, as not only enabled him to discharge the accumulated arrears of interest, but also gradually to reduce the principal debt with which his property had been improvidently burdened.

It was not until his mind was relieved of this first care, and he could uninterruptedly form his plans for the future, that Otto thought of choosing a companion who might share with him the sweets of life, and assist him in combating its toils. He had left Adelaide, the youngest daughter of his neighbour Von Z——, an interesting girl of fourteen; on his return, he found her blooming in all the charms of youthful innocence; and he was not slow in observing, as well in the hearty welcome of her parents, as in the tell-tale blush of the maiden herself, that his addresses would not be unacceptable. He, therefore, embraced an early opportunity to declare his sentiments; and, after the preliminaries usual on such occasions, the happy day was fixed, arrived, and was observed with all those ceremonies which the country-people, in some parts of Germany, still religiously keep up, according to the good old custom of their forefathers.

First came the wedding-guests, conducting the bride, modestly clad in white, with a veil covering her face, and who were met on the lawn by the peasantry, preceded by the village musicians. The married women brought their offering of a cradle, and fine baby-linen, spun by themselves; the lads presented a handsome plough and harness; the maidens a snow-white lamb; and the children doves and flowers. Adelaide gave her hand to all in silence; Otto spoke few, but impressive words, and on concluding, invited the whole party, in the name of the bride's father, to a collation and dance on the green, for which preparations had already been made.

The lamps were now lighted up, and the fiddle and pipe were sounding merrily under the sweet-scented linden-trees, when a foreign livery-servant, whose coat was rather the worse for wear, made his appearance on the dancing-place. His singular tones and strange gesticulations soon collected around him a troop of laughing villagers; but it was not without considerable difficulty gathered, from the broken German of the orator (whose hands and feet were equally eloquent with his tongue), that his master's carriage had been overturned in the neighbourhood, and that a wheel was broken to pieces, which he was anxious to have put to rights, in order that he might prosecute his journey.

"Who talks of mending wheels, or going further to-day?" hiccuped the bride's father, whose satisfaction at his daughter's good fortune had displayed itself at table in copious libations. "To-day," added he, patting his ample sides, "let all wheels go in shivers: no man shall pass this house to-day; you may tell your master so; but stay, you may as well take me to him." So saying, and attended by a crowd of followers, he proceeded to the highway,

where they soon perceived a small wax-cloth covered carriage lying upset on the road, one of its hinder-wheels being as effectually demolished as if an axe had been used in the operation. A tall thin figure, dressed in a plain blue frock-coat, having his right arm in a sling, a patch over his left eye, and whose wobegone looks imparted to his general appearance no distant resemblance to the knight of the rueful countenance, stood near the vehicle, holding a jaded rosinante by the bridle. No sooner did he perceive the party approaching, than, hastening towards them, he addressed their leader in French, with much politeness of manner and fluency of utterance. Unfortunately, however, old Z——'s court language had lain too long rusty, and the state of his ideas was too muddled to enable him to brush it up at the moment, so that he was obliged to make the stranger understand, more by signs than words, that he must not think of continuing his journey that day at least, but must remain with them as a wedding guest.

The invitation was accepted with many thanks; and the stranger, having caused his Sancho to wipe the dust from his hat and boots, put his collar to rights, and opened his surtout, under which a sort of uniform modestly peeped out. Thus prepared, he set himself in motion, by the help of a stout crutch-stick; and it then further appeared, that his left foot was also disabled, though there was something not ungraceful in its hobble. On reaching the linden-place, he requested to be introduced to the young couple, and after wishing the bridegroom joy, he kissed the bride's hand, with the air of an old beau, and whispered many flattering things to her in his own language.

When this matter was settled, all hastened again to dance and play. Otto soon removed his bride to another quarter; and it seemed quite natural, that the stiff and wearied old man should choose his seat on a bench apart from persons who neither understood him, nor he them.

On supper being announced, the stranger accompanied the rest to the eating apartment, where he planted himself, with considerable adroitness, between two of the rosiest and plumpest lasses in the room, to the no small mortification of a young lieutenant, who had fixed on this place for himself. Hilarity and mirth now presided over the happy party; the good-humoured joke was bandied about, and the hearty laugh echoed round the room; when one of the servants entered with a packet, which a messenger had just delivered, with directions that it should be given into the bridegroom's own hands. The curiosity of all was excited, and Otto was induced, by their solicitations, to open the packet immediately; and, after removing almost innumerable covers, he at length produced a plain wooden drinking-cup, with a silver rim, on which was engraved, "*Present de nôces du Gueux.*"

"Jaques?" cried Otto, kissing the cup with emotion. Adelaide cast an inquiring eye at her lover, and lifted up the cup, to examine it more nearly; but she had scarcely raised it from the table, when its unexpected weight occasioning her to replace it rather smartly, the bottom fell out, and discovered a rose-coloured case, containing a pair of bracelets set in brilliants of the purest water, and newest fashion: the words "*à la belle épouse de mon ami,*" were embroidered on the satin.

The surprise and curiosity on all sides may be easily conceived. All the guests rose from their seats, except the stranger, who remained sitting, with the most perfect indifference, and an expression of countenance that almost appeared to indicate contempt for what was going forward. Otto, whose growing dislike to the stranger was not lessened by this conduct, measured him with an eye of indignation, and allowed himself the more readily to be persuaded by his bride and the other guests, to satisfy their inquiries.

"Yes!" he began, a fine glow suffusing his manly cheeks; "yes! I am not ashamed to own it: a beggar—Jaques is the worthy man's name—is my dearest friend; is, to express all to you in a few words, the preserver of my life and honour. However painful it may be to me, on an occasion like the present, to accuse myself of a youthful indiscretion, yet I shall not hesitate to do so, as I cannot otherwise, perhaps, do justice to the noble-minded Jaques, whose marriage-present shall ever be dear to my heart, and the most valued ornament of my Adelaide."

"Then let me wear it to-day," said the lovely girl, with tremulous voice; and the bracelets were quickly transferred from their rose-coloured covering to the white satin of her arms. Otto resumed, after a short pause,

"During my residence in Paris, I was almost daily in the habit of passing along the Pont-Neuf. At one end of the bridge, and generally about the same spot, there sat a beggar, who, although he seemed scarcely more than fifty, had frequented the place upwards of thirty years, and was commonly known by the name of 'old Jaques.' Not out of any feeling of compassion, but merely because his general appearance rather interested me, I threw a sous into his hat as often as I chanced to pass near him. This became, at length, so habitual to me, that whenever I approached his station, I put my hand involuntarily into my pocket. He always wished me every possible good—chatted with me, when I was at leisure, about the news of the day—even warned me, now and then, against the dangers of the town; in short, in the course of half a year, we stood together on the footing of acquaintances, who, though of different rank, are yet mutually pleased with each other.

"My time in Paris was spent very agreeably, and, I may flatter myself, not altogether without advantage. I lived as decently as my means permitted, but never extravagantly, till, a short time before my departure, my evil stars brought me acquainted with some young men who were addicted to gambling, and who, by little and little, led me on to stake, first small, and then large sums at play. The consequence of this was as may be supposed:

but it was not until I had lost all my own money, and had become deeply indebted to my *soi-disant* friends, that I began seriously to reflect on my situation.

"I immediately formed the resolution to pause, ere it was too late, and quit the capital for ever, after discharging the debt which I had contracted. I therefore wrote to my father, requesting such a remittance as might be necessary for this purpose; but that letter, and several which I sent subsequently, remained unanswered. My bills, meanwhile, became due. I was forced to have recourse to the assistance of usurers, and ruin stared me in the face.

"Disheartened, gloomy, and silent, I now passed Jaques without noticing him: his fixed and earnest gaze became intolerable, and I avoided the place where he stood.

"At length I received the long-looked-for letters from home; but, instead of the remittances with which I had hoped to silence the most clamorous of my creditors, they brought me the intelligence of my father's death, after a short illness, and announced the impossibility of sending me more money than would barely suffice for my travelling expenses.

"Nursed in the lap of affluence, and unused to privation of any sort, it may easily be supposed that I was but little prepared for such news. The death of my good father filled me with sorrow. The involved situation of his affairs, which I now learned for the first time, deprived me of all hope for the future. The idea of having debts which I could not discharge, and the prospect of prison in a foreign land, threw me into despair. The longer I considered, the more did my situation appear utterly hopeless; till at length, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, and with a determination which such a state only could inspire, I walked out, after a sleepless night, and bent my course towards the river. I was already within a few paces of the Pont Neuf, when Jaques threw himself, with greater importunity than usual, in my way. I *would* not see him.

"'One word, sir,' said he, in a tone of entreaty, and taking hold of the skirt of my coat, 'Leave me, old man,' said I with forced composure; to-day I have given *all* away.' He guessed my meaning better than I intended he should. 'By all that's sacred, my dear young master!' said he, solemnly, 'confide in me. What has happened?'

"'What is that to thee?' I replied; thou canst not help me.'

"'Who knows? only speak, sir! I cannot rest until I learn what has so changed you. Tell me the cause of your dejection.'

"'Why, only a paltry thousand louis!' said I, with a shrug.

"'And *is* that all? Good! I will lend them to you.'

"'You, Jaques? Good old man, you have been drinking too freely this morning.'

"'Well, only take the trouble of coming to me to-night; and, till then, I conjure you, do nothing rashly.'

"The earnestness of his manner, the firmness with which he spoke, and the reflection that I could at any time carry my intention into effect, brought my thoughts into another channel, and induced me to yield to his request. Jaques gave me his address, in a remote suburb, and I pledged my word of honour to meet him there the same evening.

"Urged by curiosity, more than by hope, I appeared at the appointed time and place, and found Jaques in a small, but extremely clean apartment, plain, but neatly furnished; he now wore a decent coat, and came forward to meet me with a friendly look.

"'Consider all that you see here as your own,' said he. 'I have neither child nor relation, and what I daily receive from the benevolent, suffices for my own and my housekeeper's wants.'

"Little as I had calculated on the old man's assistance, yet this address appeared too ridiculous; and I was hesitating whether I should consider him a fool or a madman, when he at once put an end to my doubts; for, requesting me to partake of the refreshments which he had provided, he raised a part of the floor, and brought from underneath a heavy wooden vessel, which he placed with difficulty on the table. On removing the lid, you may figure my astonishment when I saw that it was filled to the brim with gold pieces.

"'Help yourself, sir,' said he, smiling: 'here are about twelve hundred louis. It is all I have by me in ready cash; but I soon can procure more.'

"'Do not mistake me,' continued my honest Jaques; 'I am no common beggar, who drive the trade from love of idleness, and cheat the needy of the charitable gift of the compassionate. I am of noble, though poor birth. Having lost my parents early, I entered the army in my sixteenth year, served under the great Saxe, and if worthy of such a leader, let this testify'—a cross of St. Louis lay on the heap of gold. 'In my twentieth year, a cannon-shot carried away my right arm. I received my discharge, and was thrown on the world destitute and hopeless. Ignorant of any trade by which I could gain a livelihood, and rendered incapable of labour by the loss of my arm, I abandoned myself to a profound melancholy, which threw me into a long and severe illness. When I recovered, my disappointed prospects, and a sort of spite at the world, made me a beggar. My youth and infirmities gained me more compassion than I had expected; and I soon earned not only my daily subsistence, but became enabled to lay by a trifle daily, which, by little and little, amounted to a considerable sum. Out of this, I assisted such of my companions in misery as had been less fortunate than myself in this calling, and thereby acquired a sort of consideration amongst them, but no disinterested attachment. This vexed me. I adopted a foundling as my own child, and began to live even more sparingly than before, in order to make provision for him. I had him carefully brought up and educated, till his sixteenth year, when a coun-

sellor was pleased with the lad, and took him into his service. This very boy—O François, François, how many tears have I shed on thy account!—soon began to consider it beneath him to be on terms of intimacy with a beggar; and on the same day that you first gave me an alms, he had the cruelty to pass as if he did not know me. He was ashamed of me—of *me*, who at that moment was begging to make him independent. He heeds me not, said I; and his unnatural conduct drove all the blood to my heart. Thou all-powerful Being! give me then another son! Scarcely had I uttered the prayer, when you approached, and threw, with a compassionate look, a gift into my hat.'

Otto was moved even to tears, and was forced to make a pause.

"'*You* will not be ashamed of me,' continued Jaques. 'You are now unfortunate: make the old beggar happy by accepting his assistance.'

"You may easily imagine how I felt at this moment. The wonderful intervention of Providence, to prevent the commission of a crime at which I shudder; the noble, I may say, the heavenly look of the good old man; but, above all, my own dreadful situation, crowded into my thoughts, and I did not hesitate to avail myself of his generous offer. My intention of disclosing to him the cause of my embarrassments was needless, for he had already informed himself of every particular.

"I allowed him to count out one thousand louis, and then requested pen and ink, in order to give him an acknowledgment for the amount; but my benefactor would not hear a word of this. 'Take,' said he, 'as much as you require; and, if you die,' added he, 'you can pay me yonder! I want but little here. *You* are sent to me as a son, whether you will or no; and you, at least, cannot deprive me of the secret satisfaction of being your father.'

"'Yes, father! preserver and father,' cried I, falling on his bosom, 'Nature gave me one, and when I lost him, Heaven replaced him in you.'

"I did not leave Jaques's cottage till a late hour, when I returned home with a lightened heart, and refreshing sleep once more visited my eyelids.

"Early on the following day, I paid off every creditor, had another *tête-à-tête* with Jaques, and prepared immediately to quit France. My first care, on arriving here, would most certainly have been to discharge this, which I could truly call a debt of honour; but as he had expressly required me, at parting, not to think of this till after the end of a year, at soonest, to give him, as he said, a proof of confidence, I deferred doing so till very lately, when, on repaying him his loan, I had the satisfaction of acquainting him with my approaching union."

"And he shall be *my* father, also," said Adelaide, pressing his hand: then rising, and filling the goblet with wine, "Let us drink to the health of my worthy fathers—John Von Z——, and Jaques the beggar!"

Every one present pledged the toast with enthusiasm, except the old stranger, who, still evincing the most cutting indifference, pushed his chair back, and hastily rose up, with a countenance on which was written, in pretty legible characters, "What a fuss about a beggar!"

"Sir, you abuse the rights of hospitality!" cried Otto, angrily, and going up to the Frenchman, with the determination of making him quit the apartment.

"Mon ami, ah, mon fils!" replied the old man, with the tenderest expression, and removing, at the same time, the bandage from his left eye—"now, indeed, I am satisfied that my choice has not been misplaced. You have not been ashamed to acknowledge the old beggar; your lovely bride, too, has called me father. For this alone have I undertaken a long journey, and caused my carriage to be overturned at your gate." He was now, in his turn, overcome; all the guests crowded round him with praises and caresses; and the grateful Otto, kissing his Adelaide, called this the happiest day in his life.

"Only allow me to pass my few remaining years with you," added Jaques, as he drew from his bosom a packet with his left hand, it being now remarked by all that the right was skilfully formed of wax. "There, my son, are your papers back. I will never be a burthen to you. I have twelve hundred livres yearly of rent; and all I request is, a small apartment in your house, or wheresoever else an honest beggar may patiently await his end."

Otto tenderly embraced his adopted father, and the wooden cup was frequently replenished in the course of the evening.

EPITAPH ON JOHN UNDERWOOD.

Ah cruel Death! that dost no good;
With thy destructive maggots.
Now thou hast cut down Underwood,
What shall we do for fagots?

The Usurer's Advice to his Daughter.—"If you wish to know what is desirable and good, you should look abroad among mankind and see what it is that they desire and pursue after. You must not read books, my child, books deceive you; your excellent mother read many books and was misled by them, and talked to me about that which I could not understand. There is a race after honours and riches—all men run that race except the indolent who are beggars, and the conceited ones misled by books, who generally become beggars in the end. Books and fine talk are the dust which the crafty ones throw into the eyes of their competitors in the race after riches and honours. Look at this great and mighty city wherein we live; and mark you how busy it is from morning till night. And for what is all that business? Must you read books to know? No, no, books tell nothing that is true, they mislead, they deceive. When a man has toiled all day long and has gained money, is he not pleased with his gains? Does he not count them over carefully and triumphantly? He will not throw his gold into the street, though books may talk much of the pleasures of generosity. Generosity, my child, is a long word by means of which crafty people attack our pockets through our pride or superstition: and when they have done so, they laugh at us."—*The Usurer's Daughter*—by the Rev. P. Scargill.

SPECTRAL APPEARANCES.

THE late Mr. Maturin, the author of the romance of Melmoth, the tragedy of Bertram, and several other works in which the presence of a vivid imagination is manifest in every page, has placed the subject of terror, as inspired by unseen agencies, in a very clear light in his introduction to the "Fatal Revenge; or, the Family of Montorio." Probably very few of the present generation ever heard of that extravagant, but clever fiction. Nearly forty years have elapsed since the date of its publication we believe, and it never reached a second edition. Yet such were the indications of genius it contained, although Maturin was a young man when he wrote it, that Sir Walter Scott thought it worthy of a critical niche in the Quarterly Review. The Fatal Revenge is not worth reviving as a whole: it is stuffed full of horrors imitated after Mrs. Ratcliffe, but dressed up in more nervous diction, and with a profounder sense of the terrible and the picturesque. Greater powers, however, than Maturin possessed would be required to restore the popularity of that school of writing now. People are too seriously engrossed in the real affairs of life to be moved by fantastical abstractions. There is no longer any craving after prodigies and impossibilities—no longer any running, in breathless expectancy, to the circulating library for the third volume, to see how the mysteries are explained—in short, no longer any leisure for the indulgence of morbid curiosity.

The passage to which we desire to draw the attention of the reader contains the following observations:

"I question if there be a source of emotion in the whole mental frame so powerful or universal as *the fear arising from objects of invisible terror*. Perhaps there is no other that has been, at some period or other of life, the predominant and indelible sensation of every mind, of every class, and under every circumstance. Love, supposed to be the most general of passions, has certainly been felt in its purity by very few, and by some not at all, even in its most indefinite and simple state. The same might be said, *à fortiori*, of other passions. But who is there that has never feared? Who is there that has not involuntarily remembered the gossip's tale in solitude, or in darkness? Who is there that has not sometimes shivered under an influence he would scarce acknowledge to himself?"

There seems to be a slight verbal negligence in the line marked in italics. The meaning of the author obviously is, *the fear arising from invisible objects of terror*.

That this is a common source of emotion is, we think, a proposition not likely to be denied. Whether that, however, which, after all, seems to be but an accident, is as universal as love, which is a necessity, of our nature, will not be so readily admitted. Terror, no doubt, under one influence or another, has been felt by every body; but terror, under that particular aspect to which Maturin seems to confine the terms of his definition, has certainly not been felt by some.

The terror of indefinite influences, of the supernatural and invisible, is by no means the result either of constitutional weakness, or the superstitious credulity of ignorance. It takes its spring in deeper and more general causes. It belongs to the whole class of unsatisfied problems which relate to the connexion subsisting between this physical world and the shadowy universe by which it is surrounded, towards which our secret speculations are perpetually directed, but upon the ethereal elements of which our grosser faculties speculate in vain. This sense of another world encompassing us, filled with spiritual intelligences, is an instinct of nature, to which religion itself serves only to give a sublimer earnestness. Every human being in all classes of life, and at all ages, has been conscious of this secret sensation; and no outward braveries of scepticism can conceal or overcome it. The true courage consists, not in affectation of contempt for such notions, but in the desire to sift and comprehend them. Why is it that adults as well as children have, more or less, a certain vague feeling of uneasiness in the dark? Not a dread of ghosts—not a fear of robbers—not an apprehension of accidents, for they can sit still—*but a consciousness of being left alone in the spiritual world of silence and darkness*. In the daylight there is no such sensation; they are then surrounded by the visible things with which they are familiar, and find companionship and response and activity on all sides to occupy their thoughts.

There is nothing very surprising in all this. It is only when we get beyond the region of the invisible, and find ourselves face to face with Phenomena, of the functions and existences of which we can never be informed on this side of the grave, that we have any real ground for the expression of mental awe. We speak of such Phenomena neither ambiguously nor distrustfully. We assume at once that, whatever opinions men may entertain in the abstract upon questions which no man living is competent to resolve, they cannot set aside veritable testimonies in matters of this nature, which they would be compelled to admit upon the ordinary affairs of life. If evidence be admissible at all—and if it be not, the door is closed upon inquiry, as if human intelligence had already cleared up that solemn mystery which no human intelligence can penetrate—then we are bound to receive and judge in the measure of its credibility. We know of no other test by which we can ever arrive,

not at the solution of our doubts, but at a right understanding of what it is we doubt. To meet all well-authenticated statements of spectral appearances, (if we may so call those dim and inexplicable forms which men have seen or fancied they saw,) or any other attested accounts of personal experiences on the confines of the world of shadows, with a general disclaimer of philosophical dissent, is in effect to assert either that such things cannot be, or that the persons who have borne witness to them have grossly deceived themselves, or—the only remaining branch of the alternative—have desired still more grossly to deceive others.

Now these assertions are one and all untenable. To assert that such things cannot be, is the assumption of a fact for which no created being possesses warrant or authority. Who says that such things cannot be? How does he know they cannot be? Or, rather, can he inform us out of the fathomless depths of his presumptuous ignorance of the nature of that which he says cannot be? The very first condition of the assertion is itself unfulfilled—he does not even know what that is, the laws and restraints of which he has the temerity to dictate.

Then as to persons deceiving themselves. This is very possible. The senses are always liable to deception. But if we find the testimony clear and consistent—the circumstances coincident and independent of any extraneous influences of the imagination—and the character of the evidence pure and unimpeachable, as to the strength and soundness of the moral and intellectual faculties of the recipient, and, above all, if we find the same event testified at the same time by several persons, we do not see how we can escape with any show of reason from the absolute necessity of admitting the proof, except by some such fraud as the parliamentary subterfuge of moving the previous question. In such cases—and there are many of them upon record—the capability of the witnesses to judge of that which they looked upon is quite as much above impeachment as their veracity; and certainly, as a mere matter of testimony, they must be allowed to be better judges of it than those who have no opportunity of judging of it except from their statement.

The supposition that such persons are engaged in a design to deceive others is the last miserable refuge of an exhausted argument. So comprehensive a conspiracy was certainly never entered into before to delude the simplicity of the world, since it embraces some of the most enlightened as well as some of the most commonplace of mankind; people of all ages, condition and countries who, without concert with each other, must have embarked in the same crusade against the consciences, the dogmas, and the conventional negatives of society!

We have been tempted into these remarks by the following interesting communication with which we have been favoured by a correspondent. After what we have said upon the subject generally, it is unnecessary to bespeak any special degree of attention to this curious relation of an authenticated fact. Commentary upon such things is not for us; nor for any one who merely contends, as we do, for the right of evidence, (in all other respects worthy of credence,) to be admitted into court and heard with attention. The issues are vested in a HIGHER TRIBUNAL.

Our correspondent states that she used to listen to the story in her youth with thrilling interest as it fell from the lips of a venerable and venerated being, who had it from the judge himself, and who believed it to his dying day. It is a singular feature in the case, that Judge R., was totally ignorant of the persons who where in the house where this occurrence took place, and that he was then a young man, full of health and spirits, and the last person to entertain, or even to admit the existence of sensations of a fanciful or nervous kind.

Early in the commencement of the last century the following most extraordinary occurrence happened to a gentleman who, in after life, attained to the highest honours the legal profession could bestow, and for many years adorned the judicial bench with an union of talent, integrity, and every other quality which became a scholar, a judge, and, above all, a Christian. After this humble and brief tribute to his exalted character, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he implicitly believed the following singular narrative, which he was in the habit of relating to his intimate friends:

In his early years, Mr. R. had unfortunately imbibed many of those infidel doctrines which some years later broke forth with all their appalling, but sure fruits, in unhappy France, overturning throne and altar, and bathing the good and the virtuous in their blood. The self-styled philosophers and *Freethinkers* (as they were otherwise called) of those days, maintained, amongst other principles, no less dark and gloomy than they were dangerous, the utter impossibility that the immaterial part, the soul of man, could exist for a moment when disunited from its earthly tenement, the body; and this had been a favourite theory with our young lawyer. Mr. R. was then making what was considered a very encouraging progress in his profession, and in the autumn of the year 17** ventured to unite his fate with that of a lady, to whom he had long been attached. They arranged to spend the remainder of the long vacation at *Brighthelmstone* (as it was then called), and as money is

rarely a very abundant article in a young lawyer's pocket, and they were unaccompanied by servants, they prudently resolved to be content with apartments in a lodging-house, occupied, of course, by other persons. Their accommodation consisted of one bedroom and sitting-room, on the principal, or drawing-room floor. The *only* entrance to the bedchamber was through the sitting-room, and there was no possible means of access to the former except through the latter, and there was no door of entrance to the sitting-room but the one which opened on the general staircase. Mr. and Mrs. R. arrived from London late in the evening, for in those days the distance from London to Brighton was *indeed* a day's journey. They took possession of the apartments prepared for them without inquiring, or, indeed, caring, *who* were their fellow-lodgers. Immediately after breakfast, the next morning, they set forth to enjoy the sea breezes, and having no servant to keep guard over their *small* property, Mr. R. locked the outer door and took the key in his pocket. Let it be remembered these were the days when our unhappy grandmothers had daily to undergo the misery of all the curling, frizzing, and powdering, without which, no gentlewoman could present herself after the early morning hours; and so intricate was the operation, that the daily assistance of a regular hairdresser was imperatively necessary. Mrs. R. returned therefore, about twelve o'clock, to receive the visit of this important personage, who was in waiting, and accordingly entered the room (the door of which Mr. R. unlocked) with themselves. Mrs. R. retired to the bedroom to divest herself of her walking-dress, and returned prepared for the hairdresser, leaving the door of the bedchamber open. Mr. R. seated himself with his book in such a position, as to command the interior of the bedroom, and for a few minutes all was silence; at length by accident, Mr. R. raised his eyes from his book, and uttered an exclamation, indicative of such intense astonishment, as to startle Mrs. R. and make her inquire *what was the matter*. He, with a cool self-possession, which proved he was not under the immediate influence of *imaginary terror*, replied, "Do not be alarmed, but I see a young woman standing in the doorway between the rooms;" and then added with great kindness, "you need not fear, for she is not the least like you;" the superstition of his wife's country (Scotland) immediately occurring to his memory, that if the wraith or apparition of a living person is seen, that person is doomed to early and speedy death. He then went on to describe minutely the features and complexion of the figure before him, and even the white drapery in which she was enveloped. Several seconds elapsed in this manner, when, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, "She is gone." The hairdresser, who had remained an astonished spectator of this extraordinary scene,—and as yet *all* parties were more amazed than awe-struck,—now ventured with Mr. and Mrs. R. into the bedroom; but, after the most minute search (and the room was a very small one), they could not detect the presence of any human being, or any place of concealment, or means of escape had any *human* being been there. Whilst thus engaged, the only door of their sitting-room was thrown open suddenly and with violence, and a lady-like young woman, all pale and trembling, exclaimed, "For the love of heaven come with me, my sister is dying, and I have no one with me!" They flew up stairs after her, and in the room above, on a bed, and wrapt in simple white garments, lay a lovely girl, not dying, for she was dead, *the gentle spirit was flown!* May we suppose that it had lingered a moment in its upward flight to assure the doubting mind, of this otherwise amiable sceptic, that there is a separate existence for the soul when exiled from the body? For scarcely had his *now* awe-struck gaze rested upon the pallid form before him, than he whispered to his wife, "Does any thing strike you?"—"Oh yes!" she replied, "this is exactly what you saw and described."

It avails not to pursue the story farther, for it is the wish of the writer merely to detail the simple facts, as she received them from the reverend friend of the excellent person to whom they occurred; nor would she, if she could, add to them by any flight of imagination. The writer never knew any of the circumstances attending the former history of the sisters; nor is she aware that the singular occurrence had any influence on the life of the judge. It is certain that he became a true believer, and though he frequently repeated this story, to his dying day, the writer never heard whether he attributed any consequence to this most mysterious event. It is by no means impossible, but such an appearance *firmly* believed in, might have opened his eyes to the abstract proposition that there is another state of existence beyond the tomb, and the consequence of this new view of man's nature, followed up in humility, diligence, and faith, might, by the guidance of the blessed Spirit, lead on step by step to all the brightness of eternal truth. Nor will the writer presume to dwell upon the often repeated objection, which invariably occurs at the conclusion of the best authenticated ghost-story. In the first place, "qui bono?" and if you reply, Why to awaken an infidel from his sleep of death; the rest is (though we should be careful of setting limits to divine mercy), Why should the Almighty Father of *all*, vouchsafe to *one* individual such an astonishing visitation, and deny it to thousands in the same circumstances? Particularly when we read so clearly in his holy word, how wholly inefficient such departures from the ordinary course of nature, would be, were they more frequently granted. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead!"

All that can be said is, that our forefathers, eighty or ninety years ago, firmly believed much to be supernatural, which their more matter-of-fact descendants, though far less poetic and romantic, *now* attribute to *dyspepsia*, and all sorts of dull and *uninteresting* causes. But even when all

the *utilitarians* have said their utmost, the writer cannot but subscribe to the opinion of Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Certain it is that, whatever impression this narrative may make upon the mind of the reader, it is not a solitary instance of such visitations. We could easily cite a variety of similar facts, if the accumulation of proofs could be productive of any more laudable end than that of stimulating excited curiosity. In our first number we related a circumstance of a like kind which happened in Berkshire, where it is generally accredited. The cases of Lord Lyttleton, of Young, of the Duke of Buckingham, and of Sir Walter Scott, who saw the figure of Lord Byron in the hall of Abbotsford, are familiar to every body. We may add two or three, somewhat in detail, that are not so well known, but equally well substantiated by respectable evidence.

The house of Mr. Cosnan, minister of Church Santen, was haunted by a grotesque demon who used to scribble upon the newly-plastered walls, and play a variety of monkey tricks. Once at noonday, Mr. Cosnan threw a stone across a river, and it was instantly returned by an invisible hand. This was repeated a hundred times successively, and he even took the precaution of marking the stone to make sure it was the same. The circumstance made a great noise in the neighbourhood, and several substantial farmers called to inquire about it. One among them made a great parade about doubting it, and in order to enforce his eloquence, struck the table vehemently with his hand. At that moment a stone fell suddenly from the ceiling, and struck the table close to his hand, to the great astonishment of the whole company. The anecdote is related on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Douglas, whose father had it from the mouth of Mr. Cosnan himself.

Anne Weatherley, a young married woman, was accompanying her father home to Whitstable, across the country, and asked him on the way, if he had not seen the figure of Death standing twice before them—once in the pathway in the field, and once at a style? He tried to laugh her out of it; but she persisted in her story; she became blind almost immediately, and her father had great difficulty in getting her home. In a few days she was dead. The fact was related to Grose, the antiquary, by her mother. It is probably one of those instances, that may be safely referred to optical delusion, the figure being, perhaps, produced upon the retina, by the coming mists that were about to drown her eyes in darkness.

Colonel Guy Johnson was walking with his wife into Ticonderago, in America, when she fancied she saw a man whom they both knew, but who was then at a distance from the place, making a coffin out of some particular sort of planks, which she described, adding that she distinctly saw her own name inscribed upon it. She repeated the same to several persons. Although then in perfect health, she died in four days; and it so happened that the man she saw, by a concurrence of circumstances, actually did make her coffin of the kind of planks she described. Colonel Johnson himself is the authority for this statement.

In a western town in Ireland, a lady was ill, and her husband and daughter leaving her one day upon her sofa, went out to walk. They had not proceeded far when they *both* saw her in her riding-habit on her horse, at the opposite side of the street, as was her custom when she was well; they immediately returned home, but found the invalid exactly as they left her. She did not linger long after. *This fact is authenticated by living testimony.*

A day or two before the death of Athenian Stuart, his servant, being engaged cleaning the stairs, thought she saw her master come out of his bedroom in his nightcap, go into his study, and then run down stairs past her with extraordinary haste. As she had left him with Mrs. Stuart at dinner, she was so surprised that she immediately went into the parlour, and told them what she had seen. Mr. Stuart reproved her, and turned her out of the room He died soon after.

A similar thing happened to Stuart himself. His son, six or seven years old, was ill in bed; and Mr. Stuart, while he was one day sitting in his study, saw the sick child come to the table with a pencil in his hand, as he had been accustomed to do, and draw something on it. The child died, and Mr. Stuart would never sit in that room again, but brought down all his books and papers to the parlour.

May we not exclaim with our intelligent correspondent, "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy!"

EPITAPH

IN BERKLEY CHURCHYARD.

Here lyeth Thomas Pierce, whom no man taught,
Yet he in iron, brass, and silver wrought;
He jacks and clocks and watches (with art) made,
And mended too when other worke did fade;
Of Berkley five tymes maior this artist was,
And yet this maior, this artist was but grasse.
When his own watch was down on the last day,
He that made watches had not made a key
To winde it up; but asleepe must it lie,
Until he rise againe, no more to die.

THE SECRET MISSION.

(*From the German of C. von Wachsmann.*)

[Continued from page 295.]

A FIGURE, of which there was no saying whether it was male or female, appeared on the threshold. The only garments it wore were a fine linen shirt hardly reaching to the knee, and slippers. The head of the figure was in curious contrast with this costume. The hair was curled and frizzled into a sort of ball, and thickly besprinkled with a glistening golden powder. Both cheeks and the beardless chin of the creature displayed nearly circular patches painted deep red: but what struck our young Swiss as the most extraordinary thing of all was, that the figure carried on its breast, suspended by a silken cord round its neck, a long basket containing a litter of whining blind puppies.* A rough-haired brach now rushed at the knight, barking fiercely, and began to tug at his clothes, when the figure called out with a shrill voice to the animal,

"Down, Mignonne! be quiet! Stand up, sir knight, we permit you.—Have done then! What trouble one has with dogs."

Arnold could hardly believe his senses. His eyes wandered from the globe of hair to the naked legs of the person before him, who meanwhile presented him his hand to kiss.

"You are the young Swiss who has been so especially commended to us?" said the king, for Arnold felt assured, though with the utmost amazement, that it could be no one else. "You are, I am told, a young man of singular penetration and of rare capacity for business."

"The Lord only knows who may have told him this," thought Arnold. "Well, Heaven turn it all for the best!"

"You are reported to be peculiarly expert in secret services.—Down, Mignonne! The silly beast thinks you want to take away its young ones.—Now, as weighty considerations of state render such a mission——But tell me, Sir Arnold—that is your name I believe—is it the custom in your country to let the ears grow with this breed of dogs, or do you cut them off?"

"We twist them off, please your grace."

"Twist them off?" cried the king, with surprise. "Peste! that is curious. Were it not that I am just now so overwhelmed with matters of state, you should give me a proof of your skill in this way on the spot; we shall certainly see to this by and by. Oh! I had nearly forgotten the matter touching which you are here. You will set out then for Bretagne, and you know your business?"

Arnold muttered something about written instructions.

"It is a deplorable measure to which we are compelled, so to speak," said the king, pacing up and down the room, and beckoning to Arnold to accompany him. "I would there were some other way.—Quiet, Mignonne!* There is no speaking a word for the vixen.—After all he is my kinsman.—How the puppies whine.—And then, I am no friend to bloody measures. The queen, indeed, assures me there is no other means left, but blood is blood. Tell me, do the dogs suffer much when their ears are twisted off?"

"Not at all," replied Arnold. "The operation does not seem very painful, and it has this advantage over cutting, that the stump throws out no proud flesh."

"You are a very intelligent young man," said the king, and nothing could be more gracious than his manner. "I find I have not been deceived in what has been reported to me as regards you. But to come to the subject of your mission. As the plan you wot of has become unavoidably necessary—so, at least, the queen asserts—from weighty considerations of state, you will do well to take all due steps accordingly; and as your road will lead you by the famous Abbey aux Près, it will not be amiss if you have some dozen masses read for the prosperous issue of your design, the nature of which it will of course be unnecessary for you to mention. You will find the amount of your charges" (putting his hand into the basket) "in this purse, and it may be something besides worth the telling."

"Your grace's goodness—" said Arnold.—"No more!—no more!" cried the king. "Do not kiss my hand; else Mignonne may spring at your throat. One word more, young sir. Put out of hand with due despatch whatever is unavoidably necessary. He is, after all, my near kinsman, and I have really no particular hatred to him; but then—what will be must be, and the queen says the thing is unavoidable. By the way, you might in any case have half the masses read at once for him. You need not give his name, nor yet mention that he has been and still is a heretic.—Do you understand me?"

Arnold bowed low. "I wish I may be hanged," thought he, "if I understand a single word."

"You are a young man of great aptness and penetration," continued Henry the Third. "One need hardly drop a word to you, but you see at once what one aims at. That is a very rare qualification nowadays, and such quickness of apprehension bespeaks your peculiar fitness for intricate and difficult affairs. Therefore," (here the king spoke in a very low key) "be not *too* hasty in the execution of your commission. A certain person, a female, you understand me, has lately had several attacks of apoplexy; should these occur again the whole affair would be altered. I have no very particular antipathy, as I told you before, to my kinsman; were we alone we should come to an understanding with each other, but—necessity! Now you know my mind; you comprehend me. You are an intelligent young man. I need say no more to you."

Arnold heaved a huge sigh.

"Go then, my young knight," said Henry, with the utmost condescension. "Do your best, and Heaven prosper you. Here is my royal hand to

* Historical. See Sully's Memoirs, &c.

kiss. Ha! Mignonne, down, I say. If you return successful you shall teach Monseigneur de Varicourt, my grand master of the hunt, the art of twisting off dogs' ears."

Arnold had dropped on one knee. He kissed the royal hand, whilst the surly hound snapped and tore at his doublet, then rose and quit the presence.

He found Père Jacques waiting for him in the corridor.

"You were born under a lucky star!" whispered the old man. "I do not remember that ever the king conversed so long with any one. Make haste, therefore, to quit Blois this very day, and despatch your commission as quickly as possible. You may tell your uncle some tale about a journey for pleasure, or the like. You have the letter to the chevalier Ducoudray. Now away with you and to horse!"

"A pretty piece of work this I have got into!" said Arnold to himself as he rode that evening in the direction of Bretagne, attended by his trusty old Peter. "'You are a lost man if you swerve a hair's breadth from your orders,' says one. 'You understand me; you comprehend me,' says the other, and I am a paynim Turk if I know what either the one or the other would be at. Now no more is wanting but that Sir Pierre Ducoudray should talk so in parables, to drive me stark mad at last. 'You are a young man of great aptness and penetration,' said the king. Yea, forsooth! Heaven help the good monarch if he has none better to serve him. I would, if he has taken it into his head to bestow his favour upon me, that he would make me his grand master of the hunt, and send Varicourt, or whatever his name is, instead of me to Bretagne. While he was executing the 'important secret orders' in my place, I would twist off the ears of all the royal hounds so clean it would be a pleasure to see it. Then again, 'Put out of hand, with all due despatch, whatever is necessary;' and then comes on the heels of this, 'be not too hasty in the execution of your orders!' The devil may make out what it all means, not I! Why cannot folks speak out roundly at once? Why not say, Sir, you shall do so and so, and there an end? God's benison on my uncle Wattenwyl, he was not wide of the mark when he said I was not cut out for a courtier, and that I must be a soldier. And a soldier I will be," said Arnold, decisively. "Only this once do I take upon me affairs whereon, as the lady said, depend 'the weal and woe of France.' So our Lady of Einsiedeln help me but this once out of the mire, they may for the future look about them for some one else to save France, or it may remain unsaved for me."

Indulging in these and such-like reflections, Arnold pursued the long and tedious route to Bretagne, and often did old Peter testify his surprise at his master's taciturnity. The good man knew not that his noble master had become a courtier, and that the "salvation of France" rested on his young shoulders. At last, after some days' journey the two travellers stood before the drawbridge of the castle of Courtenay, in Bretagne.

The castle was an old building of the times of Philip the Fair, who had wrested it from the Templars. The four pointed corner towers, the vast keep with the wide moat surrounding it, the emblem of the lion with a half-human figure protruding from between its jaws, a well-known gnostic symbol, and several stone effigies of knights, each with a cross in its hand, plainly indicated the origin of the edifice.

It was a long while before Arnold could gain admission into the castle; at last the drawbridge was lowered, and an old squire led him through long straggling passages into a kind of parlour, where he requested him to wait a few minutes for the arrival of the master of the castle. The latter presently made his appearance. He was a man about sixty, tall but with a stooping figure, and a sidelong, furtive look.

"You come from Blois?" said Ducoudray morosely, and in rather a low tone, as he hastily broke open the letter delivered to him by the young man. Arnold replied in the affirmative, Ducoudray read the letter through, mused over its contents, and inspected our friend from top to toe.

"The queen," he said, at last, "puts much confidence in you, fair sir; I would, however, her grace had chosen some other theatre in which to display this. But be this as it may, it is the duty of Catherine's trusty servants to fulfil her will. Before we go into further particulars, hear what I have now to say to you. You will accompany me to the hall where you will find my niece, Euphrosyne, and a stranger knight, Henri de Valtravers. I will represent you to the latter as a young cavalier on your way to visit England, who has been recommended to me by an old friend. Be as sparing in your speech as possible, and betray no acquaintance with the court, still it is not exactly necessary to conceal that you came through Blois. Say not a word about the king or the queen unless you are questioned, and even then as little as possible. Should you let fall any thing that it were better for our plans to leave unspoken, I will put my hand to my collar, thus."

"They are all in one tune, here and at Blois," Arnold muttered between his teeth with exceeding discontent as he followed his host to the hall. "I am to perform exploits and execute important things, without ever opening my mouth! In Blois they let me speak at any rate, but here this old fellow, whom if he were not a knight I should take for a gallows' bird, such an ill-favoured old villain he is; he tells me I must never take my eyes off his collar, that I may know whether I may speak or not. The devil take him and his collar! I would it were of good Brisgau hemp, with one end of it made fast to the highest bough of an oak."

With this charitable wish Arnold followed the chevalier Pierre Ducoudray into the great hall of the castle, but there a more agreeable acquaintance awaited him. At a large and cumbrous table sat a young lady of very engaging appearance, occu-

pied with some household work. One glance was enough to convince Arnold that the Castellan's niece was worthy to compete with Isabelle for the prize of beauty. If the sparkling eyes and voluptuous form of the latter were more fitted to inflame the passions, the high soul that looked out from Euphrosyne's eyes, and the noble and tender gravity of her regular features, compelled respect to mingle with the admiration her charms excited. A gentleman of middle age, of a slender but well knit figure, and noble features, whose open countenance testified courage, cheerfulness, and good-humour, and whom the master of the castle introduced to Arnold as the chevalier de Valtravers, was conversing very assiduously with the lady.

After the formalities of introduction had been gone through, Ducoudray requested his guest to be seated, and desired his niece to present him with the welcome cup.

"You are from Switzerland?" said Henri de Valtravers, accosting the new comer in a very friendly tone, though he only returned a slight nod of the head to his bow. "Belike you came through Blois, and saw the king? I shall never as long as I live forget a countryman of yours, who expected to see in king Henry another Roland, or at least a Charles the Bold, and beheld him for the first time dressed as a lady, and riding through the streets of Blois to the chase, with his falcon on his fist. You have seen him yourself perhaps arrayed in this style?"

"Something like, chevalier, an't please you," replied Arnold, with some confusion. "I was presented to his grace, and he was in fact rather lightly clad."

"And how was it with the queen mother? Did you see queen Catherine, with her blonde, brown, and brunette body-guards, the foremost champions of that invisible, winged, arrowbearing army, with which she hems in, insnares, and makes slaves of her adversaries?"

"I did not see the queen," replied Arnold, honestly believing he spoke the truth; "and as for the guards you describe as so formidable, I cannot say that with their bits of spits and their wide pump hose they struck me as particularly terrible. What you say about wings and arrows is of course only a joke."

Euphrosyne smiled furtively, but only for a moment, at the response of the worthy Swiss, but Valtravers laughed till he was obliged to hold his sides.

"*Ventre saint-gris!*" he shouted, when he had recovered breath. "I speak of the troop of amourettes, whom the queen employs to insnare blockheads, and" (here he smote his forehead) "even many a one who thinks himself no fool, and you talk of the honest numskulls of Armoricans.—I crave your pardon, Ducoudray: you know I love the Bretons—though in truth the costume of the loves, would sit upon them like purple mantles on a herd of swine. But to change the subject: what say they in your country of Henry of Navarre? He had brave friends there once."

"By St. Arnulph, and he has them still!" cried Arnold, with fervour. "He is a brave knight, a gallant warrior. My ancestor that slew the Wolfenschiess was not better. True, they do say one or two things that tell against him."

Ducoudray clapped his hand to his collar.

"And what do they say against king Henry?" inquired Valtravers, with a laugh.

"Oh! various things," replied Arnold, giving himself no concern about Ducoudray's gestures. "First, they cast up against him his leaning, by the same token, no very commendable one, towards the fair sex." Euphrosyne cast a stolen glance at Valtravers, and smiled. "We could forgive him, say his admirers, if he had as many amours as there are sands on the sea-shore, though this would not be singularly to his credit as a king and a husband, but many noble women and maidens have been made very wretched in the most thoughtless manner, through him."

Euphrosyne looked gravely in Valtravers's face, and then bent her eyes again on her work.

"Let us hope," said the latter, "that Henry of Navarre has always heartily repented of the evil he has occasioned, and that he has made it good, so far as was in his power."

"Do you think, chevalier," said Euphrosyne, looking up with a noble pride, and fixing her bright eyes on the speaker, "do you think the last thing you have said were possible?"

"His will at least has not been in fault, fair judge," said Valtravers, with some embarrassment, but smiling goodhumouredly. "It is chiefly by the will and intention we should judge men's deeds; at least so thinks Henry.—Well, my young moral censor, what further fault do they allege against king Henry?"

"His repeated change from one church to another," replied Arnold, whilst Ducoudray tugged like one bewildered at his collar. "*One* change of opinion in matters of faith, after mature deliberation and full conviction, may be allowed, but men should not trifle with sacred things."

"You may be right, harsh as your judgment sounds," replied Valtravers, gravely. "What else do they blame?"

"Nothing!" cried Arnold, with generous warmth. "Nothing else! Any thing more were a foul lie! The king is a born knight, a pattern to his order, and it must be a real delight to fight, nay to die by his side."

The countenance of Henri de Valtravers kindled up again whilst Arnold spoke, his eye glowed brightly, and rested on Arnold with a look of indescribable good will.

"I thank you," he said, "and desire a hearty grasp of your hand in the name of Henry of Navarre, in whom I take a great interest. Take the cup, Arnold an der Halden, and pledge me to Henry's weal. I will afterwards drink in his name to yours."

The proposal was cordially accepted; after which Valtravers rose, and said, "I must leave you,

Ducoudray, and you, fair Euphrosyne. We shall meet again in a week. I am called by urgent business to Nantes."

After manifold salutations, and many whispered words spoken to Euphrosyne by Valtravers, to which she replied blushingly, but with the dignity of a queen, the cavalier left the room, accompanied by the master of the castle, and his horse's hoofs were soon heard clattering over the drawbridge.

Ducoudray soon returned. "Leave us, Euphrosyne," he said gloomily, "I have much to talk of with Sir Arnold."

The young lady did as she was ordered, but not without casting a searching glance at Arnold.

"Chevalier," said Ducoudray, after a pause, and thoughtfully rubbing his deep-furrowed brow, "you are selected by the queen for an important duty; you will therefore readily admit the propriety of my inquiring, for your own sake—for you are the active party, and I have really no concern in the matter—what are your views on the subject? Tell me therefore plainly, and without reserve."

"I will be as open with you as if you were my father confessor," said the young man. "All I know is that I am by all means to save France; but I am a Jew if I know how I am to set about it."

"Hem! I could give you some clue to that matter," rejoined Ducoudray. "But tell me, was it your candid opinion, what you said just now of Henry of Navarre?"

"Decidedly! I saw, indeed, how you clutched at your collar, but I could not conceive why I should hold my tongue."

"Valtravers is a favourite of the Bearnese."

"Is he?" said Arnold. "So much the better. He can now repeat to his master what people say of him. Besides, Henry is a man of sense and spirit; he will not take the truth amiss, and much good may it do him."

"You seem greatly interested for the Navarrese," said Ducoudray, bending a keen glance upon his companion; "and yet is Henry the deadly enemy of your master, and still more of the queen."

"Was so," replied Arnold, coolly. "They have become reconciled to each other, as all the world knows."

"Reconciled! Ay, ay, after the fashion of what is called reconciliation among princes. The old rancour only glows the hotter for concealment. Henry of Navarre, waits impatiently for the death of his childless brother-in-law, and it will not be his fault if that event is not hastened in some way or another."

"That is not true!" exclaimed Arnold. "Henry is a gallant man, a chivalric prince."

"What he would not do, his favourites will," said the other, coldly. "The queen has sure proofs."

"Has she?" cried Arnold. "If that is the case she should denounce the villany of Henry's courtiers to their master, and if he then failed to punish them, it would be the part of Henry the Third to unfurl the oriflamme of France. Thousands of brave men would draw the sword with him, and the cheering cry of *Denis mon joie!* would once more peal along the banks of the Loire."

"You have queer notions of things," was Ducoudray's dry response. "Methinks it would have been better to instruct you in Blois on these points, than to leave the task to me. But to change the subject—how like you the chevalier Valtravers?"

"Very well indeed! He has a right comely, merry, soldierlike appearance."

"Only see how deceitful are outward appearances!" said Ducoudray. "The man is a favourite of the Bearnese, and therewithal a mortal foe to our lord the king. He it is above all who is charged with concocting traitorous designs against the life of the king and of the queen mother."

"And you receive such a reprobate as a guest in your own hall, treat him with respect, and drink with him out of the same cup!" cried Arnold, in amazement.

"His master is at Nantes with an army; the rapacious heretics are quartered but a few miles from here, and I am an old man," replied the other, shrugging his shoulders. "Besides this, I have other weighty reasons that oblige me to treat him circumspectly. He has great influence at the court of the Navarrese, and he is a suitor for my niece's hand."

"And the lady Euphrosyne; does she love him?" inquired Arnold, eagerly.

"I trow not. On the contrary, she shuns his wooing. But who can speak with certainty of a maiden's humour? Be it as it may, I would give much to get rid of this detested man in some sufficient way, could it be done without compromising myself."

"The lady Euphrosyne loves him not?" said Arnold, musingly. "He is not to her mind. For that matter, neither is he to mine, particularly as you are of opinion he is such a black traitor. Hark ye, Sir Pierre Ducoudray! Make yourself easy: I will rid your hands of him."

"I were your debtor eternally," the other earnestly exclaimed; "but tell me, how do you propose to effect it?"

"I will challenge him," replied Arnold, coolly.

"Challenge him! That will never do. No, we must hit upon some better, some subtler plan.—Let us leave the matter at rest, however, for the present. Time brings counsel. Valtravers will not be back from Nantes till a week hence, and I shall not be able to speak with you sooner touching the service you are to perform for the queen. I shall, therefore wait for more accurate instructions, though I fancy every thing will turn out in accordance with the expectations entertained of you at court. Meanwhile you will remain my guest for a couple of weeks. Are you fond of the chase? Ay? Well then, you will find excellent sport in my neighbourhood, and my niece is a keen huntress. She can accompany you. But one word more! Be wary towards Euphrosyne. Say not a syllable about the

matter in hand between us, above all about Valtravers and his wooing. Neither let a tittle escape you as to your mission, or any thing of the sort. Women are inquisitive, and must not know every thing. It might lead to great mischief, were you to talk inconsiderately. And now good night. It grows late. You must need repose."

"Truly one would think I was the most babbling chatterbox in all France," grumbled Arnold, as he sat himself down in his chamber. 'Be wary,' 'don't talk,' 'you may do great mischief if you are incautious,' and so on. A murrain on the man! why could not he tell me outright what I was to be cautious about? I am to be wary with Euphrosyne. Well, that will be no hard matter. She does not look as if she loved superfluous prating, so gravely did her large, black, quiet eye, rest upon me. She seems to be very proud.—But she is beautiful, very beautiful!" he subjoined, after a pause, as he strode with folded arms up and down the room. "'Tis true, she has not such glistening raven hair as Isabelle, nor do her eyes so flash, and lighten, and dart through and through you, but she looks more high-bred, far more high-bred; her demeanour is most noble. She seems chaster too. Isabelle in truth was somewhat too free in her garb; almost like the Moorish dancing-girls in the market-place at Orleans. Euphrosyne would make a much more dignified appearance, as the lady of a Swiss knight. But am I not a fool to busy myself with such thoughts? How should I think of wedlock? I that have to achieve great deeds, though, unluckily to this moment I have not the least notion what they are to be."

Early on the following morning Arnold received a message, informing him that the lady Euphrosyne was about to ride out to the chase, and that the Sieur Ducoudray would be glad if his guest would accompany her. Arnold did not wait to be asked twice, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was riding across the drawbridge by the lady's side. Without exchanging a word with Arnold, except a brief salutation, Euphrosyne cantered along over the open field, and seemed to think of nothing but the chase. The country was particularly well adapted for coursing, a kind of sport much in vogue in France in those days, and which was, next to heron hawking, the favourite pastime of the ladies. With the exception of a wood, the only one in the neighbourhood, beginning about a league from the castle, and stretching in the direction of Nantes, nothing was to be seen, far and wide, but a waste and unvaried tract, here and there overgrown with red-blossomed heather. Whilst two small dogs were beating the country, and three long-haired white greyhounds of Breton breed were bounding merrily round the riders, Arnold had leisure to scrutinize his beautiful companion. She wore a riding-habit reaching to the knees, of a shape usual enough at that period, and a hat adorned with one long white feather. Her black, wavy hair, dishevelled by exercise, streamed loose on the wind. The rosy flush that overspread her grave, regular features, added greatly to their loveliness. The ease with which she managed her champing and foaming steed, gave the fair huntress such an air of stately grace, that Arnold could never take his eyes off her.

"She is beautiful, very beautiful!" he said to himself. "By my faith, Isabelle is not to be compared to her—nor any other woman I ever beheld."

Arnold would have indulged still longer in such contemplations, of which his companion seemed wholly unconscious, had not a loud cry issued at this moment from her lovely lips. "*Le lièvre! En avant*, Merlin, Biche, Roland!" and the young huntress shot like an arrow over the brown heath.

Arnold clapped spurs to his charger and gave him the rein. The ground was broken in some places, and the hare made so many turns that the chase was unusually protracted. Arnold kept close to his fair companion, though this was quite a violation of the rules of that particular species of sport. He thought much less of the hare than of the beautiful creature by his side, whose graceful form wonderfully enhanced his interest in the novelty and the stirring pleasure of the scene. The hare had just made another turn, then squatted down, and the greyhounds sprang a long way over her. Euphrosyne tried to cross the hare, she passed obliquely before Arnold, and her impetuous horse plunged wildly as she pressed him on again with her whip on reaching level ground. Arnold was intensely alarmed; like lightning he was by Euphrosyne's side to afford her his aid. But thanking him with a slight smile and a gesture of her hand, she pulled up her horse till the animal was almost on its haunches, and then darted off again, like a bird after the hounds. These had meanwhile killed the hare. She drove them from their quarry with a cut of her whip, and Arnold dismounted and fastened the game to his saddle-bow.

"It is too warm to hunt," said Euphrosyne, when the young man was again in the saddle and riding by her side. "If you will, Sir Arnold, we will shape our homeward way over yon range of hills. There is a pretty view thence over the plain. It will surprise you, no doubt," she continued, with a melancholy smile, "to hear me speak of a pleasant prospect in this steril country. But I love this neighbourhood, these brown hills, these lonely wilds so much, that I often ride this way to enjoy the scene. But to talk of something else. It would seem as though you were not very familiar with coursing."

"Certainly not. I am only used to the chase over our icy mountains, nor can I say that I am particularly partial even to that."

"Perhaps," rejoined Euphrosyne, looking full at Arnold, with a strange and peculiar expression, "perhaps, notwithstanding your youth, you have one thing in common with my uncle, and better like the chase of—men."

"You do me too much honour," said Arnold, composedly, turning his large blue eyes on his companion, "when you compare me with so experienced

a warrior as your uncle. I have barely won my spurs in petty internal feuds in my native land."

"You have but recently left your own country?" inquired Euphrosyne.

"Very recently. My uncle wanted by all means to keep me at home; he offered to make over a tenement to me and land enough to—to maintain a helpmate."

"And you would not accept the offer? You went to the profligate court of Catherine de Medici to seek service?"

"I wished to see the world. But as regards the court of Blois, mademoiselle, you are mistaken when you call it profligate. Every thing goes on there very handsomely and mannerly, for all there be a dash of oddity in it withal."

"Have you often seen queen Catherine?" inquired Euphrosyne, hastily, looking at the knight as though she would read his very soul.

"The queen? Not at all," replied Arnold, without embarrassment. "But the king I did see; and a very gracious seigneur he is I promise you, only a little bit queer, that is, I mean, as regards the article of clothing. He was so condescending as to receive instructions from me respecting a certain operation, and then he gave me a secret commission to—to somebody."

"So, then?" ejaculated the lady, in a whisper, unnoticed by Arnold. "You saw the chevalier de Valtravers yesterday evening," she said, continuing the conversation. "Did you ever meet him before?"

"Never."

"And what did you think of him?" inquired Euphrosyne, playing with her whip, but keenly eyeing her companion.

"I liked him not at all; there is something so uppish and overbearing about him. Heavens knows what the man fancies himself. I think I could find it in my heart to hate him."

"Therein you would do much wrong," said Euphrosyne, firmly. "The man may have his faults; he is reputed to be volatile and fickle, and not of the very best morals, but he is a man of noble heart, a true friend, bold in the fight, and generous to his foes; not only to those who meet him fairly to his face, but even to those who like snakes and scorpions crawl about his heels to sting him."

"'Tis a plain case she loves him," thought Arnold. "For the life of me, I cannot imagine what she sees to admire in the arrogant insufferable fellow.—You seem to take a very lively interest in the chevalier," he said aloud; but though he strove to throw a tone of playfulness into his words, the attempt was a very clumsy one, and the phrase had very much the air of a reproach.

"Unquestionably I do," Euphrosyne coldly answered, "nor do I see why I should conceal these sentiments, which moreover I share with many excellent men."

"Your uncle," said Arnold, with some superfluous vehemence, "thinks differently of the chevalier."

"You are aware of that?" rejoined the lady, hastily. "But how should I doubt it? It is a matter of course that you were advised of this beforehand."

"May I venture to ask what you mean by that?" said Arnold, with some surprise.

"Ask nothing at me, for I see that you are sufficiently informed of all it imports you to know," replied Euphrosyne, and a smile, in which there was something of aversion or scorn, played round her lips.

"It is utterly unknown to me what you mean, and I only fear I may have unwillingly offended you by some inconsiderate expression. Should this expose me in any wise to your ill opinion—"

"Thus far I have no fixed opinion respecting you, whether good or ill," said Euphrosyne, interrupting him with a decision of manner that made Arnold involuntarily blench. "But if you would know generally the opinion I entertain of him who may fitly wear the honoured name of knighthood, then say I, shame on the man, who for all this world's wealth, for all the honours that can be lavished upon him, lets himself be made a tool to work out schemes that shun the light of day! I would have you to know that there is here one person at least, whom it would grieve to know that a young man had been beguiled by inordinate ambition to set his foot in a slough of guilt in which it would infallibly sink."

The moment she had uttered the last words, Euphrosyne gave her horse the whip and galloped away so swiftly that Arnold had some difficulty in keeping up with her. She never drew rein till she reached the drawbridge, where she alighted, threw the bridle to a groom, and hurried to her chamber, with a passing salute to Arnold, and, as it seemed to him, in great agitation of mind.

"Worse and worse!" thus began Arnold's soliloquy when he had reached his chamber. "The others expect great things of me forsooth, but they are reasonable enough to presuppose the best; whereas she fancies heaven knows what, but plainly the very worst that can be. Well, and so she might and welcome, if I had only the self-command to keep from plaguing myself about it; but i'faith it touches me almost more nearly how she thinks of me than how the most Christian king does, who is evidently most graciously disposed towards me in regard to the twisting of puppies' ears. But what have I done amiss? Nothing in the world save saying I liked not the chevalier Valtravers, and that set her in a flaming rage. 'Sdeath! an she is so curst and fractious for the man's sake I shall like him all the less!"

Arnold's position at the castle of Courtenay was thenceforth very peculiar. Ducoudray was all mystery whenever the young knight pressed him for an explanation respecting the deeds he was to do; and finally gave him not indistinctly to understand, that the business could not be done within a fortnight at the soonest, inasmuch as he should have to wait so long for further instructions from Blois. Euphrosyne's conduct struck our hero as still more remarkable. She had gradually won complete possession of Arnold's heart, from

which Isabelle's image had become wholly effaced, and every moment seemed vapid and joyless to the young man that was not passed in the society of his fair hostess. And yet those ardently desired moments were sadly imbittered by the strange behaviour of the lady. It could not be said that Euphrosyne avoided Arnold, on the contrary, he often flattered himself with the thought that her eyes rested on him, when she thought herself unobserved, with an expression of strong interest or deep compassion; nay there were moments, as Arnold talked of his native glaciers, and lakes, the frank and honest spirit of his countrymen, and the deeds of their forefathers, when Euphrosyne treated him with a friendly cordiality that enchanted him. Many a time he even saw a tear quiver in Euphrosyne's large dark eye; and one day, when he told of the glorious martyrdom of Winkelried, when he spoke of the conflict with the oppressors at Granson, and added that in his native land love no less than freedom had its heroes, instancing the story of the meistersänger Hadloub, whose hand the lady bit through, and who yet cherished his love in his heart, and sang of it sweetly till he died, Euphrosyne stretched out her hand to him, and said with emotion, "No, you cannot be so fallen! I believe I have done you gross wrong."

But just when Arnold felt most enchanted by the lady's conduct towards him, when he felt impelled to unburden his heart, and to confess to her at least in part that with which his whole soul was filled, a total change would come over Euphrosyne's behaviour within the space of a few seconds. This was particularly the case whenever he spoke of the hopes he built on the favour of the court. On these occasions Euphrosyne's eye instantly assumed a stern coldness, and her countenance expressed dislike and even disdain. To Arnold's poignant distress moments of the latter kind were much the more frequent of the two, and at last they returned so often, that the more intensely the young man felt himself captivated by the maiden, the more cruelly did he find himself repulsed.

"I will forget her!" was his usual exclamation, as he paced up and down his solitary chamber of an evening, his whole soul filled with Euphrosyne's image. "In Blois, in my own country, everywhere, in short, ladies have treated me with the consideration due to a man of unblemished character; and she, she whom I love most—ay, above all this world holds, she alone treats me with contempt."

At last the chevalier Valtravers became again a visiter at the castle of Courtenay. This circumstance made any further residence there utterly insupportable to our hero. Without being exactly discourteous, Valtravers comported himself towards Arnold in a manner that exasperated the latter to the highest pitch, while he yet could fasten on no pretext for demanding satisfaction. Sometimes, Valtravers talked with Euphrosyne (and it was manifest to Arnold that his visits to the castle were only on her account) for whole hours, without taking the least notice of the young man's presence, or putting the least restraint on his expressions in consequence. Sometimes, in spite of all the aversion Arnold took no pains to conceal towards him, he would talk with him about all sorts of indifferent things, but always in the tone in which a man, conscious of his superiority in rank or otherwise, addresses an inferior. He would put a question for instance to the young Swiss, and then would begin to talk of something else without waiting for his answer. But what incensed Arnold above all things, was the manner in which Valtravers devoted his attention to Euphrosyne, and in which she received it. Jests, quips, and sallies, not always of the most delicate kind, nay, open declarations of love on the chevalier's part, followed each other in rapid succession. It could not, indeed, be said, that all these seemed to make any great impression on Euphrosyne, but the young lady gave a friendly and even respectful hearing to the chevalier's discourse, and Arnold many a time fancied he detected her smiling furtively when he bit his lips with rage and vexation. At last our hero's abode at Courtenay became so torturing beyond endurance, that he set about considering whether it would not be well, great as might be the pang of bidding farewell for ever to Euphrosyne, that he should insist on an explicit explanation from Ducoudray and then quit the castle.

Things were in this position when Valtravers made his appearance one day as usual in the castle hall just as evening was beginning to fall. Arnold had been exceedingly irritated by some remarks uttered by Euphrosyne, in consequence of his descriptions of the brilliant court at Blois; and his indignation rose still higher when the new visiter, barely nodding carelessly as he passed him, took his accustomed place by the young lady's side. Valtravers continued for a long while to whisper all sorts of soft things to the castellan's niece, and then turning to our friend,

"A word with you, young sir," he said, throwing himself into a careless attitude: "I have a good counsel to give you. The thing occurred to me as I came in. You will do well to betake yourself to the army of Henry of Navarre. They are in quest of recruits, and there is money to be earned among them."

"I thank you, chevalier, for your good opinion," replied Arnold, gruffly. "Have the goodness, however, to believe that I do not serve for the sake of money."

"What! you are a Swiss: you know the proverb."

"Invented by a fool, if it means any thing more than that honest service is worthy of its reward."

Ducoudray, in great perturbation, made signs to our hero, to which the latter paid no attention. His blood was up, and it boiled the more for the attempts to control its heat.

"I know not, Sieur de Courtenay," he said, "what you mean by your nodding, and winking, and making faces. If the chevalier Valtravers feels himself insulted by my words I am ready to answer for them."

"You are a young gamecock!" cried Valtravers

with a lighthearted laugh: "but at your years I was just the same, and I think all the better of you for it: therefore I tell you I meant not to offend you."

"I have no objection," replied Arnold, looking as if he made small account of the person he addressed, "I have no objection to your making good your rudeness in this way if you think fit."

"I do this because it is not in my power to give you satisfaction of another kind; but be assured you shall receive it hereafter, and perhaps very soon. But to return to my proposal. Have you no inclination to serve in Henry's army? You will find gallant men there."

"Gallant? No doubt, and—others too!" retorted the still chafing Swiss.

"I will be your warrant that you shall have an appointment. You are under my protection, and the king must do my will," said Valtravers, laughing.

"I make no doubt of your potent influence, but have no desire to put it to the proof," said Arnold, bitterly. "Moreover, I hope for the honour of Henry—and he is universally reputed honourable—that he is not the man to pay very special heed to a *must* out of the mouth of a courtier."

"Think you so?" cried Valtravers, chuckling with increased merriment. "Henry of Navarre stands very high, it seems, in your opinion. Nevertheless, fair sir, as you seem to doubt my power over him, I think myself called on to give you proof of the same. I make you therefore the following proposal: The king holds a review to-morrow afternoon on Villeharduin heath, two leagues from this place. I hope to see you previously here in Courtenay in the forenoon. You shall accompany me to the review, I will present you to the king, and if he does not the very same day give you the command of a company of his body-guards, you shall be at liberty to pick out for yourself the best charger in my stables, whilst, if I make my promise good, I shall request you to hand me over your gray."

The confidence with which Valtravers made his proposal had an extraordinary effect on our hero. He looked all round in the faces of the little circle. The countenance of Valtravers wore the stamp of frank goodnature, Euphrosyne's bespoke great interest in what was passing, whilst Ducondray sat there black and sullen as night.

"Seeing the confidence with which you maintain your assertion," said Arnold, at last, "I cannot doubt your power, though for the honour of Henry I could wish that this were otherwise; also I am much beholden to you for the interest you evince towards me, though I have done nothing to deserve it at your hand; still I cannot profit by your kindness, inasmuch as I am not at present in quest of service."

"Well, at least come with me to-morrow to the review. I promise you you will behold no bad spectacle."

"I accept your offer with pleasure," cried Arnold. "I should think myself very fortunate to see the noble Bearnese face to face."

"Oh, it would not be worth your while to go out of doors for that," said Valtravers, laughing. "That would not sufficiently repay your trouble. But the sight of his splendid army, his gallant friends—"

"The wretch!" muttered Arnold between his teeth adding aloud, with a look that spoke daggers, "He has many among them that make an ill return for his confidence."

"That is unfortunately true, though not in the sense in which you mean it," the chevalier carelessly answered. "Well, then, you will come with me? That is settled."

And now Ducoudray was all alive again: he mingled in the conversation, and could not find words enough to describe the splendour of a review under the king's eyes. This naturally inflamed still more the curiosity of the young Swiss, so that at last he forgot for the moment his repugnance against Valtravers, and in reply to the latter's inquiries gave him precise and well-digested information respecting the military forces of his native land, and likewise respecting the proceedings of the Swiss on the never-to-be-forgotten days of Sempach, Murten, &c. One thing that more and more fanned the flame of Arnold's eloquence was the visible interest depicted in Euphrosyne's beautiful, earnest face, when he described the victory of Morgarten, that for ever established the confederacy, with all the glowing fervour of an unsullied youthful heart, when he spoke of the murderous night of Zurich, of that Swiss Thermopylæ, the fight in the churchyard of St. James, and, above all, of the battle of Cappel and that glorious hero, who, when his hand, quivering with the throes of death, could no longer hold the banner, clenched it with his teeth, and so breathed out his last gasp with his gushing heart's blood over his country's flag.

The night was now stealing on apace, Valtravers had taken his leave, Euphrosyne had retired, and Arnold was about to follow her example, when Ducoudray locked the door, took him by the arm, and led him back to his seat.

[*To be continued.*]

A QUAINT ELEGY.

[A passage-boat was lost between Carnarvon and Anglesey, and the whole number of passengers perished, consisting chiefly of poor Welsh peasants. A son, who had lost his father in the wreck, wrote the following lines, in all sincerity, on the melancholy occasion.]

Fifty people was bright and gay
And in their health this very day;
A blast of wind came in great haste,
Which was to them a dreadful feast.
They were shipwreck'd on the sea
Between Carnarvon and Anglesey;
Amongst the rest there was the Reverend
Mr. Pugh, who read at Aberfran;
Their poor parents, their poor children;
Some was left at home and some was with them.

FORTUNE'S FROLICS.

THE STAGE.—THE ARMY.—THE LAW.

"It's a bad night, sir," said my host of the——, at——, to me, as I mounted my horse, intent on reaching London. "You'll hardly make town to-night, through such weather; you'd better let me put the beast up, and take a bed here, sir."

"No, no I thank you," I said; "the night's bad enough, but I'll try the road again."

"You'll find it a bad one, sir; and ten to one but the waters are out, and the way flooded, or the Dart would have been here before this; let me persuade you, sir."

"Your liquor, good friend," I answered, "would be a better persuasion than your words, if any thing could prevail, but I must on;" and, that said, I wished him a good night, and giving the reins a jerk, pushed homewards at a smart trot. It was, truly, a dismal night, and as an Irish friend of mine said of a similar one, "every hour it improved momentarily for the worse," till the rain blew in my face in clouds; the road was swamped, the wind roared, whistled, and howled, the thunder growled and the lightning played about my stirrup-irons, or flashed on me the brightness of day, and then left me almost in chaotic darkness. I had not proceeded two miles, when I began very grievously to repent me of my obdurate refusal of my host's hospitality; but false shame, that sister of sin and folly, prevented me from turning my horse's head, and seeking the shelter I had left: meanwhile, every step I advanced, the storm came on more and more fiercely, till it amounted to a hurricane, and the horse could scarcely proceed for the violence of the wind, which almost shook me from the saddle, and the water, which already reached over his fetlocks, so that it was with no little pleasure that, after beating five miles through the tempest, my eye caught a glimmer of light, which played through the crevices in the shutters of a post-house, on —— moor. Thoroughly drenched, even to the uttermost cuticle of my skin, I gladly drew up at the door, and committing my quadruped companion (no less anxious than myself to shelter his head) to the care of the landlord, I made a dart into the house, and quickly ensconced myself in the farthest corner of the kitchen-settle: a small knapsack, unbuckled from my saddle, furnished me with dry stockings, linen, and trousers, to which the landlord, in his charity, adding a smock-frock, I was soon as comfortable as a bishop, and at much less expense. A cigar, and a mug of punch, brewed by my own hands, together with the assurance of a bed, a luxury which, under worse circumstances, I have often been compelled to dispense with, completed the measure of my felicity, and I blessed my stars for having secured me such a haven. "A very bad night, sir," said somebody, as I set down my tumbler, after a most plebeian libation. Now, the donning of the frock and the compounding of the punch, had so engrossed me, that I had not perceived the other chimney-corner was occupied by a jolly, genteel, demi-rotund, red-faced, dapper little man; and as I assented to the remark, I apologised to him for not having noticed him before. "Don't mention it, sir," he said; "but you've had a taste of the weather though," etc. etc. etc. And so we commonplaced, in very neighbourly fashion, till a rumble was heard at the door, and presently, a stranger presented himself, to share the comforts of a roof and a blazing coal and log fire. He was tall, of an erect figure, and wore a large blue cloak, from which, and from his somewhat stiff carriage, I gathered that he was an army man.

"A most infernal night, this, gentlemen," said he, approaching the fire. "Here, landlord, I can sleep here, I suppose?"

"We have one spare bed, sir."

"That will do." He soon after proceeded to his room to change his clothes. Immediately afterwards another coach stopped at the door, and while it was rattling past the window, off again, a tall square man, with an affected gait, savouring of pomp and ease, strode up to the fire, with an old portmanteau in his hand, and bowing lightly to me and my fellow-inmate of the chimney as he approached, spread his legs before the fire, took off his hat, shook the exterior wet, which could find no further room in or under his worn surtout, from off it, by a jerk of his shoulders, and spread his benumbed fingers, first relieved from the embraces of a pair of white-worn black kid gloves, over the blaze. "A bad night, gentlemen; but you seem, fortunately, tolerably dry—travelled inside, I presume—safest way—I generally do myself—variable climate ours—you had better draw nearer the fire."

"Don't trouble yourself, sir," said the soldier, who had just re-entered, "you are more in need of its warmth than we are; I have just changed."

"Oh, indeed, fortunate for you that you travelled with a change—the safest way—I generally do myself; but the fact is, I am a humble and unworthy member of the histrionic profession—a manager—and not contemplating this sudden resolve of the weather, I had sent my wardrobe on with my company to ——."

"But, sir," said the officer, "in the state that you are, you will be dead with the rheumatism or lumbago before the morning. If you have not a change you had better go to bed."

"*Commencez par le commencement, mon ami,*" says Pantagruel, or, as Mrs. Glasse has it, in her recipe how to prepare a goose, 'first get a goose,'—there's not a bed to spare in the house; to be sure, I have in my portmanteau a couple of dry *suits*, but they would hardly suit here." We all begged him, with one voice, to waive ceremony, and consult his health. "Why, the fact is, gentlemen," said the player, "they are theatrical."

"Never mind that," we answered.

"Well, then, gentlemen, since you are so kind as to permit my travestie, I will avail myself of your goodness. The player then left the room, and, in

a few minutes, re-entered, metamorphosed into Shylock, *without* a beard, and wearing a *white* night-cap. When the lau h occasioned by his ludicrous appearance had subsided, the conversation turned upon the profession of the stage, and the prejudices which existed against it. "*Alas!* gentlemen," said the player, "it is a sorry trade, and a laborious one: in youth, we find excitement in it, and laugh, perforce, at its *désagrémens*; but, at my time of life, sir, the treadmill is a recreation compared with it. Would to God I had never ceased to be a cowherd, or had, at least, never quitted the waist of the Hell-hound! You seem surprised at these words," he added, "but I was not always what I am, and it is rather strange how I became so, as it is generally surprising to see, on what almost imperceptible pivots our destinies turn. Perhaps it might not be unamusing to you to have my history; and as we are met here in kindly fellowship, and the fire burns cheerily, I will relate it to you, if you will lend me your ears."

We gladly assented to this, and thanked him heartily for the offer. The soldier drew out his cigar-case, and, handing it to me, bade me help myself, inquiring whether I would share a bowl of punch with him? I readily agreed, and the bowl being ordered, the player was invited to join us at it; the officer's friend called for some wine and water; the gentleman in the chimney-corner bespoke a glass of hot brandy and water; and the fire being stirred, the candles snuffed, pipes and cigars lit, throats cleared, legs crossed, and limbs finally fidgeted into comfortable attitudes, our historian began.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PLAYER.

"It is now sixty-three years since I advanced, by the usual nine months' march, into the bowels of this land. My father was one Job Dickson, and my mother, Nell, his wife. Old Job had, in his early days, been a soldier, and subsequently, a tramper; but, at the period of my history, had subsided into something between a poacher and a pauper, while my lady mother had become eminent in the occult and other sciences, and dispensed pills and prophecies to the neighbouring nieves and serves. At seventeen, I was a strapping lad, but had given no distinct promise of what my career would be; my time, for the first ten years, after the attainment of my first lustre, having been spent in the inglorious toils of cow-minding, bird-scaring, and other agricultural pursuits, and my last two years having been passed in that sort of independent dependence which the game laws and the poor laws conjointly produce and perpetuate; in fact, I, Job, junior, had learnt the art and mystery of snaring the hare, and acquired a taste for gin, and for the sweets of idleness, and might, in time, have attained to the honour of shooting a keeper, but for one of those accidents, which are continually turning the course of human life into unforeseen channels. It so happened that, in one of my moonlight forays, I had made the acquaintance of a certain young lady well known in our district. 'But why dwell on this?' as the poet says. Some time afterwards I was particularly wanted by a parish-officer, who was enquiring for me, with a sort of parental solicitude, saying he wanted me for *a little job*; so, packing up all my personal property very carefully in my coat-pockets, I set out, one starry night, from my father's halls, without a word to any body, and fled for safety and for succour to the great refuge for the destitute—London. Towards nightfall, on the fourth day after my flight, I reached Whitechapel Church, completely knocked up. I did not, however, remain long in that condition, for, at the next corner, I was knocked down, and before I had time to get on my legs, I was bid to stand, and my pockets were emptied of two bad shillings, a lump of cold bacon, half a cotton handkerchief, a tin tobacco-box (containing a lock of Polly's hair), half an ounce of shag, and the ballad of 'Black-eyed Susan.'

"This was rather a bad beginning, but I bore my loss with all the fortitude of my nature, simply cursing love, the justice, the overseer, and the other thieves; then drawing a smooth sixpence from the inside of my left shoe, I turned into a public-house, where the noise promised me some amusement, and, taking a seat in the tap-room, ordered half-a-pint of beer. I had not sat here long when I perceived that the rest of the company seemed all mighty familiar with each other, and, soon after, I observed they all wore the same dress, while, from their conversation, I learnt they were seamen. Now I had always an itching for adventure, and seeing no prospect of indulging it longer in orchards, preserves, or fish-ponds, I began to think of 'courting danger on the deep.' This thought had just struck me, when the company, with one accord, rose to depart. 'Come along, young man,' said one, who went before the rest. 'Where be'st a-gooin',' said I, innocently, taking it for an invitation to a jollification of some sort, but I was soon enlightened; my pressing friends were the press-gang, and, that day week, I was entered on board the Hell-hound, at Portsmouth, about to sail with an outward-bound East India convoy.

"Here I had the honour of serving his Majesty in the capacity of a waister, during five months that our voyage lasted, but my talents were found not to be longer wanted. The captain, who had noticed me as an active chap, having lost his servant by the yellow fever, selected me to supply his place; and as I was fortunate enough to please him, and he said that I might be infinitely more useful to him with a little scholarship, he paid the schoolmaster to instruct me in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This worthy was an old rum-drinking, swearing, tobacco-loving sinner, who reckoned both the law and the gospel secondary matters to grog and returns. 'Go to hell, you stupid son of a w——,' at the same time squirting an ocean of decoction of pigtail on my slate, was the paternal admonition that told me of an error in a sum. But he had gentle, winning moments, when he would strive, with the grace of a coach-horse in an opera-box, to be insinuating.

Such were the times when I was besought to purify a neckcloth with my master's soap, for some special occasion, or, on some of my frequent shore-trips, to provide him with some choice bit for his eternal mastications. The captain, my master, was a young sprig of nobility, a martinet in matters of coats and trowsers among his officers, and rather a good sort of devil-may-care fellow among his men; but, amongst the women, he was a devil and an angel, synonymous terms in intrigue; and, I confess, his doings in that line often exercised my ingenuity.

"'Job,' he said to me one day, about three years after I had entered his service—which I may truly say I preferred to the king's—and while we were lying at Portsmouth, 'take these two letters on shore, and tell Mrs. D. (his wife) that I can't leave the ship to-day; and mention to Miss Vickery that I'll dine with her this afternoon.'

"'Yes, sir,' said I, and I went on shore; but meeting there, unfortunately, with a shipmate, I saw the bottom of a quartern measure so often, that, at length, I forgot the head of my orders, and gave a tender letter intended for the unmarried lady, and brimful of sweet recollections of past stolen joys, anticipations of others to come, and a word about the dinner, to Mrs. D., and delivered to Miss Vickery a conjugal epistle in which my master vowed never to set eyes again on the little impudent baggage, as he called herself, who, by her arts and wheedling ways, had led him to give his dear wife offence; and concluding, as the lady's-maid told me, with a request that she would contrive to send him twenty pounds on board, to pay his servant, myself, who had taken care that he should owe me nothing. I did not see the captain again that day, as, when I went on board again, he was gone ashore; but, the next morning, when I went to get his clothes ready, I found him already dressed; and when I entered he rose, and shut the door, and sitting down with ominous composure, asked me if I had ever been started? By the Lord Harry, Job, thought I, you've done some mischief in your cups; the gratings, methought, were marching up to me on a couple of cat's forelegs, and I was so confused by the question, that I stammered out, 'No, I thank you, sir'—'None of your nonsense, d—n you, sir; if you never have tasted the cat, the service has not been fairly dealt with, and I'll see that reparation is speedily made. You were on shore yesterday?'—'Yes, sir, by your orders.'—'And were you drunk by my orders? And you have never been started? Well, then, by G—!' but here his words were arrested by the appearance of his wife, and, along with her, her brother and father, all wearing faces as long as handspikes. I rejoiced at the interruption, left the state-room, and seizing a large portmanteau of my master's, packed it full of my moveables in all haste, went upon deck with it, and a letter in my hand, and telling the officer of the deck that I had the captain's orders to take them on shore, got into a bum-boat alongside, was landed, mounted the top of a London coach, got off halfway, took a cross road, purchased a great-coat, travelled two days in a waggon, then got on another coach, and stopped, in the end, at Birmingham. Here I lay snug and quiet for a couple of days, when, having new rigged myself, I took a turn, and was looking in at a jeweller's window, when the sound of my name, familiarly bawled in my ears, made me almost bolt through the glass. I dared not look round, but stood pilloried in the position I was accosted in, with my eyes staring out of my head, but seeing nothing, unless it was a sort of vision of boatswain's-mates tucking their shirt-sleeves up. 'Holloa, Job, why damme mun, art deaf?' cried the voice again; 'or hast forgotten Jack Driver?'—'Jack Driver!' I exclaimed; 'the Lord be praised; give us your hand, Jack. I am so glad, I could take a lion by the fin.'—'Ah, you're a good chap, I thought you'd be glad to see me; but what be'st a-doing here—and where ha' ye been since you cut—— —— ——?' Now that was a question that I thought better unanswered, so, instead of satisfying Jack's curiosity, I inquired what brought him there? and was told, his legs and a recruiting sergeant. 'Lord love you,' said Jack, 'I belongs to the Buffs. But come,' said Jack, 'let us have a drop o' summit, and I'll tell ye a sight o' news;' so we turned into a public-house, which was at hand, and there we had so many sups, that, in the morning, I woke with a cursed pain in my head, and a shilling in my waistcoat pocket, which I was told had also converted me into one of the Buffs. I guessed rightly that this was my friend Mr. John Driver's doings; but, however, I cared little about it, for I knew not what to do with myself before, and I was, at least, sure again now of board and lodging, so I buckled to, and having fought the bully of the regiment, and learnt my drill, I became pretty comfortable; and as I was, thanks to the old fellow, my Mentor in the Hell-hound, a pretty fair scholar, I got on, till, in the course of five years, I came to be orderly clerk, and a sort of gentleman.

"It was then, after sundry minor amours, that I attracted the eyes of a single lady, who lived opposite the barrack-gate at ——, in a small house of her own. Now or never, I thought, Job, my boy; if you lose this opportunity, you deserve to be shut in durance the rest of your life. So I smiled, and nodded, and winked, till I saw the inside of the tenement, and, once there, I vowed it should be mine, so I ogled, and whispered, and swore, and won the day—procured my discharge, and enlisted next day with Hymen. Well, I was in clover. Now my spouse was a widow, her first husband having been lost some years before on the coast of India, and she had a neat little property of about a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and was as tight a little body, and as good a housewife, as any would desire—and very comfortable we were. Shortly after our marriage we removed from the town, and took a small farm, which just grew enough for our own consumption, and amused me. Then I had my gun and my dog, and a bit of a pony and chaise too, in which I and the little

woman went to church, or to a merry-making, and for six years we knew no more of care than of the fifth wheel of a coach; but

'All that's bright must fade.'

"I had been alone to market one day, and, returning, had taken the saddle off the pony, and having slipped his bridle, had turned him into the grass, so that I got up to the house before it was known I was coming, when, on looking in at the kitchen-window, I saw my wife, with her eyes shut, lying in the arms of a strange man; with one drive I knocked the door open, and, rushing in on them, demanded what the scene meant, and who the gentleman was? I can't describe to you what ensued—he was my wife's first husband, returned after a ten years' captivity among the Malays. Of course, I had only to cede my right, which, after having taken a painful farewell of my late loved partner, I did; but the shock of contending feelings unhinged her, and the dear little soul, in two months, sank into the grave. Heaven rest her! Her husband went to sea again, and I, at a loss what to do, spent day after day in planning, and re-planning, and regretting the happiness I had lost. One evening, that I was more than usually dull, I went to the theatre, with a view of dispelling the despondent ideas that crowded on me, and took my seat in the front row of the pit. A tumult, originating I know not how, took place, which interrupted the performance—the police was called in—the row became a riot—from a revolt ensued a revolution; the benches were torn up, and a party of ruffians, intent on theft, or any other villany, took the opportunity to gratify their natures, and, rushing on the stage, spread themselves through the dressing-rooms. Knowing the characters of some of these gentlemen, I seized a bar of iron that lay near, and jumping across the orchestra, followed the cries of women, which came from a distance, and, in a few seconds, found myself among three of the scoundrels, who had forced into a room where two females were, and, after plundering it, and tearing their ear-rings even from their ears, were proceeding to the basest and grossest insults, when I sent my bar flying among them, and taking one of the ladies, who had fainted, in my arms, and seizing the hand of the other, I delivered them from the place by a small back door, and conveyed them to a neighbouring house, where they were in safety. The rest is briefly told. I was thanked, and warmly: the lady who had fainted was young, and a beauty. I perceived it. She was the manager's daughter. I became a player to woo her—and, in six months, she was married to a peer. What I have seen, and what I have encountered since, would be matter for as many volumes as Lopez de Vega wrote, and I reserve my memoirs for the highest bidder, following the example of all other great men."

Having concluded, with one accord we thanked the actor for his history, drank a deep health to him, and speedily called on the soldier for his confessions, who proceeded briefly to tell of his progress in

THE ARMY.

"Gentlemen," he said, "mine is but a short and uninteresting tale. I entered the army a boy, twenty-six years ago, and served through the whole of the late war in one regiment and another, on the Continent and in the Peninsula, and was fortunate enough to have my name mentioned more than once with commendation in despatches; but there was a ban upon my name. My father, although he had a large family, was imprudent enough to be honest, and so foolish as to be independent. He was an author of considerable celebrity, and, notwithstanding considerable offers to induce him to adopt a contrary course, invariably maintained in his writings the liberal side of all political questions. This was a very sufficient reason why my name should be passed over on all occasions of promotion, and, at the peace, I was a lieutenant, as I had been for fourteen years, and, as I saw, every prospect of remaining the rest of my life. On my return to England, I took a small cottage near Walton-upon-Thames, where, with my pay and a small income of my wife's, I contrived to live genteelly, although superfluities were necessarily forbidden. We had been there some time, when one evening, as I was walking out with my wife, we were overtaken on our way by a lady driving a curricle, who stopped to admire two pet spaniels we had taken with us for an airing. On our return we learned that she was the wife of an illustrious character, whose voice was supreme in army matters; and, in the morning, I sent her the two dogs, with my respectful requests that she would honour me by accepting them, which she was graciously pleased to do, and, in the evening, called at my cottage, on her drive, to thank me for the present; and having inquired of me if I was not in the army, and what was my rank and standing? departed. Three weeks after this event I was appointed (thanks to my dog and bitch) to a company, which my services had vainly claimed; and subsequently, for a Persian cat, obtained the majority I now hold; and God knows whether I should not, at this moment, have been a field-marshal if the old lady had lived, and I had got a judicious dog-fancier for a friend."

The major finished; and his health being drunk, he appealed to the chimney-corner tenant to continue our amusement, and who readily proceeded to do so by giving us the following account of the

LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN OF THE LAW.

"I should be happy, gentlemen," said the speaker, "to follow the example of our worthy friend, the doctor here, and begin with the beginning, that is to say, commence my history with my pedigree; but it has been decided, in Green v. Smith, see 1st Atkins, p. 572, that, in the case of bills for specific performance, the court will not give the relief sought where the act is impossible to be done—a very sensible decision, and one of which I avail myself in this case; for, to say truth, gentlemen, I know as little of my lineage as did Billy Lackaday,

who was found, one frosty morning, suspended in an airy basket to the sign-post of the Hog in Armour. The only common ancestor I can date from with certainty is Adam; and all that I know with accuracy of my descent, is that arguing on the received hypothesis of generation, I must have had both a father and a mother, but who they were surpasseth my understanding. I was first discovered, about forty years ago, at the door of the poor-house, in the village of ——, neatly wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and packed up in a deal box, covered with an ironing-blanket. Some gave me to the parson and pew-opener—some to the parish-clerk, Gabriel Gammon, a puritanical person, and Doll Saners, a lady who, Sappho-like, sung ditties to the wind. The latter conjecture I renounce, and on the former I can give no opinion, and am, on the whole contented, like Napoleon, to date from myself. My early days, of course, were spent in the workhouse, and at the parish-school I was first initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet and of pot-hooks and hangers, under the auspices of one Gabriel Gammon, who wrote himself, in addition to his clerkship, parish-schoolmaster. Luckily, I was impervious to the gross tuition of this man: the ignorant attributed this unjustly to stupidity—the more sagacious, to idleness and obstinacy: and it was at length suggested, in the cant of the place, that I should be well walloped. This was a species of correction I frequently underwent; it is analogous to the system of fagging in other great public scholastic establishments, although of a less degrading character; and if it wrought no other effect upon me, it at least, by calling into early exercise my lungs, mainly tended to give me the sonorous delivery I am gifted with. To a boy, however, of my great natural parts, and whose feelings were bottomed as mine are, this punishment could not but be loathsome; accordingly, I meditated vengeance and escape, and, having found a fitting opportunity, I burnt Gabriel's two wigs, and one pair of inexpressibles one morning before he rose, filled his shoes with coal-tar, extracted from the kettle of an artist employed to daub the pailings, and, happy in my revenge, left the house by daybreak, with a Dutch cheese on the top of Gabriel's hat, borrowed for the occasion, a dozen red-herrings, and a beating heart in the breast, and a bottle of small beer and a society's bible in my coat-pockets; and, after eight hours' hard walking and running, found myself in a pleasant wood, at a safe remove from my native village. Fatigued with my pedestrianism, and the task of balancing the hat and cheese, I reclined here *sub tegmini fagi*, and made a hearty meal of red-herrings, washing them down with the beer; then, availing myself of their invigorating qualities, I resumed my journey, and, at night, slept on the windward side of a brick-kiln, and, in a week's time, reached London by short stages, having contrived to eke out my provisions, during this time, by occasionally pulling a turnip, or sucking a stray egg. Night was fast approaching on the day of my arrival in town, and I was penniless, and without shelter for my head. I wandered from street to street, wondering where I should get my next meal, until I found my way into a court near the Temple, which was inhabited by attorneys, and finding no other outlet, I was about returning by the way I had entered, when a gentleman who came out of one of the houses in great haste, asked me if I wanted a job, and receiving my answer in the affirmative, gave me a large blue bag to carry, and told me to follow him, which I did, until he stopped at a large building, took the bag from me, and told me to wait for him; and, returning in half an hour, handed it again to me, and walked on to the house from whence we had set out, when he gave me a shilling for my pains; with this I procured some scraps from a cook's shop, and some bread, and, having satisfied the cravings of my stomach, I took up my quarters for the night in an unfinished house, where I slept very comfortably among the shavings. In the morning, not knowing where to go, I again repaired to the court where I had been employed the day before, and I had not long been there before the same gentleman again made his appearance, and I made bold to touch Gabriel's hat to him, and ask him if he had another job? 'Why no, not exactly, unless, as the chambers are going to be painted, you like to go and help the clerk to put the desks and boxes out of the way.' Any thing for a meal. So I thanked him, and hurried away to my work. The clerk, who was, although only a scrub, rather a fop, was rejoiced at the accession of an ally, who relieved him of all the dirty work, and accordingly, treated me at dinner-time to some bread and cheese and beer, to which I did ample justice, and at night, after having some coffee and bread and butter, I received eighteen-pence for my work. This rather elevated me in my own estimation, and created doubts in my mind whether it was quite genteel or consistent with my dignity to sleep on shavings, and in a house without a roof; so I ventured, as I gallantly carried the laundress's pail down stairs, to ask her if she could recommend me to a lodging. This led to a confabulation, in the course of which I intrusted her with my history, and which ended by the kind old woman—God bless her!—she's my own housekeeper now, tendering me a corner of her garret, which I joyfully accepted. Day after day I got some little occupation about this gentleman's office, until, at length, I was permanently placed in it as an errand-boy, and to serve notices, etc. etc., at six shillings a week, which I regularly handed over to my good landlady, who contrived to board and lodge me for it, and to procure me now and then, such articles of clothing as I required, which, however, were few, as I had, occasionally, a coat or a pair of trousers from my master. As I made myself, moreover, useful and accomodating to his *chargé d'affaires*, he instructed me in writing and spelling, until I could write a fair hand, and was tolerably perfect in orthography.

"In the evenings, after office hours, I read one book and another of my master's, increasing my little stock of knowledge; and in the process of time my senior quitting the office, I was installed in his place, and became a clerk in earnest. This was a proud day for me and Mrs. Jenkins, who dealt out to me, after a gayer supper than usual, many useful lessons of thrift, greatly to my profit in the end; a garret adjoining her's was taken for me, and we went on very comfortably until I attained my twenty-fourth year, when my employer, in return for my attention, gave me my articles, as it is called, that is, took me as his articled clerk, or apprentice, without a premium, advancing at the same time the money for the stamps on my indentures, (122*l.*) taking my bond for the amount, under the understanding that he was to deduct a certain proportion weekly from my salary, which was continued till he was reimbursed that sum. To understand the full value of this kindness, you must know, gentlemen, that no person can be admitted an attorney or solicitor until he has served under articles five years to some person duly admitted and practising, as my employer was, and, that by this act I was put in the way to become a member of the profession.

"I was now a gentleman—and polished up my outward man as became one; occasionally, too, when my finances would permit, I figured in the pit of Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane at half-price; but, above all, I kept my eye on the main chance, and on my master's interests: nothing like it, gentlemen. At length, my articles expired, and I was admitted; and shortly afterwards, the worthy man who had so greatly befriended me, took ill and died, leaving me all his office furniture, his law-books, his watch—a very splendid one—and his business. My name now stood conspicuous on the door-posts, and on the door, and in the law-lists, and in the papers, and I was considered well to do in the world. But while I wore a sleek and smiling exterior, I was as miserable as a scald mairn within. The small sum of money I had been enabled to save, vanished within the first three months under the magic influence of the wand of office of my Lord Ellenborough, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of St. Alban's, and other of the magnates, who sit like so many incubi and nightmares on the heart of old mother Justice; and notwithstanding all my care and parsimony—my dining at Johnson's off a pewter plate for sixpence, and breakfasting and supping neither here nor there—I had the mortification to find myself on a beautiful sunshiny day without a shilling out of my books. It would have been some consolation to me if the day had been dull and overcast; but instead of that, the sun shone with most provoking brilliancy, and I, merely seeking to escape from my thoughts, feigned a journey for business to the West End, and wandered into St. James's Park, meditating most despondingly on the gloomy prospect before me. It was nothing for me to return to the capacity of a clerk, I could have been well contented simply to do that; but the idea that I must throw away a good and profitable business, made to my hands, played the devil with me, and drove me almost mad, and I threw myself down on a seat, and began to think seriously of borrowing seven and sixpence somewhere, to pay the price of an advertisement for a situation. I had sat here some half hour or better, ruminating on the 'chaos come again' of my affairs, when an elderly stranger seated himself on the same bench, and bowed to me. I returned the courtesy, and some small talk on the weather ensued, which was interrupted by the striking of the clock of the Horse Guards. 'Bless me,' said the stranger, 'is it possible that can be five, and I have to dine at my Lord B.'s, at seven? and, dear me! I am such a perfect stranger in London, that I have no idea in the world how my lodgings lie from this; and I would rather wander to Tartary than enter one of those filthy machines, the hackney-coaches; and perceiving, sir, you are a resident at the court end of the town, will you, if you are going in that direction, take me under your guidance as far as Park-street?'

"My thoughts were not of the most agreeable, so I acceded to the gentleman's request, in order to wile away some portion of time. On the way, my new acquaintance's conversation became very animated: he talked warmly of the innocent joys of a rural life, the depravity of great towns, and the enormous profligacy of London; and when we arrived at his door, he professed such an admiration of my excellent principles, that he insisted, in such a frank and hearty manner, on my going in and taking a steak with him, that I had not the heart, or rather, to say truth, I had not a stomach to resist. 'My Lord B.,' said the old gentleman, 'is a very old friend of mine—we were chums at Christ Church, forty years ago. I can take liberties with him.' And then he told me of an extensive fall of timber he had lately made on his estate in Rutlandshire, which had brought him up to town—mentioned his having swopped a pack of fox-hounds with young Squire Jones, of some place with an unspeakable name, in Radnorshire, for a fishing cottage on the Wye; and asked me if I knew how Dickenson was off for hunters just now. A cough, however, which I manufactured at this crisis, and managed to keep in play till the girl, whom I heard on the stairs, entered, saved me the cost of an answer, and I believed preserved my credit. Our dinner ended, my host pressed the wine upon me, and started successively fresh topics of conversation, until I got entangled in a long debate on the corn question, which cost him three bottles of Bom Reteiro. When we had ended it, I began to perceive, what I had not observed while engaged in argument, that I was rather swimming. 'Come, my lad,' said the old gentleman to me, as I was rubbing my hand over my forehead, 'we'll just take a drop of brandy to steady us, and then you shall see me to his lordship's; and with that he poured a huge claret-glass full. 'No, really,' I said, 'you must excuse me.' 'Not a whit, my lad—not a whit; it will keep the wine down—off with it.

—no flash in the pan.' And I was compelled to swallow it. I had not been five minutes in the air, on our way to Lord B.'s, before I felt I was as drunk as Chloe. I however regulated my motions, and steadied myself as well as I could to counterfeit soberness, until we arrived at a large door, with a brilliant gaslight in the glass-work of the door, but where it was situated I have no idea. This my companion said was Lord B.'s, and I was about to part with him, when he told me that after the pleasant evening we had spent, he could not allow me to leave him yet, and that he would introduce me to his lordship, who would be most happy to see any friend of his; and accordingly I suffered myself to be lugged in, was introduced to the noble lord, and was speedily seated at an elegant table, on which the remains of a dessert, together with decanters of wine in abundance, yet lingered. I felt that it became me to be on my best behaviour at the board of a peer, so I drank but sparingly, that I might add as little as possible to the weight already on my manners.

"In about a quarter of an hour the company adjourned to the drawing-rooms, where cards were proposed, and tables were speedily laid: I declined playing at first, and occupied myself in feigning to watch the games. In one corner of the back room I perceived a large table, at which my new friend sat in a kind of presidentship, with something that I thought very much like a rake in his hand, with which every now and then he seemed to draw heaps of cash and notes towards him. During an interval of play, his lordship (a very aristocratic looking character) and this gentleman came up to me, and the former challenged me to take a hand of whist with him towards promoting better acquaintance; this I could not well decline, but I seized an opportunity to mention to the latter that I had unfortunately come out without money. 'Pray what o'clock is it?' he said, and I drew out the legacy of my late master to answer him from. 'That's a very handsome thing,' he remarked, 'permit me to look at it.' I did so; and he opened it and inspected its works and cases with the eye of a connoisseur. It certainly was a very beautiful watch, and had been a gift to my employer by a client who was under great and weighty obligations to him—it was a gold chronometer of massive material and richly studded with diamonds, and could not be worth less than a hundred and thirty guineas. 'A very handsome thing indeed,' said the gentleman as he returned it to me; 'but I beg pardon, you say you have no money; how very unfortunate! for I am in the same predicament with you; we left my place in such a hurry: but,' he added, 'the game is about to begin, it only waits for you. I should not like you to mention to his lordship that you were without cash; I know his lordship's steward, a rich old hunks, has had some pretty pickings in my lord's service, I assure you; and I have no doubt that to oblige me he will let you have what you require, and you can, just for form sake, leave your watch with him (to let him know it is no particular obligation) till I can send one of the servants to my lodgings for money.' And with these words on his lips, he commenced guiding me to a small room on the ground floor, where Mr. Steward, to oblige his lordship's particular friend, lent me forty pounds, and I placed in his hands the watch, which in my sober senses, I would not have parted with to ward off starvation. On our return to the drawing room his lordship called on me to take my seat, which I did; the cards were dealt, and I was very speedily minus thirty-five out of my forty pounds; and I was about losing the other five, when a man rushed into the room and vociferated something which set host and guests in instant dismay; in a moment the lights were extinguished, and there was a general rush, in which I joined, thinking the house was on fire. 'Catch hold, Bob,' said somebody as I was hurried past near where the table stood at which I had seen my friend with the rake, and a heavy bag was placed in my arms. 'This way, Bob,' said somebody else, seizing hold of my arm and pulling me in darkness down a very narrow staircase, until I knew that I was under ground by the damp effluvia which proceeded from the earth. 'Come on,' cried my guide, 'by God they are behind us—*sauve qui peut!*' and off he shot, while I at the same time stumbled over something, and rolled violently against the wall, where I stood for a moment or two vainly trying to rally my fugitive senses. As I was about to proceed again, a something sparkling on the ground through the darkness caught my eye, and I stooped and picked it up; when judge my astonishment to find it was my own watch! which no doubt was dropped by the honest steward in his flight.

"I need not say that, drunk as I was, I was right glad to get it into my guardianship again, and I deposited it, chain and all, very safely at the bottom of the fob, before I budged further, and, that done, set out again on my journey. 'And what the devil is this in my arms?' said I—'shade of Blackstone! —but it feels like money; and where got I it, and where am I?' and I actually began to doubt if I was myself, when, hearing a clatter in the rear, and thinking the house was falling in, I thrust the bag under my coat, supporting it with my arm, and rushing forward as fast as my legs would carry me, I found myself speedily in the open air, but where, in particular, I have never been able to divine; and after various wanderings, occupying an hour or better, I discovered King Charles, as usual, at his eternal trot at Charing-Cross, and, in a quarter of an hour, reached my chambers considerably sobered. Of course, I lost no time in examining the bag, which I found to contain two hundred and thirty sovereigns, and on inspecting my watch I found it had only sustained a slight bruise or two, and the loss of the glass; and I then began to meditate on my night's adventure, coming finally, to the reasonable conclusion, that my worthy friend was a sharper, that my Lord B.'s was nothing more than a hell, and that his lordship and his *confrères* had been disturbed by the police.

"Well, gentlemen, I next day caused inquiries to be made at the house where I had dined in Park-

street, for the person who had been my host there, but I learnt that he was an accidental lodger, of whom they knew nothing, and that he had left there that morning. I inquired at the police-offices, and of the various parish authorities at the west-end, if any officers had been sent, on the preceding night, to any houses of play, and as they all assured me that none had been sent, I concluded that the good people had had a false alarm. I next advertised the affair, in terms sufficiently ambiguous to be understood only by some of those concerned, desiring any having a claim to money in the bag, to apply to A. B., at the Law Stationer's, Inner Temple-lane; but I suppose the locality brought visions of traps, and attorneys, and prosecutions, to their minds, for I had no application; and so, after waiting a reasonable time, I applied the money to my business, and, from that beginning, have gone on successfully till now, and I may say I owe my present fortune, a comfortable one, to being well walloped (to use my old friend Gabriel Gammon's words) in the first instance, and, in the next, to my being without a shilling on a sunshiny day."

The attorney concluded, and we drank his health, wishing the player, at the same time, the luck to be swindled to the same tune. "I am too old a hand, gentlemen," he answered. "I doubt whether I altogether look the kind of simple purse-bearing lad that a Rutlandshire squire, with a friend in hell, would select from a seat in the park for his operations; however," he added, "I think I may be permitted to say, that this gentleman's words, as well as those who have preceded him, and my humble own, have borne out the remark I commenced with, that our destinies move on almost imperceptible pivots." A general assent followed this observation; after which, as it had become very late, we separated for the night; and, in the morning, we separated again, perhaps for ever—but, even if it should be so, I doubt whether we shall not rest in each other's memories, till memory is no more.

EARTH.

[Sir Walter Scott was so fond of the following lines, that he was constantly in the habit of repeating them as he was walking about. We have copied them from a MS. in the handwriting of his son, the late Mr. Charles Scott.]

Earth goes on earth glistening like gold,
Earth goes to earth sooner than it wold;
Earth builds on earth castles and towers,
Earth says to earth all shall be ours.

ADVISERS.—I think, in general, advisers are not apt to consider sufficiently the difference between the character, taste, &c., of the advisee and themselves. There is great impropriety in the common form of advising. "Sir, if I were you, I would do so," &c. &c. "Yes, sir, if you were I; but you are not I, I am I, and you are you. Instead of putting yourself in my place, you put me in your place; you give me your disposition, taste, character, habits, &c., and then you say I would do this or that. Very right; but your business is to consider what would be your happiness if you were exactly such a man as I am; for I did not consult you about *you*, but about myself."

THE STAR OF PICCADILLY.

[The following verses were written on a false report of the death of the old Duke of Queensberry, in 1794. He was the notorious hero of all the scandalous chronicles lampoons, and west-end intrigue-gossip of his day. This remarkable and ill-famed person is familiar to most people in the lines inscribed to him by Robert Burns, who, on being rallied for wasting his muse upon unworthy objects, and requested to write something on the Duke of Queensberry as an example of a higher kind of game, instantly produced the following stanzas:

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story?
His forbears' virtues all contrasted -
The very name of Douglas blasted—
His that inverted glory.

That, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stained the name,
But, Queensberry,—thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt.

The bitter and condensed satire of these lines is very striking, and will help to set off advantageously the following not less severe, but humorous pasquinade, in which the London reputation of the duke is gibbeted in merciless ridicule.]

"Longa Tithonum minuit senectus."

And what is all this grand to do,
That runs each street and alley through?
'Tis the departure of old Q—,
The star of Piccadilly.

The king, God bless him, cried, "Who! who?
Three dukes just dead, a fourth gone too.
What! what! would nothing save old Q—?"
The star of Piccadilly.

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" exclaims Miss Prue,
"My mother, my grandmother too,
May now walk safe from that vile Q—,"
The star of Piccadilly.

The jockey-boys, Newmarket's crew,
Who knew a little thing or two,
Cry out, "He's done! we've done old Q—,"
The star of Piccadilly.

The monsieurs and signoras too,
Like cats in love, set up their mew,
"Ah, morto! morto, pavaro Q—,"
The star of Piccadilly.

Doll, Peggy, Catherine, Patty, Sue,
Descendants of old dames he knew,
All mourn your tutor, ancient Q—,
The star of Piccadilly.

Old Nick he whisked his tail so blue,
And leered and grinned and looked askew,
"Oh, oh!" says he, "I've got my Q—,"
The star of Piccadilly.

On wings of sulphur down he flew,
All London take your last adieu;
There, there, he claws away old Q—,
The star of Piccadilly.

And now this may be said of Q—;
That long he run all folly through,
For ever seeking something new,
He neither cared for me nor you;
Yet, to engagements strictly true,
At last he gave the devil his due,
And died a boy at eighty-two.

THE SPECTRE BARBER:

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Sir Ryence of North Gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.
PERCY'S *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

THERE formerly lived at Bremen, a wealthy merchant named Melchior, of whom it was remarked, that he invariably stroked his chin with complacency, whenever the subject of the sermon was the rich man in the Gospel; who, by the by, in comparison with him, was only a petty retail dealer. This said Melchior possessed such great riches, that he had caused the floor of his dining-room to be paved with crown-pieces, which ridiculous luxury gave great offence to his fellow-citizens and relations. They attributed it to vanity and ostentation, but did not guess its true motive; however, it perfectly answered the end Melchior designed by it; for, by their constantly expressing their disapprobation of this ostentatious species of vanity, they spread abroad the report of their neighbour's immense riches, and thereby augmented his credit in a most astonishing manner.

At length Melchior died suddenly, while at a corporation dinner, and consequently had not time to make a disposition of his property by will; so that his only son Francis, who was just of age, came into possession of the whole. This young man was particularly favoured by fortune, both with respect to his personal advantages and his goodness of heart; but this immense inheritance caused his ruin. He had no sooner got into possession of so considerable a fortune, than he squandered it, as if it had been a burden to him; ran into every possible extravagance, and neglected his concerns. Two or three years passed over without his perceiving that, owing to his dissipations, his funds were considerably diminished! but at length his coffers were emptied: and one day, when Francis had drawn a draft to a very considerable amount on his banker, who had no funds to meet it, it was returned to him protested. This disappointment greatly vexed our prodigal, but only as it caused a temporary check to his wishes; for he did not even then give himself the trouble to inquire into the reason of it. After swearing and blustering for some time, he gave his steward a positive but laconic order to *get money*.

All the brokers, bankers, money-changers, and usurers, were put in requisition, and the empty coffers were soon filled; for the dining-room floor was in the eyes of the lenders a sufficient security.

This palliative had its effect for a time; but all at once a report was spread abroad in the city that the celebrated silver floor had been taken up; the consequence of which was, the lenders insisted on examining into and proving the fact, and then became urgent for payment; but as Francis had not the means to meet their demands, they seized on all his goods and chattels; every thing was sold by auction, and he had nothing left excepting a few jewels, which had formed part of his heritage, and which might for a short time keep him from starving.

He now took up his abode in a small street in one of the most remote quarters of the city, where he lived on his straitened means. He, however, accommodated himself to his situation; but the only resource he found against the *ennui* which overpowered him, was to play on the lute; and when fatigued by this exercise, he used to stand at his window and make observations on the weather; and his intelligent mind was not long in discovering an object which soon entirely engrossed his thoughts.

Opposite his window there lived a respectable woman, who was at her spinning-wheel from morning till night, and by her industry earned a subsistence for herself and her daughter. Meta was a young girl of great beauty and attraction: she had known happier times: for her father had been the proprietor of a vessel freighted by himself, in which he annually made trading voyages to Antwerp; but he, as well as his ship and all its cargo, was lost in a violent storm. His widow sustained this double loss with resignation and firmness, and resolved to support herself and her daughter by her own industry. She made over the house and furniture to the creditors of her husband, and took up her abode in the little by-street in which Francis lodged, where by her assiduity she acquired a subsistence without laying herself under an obligation to any one. She brought up her daughter to spinning and other work, and lived with so much economy, that by her savings she was enabled to set up a little trade in linen.

Mother Bridget (which was the appellation given to our widow) did not, however, calculate on terminating her existence in this penurious situation; and the hope of better prospects sustained her courage. The beauty and excellent qualities of her daughter, whom she brought up with every possible care and attention, led her to think that some advantageous offer would one day present itself. Meta lived tranquilly and lonely with her mother, was never seen in any of the public walks, and indeed never went out but to mass once a day.

One day, while Francis was making his meteorological observations at the window, he saw the beautiful Meta, who, under her mother's watchful eye was returning from church. The heart of Francis was as yet quite free; for the boisterous pleasures of his past life did not leave him leisure for a true affection; but at this time, when all his senses were calm, the appearance of one of the most enchanting female forms he had ever seen, ravished him, and he henceforth thought solely of the adorable object which his eyes had thus discovered. He questioned his landlord respecting the two females who lived in the opposite house, and from him learned the particulars we have just related.

He now regretted his want of economy, since his present miserable state prevented him from making an offer to the charming Meta. He was, however, constantly at the window, in hopes of seeing

her; and in that consisted his greatest delight. The mother very soon discovered the frequent appearance of her new neighbour at his window and attributed it to its right cause. In consequence, she rigorously enjoined her daughter not to show herself at the windows, which were now kept constantly shut.

Francis was not much versed in the arts of finesse, but love awakened all the energies of his soul. He soon discovered that if he appeared much at the window, his views would be suspected; and he resolved therefore studiously to refrain coming near it. He determined, however, to continue his observation of what occurred in the opposite dwelling without being perceived. He accordingly purchased a large mirror, and fixed it in his chamber in such a position that it distinctly presented to his view what passed in the abode of his opposite neighbour. Francis not being seen at the window, the old lady relaxed in her rigour, and Meta's windows were once more opened. Love, more than ever, reigned triumphant in the bosom of Francis: but how was he to make known his attachment to its object? he could neither speak nor write to her. Love, however, soon suggested a mode of communication which succeeded. Our prodigal took his lute, and drew from it tones the best adapted to express the subject of his passion; and by perseverance, in less than a month he made a wonderful progress. He soon had the gratification of seeing the fair hand of Meta open the little casement, when he began to tune the instrument. When she made her appearance he testified his joy by an air lively and gay; but if she did not show herself, the melancholy softness of his tones discovered the disappointment he experienced.

In the course of a short time, he created a great interest in the bosom of his fair neighbour, and soon had reason of being convinced that Meta shared a mutual attachment. She now endeavoured to justify him, when her mother with acrimony spoke of his prodigality and past misconduct, by attributing his ruin to the effect of bad example. But in so doing she cautiously avoided exciting the suspicions of the old lady: and seemed less anxious to excuse him, than to take a part in the conversation which was going on.

Circumstances which our limits will not allow us to narrate, rendered the situation of Francis more and more difficult to be supported: his funds had now nearly failed him; and an offer of marriage from a wealthy brewer, who was called in the neighbourhood the "King of Hops," but which Meta, much to her mother's disappointment refused, excited still more the apprehensions of poor Francis, lest some future suitor might yet be received, and blast his hopes for ever.

When he received the information that his opulent lover had been rejected for his sake, with what bitterness did he lament his past follies.

"Generous girl," said he, "you sacrifice yourself for a miserable creature, who has nothing but a heart fondly attached to you, and which is riven with despair that its possessor cannot offer you the happiness you so truly merit."

The King of Hops soon found another female, who listened more kindly to his vows, and whom he wedded with great splendour.

Love, however, did not leave his work incomplete; for its influence created in the mind of Francis a desire of exerting his faculties and actively employing himself, in order, if possible, to emerge from the state of nothingness into which he was at present plunged: and it inspired him also with courage to prosecute his good intentions. Among various projects which he formed, the most rational appeared that of overlooking his father's books, taking an account of the claimable debts, and from that source to get all he possibly could. The produce of this procedure would, he thought, furnish him with the means of beginning in some small way of business; and his imagination led him to extend this to the most remote corners of the earth. In order to equip himself for the prosecution of his plans, he sold all the remainder of his father's effects, and with the money purchased a horse to commence his travels.

The idea of a separation from Meta was almost more than he could endure. "What will she think," said he, "of this sudden disappearance, when she no longer meets me in her way to church? Will she not think me perfidious and banish me from her heart?" Such ideas as these caused him infinite pain: and for a long while he could not devise any means of acquainting Meta with his plans; but at length the fertile genius of love furnished him with the following idea:—Francis went to the curate of the church which his mistress daily frequented, and requested him, before the sermon and during mass, to put up prayers for *a happy issue to the affairs of a young traveller;* and these prayers were to be continued until the moment of his return, when they were to be changed into those of thanks.

Every thing being arranged for his departure, he mounted his steed, and passed close under Meta's window. He saluted her with a very significant air, and with much less caution than heretofore. The young girl blushed deeply; and mother Bridget took the opportunity of loudly expressing her dislike to this bold adventurer, whose impertinence and foppery induced him to form designs on her daughter.

From this period the eyes of Meta in vain searched for Francis. She constantly heard the prayer which was put up for him; but was so entirely absorbed by grief at no longer perceiving the object of her affection, that she paid no attention to the words of the priest. In no way could she account for his disappearing. Some months afterwards, her grief being somewhat ameliorated, and her mind more tranquillized, when she was one day thinking of the last time she had seen Francis, the prayer arrested her attention; she reflected for an instant, and quickly divined for whom it was said; she naturally joined in it with great fervour, and strongly recommended the young traveller to the protection of her guardian angel.

Meanwhile Francis continued his journey, and had travelled the whole of a very sultry day, over

one of the desert cantons of Westphalia, without meeting with a single house. As night approached, a violent storm came on: the rain fell in torrents; and poor Francis was soaked to the very skin. In this miserable situation he anxiously looked around, and fortunately discovered in the distance a light, towards which he directed his horse's steps; but as he drew near he beheld a miserable cottage, which did not promise him much succour, for it more resembled a stable than the habitation of a human being. The unfeeling wretch who inhabited it refused him fire or water, as if he had been a banished man—he was just about to extend himself on the straw in the midst of the cattle, and his indolence prevented his lighting a fire for the stranger. Francis vainly endeavoured to move the peasant to pity; the latter was inexorable, and blew out his candle with the greatest *nonchalance* possible, without bestowing a thought on Francis. However, as the traveller hindered him from sleeping, by his incessant lamentations and prayers, he was anxious to get rid of him.

"Friend," said he to him, "if you wish to be accommodated, I promise you it will not be here; but ride through the little wood to your left hand, and you will find the castle belonging to the chevalier Eberhard Bronkhorst, who is very hospitable to travellers; but he has a singular mania, which is, to flagellate all whom he entertains: therefore decide accordingly."

Francis, after considering for some minutes, resolved on hazarding the adventure. "In good faith," said he, "there is no great difference between having one's back broken by the miserable accommodation of a peasant, or by the chevalier Bronkhorst: friction disperses fever; possibly its effects may prove beneficial to me, if I am compelled to keep on my wet garments."

Accordingly he put spurs to his horse, and very shortly found himself before a Gothic castle, at the iron gate of which he loudly knocked, and was answered from within by—"*Who's there?*" But ere he was allowed time to reply, the gate was opened. However, in the first court he was compelled to wait with patience, till they could learn whether it was the lord of the castle's pleasure to flagellate a traveller, or send him out to pass the night under the canopy of heaven.

This lord of the castle had from his earliest infancy served in the imperial army, under the command of George of Frunsberg, and had himself led a company of infantry against the Venetians. At length, however, fatigued with warfare, he had retired to his own territory, where, in order to expiate the crimes he had committed during the several campaigns he had been in, he did all the good and charitable acts in his power. But his manner still preserved all the roughness of his former profession. The newly arrived guest, although disposed to submit to the usages of the house, for the sake of the good fare, could not help feeling a certain trembling of fear as he heard the bolts grating, ere the doors were opened to him; and which by their groaning noise, seemed to presage the catastrophe which awaited him. A cold perspiration came over him as he passed the last door; but finding that he received the utmost attention, his fears a little abated. The servants assisted him in getting off his horse, and unfastened his cloak-bag; some of them led his horse to the stable, whilst others preceding him with flambeaux, conducted him to their master, who awaited his arrival in a room magnificently lighted up.

Poor Francis was seized with an universal tremor, when he beheld the martial air and athletic form of the lord of the castle, who came up to him and shook him by the hand with so much force as nearly to make him cry out; and in a thundering voice, enough to stun him, told him "he was welcome." Francis trembled like an aspen-leaf in every part of his body.

"What ails you, my young comrade?" cried the chevalier Bronkhorst, "what makes you thus tremble, and render you as pale as if death had actually seized you by the throat?"

Francis recovered himself; and knowing that his shoulders would pay the reckoning, his fears gave place to a species of audacity.

"My lord," answered he, with confidence, "you see that I am so soaked with rain that one might suppose I had swam through the Wezer; order me therefore some dry clothes instead of those I have on, and let us then drink a cup of hot wine, that I may, if possible, prevent the fever, which otherwise may probably seize me. It will comfort my heart."

"Admirable," replied the chevalier; "ask for whatever you want, and consider yourself here as at home."

Accordingly, Francis gave his orders like a baron of high degree: he sent away the wet clothes, made choice of others, and, in fine, made himself quite at his ease. The chevalier, so far from expressing any dissatisfaction at his free and easy manners, commanded his people to execute whatever he ordered with promptitude, and condemned some of them as blockheads, who did not appear to know how to wait on a stranger. As soon as the table was spread, the chevalier seated himself at it with his guest: and they drank a cup of hot wine together.

"Do you wish for any thing to eat?" demanded the lord.

Francis desired he would order up what his house afforded, that he might see whether his kitchen was good.

No sooner had he said this, than the steward made his appearance, and soon furnished up a most delicious repast. Francis did not wait for his being requested to partake of it: but after having made a hearty meal, he said to the lord of the castle, "Your kitchen is by no means despicable; if your cellar is correspondent, I cannot but say you treat your guest nobly."

The chevalier made a sign to his butler, who brought up some inferior wine, and filled a large

glass of it to *his* master, who drank to *his* guest. Francis instantly returned the compliment.

"Well, young man, what say you to my wine?" asked the chevalier.

"'Faith," replied Francis, "I say it is bad, if it is the best you have in your cellar; but if you have none worse, I do not condemn it."

"You are a connoisseur;" answered the chevalier. "Butler, bring us a flask of older wine."

His orders being instantly attended to, Francis tasted it. "This is indeed some good old wine, and we will stick to it if you please."

The servants brought in a great pitcher of it, and the chevalier, being in high good-humour, drank freely with his guest; and then launched out into a long history of his several feats of prowess in the war against the Venetians. He became so overheated by the recital, that in his enthusiasm he overturned the bottles and glasses, and flourishing his knife as if it were a sword, passed it so near the nose and ears of Francis, that he dreaded he should lose them in the action.

Though the night wore away, the chevalier did not manifest any desire to sleep; for he was quite in his element, whenever he got on the topic of the Venetian war. Each succeeding glass added to the heat of his imagination as he proceeded in his narration, till at length Francis began to apprehend that it was the prologue to the tragedy in which he was to play the principal part; and feeling anxious to learn whether he was to pass the night in the castle, or be turned out, he asked for a last glass of wine to enable him to sleep well. He feared that they would commence by filling him with wine, and that if he did not consent to continue drinking, a pretext would be laid hold of for driving him out of the castle with the usual chastisement.

However, contrary to his expectation, the lord of the castle broke the thread of his narration, and said to him, "Good friend, every thing in its place: to-morrow we will resume our discourse."

"Excuse me, sir knight," replied Francis; "to-morrow, before sunrise, I shall be on my road. The distance from hence to Brabant is very considerable, and I cannot tarry here longer, therefore permit me to take leave of you now, that I may not disturb you in the morning."

"Just as you please about that: but you will not leave the castle before I am up; we will breakfast together, and I shall accompany you to the outer gate, and take leave of you according to my usual custom."

Francis needed no comment to render these words intelligible. Most willingly would he have dispensed with the chevalier's company to the gate; but the latter did not appear at all inclined to deviate from his established usage. He ordered his servant to assist the stranger in undressing, and to take care of him till he was in bed.

Francis found his bed an excellent one; and ere he went to sleep, he owned that so handsome a reception could not be dearly bought at the expense of a *trifling* beating. The most delightful dreams (in which Meta bore the sway) occupied him the whole night; and he would have gone on (thus dreaming) till mid-day, if the sonorous voice of the chevalier and the clanking of his spurs had not disturbed him.

It needed all Francis's efforts to quit this delightful bed, in which he was so comfortable, and where he knew himself to be in safety: he turned from side to side; but the chevalier's tremendous voice was like a death-stroke to him, and at length he resolved to get up. Several servants assisted him in dressing, and the chevalier waited for him at a small but well-served table: but Francis, knowing the moment of trial was at hand, had no great inclination to feast. The chevalier tried to persuade him to eat, telling him it was the best thing to keep out the fog and damp air of the morning.

"Sir knight," replied Francis, "my stomach is still loaded from your excellent supper of last evening; but my pockets are empty, and I should much like to fill them, in order to provide against future wants."

The chevalier evinced his pleasure at his frankness by filling his pockets with as much as they could contain. As soon as they brought him his horse, which he discovered had been well groomed and fed, he drank the last glass of wine to say Adieu, expecting that at that signal the chevalier would take him by the collar and make him pay his welcome. But, to his no small surprise, the chevalier contented himself with heartily shaking him by the hand as on his arrival: and as soon as the gate was opened, Francis rode off safe and sound.

In no way could our traveller account for his host permitting him thus to depart without paying the usual score. At length he began to imagine that the peasant had simply told him the story to frighten him; and feeling a curiosity to learn whether or not it had any foundation in fact, he rode back to the castle. The chevalier had not yet quitted the gate, and was conversing with his servants on the pace of Francis's horse, who appeared to trot very roughly: and seeing the traveller return, he supposed that he had forgotten something, and by his looks seemed to accuse his servants of negligence.

"What do you want, young man?" demanded he. "Why do you, who were so much pressed for time, return?"

"Allow me, most noble sir," replied Francis, "to ask you one question, for there are reports abroad which tend to vilify you. It is said, that, after having hospitably received and entertained strangers, you make them at their departure feel the weight of your arm. And although I gave credence to this rumour, I have omitted nothing which might have entitled me to this mark of your favour. But, strange to say, you have permitted me to depart in peace, without even the slightest mark of your strength. You see my surprise; therefore do pray inform me whether there is any foundation for the report, or whether I shall chastise

the impudent story-teller who related the false tale to me."

"Young man," replied Bronkhorst, "you have heard nothing but the truth; but it needs some explanations. I open my door hospitably to every stranger, and in Christian charity I give them a place at my table; but I am a man who hates form or disguise; I say all I think, and only wish in return that my guests openly and undisguisedly ask for all they want. There are unfortunately, however, a tribe of people who fatigue by their mean complaisance and ceremony, who wear me out by their dissimulation, and stun me by propositions devoid of sense, or who do not conduct themselves with decency during the repast. Gracious heavens! I lose all patience when they carry their fooleries to such excess, and I exert my right as master of the castle, by taking hold of their collars, and giving them a tolerably severe chastisement ere I turn them out of my gates. But a man of your sort, my young friend, will ever be welcome under my roof; for you boldly and openly ask for what you require, and say what you think; and such are the persons I admire. If in your way back you pass through this canton, promise me you will pay me another visit. Good bye. Let me caution you never to place implicit confidence in any thing you hear; believe only that there may be a single grain of truth in the whole story: be always frank, and you will succeed through life.—Heaven's blessings attend you."

Francis continued his journey towards Anvers most gaily, wishing, as he went, that he might everywhere meet with as good a reception as at the Chevalier Bronkhorst's.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the rest of his journey, and he entered the city full of the most sanguine hopes and expectations. In every street his fancied riches stared him in the face. "It appears to me," said he, "that some of my father's debtors must have succeeded in business, and that they will only require my presence, to repay their debts with honour."

After having rested from the fatigue of his journey, he made himself acquainted with every particular relative to the debtors, and learnt that the greater part had become rich, and were doing extremely well. This intelligence reanimated his hopes; he arranged his papers, and paid a visit to each of the persons who owed him any thing. But his success was by no means equal to what he had expected; some of the debtors pretended that they had paid every thing; others, that they had never heard mention of Melchior of Bremen; and the rest produced accounts precisely contradictory to those he had, and which tended to prove they were creditors instead of debtors. In fine, ere three days had elapsed, Francis found himself in the debtor's prison, from whence he stood no chance of being released till he had paid the uttermost farthing of his father's debts.

How pitiable was this poor young man's condition! Even the horrors of the prison were augmented by the remembrance of Meta:—nay, to such a pitch of desperation was he carried, that he resolved to starve himself. Fortunately, however, at twenty-seven years of age such determinations are more easily formed than practised.

The intention of those who put him into confinement was not merely with a view of exacting payment of his pretended debts, but to avoid paying him his due; so, whether the prayers put up for poor Francis at Bremen were effectual, or that the pretended creditors were not disposed to maintain him during his life, I know not; but after a detention of three months, they liberated Francis from prison, with a particular injunction to quit the territories of Anvers within four-and-twenty hours, and never to set his foot within that city again:—they gave him at the same time five florins to defray his expenses on the road. As one may well imagine, his horse and baggage had been sold to defray the costs incident to the proceedings.

With a heart overloaded with grief he quitted Anvers, in a very different frame of mind to what he experienced at entering it. Discouraged and irresolute, he mechanically followed the road which chance directed; he paid no attention to the various travellers, or indeed to any object on the road, till hunger or thirst caused him to lift his eyes to discover a steeple or some other token announcing the habitation of human beings. In this state of mind did he continue journeying on for several days incessantly; nevertheless, a secret instinct impelled him to take the road leading to his own country.

All on a sudden he roused, as if from a profound sleep, and recollected the place in which he was. He stopped an instant to consider whether he should continue the road he was then in, or return; "For," said he, "what a shame to return to my native city a beggar!" How could he thus return to that city in which he formerly felt equal to the richest of its inhabitants? How could he as a beggar present himself before Meta, without causing her to blush for the choice she had made? He did not allow time for his imagination to complete this miserable picture, for he instantly turned back, as if already he had found himself before the gates of Bremen, followed by the shouts of the children. His mind was soon made up as to what he should do: he resolved to go to one of the ports of the Low Countries, there to engage himself as a sailor on board a Spanish vessel, to go to the newly-discovered world; and not to return to his native country till he had amassed as much wealth as he had formerly so thoughtlessly squandered. In the whole of this project, Meta was only thought of at an immeasurable distance; but Francis contented himself with connecting her in idea with his future plans, and walked, or rather strode along, as if by hurrying his pace he should sooner gain possession of her.

Having thus attained the frontiers of the Low Countries, he arrived at the sunset in a village situated near Rheinburg; but since entirely destroyed

in the thirty years' war. A caravan of carriers from Liege filled the inn so entirely, that the landlord told Francis he could not give him a lodging; adding, that at the adjoining village he would find accommodations. Possibly he was actuated to this refusal by Francis's appearance, who certainly, in point of garb, might well be mistaken for a vagabond.

The landlord took him for a spy to a band of thieves, sent probably to rob the carriers: so that poor Francis, spite of his extreme lassitude, was compelled, with his wallet at his back, to proceed on his road; and having at his departure muttered through his teeth some bitter maledictions against the cruel and unfeeling landlord, the latter appeared touched with compassion for the poor stranger, and from the door of the inn called after him: "Young man—a word with you! If you resolve on passing the night here, I will procure you a lodging in that castle you now see on the hill; there you will have rooms in abundance, provided you are not afraid of being alone, for it is uninhabited. See, here are the keys belonging to it."

Francis joyfully accepted the landlord's proposition, and thanked him for it as if it had been an act of great charity.

"It is to me a matter of little moment where I pass the night, provided I am at my ease, and have something to eat." But the landlord was an ill-tempered fellow, and wishing to revenge the invectives Francis had poured forth against him, he sent him to the castle, in order that he might be tormented by the spirits which were said to frequent it.

This castle was situated on a steep rock, and was only separated from the village by the high road and a little rivulet. Its delightful prospects caused it to be kept in good repair, and to be well furnished, as its owner made use of it as a hunting seat; quitting it, however, every night, in order to avoid the apparitions and ghosts which haunted it.

When it was quite dark, Francis, with a lantern in his hand, proceeded towards the castle. The landlord accompanied him, and carried a little basket of provisions, to which he had added a bottle of wine (which he said would stand the test) as well as two candles and two wax-tapers for the night. Francis, not thinking he should require so many things, and being apprehensive he should have to pay for them, asked why they were all brought.

"The light from my lantern," said he, "will suffice me till the time of my getting into bed; and ere I shall get out of it, the sun will have risen, for I am quite worn out with fatigue."

"I will not endeavour to conceal from you," replied the landlord, "that according to the current reports, this castle is haunted by evil spirits: but do not let that frighten you; you see I live sufficiently near, that, in case any thing extraordinary should happen to you, I can hear you call, and shall be in readiness with my people to render you any assistance. At my house there is somebody stirring all night, and there is also some one constantly on the watch. I have lived on this spot for thirty years, and cannot say that I have ever seen any thing to alarm me: indeed, I believe that you may with safety attribute any noises you hear during the night in this castle to cats and weasels, with which the granaries are overrun. I have only provided you with the means of keeping up a light in case of need, for at best night is but a gloomy season; and, in addition, these candles are consecrated, and their light will undoubtedly keep off any evil spirits, should there be such in the castle."

The landlord spoke only the truth when he said he had not seen any ghosts in the castle; for he never had the courage to set his foot within its doors after dark; and though he now spoke so courageously, the rogue would not have ventured on any account to enter. After having opened the door, he gave the basket to Francis, pointed out the way he was to turn, and wished him good night; while the latter, fully satisfied that the story of the ghosts must be fabulous, gaily entered. He recollected all that had been told him to the prejudice of the Chevalier Bronkhorst, but unfortunately forgot what that brave Castellan had recommended to him at parting, "always to believe there was some truth in what he might hear."

Conformably to the landlord's instructions, he went up stairs, and came to a door, which the key in his possession soon unlocked: it opened into a long dark gallery, where his very steps re-echoed; this gallery led to a large hall, from which issued a suite of apartments furnished in a costly manner: he surveyed them all, and made choice of one in which to pass the night, that appeared rather more lively than the rest. The windows looked to the high road, and every thing that passed in front of the inn could be distinctly heard. He lighted two candles, spread the cloth, ate very heartily, and felt completely at his ease, so long as he was thus employed; for while eating no thought or apprehension of spirits molested him, but he no sooner arose from table than he began to feel a sensation strongly resembling fear.

In order to render himself secure he locked the door, drew the bolts, and then looked out from each window. Every thing along the high road and in front of the inn was tranquil, where, contrary to the landlord's assertions, not a single light was discernible. The sound of the horn belonging to the night-guard was the only thing that interrupted the silence which universally prevailed.

Francis closed the windows, once again looked round the room, and after snuffing the candles, that they might burn the better, he threw himself on the bed, which he found good and comfortable; but although greatly fatigued, he could not get to sleep so soon as he had hoped. A slight palpitation of the heart, which he attributed to the agitation produced by the heat of his journey, kept him awake for a considerable time, till at length sleep came to his aid. After having, as he imagined, been asleep somewhat about an hour, he awoke and started up in a state of horror, possibly not unusual to a person whose blood

is overheated: this idea in some degree allayed his apprehensions; and he listened attentively, but could hear nothing except the clock, which struck the hour of midnight. Again he listened for an instant, and turning on his side, he was just going off to sleep, when he fancied he heard a distant door grinding on its hinges, and then shut with a heavy noise. In an instant the idea of the ghost approaching caused him no little fear; but he speedily got the better of his alarm, by fancying it was only the wind; however, he could not comfort himself long with this belief, for the sound approached nearer and nearer, and resembled the clanking of chains, or the rattling of a large bunch of keys.

The terror which Francis experienced was beyond all description, and he put his head under the clothes. The doors continued to open with a frightful noise, and at last he heard some one trying different keys at the door of his room; one of them seemed perfectly to fit the lock, but the bolts kept the door fast; however, a violent shock like a clap of thunder caused them to give way, and in stalked a tall thin figure with a black beard, whose appearance was indicative of chagrin and melancholy. He was habited in the antique style, and on his left shoulder wore a red cloak or mantle, while his head was covered with a high-crowned hat. Three times with slow and measured steps he walked round the room, examined the consecrated candles, and snuffed them: he then threw off his cloak, unfolded a shaving apparatus, and took from it the razors, which he sharpened on a large leather strop hanging to his belt.

No powers are adequate to describe the agonies Francis endured: he recommended himself to the Virgin Mary, and endeavoured, as well as his fears would permit, to form an idea of the spectre's designs on him. Whether he purposed to cut his throat, or only to take off his beard, he was at a loss to determine. The poor traveller, however, was a little more composed, when he saw the spectre take out a silver shaving-pot, and in a basin of the same metal put some water; after which he made a lather, and then placed a chair. But a cold perspiration came over Francis, when the spectre, with a grave air, made signs for him to sit in that chair.

He knew it was useless to resist that mandate, which was but too plainly given: and thinking it most prudent to make a virtue of necessity, and to put a good face on the matter, Francis obeyed the order, jumped nimbly out of bed, and seated himself as directed.

The spirit placed the shaving-bib round his neck: then taking a comb and scissors, cut off his hair and whiskers: after which he lathered, according to rule, his beard, his eyebrows and head, and shaved them all off completely from his chin to the nape of his neck. This operation ended, he washed his head, wiped and dried it very nicely, made him a low bow, folded up his case, put his cloak on his shoulder, and made towards the door to go away.

The consecrated candles had burnt most brilliantly during the whole of this operation; and by their clear light Francis discovered, on looking into the glass, that he had not a single hair remaining on his head. Most bitterly did he deplore the loss of his beautiful brown hair: but he regained courage on remarking, that, however great the sacrifice, all was now over, and that the spirit had no more power over him.

In effect the ghost walked towards the door with grave an air as he entered; but after going a few steps, he stopped, looked at Francis with a mournful air, and stroked his beard. He three times repeated this action; and was on the point of quitting the room, when Francis began to fancy he wanted something. With great quickness of thought he imagined it might be that he wished him to perform a like service for him to that which he had just been executing on himself.

As the spectre, spite of his woe-begone aspect, appeared more inclined to raillery than gravity, and as his proceedings towards Francis appeared more a species of frolic than absolute ill treatment, the latter no longer appeared to entertain any apprehension of him; and in consequence determined to hazard the adventure. He therefore beckoned the phantom to seat himself in the chair. It instantly returned, and obeyed: taking off its cloak, and unfolding the case, it placed it on the table, and seated itself in the chair, in the attitude of one about to be shaved. Francis imitated precisely all he had seen it do: he cut off its hair and whiskers, and then lathered its head. The spirit did not move an inch. Our barber's apprentice did not handle the razor very dexterously: so that having taken hold of the ghost's beard against the grain, the latter made a horrible grimace. Francis did not feel much assured by this action; however, he got through the job as well as he could, and rendered the ghost's head as completely bald as his own.

Hitherto the scene between the two performers had passed in profound silence; but on a sudden it was interrupted by the ghost exclaiming, with a smiling countenance:—"Stranger, I heartily thank you for the eminent service you have rendered me; for to you I am indebted for the deliverance from my long captivity. During the space of three hundred years I have been immured within these walls, and my soul has been condemned to submit to this chastisement as a punishment for my crimes, until some living being had the courage to exercise retaliation on me, by doing to me what I have done by others during my life.

"Count Hartmann formerly resided in this castle; he was a man who recognised no law nor superior; was of an arrogant and overbearing disposition; committed every species of wickedness, and violated the most sacred rights of hospitality; he played all sorts of malicious tricks to strangers who sought refuge under his roof, and to the poor who solicited his charity. I was his barber, and did every thing to please him. No sooner did I perceive a pious pilgrim, than in an endearing tone I urged him to come into the castle, and prepared a bath for him; and while he was enjoying the

idea of being taken care of. I shaved his beard and head quite close, and then turned him out of the by-door with raillery and ridicule. All this was seen by Count Hartmann from his window with a sort of devilish pleasure, while the children would assemble round the abused stranger, and pursue him with cries of derision.

"One day there came a holy man from a far distant country; he wore a penitentiary cross at his back, and his devotion had imprinted scars on his feet, hands, and sides: his head was shaved, excepting a circle of hair, left to resemble the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour. He asked some water to wash his feet as he passed by, and some bread to eat. I instantly put him into the bath; but did not respect even *his* venerable head. Upon which the pilgrim pronounced this terrible curse on me: 'Depraved wretch,' said he, 'know that at your death, the formidable gates of heaven, of hell, and of purgatory, will alike be closed against your sinful soul, which shall wander through this castle, in the form of a ghost, until some man, without being invited or constrained, shall do to you what you have so long done to others.'

"From that moment the marrow in my bones dried up, and I became a perfect shadow; my soul quitted my emaciated body, which remained wandering within these walls, according to the prediction of the holy man. In vain did I look and hope for release from the painful ties which held me to earth; for know, that no sooner is the soul separated from the body, than it aspires to the blissful regions of peace, and the ardour of its wishes causes years to appear as long as centuries, while it languishes in a strange element. As a punishment, I was compelled to continue the trade that I had exercised during my life; but, alas! my nocturnal appearance soon rendered this castle deserted. Now and then a poor pilgrim entered to pass the night here: when they did, however, I treated them all as I have done you; but not one had understood me, or rendered me the only service which could deliver my soul from this sad servitude; henceforth, no spirit will haunt this castle, for I shall now enjoy that repose which I have been so long in search of. Once again let me thank you, gallant youth; and believe, that had I power over the hidden treasures of the globe, I would give them all to you; but, unfortunately, during my life riches did not fall to my lot, and this castle contains no store: however, listen to the advice I am now about to give you.

"Remain here till your hair is grown again; then return to your own country; and at that period of the year when the days and nights are of equal length, go on the bridge which crosses the Weser, and there remain till a friend, whom you will there meet, shall tell you what you ought to do to get possession of terrestrial wealth. When you are rolling in riches and prosperity, remember me; and on every anniversary of the day on which you released me from the heavy maledictions which overwhelmed me, cause a mass to be said for the repose of my soul. Adieu! I must now leave you."

Thus saying, the phantom vanished, and left his liberator perfectly astonished at the strange history he had just related. For a considerable time Francis remained immovable, and reasoned with himself as to the reality of what he had seen; for he could not help fancying still that it was only a dream: but his closely shaved head soon convinced him that the event had actually taken place. He got into bed again and slept soundly until midday.

The malicious innkeeper had been on the watch from the dawn of day for the appearance of the traveller, in order that he might enjoy a laugh at his expense, and express his surprise at the night's adventure. But after waiting till his patience was nearly exhausted, and finding it approaching to noon, he began to apprehend that the spirit had either strangled the stranger, or that he had died of fright. He therefore called his servants together, and ran with them to the castle, passing through every room till he reached the one in which he had observed the light the overnight: there he found a strange key in the door, which was still bolted; but Francis had drawn the bolts again after the ghost had vanished. The landlord, who was all anxiety, knocked loudly; and Francis, on awaking, at first thought that it was the phantom come to pay him a second visit; but at length recognising the landlord's voice, he got up and opened the door.

The landlord, affecting the utmost possible astonishment, clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, "Great God and all the saints! then the *red cloak* has actually been here and shaved you completely? I now see that the story was but too well founded. But pray relate to me all the particulars: tell me what the spirit was like: how he came thus to shave you; and what he said to you?"

Francis, having sense enough to discover his roguery, answered him by saying: "The spirit resembled a man wearing a red cloak; you know full well how he performed the operation: and his conversation I perfectly remember;—listen attentively:—'Stranger,' said he to me, 'do not trust to a certain innkeeper, who has a figure of malice for his sign: the rogue knew well what would happen to you. Adieu! I now quit this abode, as my time is come: and in future no spirit will make its appearance here. I am now about to be transformed into a nightmare, and shall constantly torment and haunt this said innkeeper, unless he does penance for his villany, by lodging, feeding, and furnishing you with every thing needful, till your hair shall grow again, and fall in ringlets over your shoulders.'"

At these words the landlord was seized with a violent trembling: he crossed himself, and vowed to the Virgin Mary, that he would take care of the young stranger, lodge him, and give him every thing he required free of cost. He then conducted him to his house, and faithfully fulfilled what he promised.

The spirit being no longer heard or seen, Francis was naturally looked on as a conjurer. He several

times passed a night in the castle; and one evening a courageous villager accompanied him, and returned without having lost his hair. The lord of the castle, hearing that the formidable *red cloak* was no longer to be seen, was quite delighted; and gave orders that the stranger who had delivered him from this spirit should be well taken care of.

Early in the month of September, Francis's hair began to form into ringlets, and he prepared to depart; for all his thoughts were directed towards the bridge over the Weser, where he hoped, according to the barber's predictions, to find the friend who would point out to him the way to make his fortune.

When Francis took leave of the landlord, the latter presented him with a handsome horse well appointed and loaded with a large cloak-bag on the back of the saddle, and gave him at the same time a sufficient sum of money to complete his journey. This was a present from the lord of the castle, expressive of his thanks for having his castle again rendered habitable.

Francis arrived at his native place in high spirits. He returned to his lodging in the little street, where he lived very retired, contenting himself for the present with secret information respecting Meta. All the tidings he thus gained were of a satisfactory nature; but he would neither visit her, nor make her acquainted with his return, till his fate was decided.

He waited with the utmost impatience for the equinox; till which, time seemed immeasurably long. The night preceding the eventful day, he could not close his eyes to sleep; and that he might be sure of not missing the friend with whom as yet he was unacquainted, he took his station ere sunrise on the bridge, where no human being but himself was to be discovered. Replete with hopes of future good fortune, he formed a thousand projects in what way to spend his money.

Already had he, during the space of an hour, traversed the bridge alone, giving full scope to his imagination; when on a sudden the bridge presented a moving scene, and amongst others, many beggars took their several stations on it, to levy contributions on the passengers. The first of this tribe who asked charity of Francis was a poor devil with a wooden leg, who, being a pretty good physiognomist, judged from the gay and contented air of the young man, that his request would be crowned with success; and his conjecture was not erroneous, for he threw a demi-florin into his hat.

Francis, meanwhile, feeling persuaded that the friend he expected must belong to the highest class of society, felt no surprise at not seeing him at so early an hour, and waited therefore with patience. But as the hour for visiting the Exchange and Courts of Justice drew near, his eyes were in constant motion. He discovered at an immense distance every well-dressed person who came on the bridge, and his blood was in a perfect ferment as each approached him, for in some one of them did he hope to discover the author of his good fortune; but in vain he looked people in the face, no one paid attention to him. The beggars, who at noon were seated on the ground eating their dinner, remarking that the young man that they had seen from the first of the morning was the only person remaining with them on the bridge, and that he had not spoken to any one, or appeared to have any employment, took him for a lazy vagabond; and although they had received marks of his beneficence, they began to make game of him, and in derision called him the *provost* of the bridge. The physiognomist with the wooden leg observed, that his air was no longer so gay as in the morning, and that having drawn his hat over his face, he appeared entirely lost in thought, for he walked slowly along, nibbling an apple, with an abstracted air. The observer, resolving to benefit by what he had remarked, went to the further extremity of the bridge, and after well examining the visionary, came up to him as a stranger, asked his charity, and succeeded to his utmost wish, for Francis, without turning round his head, gave him another demi-florin.

In the afternoon a crowd of new faces presented themselves to Francis's observation, while he became quite weary at his friend's tardiness, but hope still kept up his attention. However, the fast declining sun gave notice of the approach of night, and yet scarcely any one of the many passers-by had noticed Francis. Some few, perhaps had returned his salutation, but not one had, as he expected and hoped, embraced him. At length, the day so visibly declined, that the bridge became nearly deserted; for even the beggars went away. A profound melancholy seized the heart of poor Francis, when he found his hopes thus deceived; and giving way to despair, he would have precipitated himself into the Weser, had not the recollection of Meta deterred him. He felt anxious, ere he terminated his days in so tragical a manner, to see her once again as she went to mass, and feast on the contemplation of her features.

He was preparing to quit the bridge, when the beggar with the wooden leg accosted him, for he had in vain puzzled his brains to discover what could possibly have caused the young man to remain on the bridge from morning till night. The poor cripple had waited longer than usual on account of Francis, in order to see when he went; but as he remained longer than he wished, curiosity at length induced him openly to address him, in order to learn what he so ardently desired to know.

"Pray excuse me, worthy sir," said he; "and permit me to ask you a question."

Francis, who was by no means in a mood to talk, and who now heard from the mouth of a beggar the words which he had so anxiously expected from a friend, answered him in rather an angry tone: "Well then, what is it you want to know, old man?"

"Sir, you and I were the two first persons on this bridge to-day; and here we are still the only remaining two. As for me and my companions, it is pretty clear that we only come to ask alms; but it is equally evident you do not belong to our pro-

and yet you have not quitted the bridge the whole day. My dear sir, for the love of God, if it is no secret, tell me I entreat you for what purpose you came, and what is the grief that rends your heart?"

"What can it concern you, old dotard, to know where the shoe pinches me, or what afflictions I am labouring under?"

"My good sir, I wish you well; you have twice bestowed your charity on me, which I hope the Almighty will return to you with interest. I could not but observe, however, that this evening your countenance no longer looked gay and happy as in the morning; and, believe me, I was sorry to see the change."

The unaffected interest evinced by the old man pleased Francis. "Well," replied he, "since you attach so much importance to the knowledge of the reason I have for remaining the whole day here plaguing myself, I will inform you that I came in search of a friend who appointed to meet me on this bridge, but whom I have expected in vain."

"With your permission I should say your friend is a rogue, to play the fool with you in this manner. If he had so served *me*, I should make him feel the weight of my crutch whenever I met him: for if he has been prevented from keeping his word by any unforeseen obstacle, he ought at least to have sent to you, and not have kept you here on your feet a whole day."

"And yet I have no reason to complain of his not coming, for he promised me nothing. In fact, it was only in a dream that I was told I should meet a friend here."

Francis spoke of it as a dream, because the history of the ghost was too long to relate.

"That alters the case," replied the old man. "Since you rest your hopes on dreams, I am not astonished at your being deceived. I have also had many dreams in my life; but I was never fool enough to pay attention to them. If I had all the treasures that have been promised me in dreams, I could purchase the whole city of Bremen; but I have never put faith in dreams, and have not taken a single step to prove whether they were true or false; for I know full well, it would be useless trouble: and I am astonished that you should have lost so fine a day, which you might have employed so much more usefully, merely on the strength of a dream, which appears to me so wholly devoid of sense or meaning."

"The event proves the justness of your remark, old father; and that dreams generally are deceitful. But it is rather more than three months since I had a very circumstantial dream relative to my meeting a friend on this particular day, here on this bridge; and it was so clearly indicated that he should communicate things of the utmost importance, that I thought it worth while to ascertain whether this dream had any foundation in truth."

"Ah, sir, no one has had clearer dreams than myself; and one of them I shall never forget. I dreamt, several years since, that my good angel stood at the foot of my bed, in the form af a young man, and addressed me as follows:—'Berthold, listen attentively to my words, and do not lose any part of what I am about to say. A treasure is allotted you; go and secure it, that you may be enabled to live happily the rest of your days. To-morrow evening, when the sun is setting, take a pickaxe and spade over your shoulder, and go out of the city by the gate leading to Hamburg: when you arrive facing the convent of St. Nicholas, you will see a garden, the entrance to which is ornamented by two pillars: conceal yourself behind one of these until the moon rises: then push the door hard, and it will yield to your efforts; go without fear into the garden, follow a walk covered by a treillage of vines, and to the left you will see a great apple-tree: place yourself at the foot of this tree, with your face turned towards the moon, and you will perceive, at fifteen feet distance, two bushy rose-trees; search between these two shrubs, and at the depth of about six feet you will discover a great flagstone, which covers the treasure enclosed within an iron chest: and although it is heavy and difficult to handle, do not regret the labour it will occasion you to move it from the hole where it now is. You will be well rewarded for your pains and trouble, if you look for the key which is hid under the box."

Francis remained like one stupified at this recital; and certainly would have been unable to conceal his astonishment, if the darkness of the night had not favoured him. The various particulars pointed out by the beggar brought to his recollection a little garden which he had inherited from his father, and which garden was the favourite spot of that good man; but possibly for that very reason it was not held in estimation by the son. Melchior had caused it to be laid out according to his own taste, and his son in the height of his extravagance had sold it at a very low price.

The beggar with his wooden leg was now become a very interesting personage to Francis, who perceived that he was the friend alluded to by the ghost in the castle of Rummelsbourg. The first impulse of joy would have led him to embrace the mendicant; but he restrained his feelings, thinking it best not to communicate the result of his intelligence to him.

"Well, my good man," said he, "what did you when you awoke? did you not attend to the advice given by your good angel?"

"Why should I undertake a hopeless labour? It was only a vague dream; and if my good angel was anxious to appear to me, he might choose a night when I am not sleeping, which occurs but too frequently: but he has not troubled his head much about me; for if he had, I should not have been reduced, as I now am, to his shame, to beg my bread."

Francis took from his pocket another piece of money, and gave it to the old man, saying, "Take this to procure half a pint of wine, and drink it ere you retire to rest. Your conversation has dispelled

my sorrowful thoughts; do not fail to come regularly to this bridge, where I hope we shall meet again."

The old lame man, not having for a long while made so good a day's work, overwhelmed Francis with his grateful benedictions. They separated, and each went their way. Francis, whose joy was at its height from the near prospect of his hopes being realized, very speedily reached his lodging in the by-street.

The following day he ran to the purchaser of the little garden, and proposed to repurchase it. The latter, to whom this property was of no particular value, and who, indeed, began to be tired of it, willingly consented to part with it. They very soon agreed as to the conditions of the purchase, and went immediately to sign the contract; with the money he had found in his bag, as a gift from the lord of Rummelsbourg, Francis paid down half the price, he then procured the necessary tools for digging a hole in the earth, conveyed them to the garden, waited till the moon was up, strictly adhered to the instructions given him by the old beggar, set to work, and without any unlucky adventure he obtained the hidden treasure.

His father, as a precaution against necessity, had buried this money, without any intention to deprive his son of this considerable portion of his inheritance; but dying suddenly, he had carried the secret to his grave, and nothing but a happy combination of circumstances could have restored this lost treasure to its rightful owner.

The chest, filled with gold pieces, was too heavy for Francis to remove to his lodging without employing some person to assist him; and feeling unwilling to become a topic of general conversation, he preferred concealing it in the summer-house belonging to the garden, and fetching it at several times. On the third day the whole was safely conveyed to his lodging in the little back-street.

Francis dressed himself in the best possible style, and went to the church to request that the priest would substitute for the prayers which had been previously offered up, a thanksgiving *for the safe return of a traveller to his native country, after having happily terminated his business.* He concealed himself in a corner, where, unseen, he could observe Meta. The sight of her gave him inexpressible delight, and a secret meeting took place, as had been formerly arranged; and so much was Meta affected by it, that any indifferent person might have divined the cause.

Francis repaired to the Exchange, set up again in business, and in a very short time had enough to do; his fortune each succeeding day becoming better known, his neighbours judged that he had had greater luck than sense in his journey to collect his father's debts. He hired a large house in the best part of the town, engaged clerks, and continued his business with laudable and indefatigable assiduity; he conducted himself with the utmost propriety and sagacity, and abstained from the foolish extravagances which had formerly been his ruin.

The re-establishment of Francis's fortune formed the general topic of conversation. Every one was astonished at the success of his foreign voyage: but in proportion to the spreading fame of his riches, did Meta's tranquillity and happiness diminish; for it appeared that her silent lover was now in a condition to declare himself openly, and yet he remained dumb, and only manifested his love by the usual rencounter on coming out of church; and even this species of rendezvous became less frequent, which appeared to evince a diminution of his affection.

Poor Meta's heart was now torn by jealousy; for she imagined that the inconstant Francis was offering up his vows to some other beauty. She had experienced secret transports of delight on learning the change of fortune of the man she loved, not from interested motives and the wish to participate in his bettered fortune herself, but from affection to her mother, who, since the failure of the match with the rich brewer, absolutely seemed to despair of ever enjoying happiness or comfort in this world. When she thought Francis faithless, she wished that the prayers put up for him in the church had not been heard, and that his journey had not been attended with such entire success; for had he been reduced to means merely sufficient to procure the necessaries of life, in all probability he would have shared them with her.

Mother Bridget failed not to perceive her daughter's uneasiness, and easily guessed the cause; for she had heard of her old neighbour's surprising return, and she knew he was now considered an industrious, intelligent merchant: therefore she thought if his love for her daughter was what it ought to be, he would not be thus tardy in declaring it; for she well knew Meta's sentiments towards him. However, being anxious to avoid the probability of wounding her daughter's feelings, she avoided mentioning the subject to her; but the latter, no longer able to confine her grief to her own bosom, disclosed it to her mother, and confided the whole to her.

Mother Bridget did not reproach her daughter for her past conduct, but employed all her eloquence to console her, and entreated her to bear up with courage under the loss of all her hopes: "You must resign him," said she: "you scorned at the happiness which presented itself to your acceptance, therefore you must now endeavour to be resigned at its departure. Experience has taught me that those hopes which appear the best founded are frequently the most delusive; follow my example, and never again deliver up your heart. Do not reckon on any amelioration of your condition, and you will be contented with your lot. Honour this spinning-wheel, which produces the means of your subsistence, and then fortune and riches will be immaterial to you: you may do without them."

Thus saying, mother Bridget turned her wheel round with redoubled velocity, in order to make up for the time lost in conversation: and although Meta did not formally accept the offer of marriage

proposed to her, and even then could not have reckoned on possessing beyond the common necessaries of life; yet, since she had heard the tidings of the great fortune obtained by the man of her heart, her views had become enlarged, and she anticipated with pleasure that by her choice she might realize her mother's wishes.

Now, however, this golden dream had vanished: Francis would not come again; and indeed they even began to talk in the city of an alliance about to take place between him and a very rich young lady of Anvers. This news was a deathblow to poor Meta: she vowed she would banish him from her thoughts; but still moistened her work with her tears.

Contrary, however, to her vow, she was one day thinking of the faithless one; for whenever she filled her spinning-wheel, she thought of the following distich, which her mother had frequently repeated to her, to encourage her in her work:

"Spin the thread well; spin, spin it more,
For see your intended is now at the door."

Some one did in reality knock gently at the door; and mother Bridget went to see who it was. Francis entered, attired as for the celebration of a wedding. Surprise for a while suspended mother Bridget's faculties of speech. Meta, blushing deeply and trembling, arose from her seat, but was equally unable with her mother to say a word. Francis was the only one of the three who could speak; and he candidly declared his love, and demanded of Bridget the hand of her daughter. The good mother, ever attentive to forms, asked eight days to consider the matter, although the tears of joy which she shed plainly evinced her ready and prompt acquiescence; but Francis, all impatience, would not hear of delay—finding which, she, conformable to her duty as a mother, and willing to satisfy Francis's ardour, adopted a mid-way, and left the decision to her daughter. The latter, obeying the dictates of her heart, placed herself by the side of the object of her tenderest affection; and Francis, transported with joy, thanked her by a kiss.

The two lovers then entertained themselves with talking over the delights of the time when they so well communicated their sentiments by signs. Francis had great difficulty in tearing himself away from Meta, and such "converse sweet," but he had an important duty to fulfil.

He directed his steps towards the bridge over the Weser, where he hoped to find his old friend with the wooden leg, whom he had by no means forgotten, although he had delayed making the promised visit. The latter instantly recognised Francis; and no sooner saw him at the foot of the bridge, than he came to meet him, and showed evident marks of pleasure at sight of him.

"Can you, my friend," said Francis to him, after returning his salutation, "come with me into the new town, and execute a commission? You will be well rewarded for your trouble."

"Why not?—with my wooden leg, I walk about just as well as other people; and, indeed, have an advantage over them, for it is never fatigued. I beg you, however, my good sir, to have the kindness to wait till the man with the gray great-coat arrives."

"What has this man in the gray great-coat to do with you?"

"He every day comes as evening approaches, and gives me a demi-florin—I know not from whom. It is not, indeed, always proper to learn all things, so I do not breathe a word. I am sometimes tempted to believe that it is the devil who is anxious to buy my soul; but it matters little, I have not consented to the bargain, therefore it cannot be valid."

"I verily believe that gray surtout has some malice in his head; so follow me, and you shall have a quarter-florin over and above the bargain."

Francis conducted the old man to a distant corner, near the ramparts of the city, stopped before a newly-built house, and knocked at the door. As soon as the door was opened, he thus addressed the old beggar: "You have procured a very agreeable evening for me in the course of my life; it is but just, therefore, that I should shed some comforts over your declining days. This house, and every thing appertaining thereto, belongs to you. The kitchen and cellar are both well stocked; there is a person to take care of you, and every day at dinner you will find a quarter-florin under your plate. It is now time for you to know that the man in the gray surtout is my servant, whom I every day sent with my alms till this house was ready to receive you. You may, if you please, consider me as your guardian angel, since your good angel did not acquit himself uprightly in return for your gratitude."

Saying this, he made the old man go into his house; where the latter found every thing he could possibly desire or want. The table was spread; and the old man was so much astonished at this unexpected good fortune, that he thought it must be a dream; for he could in no way imagine why a rich man should feel so much interest for a miserable beggar. Francis having again assured him that every thing he saw was his own, a torrent of tears expressed his thanks; and before he could sufficiently recover from his astonishment to express his gratitude by words, Francis had vanished.

The following day, mother Bridget's house was filled with merchants and shopkeepers of all descriptions, whom Francis had sent to Meta, in order that she might purchase and get ready every thing she required for her appearance in the world with suitable *éclat*. Three weeks afterwards he conducted her to the altar. The splendour of the wedding far exceeded that of the *King of Hops*. Mother Bridget enjoyed the satisfaction of adorning her daughter's forehead with the nuptial crown, and thereby obtained the accomplishment of all her desires, and was recompensed for her virtuous and active life. She witnessed her daughter's happiness with delight, and proved the very best of grandmothers to her daughter's children.

A CHINESE ROMANCE.

A Chinese historical romance is a literary curiosity of no common mark; and the work recently published by the Messrs. Longman, entitled, "The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih," is, perhaps, the most remarkable specimen that could have been selected.*

The popular notions of Chinese art—of its formality, florid exaggeration, and the flatness of the colouring—will not be set aside by this publication, the predominant charm of which consists in its elaborate development of all those peculiarities, and of a hundred others hitherto undreamt of by European imagination. There never was such a romance! There never was such a conception, such a bundle of conceptions, such a strange hurly-burly of teapot heads and Howqua mixtures, such bowing and knocking, such wilful fighting and human massacre and out-pouring of armies on a scale of grandeur and in a spirit of recklessness of life, surpassing the most oriental of all the oriental tales that ever were written! But we must proceed calmly, or we shall be whirled into the maze ourselves.

The main incident round which the whole of this dizzy whirl of stories revolves, may be dismissed in a few lines. The emperor, Ching Tih, succeeds to the throne at a very early age, and being of a weak and idle disposition, and excessively addicted to all sorts of loose pleasures, becomes the easy prey of the chief eunuch of the palace, who, surrounding his majesty with his own creatures, gradually usurps the whole authority of the state to the exclusion and grave dissatisfaction of the old, wise and faithful ministers of the late sovereign. In this condition of things, after repeated protests and dismissals and beheadings, a rebellion breaks out in a distant province. The peaceable reader is now stunned by the most confounded roar of soldiery that ever was heard since the world began! The imperial troops are put into motion and beaten in detail. Cities are sacked, villages razed to the ground, and such deeds enacted as were never before recorded in the sanguinary annals of civil war. After many reverses of fortune, the rebels are cut to pieces, and the victorious world-subjugating generals who have achieved this magnificent result, return to the capital in triumph. Having preserved the empire from destruction, they demand in the name of the people, the expulsion and execution of the parasite traitors who have long shut up his celestial majesty from the adoration of his devoted subjects. The case against the eunuchs is clearly made out, and they are condemned to public execution in the market-place. But one of their followers has a valiant wife, who, disguising herself in male attire, and attended by her servants, boldly rushes into the crowded square and rescues them. The eunuchs now fly for their lives into the open country, where the author leaves them at the close of the first volume.

Ching Tih having thus, for the present at least, put down the rebellion and got rid of his bad advisers, but being still fonder of pleasure than business, expresses his desire to ramble into the province of Këang Nan, a place of enchanting loveliness, pretending that he has had a dream to direct his footsteps thither in search of a brave general to prop up his state. The description one of his ministers gives him of this delicious country would be enough to set even a stronger headed monarch longing after a peep at its beauties.

> "Këang Nan," replied Ching Yung, "is indeed the place where all things delightful under Heaven are assembled. Its hills and forests are all celebrated in the compositions of its poets, and its scholars vindicate to themselves the first place in the great hall. In splendid and beautiful edifices it excels the three capitals. In the productions of its soil and the wealth of its inhabitants it surpasses all kingdoms. Its temples and monasteries might suffice for all the ramblers of the empire. There flourished the renowned poets and gallants, Loo Tung and Le Pih. Ladies with painted eyebrows, and robed in green, parade the flowery streets in rival ranks; the willowed lanes abound with the cunning tricks of bright teeth and beautiful eyes. Among the slaves are to be found such as Le She, and many a servant would be a match for the screened ladies of other provinces. Promenadings of the gods never cease throughout the four seasons; and its three rivers are covered with painted boats and galleried yachts. But it is impossible for me to detail to your majesty in a short time its varied beauties and riches."

Such being the panorama of the beauties of Këang Nan, it is not surprising that the emperor should resolve upon having a "private view." But his Celestial Altitude is obliged to slip out of the palace secretly, being much afraid that the Empress Mother, a prim lady of the old school, will disapprove of an excursion so inconsistent with the dignity of the imperial repose. Disguising himself as a merchant, accompanied by two chosen friends, Ching Tih wanders about, redressing numerous wrongs inflicted upon his people by the injustice of the local authorities, and "diverting" himself by an occasional "lark" in the towns and villages

* The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih in Këang Nan: a Chinese Tale. Translated by Tkin Shen, Student of the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca. With a Preface by James Legge, D.D., President of the College. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1843.

through which he passes. His progress is emphatically hit off in a characteristic couplet:

Boldly through Këang Nan the emperor goes,
And rids his people of their hated foes!

Having passed safely through a variety of Chinese experiences, and pleasant adventures, he is at last caught in a trap. The rebellious Eunuchs hem him in on all sides, and it is only by the aid of an enchanter he is finally enabled to vanquish his enemies. This part of the work is curious on many accounts: it shows not only the popular faith in spells and charms, but reduces the vulgar ideal of a Chinese sovereign, from the supernatural height of power which he is commonly supposed to inherit, to the ordinary level of mankind. Indeed Ching Tih, as he is here drawn, is very much like an every-day young man, born under every-day circumstances, with an every-day sort of constitution, occupying an every-day throne. There are many Ching Tihs in Europe who are quite as fond of having a freak in their Këang Nans, and who, having in like manner had their own way to the full swing of their impetuous wills, find themselves very often involved, in the long run, in embarrassing consequences. Unfortunately, however, they are not equally lucky in their resources, and instead of being helped out of their troubles by witchcraft or sorcery, they are obliged to rely upon their own wits—not always the most secure contingency, for it is well known that the European Ching Tihs are no conjurers.

The victory over his sublime majesty's enemies is followed by a triumphant entry into the capital, where the various skeins of the episodical narrative are taken up, and wound to a conclusion, his majesty's true friends reinstated, and the conspirators publicly beheaded,—all but one favoured individual, who is indulged with the peculiar distinction of being allowed to strangle himself with a piece of red silk. And so ends the historical romance of "Ching Tih."

The author has a clear political design in this somewhat complicated story. He tells his countrymen that the example of Ching Tih will be instructive; that it shows what disorders and irregularities set in when the young monarch listened to evil counsellors or gave way to his passions, and how every thing went "right and pleasant," when he rewarded the faithful and punished the crafty, and admitted wise men to his closet. "Our history," he adds, "may, therefore, serve as a luminous mirror to future ages. Observing, where former carriages have been overturned, let them be careful and take heed. The freedom exhibited in this view of the relations between the throne and the people, and of the direct personal responsibility of the sovereign, was the very last thing we should have looked for in a Chinese novel.* That the writer of a popular fiction (based, no doubt, upon historical events) should thus fearlessly fly in the face of Divine right, and set up to lecture the emperor on his duties, and to instruct the people in their right to insist upon good government, is a fact of infinitely higher and graver importance than all the treaties that shall be wrung from the vacillating hands of imperial plenipotentiaries for the next fifty years. It indicates something resembling a progress of public opinion and a sense of political independence, which promises to effect wider and deeper changes than have ever yet been accomplished through external agencies. The author might have appropriately closed his romance with the famous injunction usually appended to Chinese proclamations—"Respect this and tremble!"

It seems he had also a moral purpose in the story, which is strikingly characteristic of the Chinese system of centralization.

But in writing this work I have not had in view merely the masters of kingdoms, but also the heads of families, and indeed all men, for there are few who act incautiously in bestowing their trust and confidence that escape ruin. So thinking that the various incidents might be of use to admonish the world, I have composed them into a book, which, being disseminated throughout the empire, might teach men to be cautious in employing others, and studious to regulate their own hearts. Nor has it been out of my thoughts to write something which might make the evening pass comfortably round the lamp, and while away the tedium of a house-confining day, or might increase the happiness of the hour devoted to poetry and wine, beneath the light of the moon, and amid the perfume of flowers.

It is one of the elementary maxims of Confucius that a sovereign should rule a state as you rule a family. The whole theory of legislation in the Celestial Empire consists of a series of circles, the duties of government extending gradually from the domestic fireside, where the father exercises complete control, to the parish, town, and province, and so upward to the state itself, which embraces all, the emperor being the father of his people. Our author sagaciously adapts his work to this highly popular and unimpeachable principle of morality; and, although from certain passages we are inclined to suspect that he is not a follower of the sect of Confucius, it is plain enough that he has no objection to avail himself of the philosopher's authority, where it is likely to propitiate the good graces of his readers.

How long the Chinese have been in possession of regular fictions of this elaborate description we know not, but it is certain, unwilling as they are to do us the honour of imitating us, that they have adopted, in this instance at least, the form of the European novel. Such an acknowledgment of the superiority of our arts was scarcely to be anticipated from the heavenward poets of Pekin. But here is proof positive. "Ching Tih" is formally divided into chapters, with head and tail pieces of verse, and as careful a distribution of the action through these divisions as the cumbrous fancy of a Chinaman could accomplish. Then the story is really conducted with skill, and exhibits upon the whole considerable tact and invention. The emperor is the chief actor, as he ought to be; but it is not until his trusty generals have subdued the rebellion that he comes out in full personal importance. Up to that time he is enclosed in his palace, like the lady in the lobster, while the clatter of arms is going on at a terrible rate outside. The moment he is emancipated, however, he springs into the sunshine as joyfully as a bird suddenly released from a net.

Learning how pleasant 'tis for one through Këang Nan's fields to jog,
The gamesome prince his servant begs, and follows him incog.
Changing his dress, full painfully he wanders up and down,
His wild desires ungoverned by the importance of his crown!

He is no sooner in Këang Nan than the story takes a new turn, and a variety of pictures of domestic and provincial life displace the horrors of war with which the previous portion of the work is filled. These are the two grand phases of the plot.

It is chiefly in the introduction of an immense variety of persons and episodes that the artistical inferiority of this romance is manifest; although, to speak honestly, there be some English romances which, in this particular, are not much better, with even less freshness of incident to recommend them. The Chinese writer has no conscience in his way of story-telling. He loads his pages with minor narratives and strange faces, by which we are perpetually diverted from the stream of the main action; but it is only bare justice to add that he always contrives to bring us back again to the point at which our attention was diverted, and that he carries out to the close the individual fortunes of every one of the principal personages of the tale. It must be admitted, however, that it requires no common perseverance to follow his threads of action, and that it is only by an extraordinary effort of attention the English reader can identify the figures that are thus crowded upon the stage. This difficulty is incredibly enhanced by the unaccustomed structure and frequent similarity of Chinese names. We might readily enough keep our memory on the stretch with names of a familiar mould, but it is nearly impossible to realize to the mind endless troops of men with such appellations as Ho Ching Pang, Sëaou Lëen, Chow Yung, To Gaou, Le Tung Yang, Tsin Wan Che, Ma Wan Ching, Wang Show Jin, Yang Yih Ts'ing, Lew Soo Kae, Le Tsze Shing, &c. &c. &c.; every one of whom, and fifty more, are deeply implicated in the dramatic interest of the narrative. Over and over again we tried to separate in our imagination Wa Wan Ching from Wang Show Sin; but then, when we thought we had nearly succeeded, up started Show Chow Bung, followed by Ho Fo Fum, who was suddenly knocked on the head by Kwan Kin Chang, to the amazement of Lew Ho Yang, who was struck of a heap by Loo Choo Woo, to the total annihilation of Ho Lo Soo and Ha Ha Ha. In this perplexity nothing could have sustained us but a serious resolution to proceed in spite of all difficulties; we did so, and difficulties gradually vanished, until we grew—not familiar, that is impossible —but better acquainted with the shadowy nomenclature, and were enabled at last to pick out half a dozen individuals, whom we thought we could discriminate from the rest, and whose share in the history we thought we could dimly trace through the confusion.

One of the obvious effects of accumulating such a multitude of persons is the impossibility of stamping them with individual characteristics. The only badge by which one figure can be distinguished from another is his name —but in this case the name increases the intricacy; and except in the instance of the emperor himself, of a faithful minister who stands out on the canvass by the naked strength of his stubborn integrity, the false eunuch, isolated by the force of circumstances, and one or two marked persons, there is nothing in the work approaching to the portraiture of character. The multitude of generals, and officers, and huntsmen, and governors, and women, of all classes, who appear in the story have no more vital distinctness in them than the groups in a painting on rice paper; and the ignorance of the elements of art, characterization, perspective, shadow and foreshortening which we detect in the one, is equally obvious in both.

There are other peculiarities in this romance, which, as they are more or less common to all

Chinese works of fiction, and throw side-lights here and there upon the manners and customs of the people, may be worth a passing notice.

The boldness with which the emperor's honest advisers remonstrate with their young sovereign is startling. Such out-spoken fidelity is rare in courts where a greater degree of rational liberty is supposed to prevail, and it reveals a much more sensible state of things in the voluptuous palace at Pekin than we had given it credit for. The mere art of printing and circulating such details with impunity shows that they are founded in a recognised usage.

It is a common thing to contract friendships in China. There are several instances in this work. When two persons—utter strangers to each other—happen to meet, and form a mutual liking, arising out of the peculiarity of their tastes or circumstances, or of services rendered in a moment of peril, they contract a friendship, as it is called. This is a regular ceremony, and ends with a sacred pledge of fidelity. They always ask each other's ages, the elder taking the precedence, and, in the case of two women, they always burn incense. We will give an illustration of one of these contracts between two men of the labouring class, one of whom has rendered a kindness to the other which he desires to requite by vows.

A CHINESE CONTRACT OF FRIENDSHIP.

"Your kindness," said Yung, "reaching even to my mother, cannot be forgotten through the lapse of ages. I have ventured to form the desire to contract an alliance with you which death shall not be able to dissolve. What are the views of your honour on that subject?"

To Gaou was delighted with the proposal, on which they inquired each other's ages. Gaou being twenty-eight, and Yung no more than twenty-three, the former received the honours due to the elder. After this they knelt, he on the left, and Yung on the right, and worshipped in the face of heaven, while the latter declared their engagement in the following terms:

"I here, Chou Yung, and my senior, Kin, engage by oath to be devoted brothers. Though our surnames be not the same, we shall be to one another as if we were children of one mother. Our friendship is for no purpose of wickedness or for mutual aid in crime, but the resolute intention of us both is to delight in justice, and not give way to feelings of unrighteousness. We shall encourage each other to what is good, and warn each other from what is evil. Hereafter, should we find our way to the court, we shall together become pillars of the empire, that we may leave a fragrant memorial for the historian, and our names be together exhibited to the nation. Should riches and honour fall in future to the lot of either of us, he shall share the glory with the other. If either be false to this agreement, may the gods mark him!"

Having finished their worship, they arose and conversed together again for a while, after which they bowed to each other, and separated.

There is nothing at all surprising in the language of this vow. When two unlettered Chinamen of the lowest grade talk of becoming "pillars of the state" they really mean it. There is nothing too high for the inordinate vanity of the Chinese, and, besides, as this novel shows us, the highest offices are open to the ambition of the humblest man who is daring enough to clutch at them. One of these very individuals, To Gaou, Esq., afterwards became domiciled in the palace, with a fine retinue of servants, and a princely income. But it must not, therefore, be supposed that Chou Yung benefited by his elevation. The contracts last only during pleasure, and are snapped with just as much cool indifference as they seem to be formed with fervent sincerity!

Some of the customs, revealed to us through the narrative, are exceedingly curious, and constitute one of the most interesting and valuable features of the work. When the emperor wants to dissolve his court, he "shakes his sleeves," and the crowd disperses. This usage of shaking the sleeves is usual when people want to pass on through a crowd, or to take leave after a visit. When the emperor wishes to keep himself retired, the imperial tablet is hung over the gate of the palace, with the words "no audience" written on it in vermilion. The ministers, when they cannot get admission to the palace, write a memorial, which they deliver to the porter, who hands it over to a page, who presents it to the emperor.

A high lord is ordered on a distant government, and when the messenger arrives from the court with the order, his lordship is compelled to come out and receive it, first "arranging the incense table," then going out, and "kneeling down on the ground," and "performing the ceremonies of audience." A young man, about to leave home, "burns incense," and "makes a report to his ancestors." Kneeling down and knocking heads on the ground, are common forms of greeting. To do them justice, the Chinese make nothing of knocking heads about as if they were wooden balls.

When ministers and officers of state are dismissed they "prepare their baggage" to "return to their villages," and at their departure always have a feast, and are accompanied to the "long portico" by a train of friends. The "long portico" seems to be the *ultima Thule* of stately ceremony in Pekin. Beyond that point no man follows the fortunes of a discarded favourite.

When a couple of officers have committed some breach of military discipline, they are put

into a cage, and sent off to the Protector-General. A rebel chief comes into a city, and, treating the people humanely, is welcomed with incense and candles. A prefect of a city is beheaded. The event is so appalling that it fairly lifts the writer off his legs, and he celebrates it in rhyme:

Once clashed the sword; the prefect's head
Is from his shoulders riven;
Leaving the corpse, his three souls fly
Up the nine-storied heaven.

The highest flight of an Englishman is the "seventh heaven;" but then he has only one soul. By a parity of computation, the prefect's souls ought to have ascended at least two stories higher.

A person of rank breaks up his establishment, and distributes his property amongst his servants. They collect the furniture in the hall, divide it, and walk off with their several shares.

The belligerent attributes of the women are remarkable. They think nothing of a running fight in the streets, and are more formidable than the fabulous Amazons. It seems they learn the "military sciences," and practise them with a most ferocious intrepidity. A charming and accomplished young lady, in the highest rank of life, hears of the violent death of her father, and proceeds to the palace, accompanied by her brother, to inflict death upon her enemies. The manner in which she wields her iron rods, scattering slaughter around, transcends the most energetic performances of the heroines of the amphitheatre. She and her brother are described as being, single-handed, capable of standing against ten thousand men. But this is a trifle. Another young lady, who had learned no less than eighteen "military arts," is, alone, able to overcome fifteen thousand armed men! The hyperbole of the Chinese is intensely amusing. The rebel army is described as amounting to "myriads." At a moment's notice a general orders out a couple of hundred thousand men just to wheel round an encampment and annihilate the enemy. Three people, one of them a woman, fight against three hundred, and "cover the plain with carcasses." Out of the whole number "only a score or two are left, and these have all broken heads and mangled legs!" One man throws another on the ground, and he instantly expires! A young lady and a young gentleman are stopped by robbers near a mountain, and the captain threatens to "break their legs" if they do not give up their money; but the youth "tosses about the men with his spear like so many balls, until they all fly." As to personal prowess and muscular powers, the Chinese excel the monsters of antiquity. One man, and nothing of a wonder either, is described as being twelve feet high, eight feet round the waist, and capable at one bound of springing on a stage fifteen feet high! It is impossible not to be impressed with a conviction that these people are arrant cowards, from the rank braggadocio they employ. One fellow declares that if "the matter be as great as Heaven he has courage to remove it." A deep sense of danger and perpetual fear lie at the bottom of these ridiculous exaggerations.

The way in which they describe any violent emotions, the frequency with which they resort to suicide to escape from impending perils, and the wanton cruelties they exercise towards each other, are conclusive proofs of the instinctive cowardice of their natures. When a man receives any alarming news, his soul is said to fly out of his body (that is to say, his courage forsakes him), his hair stands on end and lifts his cap, and he cries aloud and falls down in an agony. A man gets a blow and feels as if a cold wind were passing through him—his bones become weak, his hair stands on end, and, unable to keep his ground, he falls down with a loud cry on his saddle, turns his horse, and flies. There are certainly no people on the face of the earth so horribly wrought upon by fear. Suicide is one of the commonest incidents in this truthful history. A minister who is refused an audience at the palace, who "moves his sleeves" in vain, and has his teeth knocked down his throat, dashes his brains out against the gate. A town is sacked, and the governor's wife hangs herself. A rebel whose followers are slain around him, seeing that every thing is hopeless, abandons himself to despair, cries aloud three times and cuts his throat. These are by no means mere excesses of the novelist. They are every-day occurrences in China. During the late war, the governor of a fortified town which was sacked by the English, shut himself up and committed suicide; and it is strongly suspected that the Plenipotentiary Elepoo, whose death was recently announced in the public papers, died by his own hands. It is supposed that he knocked out his brains, if he had any, with his ink-stone.

The barbarities they commit amongst themselves, and which, if this familiar picture of their mode of life may be credited, are constantly taking place, have never been exceeded in cold-blooded atrocity. A fellow who has separated from his wife, and married another woman, upon being followed by his first wife lays a plot

to stupify her with drink and then murder her. Assassination is the common refuge of ordinary anger or revenge. A man is in consternation because the emperor insists on giving his daughter to a handsome young fellow with whom she has fallen in love; and, in order to prevent the match, he proposes to receive the young man and his mother into the house, to show them ceremoniously to a room, and burn them to death in the middle of the night. "It is a *beautiful* plan," he exclaims, knocking the table with his hand. They are foiled, however, by the plan of a servantmaid, at the announcement of which the young lady "claps her hands in admiration!" A servant who has just committed a most unnecessary murder, coolly proposes to a servant-girl, by way of avoiding consequences, to rob the house, lock the door, and set fire to the place, in the hope of consuming his master and mistress. The girl claps her hands, and thinks it a most ingenious plan!

The conversational language of these people is on eternal stilts. They speak of the "pearly lines" and "dragon-like style" of a writer. When a man is appointed a standard-bearer he gets "the arrow of command." Even their Billingsgate has a sort of imagerial excess in it, and they call each other "dog," "barbarian," and "thief," *ad libitum*. When one man demands contemptuously the title of another, he says, "Declare your dog's name." The best and most salutary custom indicated in this work is the Hue and Cry—or something equivalent to it. When a man commits a crime and flies from justice, his likeness is struck off in woodcuts, and disseminated through the empire, that he may be discovered and seized. The authorities would have a busy time of it, if they were to adopt this course with every man who deserved it.

Upon the whole, this Chinese novel is a work of singular interest. It affords a clearer and closer view of Chinese life than any translation that has hitherto appeared, and yields more real information of a directly practical kind concerning the interior usages of the country than any publication we have ever read. Having given so much space to this hasty article, we have but little left for a specimen. The following short episode, however, is characteristic. It requires no introduction, being simply one of the adventures which befall the emperor on his rambles in Këang Nan,—a province, by the way, thoroughly Spanish in its aspect, and crowded on the surface with abbeys, monasteries, convents, and bands of robbers.

THE AMOUR OF A WANDERING EMPEROR.

The Emperor rode onward to the village of Nan Laon, and was looking out for a lodging-house, when a sign-board met his eye, with the words "Dragon and Fung Inn" written upon it. Surprised at such an inscription, and thinking there must be some reason for it, he determined to go forward and find it out. Dismounting accordingly from his horse, he entered the inn on foot, and seeing the public hall with plenty of tables in it, but not a single person present, he called out several times for the landlord. No answer being given to his summons, he sat down upon a chair, and beat the table violently with his fan, calling likewise with a loud voice.

This voice alarmed the sister of the landlord, named Le Fung, and brought her out. Lifting up the screen, to see what was the matter, and observing a gentleman, seemingly a scholar, sitting in the hall, and knocking and crying out in such a style, she said to him, "Stranger, you are very unceremonious. How is it that you come into our house, and cry out in such a manner—are you mad?"

Ching Tih, amid all the noise which he was making, was startled by the sound of a bird-like voice behind him, and, turning round, saw behind the screen a young lady of eighteen, blooming as a flower, with a body as pure as a pearl, and cheeks as clear as ice. He was thrown into no little confusion and excitement, but advanced forward instantly, and bowed to her, saying, "Damsel, be not offended. I have been in the inn for a considerable time, and nobody responding to my calls, I was obliged to beat the table in the way which has brought you out. If you have any wine or vegetables bring them out quickly, that I may enjoy myself."

"We have no wine or food at present ready," replied Le Fung, "but if you will favour me with the money, and tell me what you want, I will instantly go and have them prepared."

"I observe that you are alone in the house, and how can these taper fingers, like the young and pearly shoots of the bamboo, be fit for such work? Had I not better go in and assist you?"

"Stranger, produce your purse, and though you want a fresh fish from the sea, I can get it for you without much trouble. If you have any money, produce it quickly."

At this request, the Emperor drew out a piece of silver, and presented it to Le Fung. She requested him, however, to lay it on the table, saying, that young men and young women could not take and give at each other's hands. Ching Tih complied, with a smile, and put the money on a table, when Le Fung approached and took it up, telling her guest at the same time to wait a little, and take some tea, till she came back with the vegetables.

Accordingly she went in and sent a servant to purchase the necessary articles, which were brought in a short time; and when they were cooked, Fung sent the same individual with them into the hall.

While his majesty was about his solitary meal, he became very anxious to ascertain the meaning of the sign-board, and to while away an hour by talking and laughing with Le Fung. The damsel, however, did not come out, and he therefore beat upon the table again with his fan, till she was alarmed, and made her appearance to inquire what he wanted to take.

"I don't want any thing," replied Ching Tih; but I find my wine tasteless, drinking it here alone, and entreat you to come and partake of it with me."

At these words Le Fung hid her blushing countenance with her sleeve, and replied, in a low and reproachful voice, "Stranger, that speech is very rude. I am not a person of improper character, and you must not talk to me in such a style. If I did not regard your character as a scholar, but were to inform my brother of your conduct, I fear you would find yourself in trouble."

"Since you keep an inn," replied the Emperor, "it is only right that you should receive your guests, and sit by them; and what harm would there be in your now drinking two or three glasses with me? But tell me what is your brother's ability,* and on what account I should get into trouble."

"My brother," returned the damsel, "has not great ability, but he is skilled in all martial exercises, and is fond of connecting himself with the gallant spirits of the empire. He is of a determined, upright disposition, taking vengeance upon the unjust. He is now out hunting, but should he return, and I inform him that you have been talking to me in an insulting manner, he would bind you and carry you before the magistrates *to the court*. I fear you would then find yourself somewhat in trouble."

When she had finished her speech, Ching Tih dropped his hands, and burst into a loud laugh. "I was thinking," said he, "what sort of trouble you could be meaning, and lo! here it is. But I apprehend that the magistrates when they saw me, would be wishing to kneel down to me."

"The magistrates, you say, would kneel down to you!" replied Le Fung. "You may alarm others by such a speech, but I am not to be alarmed by it. If you were the Emperor, perhaps, they might kneel down; but if you be not he, though you were a member of the royal family, you would not find innocent people readily kneeling down to you."

"The members of the royal family," said the traveller, "must all listen to my orders."

Le Fung reflected a little, and then said, "your speech has an air of truth. Are you not really the Emperor?"

"Since you know that I am the Emperor, why do you not kneel down?"

"Who would kneel down to you without sufficient proof?"

Ching Tih smiled at her reply, and then surveyed her attentively. Perceiving that her speech was quick and lively, her movement elegant, her deportment insinuating enough to drown a fish or to bring down a Gan, and her beauty sufficient to make the moon hide herself and the flowers blush, he reflected with himself, that among all the ladies whom he had seen, since he left the capital, he had not met with one of such beauty and elegance; and he determined therefore to make himself known to her, to make her mistress of one of his palaces, and to carry her back with him to the court. He therefore said to her, "If you want to have proof, advance, and look here."

With these words, he took out what seemed a beautiful gem, and called Le Fung to examine it. The damsel took it in her hands, and recognised it to be the imperial seal. The words, "Received commission from heaven, and destined to everlasting vigour," were engraved upon it, and Le Fung, understanding that such an article could only belong to the Emperor, approached and eagerly knelt down, saying, "I have eyes without eyeballs! Forgive my sin."

She then arose, and Ching Tih asked her whether she had been betrothed or not. With downcast countenance, she replied in the negative, saying that her family was too poor. The announcement, however, delighted the Emperor. "Are you willing," said he, "that I now appoint you to be the mistress of the western palace?" Le Fung knelt down again in haste, to thank him for the favour, but he raised her up and requested her to be seated. She then returned him the seal, and he began to inquire her name, and also the surname and name of her brother. He also requested her to explain to him how they had come to put forth such a sign-board.

"I belong to this place," answered Le Fung, "for it is now more than twenty years since my father, Le Kwei, opened this inn. His only children were my brother and I, whom he named respectively Le Lung and Le Fung. He used to say that when we were born a beam of light suddenly shone and as suddenly disappeared; but surprised at the circumstance, he changed the sign of the inn, and called it after our names, 'the Lung and the Fung' inn. Travellers afterwards spread the news of what he had done, and his trade became more flourishing. Unfortunately for us, my mother and father died some years ago, one after another, leaving us two, brother and sister, who attempt to keep in the paths of our parent. The care of the inn, however, is left altogether to my brother's wife, so that it is

* We hope the reader will forgive us for interrupting the course of the story; but this word "ability," in the sense in which it is here used, is one instance in a hundred of the want we have felt of running explanatory notes to this translation. There are many words and phrases which require something like a glossary to render them intelligible to the English reader. What is a Heae Chae, for example? or a Gan? or a fighting Dragon?—Ability, as it is employed here by the Emperor, means military knowledge and physical capability. When he inquires, "What is your brother's ability?" he means, "What muscles has he? Can he fight? How many thousand men can he slaughter?" We wonder do the Chinese themselves ever laugh in their huge sleeves at this frog-bellows style of inflation?—Ed.

not necessary for me to show my face and exhibit my head, like Wan Keun, who sold wine before the furnace. My brother is devotedly attached to hunting, on which he will sometimes be absent for several days, leaving only his wife and me in the house. Hearing your voice calling, I came out suddenly and unpreparedly to receive you, and in ignorance that your imperial brightness had visited us, failed in respect by not meeting you at a distance. I entreat you to excuse my crime, and also to inform me how you have come hither alone."

On this his majesty narrated to her at length the various circumstances which had brought him there; and when he had finished, Le Fung retired to acquaint her sister-in-law, who was surnamed Wang, with what had befallen her Wang was full of joy at the intelligence, and followed the other into the hall to pay her obeisance to the imperial guest. She did not remain long, however, knowing that his majesty would like to be left alone with his bride. She accordingly took her leave, when Ching Tih called the lady to his side, and there they continued, drinking to each other's health, and rejoicing in the first emotion of their love, until the sun had set beneath the western hills.

We hope every body will agree with us that this is a most exquisite specimen of Chinese story-telling. It is quite equal in its way, and of its class and country, to any thing in the Arabian Nights; and we only want such a lustrous emperor as Ching Tih, and a sufficient variety of Le Fungs, to get up a capital Chinese Nights' Entertainments by way of a set-off to the grand old eastern gathering. The world can never have such a collection again as that of the Thousand and One, unless it should happen to come from China.

The figure of the emperor sitting at the table and knocking his fan violently for somebody to come, is quite a piece of porcelain in itself. Then the lady peeping over the screen, the easy air of business with which she desires him to produce his purse—no pay, no tray—and the surprising delicacy which suggests that he should put the money on the table, in order that their fingers might not come in contact, are Chinese in the very grain of the conception. One cannot fancy such a scene, with its surrounding accessories, anywhere else:—the hall strewed with tables, the screen, the impudent idleness of the people in the house, the porcelain man beating with his fan for the waiters, and the little scrap of dialogue that ensues, just the sort of dialogue that might be supposed to take place between two of the bald personages, with moony faces, we see in our saucers. But Le Fung is perfectly charming. There is a world of *naïveté* in her manner, and it is impossible not to imagine what a fine lady she will be, by-and-by, in the western palace, stepping in embroidery and perfumes, with her infinitesimal feet vanishing in satin shadows, her pink eyelashes, and that insinuating manner which is described as being sufficient "to drown a fish or bring down a Gan!" The emperor was a happy man, and we are happy to be enabled to add that he treated Le Fung with the most benign courtesy to the end of the book.

MRS. SIGOURNEY AND MRS. SOUTHEY.

JUST as we were going to press, the *Athenæum* of last week has reached us, in which we find a statement respecting the question still pending between Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Southey, copied from the *Scotsman* newspaper. We have neither space nor time to enter upon the subject now, and shall content ourselves with simply placing the paragraph from the Scotch paper before our readers. The journalist says—"We have had submitted to us a correspondence between Mrs. Southey and a party resident in Edinburgh, in which Mrs. Southey distinctly disclaims any participation in the authorship of the article in question [*i. e.* the article which appeared in the *Story-Teller*], or knowledge of the source whence it originated. It is satisfactory to the friends of Mrs. Sigourney to know that the paragraph 'annoyed as much as it surprised, Mrs. Southey, and that the opinion expressed by that estimable lady—who, we presume, is best qualified to form a judgment in the case—is as favourable as could be desired, and directly opposed to the misrepresentations recently circulated." This is *obscure* and *evasive* enough at all events, although its intention of denying that Mrs. Southey charged Mrs. Sigourney with having interpolated her letter, cannot be mistaken.

Upon this statement, the *Athenæum* observes that he suspects we have been imposed upon, *and that there has been double-dealing somewhere.* We agree with him. We are beginning to suspect that we *have* been imposed upon. But in the meanwhile, before we return to the subject, we must again state that our authority for the original charge against Mrs. Sigourney was *in Mrs. Southey's own handwriting.* If a contradiction to that charge exists *also* in Mrs. Southey's own handwriting, nothing remains for us but to say that, when we shall have been satisfied of its authenticity, we shall take that course which will properly become us in such *peculiar* circumstances.

THE SECRET MISSION.

(*From the German of C. von Wachsmann.*)

[Concluded from page 332.]

"THE moment," he said, in a hollow and scarce audible voice, "is come when you are to give proof whether you may justly be reckoned among the number of Catherine's trusty servants."

"Have you at last received the orders?" inquired Arnold, eagerly.

"I have. But before I communicate them to you, permit me one question. Have you any intimate knowledge touching Henri de Valtravers?"

"Nothing but what I know from your own lips. He is a favourite with Henry of Navarre, and, as it appears, a powerful man, possessed of much influence and patronage."

"You are quite right. He is as powerful as he is false, crafty, and intriguing. Do you know why he comes here almost daily?"

"The reason is as clear as daylight. He woos your niece."

"Just so. However, Euphrosyne does not precisely love him. I hate him from my heart for his villany, but must bear with him for his power. Yesterday he applied to me for my niece's hand; I was forced to refuse him; whereupon he burst into a rage, saying he knew who stood in his way with the girl. He then named you, and vowed a fearful revenge."

Arnold was amazed.

"Euphrosyne loves me not," he said.

"That may possibly be," replied Ducoudray: "still I am of opinion a time might come when she would love you, but meanwhile Valtravers stands in your way. He is powerful, of high birth, wealthy; and my niece is a girl. But all this is not to the point. Did it not strike you that he invited you to-morrow to the review? Marked you nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. I saw in this only an act of friendliness."

"Pretty friendliness. He vowed a bloody vengeance against you yesterday; to-day he invites you to a lonely ride—the road lies through a wood. Now, mark you nothing?"

"It is impossible!—It were too infamous. You deem him worse than he is. However, even were it so, I think I am a match for him, and I will be on my guard."

"Ay, if he were alone. But he told me that for the better speed he would order a groom to wait for him with two fresh horses in the wood near the hermitage."

"I must take my chance," said Arnold, after a moment's reflection. "I cannot hang back. It would betray fear. I should make myself ridiculous. What think you then I should do?"

"Of that hereafter," said Ducoudray, hastily. "Now, to the queen's orders. You see this paper," he said, taking one from a carefully locked coffer. Satisfy yourself as to the genuineness of the signature. Its contents run thus:

'We commission our trusty servant, the knight Arnold an der Halden, as quickly, and as secretly as possible, (avoiding of course any thing of the nature of open duel, in order not to excite attention) to put to death a man called Henri de Valtravers, who has not only incurred our highest displeasure, but has also proved himself our enemy, nay, even plotted against our crown and life: and thereupon the said Arnold shall betake himself to Plessis-les-Tours, there to receive his reward. The knight Arnold is answerable with his head for the execution and the keeping secrect of this our command.

'CATHERINE.'

"Have you made yourself fully master of all this? You have. Very good." So saying, Ducoudray quietly put the paper to the candle and burned it. Arnold sat speechless for a while, like one petrified.

"Have I heard aright?" he said, after a long pause, as if awaking from a dream. "Did you not read me an order from the queen, to the effect that I was to murder the chevalier?"

"Kill, my friend, only kill," replied Ducoudray, with the utmost coolness. "Your great ones never murder, they only kill. Now, as the queen's command jumps so pat with your own affairs, it must be all the more welcome to you."

"Think you so?" said Arnold, his lips compressed, and his eyes flashing fire.

"Of course," replied the other with the same unruffled composure. "In the first place you rid yourself of a powerful rival, and secure my niece's hand, no one remaining to cross your suit. The girl to be sure has no fortune—that is to say, her pecuniary affairs are a little entangled, and will not be so readily put in order—but what of that? The queen will doubtless provide amply on the occasion of your marriage. In the next place you push your way at court, and the queen will not fail to make a suitable recompence for the important service you render her."

"And how think you I should execute this same order?"

"The thing is perfectly simple. You will set out to-morrow with Valtravers on his way to the review. He rides almost always unharnessed. As soon as you reach the wood, contrive where the road narrows to get behind him, and plunge your dagger in his back."

"And you really suppose I will do this?" said Arnold, striving hard to keep down his bursting indignation.

"Of course," rejoined Ducoudray, with perfect ease. "You are Catherine's servant, and therefore must do what she commands. 'Twere pity of your life should you venture to leave her orders unfulfilled. Sooner might you hope to escape unscathed from the den of a raging lion, than to quit France in that case a living man. I have seen knightly heads," he continued, after coolly pouring out and swallow-

ing a goblet of wine, "stuck upon the walls of the palace of Blois for a more trifling cause. Notwithstanding, I blame you not that you have your scruples. Instances there have been, no doubt, in which those who commanded the murder have punished the murderer; but you may be at ease on that head. Catherine de Medicis is as strong as she is subtle, and her greatest strength consists in this—that she has never sacrificed any of her instruments from fear of men. Besides you are a foreigner. You have therefore nothing to do with a variety of considerations that might make a native Frenchman pause in this business. Lapped to your heart's content in plenty and enjoyment, and protected by the queen, you may snap your fingers at the world."

"Say you so, Chevalier de Courtenay?" said Arnold, starting up from his seat. "Think you really I am a hireling assassin, such as fame reports are brought over here from Italy? Well, then—hear this from me—I will *not* execute the queen's orders."

"Go to, go to! You jest. You would be the first that ever gainsaid the queen."

"Indeed! Then I hold it so much the more to my honour."

"I really begin to think now you speak in earnest," said Ducoudray, after a pause, and not without astonishment. "Bethink you, you are a lost man if you slight the queen's commands. Catherine would never forgive you, were it only to secure herself from babbling."

"Tell the queen," replied Arnold, firmly, "that not for her sake, but for that of my own injured honour, when once I have turned my back on your neighbourhood, I will never breathe a word that shall make known the infamy of which I was deemed capable. I quit your castle to-morrow."

"You thrust your own fortune from you."

"There is none worth having that can be won by murder."

"You make it impossible, too, that Euphrosyne shall ever be yours."

"I know it," said Arnold, bitterly. "But better I lose her, than that she place her pure hand in the blood-stained hand of a murderer."

"Be not a fool, bethink you! Let us postpone the deed for a few days, till you come to think better of it."

"Think better of murder? Never!"

"The night brings counsel," said Ducoudray, rising. "Above all you must, before you quit the castle, give me your written acknowledgment that you refuse to execute the queen's orders, and that I have left nothing undone on my part to admonish you of your duty."

"It shall be so. I will write and sign all you require," cried Arnold. "I will not leave the castle till I have placed the writing in your hands. But, henceforth, not a word more of this accursed business."

Arnold rushed in frenzy to his chamber, and many an hour had he lain on his bed, whilst tears of rage and disappointed hope still rolled over his cheeks.

The day had scarce dawned when Arnold ordered old Peter to saddle the gray, and hurried, equipped for travelling, to the hall of the castle to take leave of his host, and—what wrung his heart—of Euphrosyne. He was told that the master of the castle was not then to be spoken with, having closeted himself with a stranger just arrived, but that the young lady had been for more than an hour in the garden. Arnold well knew Euphrosyne's favourite spot. It was a melancholy grove beyond the neglected garden, through which a little sinuous brook chafed and brawled along. Patches of mossy green sward lay here and there among the huge fig-trees, pines, and ancient gnarled oaks; and a few gayer shrubs, trained by Euphrosyne's hand, were so disposed as to add to the beauty of the spot without impairing the effect of its romantic gloom. Close by the margin of the stream, in the few sunny spots of which the little fish were seen sporting merrily to and fro, stood an aged beech-tree spreading its broad arms over an almost circular mound, the grave of a chief among the ancient Armoricans. A large stone, close to the stem of the beech, served for a seat, and also for a monument to him who slept beneath the tumulus, as appeared from an inscription in the Armorican language, signifying, Here lies a manly Breton.

Euphrosyne was seated on the stone lost in thought, and our hero stood close before her ere she noticed his approach. She looked with surprise at Arnold's travelling garb, and a question seemed trembling on her tongue, when he said with a faltering voice, "I am come to take leave of you."

"You are going to leave us?" said Euphrosyne, starting and turning pale. "I thought you intended to accompany the chevalier Valtravers to the review this day."

"Were it your wish I should do so?" said Arnold, with a gloomy smile.

"Assuredly! This excursion, which you must by no means forgo, will procure you a welcome surprise, honour and advantage."

"A surprise?" said Arnold, bitterly. "That I can well believe: but honour? Hardly."

"Your speech is very strange. Did you not hear what the chevalier promised you yesterday? Be assured Henri de Valtravers never yet broke his word, when—when it was given to *a man*."

"You interest yourself very warmly for the chevalier," said Arnold, in a tone of voice that testified irritation and grief. "Do you know the man thoroughly?"

"I believe I do. The chevalier is a man of noble qualities, and saving one weakness that sullies him, could never be capable of an ignoble act."

"Not of murder for instance?" said Arnold, with a grim smile.

"What words are these!" exclaimed Euphrosyne, vehemently. "The world might perish sooner! But tell me what has possessed you with the thought of charging the high-souled, gallant, chivalric Henry with harbouring designs more suited (this

she spoke with great asperity) to one of 'Catherine's trusty servants?'"

"Permit me to be silent on that point," replied Arnold."

"You *must* not be silent!" exclaimed Euphrosyne, with an impetuous gesture. "I demand an explanation in the name of one of the noblest men that walks the earth, in the name of a man who wishes you well, and whom you vilely slander, in the name of one who is absent, of—"

Here the lady's utterance failed her.

"Go on," said Arnold. "Why do you stop? You demand it in the name of your lover, of your betrothed."

"Henri de Valtravers is not my lover, he can never be my betrothed," replied Euphrosyne, in accents of undissembled truth.

"He is a suitor for your love, for your hand. I must have been blind had I not seen this!"

"He is a suitor for my love, but not for my hand. The latter is impossible," Euphrosyne answered, with the shrinking reluctance of wounded maiden pride.

"What!" cried Arnold, indignantly. "He is married then? And you, lady, assert that you love him not, admit his address, defend his cause, and call the wretch an honourable man?"

"And even because I do so, sir knight, you must believe that he is no wretch, but worthy of your esteem, your reverence!" rejoined Euphrosyne, with lofty dignity. "But answer me one thing. How come you to deem the chevalier capable of a deed of infamy? Who has instilled this opinion of him into your mind?"

"I cannot answer that question," said Arnold.

"Can my uncle—"

"I name no one."

"Tell me, I conjure you. Oh, there is here some black and fiendish plot. This base slander—"

"I name no one," Arnold repeated, "but I will maintain with my sword that this Henri de Valtravers is a wretch, a coward—"

"Hold, rash man!" cried the lady, starting from her seat. "Who are you, that you dare to call the king of Navarre a coward?"

"How?—What?—That man—"

"Is king Henry. Sir Arnold, I fear me you have been infamously abused."

It was doubtful whether the young man heard the lady's last words or not. For a moment he seemed as if lost in a trance, then pressing his hands upon his eyes he cried out, overcome by the agony of his feelings, "Horrible!—They would have made me murder the king!"

Euphrosyne was appalled, but instantly recovering herself,

"God be thanked!" she exclaimed, "I have not been deceived in you. But now let us not lose our presence of mind, let us consult together. We will speak openly, we will speak as friends. You need not be under any apprehension," she said, blushing deeply, "of the mingling of another feeling on my part in those that more obviously prompt this conference. Unhappy from my cradle, brought up in solitude, and trained to little else than manly exercises, I belong almost more to you sex than to my own. There is something in you that engages confidence; you are young, perhaps inexperienced; assuredly you must have been abused and misled. Furthermore I give you the most sacred assurance that not a word of what passes here between us shall ever escape my lips without your permission."

"I renounce before God and man, a service in which it has been sought so hellishly to abuse my ignorance!" cried Arnold. "And who is there in whom I should more gladly put trust than in you, the dearest——"

The young man's voice failed him, and he could only press the hand of the blushing girl to his heart. He now recounted how he had left Switzerland to seek service in Blois; how he had there made his way by chance into the inexplicable tower, and the adventure that had befallen him there with an unknown lady.

"The lady," said Euphrosyne, with astonishment, "was the queen. The room you strayed into was the astrological hall; the young females you saw about Catherine were her so called *love band*, fatherless and motherless unfortunates, the offsprings of impoverished noble families, who are brought up by the queen, employed by her for her own ends, and then placed out in marriage with good dowries in remote districts of the country."

Arnold now proceeded to relate what had occurred to him since his departure from Blois, and the conversation he had with Ducoudray on the preceding evening. He added that now that he knew all, his honour demanded that he should call Ducoudray to a reckoning with the sword.

"That you must not and will not do," said Euphrosyne, when Arnold had ended. "My uncle is almost an infirm old man, and much as I have cause to complain of him, still I must say that in the unfortunate position in which he stands, he could hardly have acted otherwise. Avaricious by nature, and having suffered in his fortunes through the civil wars, he devoted himself to Catherine's service, who enrolling him among her 'trusty ones,' re-established his circumstances. I live, an orphan from my infancy, in his house. During a visit I paid at Nantes, I had the misfortune to meet King Henry. Since then he has been an almost daily visiter at Courtenay, and—I grieve to say it—my uncle favoured his views. Even though I had not before my eyes the melancholy example of so many unhappy females who lent too easy an ear to this monarch, so noble in all besides his dealings with our sex, still I never would have yielded to his suit. The poor, but honourable daughter of Guy de Villeharnois could perhaps bring herself, without feeling love, to become the wife of the poorest gentleman in the province, but never to be, though loaded with all this world's wealth, the paramour of the king she yet reveres. The queen," continued Euphrosyne, after a pause,

"was but too soon made acquainted with Henry's visits here under a feigned name, and thereupon she built her diabolical plans. Not believing my uncle possessed of the requisite determination, she sent you. You know the rest."

Arnold pondered for a moment, and exclaimed, "I will this very day acquaint the king with the danger that impends over him."

"You would thereby bring down ruin on my uncle's head," said Euphrosyne. "They talk too, of a dangerous illness of the queen's; should she die, Henry III. will come to an accommodation with the king of Navarre. Such a disclosure as you would make, would render this impossible. No, I have another plan. I will to-morrow betake me to the convent of the Carmelite nuns in Tours. There will then be an end to the king's visits to Courtenay."

"To the convent!" cried Arnold, clasping her hand in his. "You, to the convent?"

"It is the best, the only means to escape these torments," said Euphrosyne, with melancholy resignation. "For me there is no other refuge."

"Oh, yet, yet!" cried Arnold, pressing both the beautiful girl's hands to his lips, "Euphrosyne! You said just now you thought it possible, even without love, to become the wife of an honest man. I do not ask you whether you deem it possible some day yet to come, to feel love for me; but I ask you, will you be the wife of a man who knows, wishes, hopes for nothing more exalted, nothing more ecstatic than to call you his?"

Euphrosyne did not answer, but a gush of tears rolling down her cheeks told the feelings of her heart, and the lovers sank mutely into each other's arms.

It was about an hour after this, that Arnold entered Ducoudray's hall hand in hand with Euphrosyne. The young man's bearing was resolute, almost menacing. He purposed once more expressing to the master of the castle his loathing of the proposition made him on the former evening, then declaring Euphrosyne his betrothed, and threatening Ducoudray, should he make any objection, with the anger of Henry of Navarre. But what was the young man's astonishment when he found the ground completely altered, on which the intrigues in which he had been implicated had hitherto been played. Ducoudray met him with open arms, in the highest spirits, with a letter in his hand.

Oh, you long-headed, sharp-witted politician," he exclaimed to the wondering Swiss. "I tell you you are a courtier born, and will in time outstrip all your rivals. The man who can so appraise to a nicety the beams of the setting and of the rising sun is master of fortune, be the ground beneath his feet ever so slippery."

"At present, chevalier Ducoudray, so far as you are concerned, I am not in the mood for jesting," said Arnold. "Have the goodness to speak more explicitly."

"St. Peter preserve me from the thought of jesting with you," exclaimed the other. "This letter, which will explain all to you, is too plaguy serious to be made light of by either of us. It is from the king from Blois. Harken."

Ducoudray read as follows:

"Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this low earth, on the date hereof, our most illustrious lady mother, Madame Catherine, and to call her to the realms of everlasting blessedness, and whereas our deceased lady mother aforesaid, to whom the Lord grant a joyful resurrection, on her deathbed most earnestly enjoined and advised us to become reconciled with the king of Navarre, a thing we have long desired, we therefore send the bearer of this to the royal quarters of our well-beloved cousin aforesaid, to make known to the same our christian desire in that respect, and also that of our deceased lady mother. And whereas, we bethink us that a young Swiss, recently admitted into our service, by name Arnold an der Halden, having been despatched with special charges by our aforesaid lady mother, who now rests with God, may at this present writing be within your walls, you are to make known to the said Arnold, that the orders heretofore given him have ceased and determined with the decease of our dear departed lady mother; albeit we are assured that the aforesaid young knight, whom we know to be a sharpsighted, prudent, and also in other affairs highly expert man, will have regarded the said orders merely in accordance with our sentiments made known to him from the first, and will have dealt after the same. Finally, you are further to signify to the aforesaid knight, that on sight hereof he is to betake himself to our royal court at Blois, to await our pleasure as to the manner in which we shall appoint and employ him in our service after the measure of his approved foresight and prudence, and of his great skill in matters appertaining to the chase, whereof we have been especially advised, And so we commend you heartily to God's holy keeping. Henry Rex."

"Now what say you, lucky wight, or rather shrewd, sagacious—"

"That I will not go to Blois," replied Arnold, coldly. "I go into other and better service."

"I thought how it was," said Ducoudray in dismay. "You knew from the very first the real name of the chevalier Valtravers. But for God's sake! You have not spoken in a way that would be my destruction?"

"Make your mind easy," replied the young man, in a tone of voice that involuntarily betrayed the contempt he felt. "I am not entering the service of Henry of Navarre, who moreover knows not a word of what has passed. Here stands my mistress."

"What! My niece! You will marry her?" exclaimed the old man. "Hem! That were all very well; but she has but a trifling property, and even that same is in prodigious confusion."

"Give yourself no concern about that, Sir Pierre Ducoudray," said Arnold, significantly. "We will put it all in order presently."

Ducoudray was still mumbling out all sorts of things about good luck and ill luck, embarrassed circumstances, and so forth, when the door opened and Henri de Valtravers entered the room.

"Ha, bravo!" he said, goodhumouredly accosting our hero. "You are harnessed! That is well done. How gallant you look. The king's knights will be glad to see so handsome a champion by my side.—Eh! what is this?" he said, with surprise, as Arnold dropped on one knee, and kissed the hem of his scarf. "You have blabbed, Ducoudray, or you, Euphrosyne."

"The betrothed," said the young lady, smiling, and in a low voice, "can have no secrets for her future husband."

"Betrothed!" cried Henry, starting back in manifest displeasure. "*Ventre saint gris!* This is new to me. I should have thought Mademoiselle de Villeharnois would have done well to give some hint of the matter beforehand to a man who takes a great interest in her fate."

"Pardon me, sire, if I defend my betrothed bride," said Arnold, composedly. "It is but an hour since the first word of love passed between us."

"*Tête de Dieu*! And now all is settled. Quick work that. You are a fortunate man, chevalier. You may say with Cæsar, veni, vidi, vici."

"I had honourable intentions, sire," said Arnold, without embarrassment, and evidently without meaning any offensive allusion. "Every right-minded maiden must feel herself honoured by a frank and honourable proposal, even though she cannot accept it. Shame to the woman who felt not so. But when the words of honest love have been fitly bestowed, why should the maiden shrink from fairly responding to them?"

"Hem! You are right!" replied the king, somewhat struck by the truth of the remark. "Well, then, you are young, you will require a field for the exertion of your abilities: whatever my cousin offers you, I can do as much for you. I will give you a place in my court."

"Permit me, sire, to claim, as betrothed, the anticipated privileges of a wife," said Euphrosyne. "I have exacted a promise from Sir Arnold that he should take me to his native country. He has a small property there, that will suffice our humble desires."

"Mademoiselle Villeharnois it seems is absolutely resolved not to be under any obligation towards me," said Henry, discontentedly. But the frown soon passed from the open manly forehead of the king. His noble features again assumed their wonted aspect of good nature, that good nature that to this day keeps the name of Henry the Fourth still green in the memory of men.

"Fair Euphrosyne," he said, taking her by the hand, with a smile of cordial kindness, "it shall not be said in Switzerland that Henry of Navarre takes no interest in the welfare of his friends, or that his friends are too proud to accept his help. Forty thousand livres tournois are certainly not sufficient to secure an independent state, take them, however, as a token of friendship. Fain were I to give you a better dowry, but I have little money just now, and *ventre saint gris!* you have no idea how intolerable Sully is when he begins to grumble."

The betrothed pair bent gratefully over the king's hand, which they covered with kisses. Arnold accompanied him to the review. The marriage took place a few days afterwards, and the husband and his bride set out for Arnold's home in Switzerland.

THE EXEQUY.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

[*A curious specimen of an extinct style.*]

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint
Instead of dirges this complaint;
And, for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.
Dear loss! Since thy untimely fate,
My task has been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind; for thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes:
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns: this, only this
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolved into showers.
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hast thy noon-tide past,)
And I remember must in tears,
Thou scarce had seen so many years
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fallen and gone.
* * * * *
Meanwhile thou hast her, Earth: much good
May my harm do thee, since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her, whom living I loved best.
Be kind to her; and, prithee, look
Thou write into thy doomsday-book
Each parcel of this rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie:
See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight;
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer him that lent—
Not gave thee—my dear monument.
Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

Henry King, *Bishop of Chichester*. 1591—1669.

THE BURIAL ALIVE OF A LADY.

The narrative which follows is too well attested to admit of any doubt as to its authenticity. The story is familiarly known in the locality where the events took place, and where the tradition (if such it may be called) is of too recent a date to admit of distortion or exaggeration.

Mrs. Blunden was great-grandmother of the present Earl of Dartmouth; and we believe the family of her husband is still seated in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke and Reading. The facts of this strange statement are understood to rest upon the authority of Mr. Blunden himself, under whose sanction, it is said, they were published.

The "late Earl of Dartmouth," mentioned below, died in 1801, and was succeeded by his eldest son, who, dying in 1810, was succeeded by William, the present and fourth earl, and great-grandson of Mrs. Blunden.

We copy the whole account literally from a pamphlet printed and circulated at Reading; and drawn up at the request, or with the authority, of Mr. Blunden, for the purpose of warning others against the possibility of falling into such a fearful calamity as that which happened in his own family, and which is detailed minutely in the following narrative. The reader will probably be of opinion that the pamphlet might have been abridged with advantage to the mere interest of the story; which would certainly have been improved had it been thrown into a more startling and dramatic form. But it is desirable to bear in mind that this is not a fiction, that it is an actual matter of fact, and that it is related in the simplest and most direct language by people who had no pretensions to literary skill, and who were above all things anxious to set down the circumstances precisely as they occurred. A modern novelist, or a Surrey playwright, could have easily piled up the agony, and produced "effects" of the most appalling character out of this homely statement. But to our thinking it is a hundred fold more real and impressive as it stands in its naked earnestness.

The writer, whoever he may have been, was of too sedate a temperament to treat the appearance of an apparition otherwise than with a most cautious scepticism. He was evidently not a man to be frightened by "ghosts;" yet, for all his valour, he relates the whole story, on the faith of others, with the conscientious minuteness of a man troubled with that sort of fear which hovers on the brink of doubt. The reader must judge for himself.

THE HISTORY OF THE

SUPPOSED DEATH OF MADAM BLUNDEN,

Who was buried alive in the Chapel Liten, Basingstoke, with an account of her being heard in the Vault by the Schoolboys, and of the appearance of her

APPARITION

To her Housekeeper in her Room, and to a Person walking in the Liten, after she was really dead.

Basingstoke:
Published and sold by S. Chandler,
and by J. Rusher, Reading.
1827.

William Blunden, Esq., of Basingstoke, was reckoned one of the richest maltsters in England. He lived in a house which stood, some years ago, in Oat-street, near the spot which is now Mr. Vigor's garden. The house which Mr. Blunden occupied was old-fashioned and roomy, and was said to be haunted after the singular death of Madame Blunden. This saying, however, only proceeds from ignorance, as the noises heard in old and large houses may easily be accounted for, and if those who fancy they see or hear a ghost, had the courage to examine the cause of their alarm, they would often have reason to blush for their folly.

Early in life, Mr. Blunden married a lady of fortune, one of the family of Lancaster, by whom he had only one daughter, Elizabeth, who married first Mr. Charles Gunter Nichole, K. B., and second, Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster, but died without issue by the latter, December, 1743. By the former she had issue, Frances Catherine, an only child, married in 1755 to the late Earl of Dartmouth, who, in right of her, had considerable estates in and about the town of Basingstoke.

When Madam Blunden began to be advanced in life, she was subject to very great depression of spirits, and took, in order to remove her lowness, some cordials. This she was advised to do by a favourite maid-servant, whose name was Anne Runnegar, and one of the old families of Basingstoke, as the name occurs in the charter establishing the brotherhood or guild of the Holy Ghost, in the chapel of the Holy Ghost, granted by Philip and Mary, in the year 1556. The damsel had, most likely, proved the efficacy of cordials in her own case, and therefore recommended them to her mistress.

Being one night exceedingly low, Mrs. Blunden desired Ann to fetch her a cordial, which she told her stood in a certain place, in a private cupboard. The bottle was particularly described, and it was not likely that any mistake would ensue.

In haste, Ann Runnegar obeyed her mistress's commands, and when the vessel into which the cordial had been poured, was presented, Mrs. Blunden drained it to the very bottom.

The servant then enquired if she should stay by her for some time, but this her lady did not wish her to do, saying she might leave a light burning and go to bed, and that if she felt any worse she would ring the bell for her.

Ann Runnegar then retired, and ere many minutes were elapsed was in a sound slumber.

When this shocking event took place Mr. Blunden was absent on some particular business in London. The maid, therefore, slept in the room with her mistress, that she might be ready to attend in a minute, whenever occasion should require.

When she awoke in the morning, the sun shone full into the chamber windows. She arose in haste, and gently going to her mistress's bed, beheld her apparently in a gentle slumber. She laid precisely still, and seemed easy. Not wishing to disturb her, she descended to the kitchen, and did not go near her again for more than an hour.

A Mistress Paris, who was a celebrated midwife in those days, was Mrs. Blunden's companion, and stayed in the house when Mr. Blunden was away; but this consequential personage was out on a gossiping errand, when the maid first came down, nor did she come in till the afternoon.

In a little more than an hour the servant went again to her mistress, and found her still sleeping. She lay exactly in the same position as she did when she looked upon her before; not a finger apparently had been moved. She was surprised at her mistress sleeping so long, and so quietly, as, in general, her slumbers were short, and very much disturbed.

She did not, however, attempt to disturb her, but went down again, and mentioned her astonishment to Margery, the housekeeper.

"Our mistress is not dead is she?" cried Margery; "we have often heard of persons dying in their sleep."

Ann never thought of her being dead, but now the possibility of her being so was mentioned, she was dreadfully alarmed.

"Oh! it is so," she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "let us immediately go and learn the dreadful truth."

"Do not be in so much haste," replied Margery, "she may be only asleep; but here is Mrs. Paris coming up the walk, let us tell her."

"You alarm me very much," said Mrs. Paris, violently trembling, "as my dear lady always slept very badly; however, let us instantly go to her chamber. Come, follow me."

They did so. And Mrs. Paris found her exactly in the same state as Ann had left her. She called her by her name, but she answered not. She then shook her by the arm, but without effect. She appeared totally void of sensibility or motion.

A surgeon was now sent for, who let her blood. She bled a little, but when a glass was held before her mouth, no signs of her breathing were discovered. Her jaw was not dropped, neither were her limbs stiff. These circumstances staggered the medical attendant, and he told them to stop, at least forty hours, before they treated her as a dead person.

A person was instantly despatched to London to inform Mr. Blunden of the circumstances. He returned with the utmost speed, and with a heart writhing with anguish, approached the room which contained the body of his much loved, though rather imprudent lady.

After examining the body himself, he sent for the surgeon of the family, who was fully persuaded that life was absolutely gone. Three days more passed away, and no signs of life whatever appeared. Mrs. Paris, who wished to attend a large christening in the neighbourhood, persuaded Mr. Blunden to let the funeral take place at an early day.

This time passed away, and no sign of animation appeared. They waited three days longer, and still there were no signs of life. They now began to treat her as a dead person, and every thing was prepared for the funeral. The room in which the body lay was completely darkened, and hung with black cloth. Four large wax tapers were placed, two at the head, and two at the feet, of the corpse. By day, two gentlemen sat as chief mourners, and no expense was spared to give solemnity and magnificence to the scene. While the body thus lay in state, which it did for two days, any one was permitted to view it, and among the multitudes which did so, not one expressed any doubts as to the reality of the death of Madame Blunden.

At night the corpse was constantly watched by two females. The night before the funeral, one of them fancied that she saw the left hand of the corpse move. In the utmost terror she shook her companion, who was dozing. This one laughed at the childish imagination of the other, and called her stupid to think that a corpse should move.

"I am sure," said the first, "that I saw her left hand move, that I did."

"Nonsense," said the other, "it was only the wind shook the house, and so jarred the coffin. Hark! how mournfully it now howls through these old chambers. Mercy upon us! did you not see the head move? Call somebody—I have now seen it. Oh! look again! Did you not see the eyelids tremble. Let us hasten from this dreary room—the corpse will rise up presently!"

They went very trembling down a long passage which led to the servants' room, and having called up the men, told their story.

The men laughed at their fancies, and ridiculed their cowardice. They persuaded them, moreover, to resume their stations, and not to encourage such idle conceits. They added that Mr. Blunden would be exceedingly hurt was he to know how foolish they had been, and advised them, if they valued his favour, or wished not to become the laughing-stock of the whole town, not to repeat what they had said to them.

The women, however, could not be persuaded to stay in the chamber any more by themselves, and earnestly begged the men to keep them company till daylight. To this they at last consented, and they all repaired to the gloomy chamber. The two men agreed to sit close to the solemn coffin, and to watch the body carefully, in order to convince the women that their conjectures were entirely groundless.

They watched till broad daylight, but did not perceive the least traces of animation in their mistress! All was as silent and still as the grave! Not a motion, not a tremor was perceived! "There," said the men, "You must now be convinced that what you thought was only fancy. Had you not been deceived, our mistress would have displayed more and more signs of life. We think, therefore, that you had better say nothing to any living soul about what you have fancied this night, lest it should get abroad, and a report be circulated in the neighbourhood that our mistress was buried alive.

On the ensuing midnight the funeral took place by torchlight. Fifty persons bearing flaming torches and clothed in mourning robes, walked in two rows, one row on each side of the procession. The mourners, in sable weeds, to the amount of nearly one hundred, the principal inhabitants of the town being invited, followed. Two heralds, one carrying the nodding plumes, and the other bearing the arms of the Blunden family, went first. These were followed by six mutes bearing staves wrapped in black silk. The corpse was borne by six malt-makers in the employ of Mr. Blunden, each of whom received half a guinea and a silk scarf. Six more persons, bearing streamers of the deepest jet, on each of which was wrought the armorial bearings of the Blunden family, quartered with those of the Lancasters, the family of the deceased lady. All these pompous attendants rendered the scene particularly impressive. A solemn dirge was sung before the corpse as it went up Chapel-hill. Not a word was heard from the hundreds of spectators which witnessed the procession. At the pauses in the singing, the tolling of the great bell smote upon the ear, and filled every mind with a serious awe.

When they came to the grave or vault, the usual service for the burial of the dead was observed, but when the corpse was lowered into the vault, a resurrection anthem, prepared for the purpose, was commenced by the singers, and performed in an admirable manner. The service was then closed, and a person being left to see that the workmen properly placed the coffin and closed up the vault, the company returned in contrary order to that in which they had advanced from the house.

About five o'clock in the morning the vault was completely closed, and the men departed to their homes.

The choir in the Chapel Liten, which is now used as a school-room, was at that time appropriated to the same purpose. What the master's name was cannot now be ascertained, as it is not mentioned in any record containing an account of Madam Blunden.

The name of the master, however, is of no consequence. The schoolboys came to play a little before the time at which they went into their lessons. As two of them were standing on the vault of Mrs. Blunden, they thought they heard a noise underneath. They listened more attentively, and were convinced that the noise came from the vault. The name of one of these boys was Eastman, whose great granddaughter now resides at Steventon. Frightened rather, they went and informed their master of the circumstances. He laughed at their conceits, as he termed the report, and bade them go about their business, and not trouble him again with any more such tales.

The boys when they came from their master told to another or two of their schoolfellows what they had heard in the vault, who went with them to listen again still more attentively. The result proved that they were not deceived in their first conjecture. The noise was still heard, and even to an increased degree. After listening, not without a considerable degree of terror, for several minutes, they again determined to acquaint their master, and accordingly two of them, John Wix and William Pink, were deputed to wait on him. They accordingly proceeded to the school-room and gave the information. The master was enraged at being again troubled with the idle visions of the boys, as he termed them, and instantly punished them with some severity for daring to come again to him with such an improbable story. The boys, however, persisted in their relation, and some more coming in he inquired of them, and they all asserted that they heard something knocking in the vault. Rather staggered by the unwavering testimony of all his scholars, he determined to go and listen himself, and resolved, if he found their report to be without foundation, to punish them in the most exemplary manner.

He came to the vault, and attentively listening, distinctly heard a noise. It seemed like some one knocking, but the boys declared that it was not so loud by a great deal as they had at first heard it. The master now had little doubt but that the noise he heard proceeded from Mrs. Blunden, and the suppressed report that she was not dead, but in a trance, or laid to sleep, rushed into his mind. That the noise was not so plain as the boys said they had heard it, was easily accounted for, by supposing the person who made it, to grow weaker and weaker, from her continual efforts to be heard. Without a moment's hesitation, he himself repaired to Mr. Blunden's, and secretly communicated to him what he had heard, and all the circumstances respecting his scholars having heard it before himself. Mr. Blunden was uncommonly agitated upon receiving this information, and having with the utmost expedition procured some workmen, proceeded to have the vault opened. He himself accompanied the men, but when he came to the grave, not the least sound could be heard. The boys said, that after their master went to Mr. Blunden's, the noise grew more and more faint, and that, at last, they could hear nothing at all. It was supposed by the bystanders, that she was either entirely dead, or that she had totally exhausted herself in endeavouring to obtain her release. The majority, however, supposed that she must have perished, as they thought that no one could live long in a vault into which the fresh air could not enter. All these conjectures were, however, soon to be removed, as the brick-work, which stopped up the entrance, was

taken away, and they were preparing to unscrew, or rather to wrench open the coffin. Who can describe the feelings of Mr. Blunden while this season of suspense lasted! Hope and fear reigned alternately in his bosom. Was she alive—he could again clasp to his bosom a beloved partner! But was she dead—and dead because he had too hastily buried her—how could he ever enjoy repose again? The lid of the coffin was now opened, and a most horrid spectacle presented itself to the distressed husband. Mrs. Blunden had certainly been buried alive! It is conjectured that the shaking, attendant upon her being removed from the chamber, setting her down in the church, and placing her in the vault, must, joined with the gradual loss of effect in that which caused her so long to slumber, have roused her from her lethargy.* When she came to herself, she appeared to have struggled violently. The body was two inches deep in blood, and a considerable quantity was found in the vault. On examining the body, it was found that the knuckles, knees, forehead, heels, and toes, were beaten nearly to a jelly. Not the least signs of life were, however, now visible. Indeed, the quantity of blood she had lost was sufficient to destroy the vital principle, without the assistance of confined air.

The body was removed to Mr. Blunden's house again, and particularly examined by three medical men, who pronounced her dead beyond recovery. The body was again privately interred, without a coroner's inquest being held upon it, for which neglect, the town of Basingstoke was indicted at the assizes, held at the castle of Winchester, and fined a considerable sum.

The female servant, who particularly waited on Mrs. Blunden, and who administered to her the liquor, which had, as she supposed, produced such beneficial effects, in so comfortably composing her mistress to sleep, was in a day or two after Madam Blunden had been taken up, convinced beyond a doubt of the cause of her long slumber. A fellow-servant had been in great pain for some time, and, in consequence, could not obtain any sleep at night, and, therefore, applied to Ann Runnegar, who, he well knew, kept such an article for the use of her mistress, to give him something to procure him some repose, and deaden his anguish. Ann mentioned the man's request to Mr. Blunden, who gave her the keys to get what she wanted. She took down the bottle which contained the sleeping potion, and found it empty. What were her sensations! It instantly rushed into her mind that she had given her mistress nearly half a pint of poppy-water, in her haste, instead of the medicine she had sent her for.

Frantic she ran into Mr. Blunden's room, exclaiming, "I am a murderess! It was I who occasioned the death of my mistress." Astonishment took hold on Mr. Blunden, and he desired the young woman to explain herself. Long time it was ere he could gain any thing satisfactory from her. She only wrung her hands, and accused herself of being the murderess of her mistress. At last, however, she became more calm, and related the circumstances. Mr. Blunden could not reasonably blame the girl, as what she did was the effect of haste, and totally undesigned. It is said by some that she was so much affected by being the innocent cause of her mistress's death, that her reason gradually declined, and left her totally ere many weeks elapsed.

One of the women who watched the corpse, when she heard that Mrs. Blunden had actually been buried alive, exclaimed to the person who told her, "Ah! I really thought that she was not dead—a dead person could not have moved as she did."

"What do you mean? A dead person would not move as she did! You surprise me—do tell me the rights of it—I shall not rest satisfied till you do," said the person.

The woman then related what she and her companion saw on the night previous to the funeral, and told of the men-servants laughing at them for giving way to what their fancy had merely conjured up, and also of their persuading them not to propagate what they had told them, lest a disagreeable and ridiculous report should be spread in the neighbourhood, and they, in consequence, incur Mr. Blunden's displeasure. "But," added the woman, "I wish I had not been persuaded by them, and that I had told Mr. Blunden of it; then, perhaps, he would have had his lady particularly examined, or, at least have staid a little longer, before he had her put under ground. As long as I live I will never be persuaded by any one again, but I will do what my heart tells me I should. I wish to God I had done so now, and then I could not any how be charged with her death; but now I am exceedingly to blame, in not letting Mr. Blunden know my thoughts, and what I had seen."

What the woman said to this person came somehow or other to the ear of Mr. Blunden. He ordered all into his presence, and made them repeat, very circumstantially, all that was seen and spoken on this night. "My regret," said he to the women, "that you did not inform me of your seeing Mrs. Blunden move her hand in the coffin, is extremely great. Had I been told of this, my dear lady might have been now alive. You have acted extremely wrong, but you are not so much to blame as those who persuaded you." To them he said, "How could you conceal these circumstances from me? You might have communicated the women's story to me without informing the whole neighbourhood. Your fear of offending me was groundless. You must, I should think, feel greatly for keeping back the information, and persuading the women to do so; since by it you have prevented my using more particular means to ascertain the real state of Mrs. Blunden, and, therefore, been in a measure the occasion of the dreadful catastrophe which succeeded her being entombed alive. That you did

* A person of the name of Rice, whose descendant lately paid the debt of nature at Basingstoke, was one of the boys who heard Madam Blunden in the vault, and afterwards saw the coffin opened.

not keep back the information with an intent to produce the lamentable circumstance, I am fully persuaded. I think you speak the truth when you say that a fear of ridicule prevented your informing me, and, therefore, I do not by any means wish to injure you. As the sight of you, however, will always bring unpleasant ideas to my mind, I shall dismiss you from my service, but will do my utmost to procure you another."

It was currently reported and very generally believed, particularly by the lower classes of the town, that the spirit of Madam Blunden was seen both in the Chapel Liten, and in Mr. Blunden's house. The truth or falsehood of this report we shall leave our readers to ascertain. We shall proceed to state two instances which appear to us most deserving of credit, and let the reader draw his own inferences.

As the housekeeper was one day sitting at work very attentively at her needle, by the table, near the fireplace, she looked up, and to her utter astonishment perceived Madam Blunden sitting in an opposite chair. Terror chained her tongue, and prevented her speaking if she had an inclination. Madam Blunden was dressed just as she used to be in an afternoon, and looked very pale, just as a corpse does. For the space of ten minutes the figure did not move hand or foot, nor utter a syllable. During this time the affrighted housekeeper could not take her eyes off from it, but gazed intently on the awful phantom. The figure now raised its right hand, and removing the large hat it had on, displayed a forehead bound with a shroud-cap, stained with blood, which seemed to trickle from under it, denoting the state her head was in from beating it against the coffin lid. This sight was too much. The woman closed her eyes for a moment, and, on opening them again, saw nothing of the figure. It had vanished away. The moment she was able she alarmed the house, and, in a dreadful trepidation, informed Mr. Blunden of what she had seen. Mr. Blunden could but give credit to her story. That it was the spirit of Madam Blunden she was fully persuaded. She was sitting at her work, and not thinking of her, or she might have given way to imagination, and so be deceived by it. Besides, her door was fastened withinside, and no human being could enter without her hearing or seeing it. But here was no noise whatever. Without hearing a previous sound, she looked up and saw Madam Blunden sitting in the chair. When the figure had vanished, and she was able to go to the door, she found it fastened withinside. This proves that the figure must have vanished, and not departed in a way a mere corporeal being must have done.

The next instance of Madam Blunden's appearing on earth after her decease, is as follows:

A working tradesman, we think a carpenter, had been at work near Kingsclere, for two or three weeks. Having finished his job, he returned home on Saturday night. In the course of the evening he observed to his wife what a dreary road it was from Kingsclere to Basingstoke, and said that he never saw a single person all the way, till he almost got to Liten, where he saw Madam Blunden. "I put my hand to my hat," added he, "and bowed to the old lady, but she did not make me any return—what is the matter, my dear," cried he to his wife, "how pale you look? Are you suddenly ill? Do say if any thing is the matter with you."

"Gracious heaven," exclaimed the wife, sinking into a chair, "you have seen Madam Blunden, and she was buried on Tuesday last."

"Buried or not buried," said he, "I certainly saw her, and bowed to her. I wondered she did not nod, or something, as she used to make some return to those who showed her any mark of respect."

The wife then related all that had passed respecting Madam Blunden, to her husband, and he felt his hair rising upon his head as he listened to her relation. He felt very uneasy lest his having seen the spirit of a dead person should prove the indication of his own decease, and of his burial near or exactly upon the spot where the apparition stood.

The story of Madam Blunden's death may afford an useful lesson to many. To ladies, and all who keep dangerous medicines in their houses, it may teach the propriety of keeping it alone, and out of the reach of any but themselves. Servants who have the office of waiting upon indisposed persons may learn from it to be careful of well knowing what every vessel contains. Had the servant who waited on Mrs. Blunden been thus careful, what agonies might she have saved her mistress; for who can have any idea what this lady must have felt when she recovered her senses, and perceived that she was actually buried without hope of relief.

It may also afford a lesson to those whose friends may be taken off in their sleep, not to put them too soon under ground. Every person dying in this way should be examined with the most scrupulous exactness, as the pulse may be so low as not to indicate life, while the soul still inhabits the body; and interment in this case should not take place till some evident signs of putridity appear and show the body may be committed to the ground without any fear of reanimation.

The unusual and unexpected death of Madam Blunden, is a lesson to us all. Her death was sudden! ours may be so too. Are we prepared to meet death? If death meets us on a sudden, there will be no time to ask ourselves the question; let us therefore put it while in health, and having consulted our Bibles in order to ascertain our state, let us form an estimate of our character by its decision, and where we find ourselves to be wrong, let us forsake the evil, and where we are right, let us suffer no temptation to cause us to deviate; but looking to that Saviour whose blood alone cleanseth from all sin, let us proceed in performing the whole will of God; and then, whether our departure be sudden or expected, all will certainly be well.

THE STORY OF HELEN GILLET.

"Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable."

It would probably be difficult to find, in the whole course of human events, a more striking illustration of the truth of the above motto than the following history of Helen Gillet, a young lady of Burgundy, who was tried for infanticide, and condemned to be decapitated, in the early part of the seventeenth century. The mixture of the extraordinary, the marvellous, and the horrible in this "o'er true tale" would, if detailed in a work of fiction, be considered as evincing a want of tact in the writer, from the apparent improbability and aggravated horror of the events, which surpass, in their frightful reality, anything that the author of "Melmoth" has, in the wildest debauch of his terror-loving imagination, given birth to. And yet not one of the facts, hereinafter related, but has been faithfully and literally copied from the judicial records of the court before which the trial took place, and from the municipal archives of the city of Dijon, in which were transcribed the official reports of the extraordinary circumstances that occurred at the place of execution. It will surprise, if not interest, the English reader to learn that the said story of Helen Gillet is connected, by a singular coincidence, with a remarkable event in the life of the ill-fated Charles I. of England. The source from whence we have drawn the principal facts of this harrowing narrative is a book written by an advocate of the bar of Dijon,* and of which but a very few copies were printed. Upon one of these, by a fortunate chance, we happened to lay our hand. The documents which furnished the author of this book with the facts detailed in it, he found in the eleventh volume of the old "Mercure François de Richer et Renaudat," in "La Vie de l'Abbesse de Notre Dame du Tart, Madame Courcelle de Pourlans,"† and in the authentic archives of the *Chambre des Comptes*, and of the *Mairie* of Dijon. From the incontestable truth and authenticity of these sources, it is evident that no narration of past events can rest upon more solid and incontrovertible proofs than do the principal and almost incredible facts of the tragical history of Helen Gillet.

In the year 1624, the *châtelain*, or royal judge, who presided over Bourg-en-Bresse, a little town situated within view of Mount Jura, was Pierre Gillet, a man of noble extraction, upright conduct, austere manners, and unblemished reputation. Pierre Gillet was blessed with an only daughter, named Helen, aged twenty-two, who was equally admired for the beauty of her person and the graces of her mind, as she was respected for the virtue and piety of her conduct. Helen was seldom seen at any place of public resort except the church; and yet there the eye of abandoned and daring profligacy sought her out, and marked her for its victim. An individual of violent and reckless passions, unfortunately for poor Helen Gillet, became enamoured of her; and, to obtain the object of his desires, contrived to gain admission into her father's house, under the guise of an instructor of her brothers. But being soon convinced, by the purity and unaffected reserve of Helen, of the impossibility of accomplishing his design by the usual arts of seduction, he had recourse to the treacherous collusion of a vile servant-woman, and to the atrocious and dastardly expedient of a narcotic draught, to achieve the ruin and disgrace of the hapless girl.

This event left no other traces in the mind of Helen Gillet than a vague stupor, and, to her, unaccountable melancholy, unaccompanied with either remorse or dread—

"She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin."

But after the lapse of some time, the sly looks and whispers of the groups she passed on her way to and from church,— the coarse laughter and ribald jests of the young men she chanced to meet,—the fixed and scrutinizing gaze with which the elder and married women regarded her shape, followed by shrugs and upturned eyes, expressing half pity, half scorn—and the daily falling off of her younger female acquaintance, even including her dearest and most intimate friends, gradually forced upon the conviction of the poor girl that her reputation was suffering under some unknown but terrible taint, and that society rejected her as a worthless and forlorn creature. In a short time, but one friend alone in the world remained to her, and in the bosom of that friend—her mother—she hid her face to weep, but not to unburthen her mind, for she had no guilty secret to disclose.

In regard to the birth of the child, of the compassing whose death Helen Gillet was accused, much and inextricable mystery prevailed. In her various examinations, and on her trial, she constantly asserted her ignorance of having ever given birth to a child. She, however, confessed that some time after she had been betrayed by the treachery of a female servant to the brutality of her ravisher, an accident had happened to her which she communicated to a woman in her father's service, who told her that she had experienced a miscarriage. Another account, relative to the child, circulated amongst the people of Bourg-en-Bresse, to the effect, that on the night of Helen's accouchement the only person present was her mother; that Helen was buried in the profound sleep of exhausted nature, whilst her mother, tired out with watching, was in a middle state between slumber and waking, when, towards the break of day, she saw a man enter the chamber, approach the bed, from which he snatched the new-born babe, (for no cradle had been provided for this clandestine accouchement,) and, after wrapping it

* Histoire d'Hélène Gillet, ou Relation d'un événement extraordinaire et tragique survenu à Dijon dans le dix-septième siècle. Par un ancien Avocat. Dijon, 1829. 8vo, 72 pages.

† Par Edme-Bernard Bourrée, Oratoirien. Lyon, 1699. 8vo, 541 pages.

in the first article of dress that came under his hand, and imprinting a hurried kiss on the brow of its sleeping mother, rushed from the apartment before Madame Gillet, who witnessed, with a kind of dreamy uncertainty, this extraordinary apparition, could recover from her surprise and horror sufficiently to give an alarm (if, under the peculiar circumstances, she had dared to do so), or prevent his departure. This man was supposed to have been the person who had acted for a short time as tutor to the sons of Pierre Gillet, since a person resembling him had been observed anxiously on the watch about the house of the *châtelain* for some days previous to the accouchement, and was never seen afterwards in the country.

However true or false this account may be, the reappearance of Helen Gillet, accompanied by her mother, at church, with the traces of recent suffering, both mental and bodily, on her features, and the recovered slenderness of her shape, gave rise to surmises and rumours of so serious an import, that the magistrates thought their duty called upon them to take cognizance of the affair, and Helen Gillet was in consequence subjected to the visit of a jury of matrons, whose report affirmed that she had given birth to a child some fifteen days previously to the said inquiry. The unfortunate young lady was thrown into prison, and criminal proceedings were commenced against her; but, from the circumstance of there being no *corpus delicti* in evidence, (the body of the child not having been found,) the Judges were in doubt how to proceed, when the following occurrence relieved them from the dilemma. A soldier, who was walking in the fields close to the town, was struck by the action of a raven, which, darting from a tree to the ground close to the foot of a wall, began tearing up the earth with its bill and claws, and then flew back into the tree, bearing in its bill a fragment of discoloured or bloody linen. The soldier ran to the spot, turned up the earth with the point of his sabre, and discovered the body of an infant enveloped in a chemise, upon one of the corners of which were the initials H. G.! This fact being made known to the Judges, the proceedings were resumed, and, on the 6th of February, 1625, Helen Gillet was found guilty of the murder of her child, and condemned to be beheaded (she being of noble blood) instead of being hanged, as would have been the punishment for one of inferior condition.

On the day of execution poor Helen Gillet walked between two Jesuits and two Capuchin monks, each of whom, in turn, held towards her a crucifix, which she kissed with devout fervour. Never had she appeared so affectingly beautiful: her dress was spotless white; her long and beautiful raven-dark hair had not as yet been cut off, but was gathered up on the crown of her head, where it was confined by a ribbon. Soon after the commencement of the procession to the scaffold, the ribbon became partially loosened, so that a great portion of Helen's hair slipped from the knot, and fell in graceful and undulating disorder upon her left shoulder, thereby completely concealing from view the ignominious halter that had been placed round her neck. In this some saw only a trifling accident, while others thought they beheld in it the finger of God, thus covering and hiding from the sight the disgraceful addition superadded to the punishment by the Parliament of Dijon. This circumstance of the falling down of the hair led to results of infinitely more serious import than the concealing of the halter, as will be seen in the sequel. The place of execution at Dijon, to which Helen Gillet was proceeding, was appropriately called the *Morimont*, or the Mount of Death. In the midst of this place stood the scaffold, hung with black cloth; it was constructed of wood, having a flight of eight steps, and was elevated upon a basement of masonry-work, to which there was an ascent of four steps. All round this structure, at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, rose a barrier of strong wooden posts and planks to keep off the crowd. Within this barrier, and close to the the scaffold, was seated the King's Procurator-General, attended by his *hussieurs d'honneur;* here also were some Jesuits and Capuchin monks, occupied in praying for the soul that was about to pass. Within the enclosure, but close to the barrier, were circulating, with slow and solemn steps, six black penitents,* whose appearance was startlingly spectral, from their forms and faces being entirely enveloped in long sable robes, the only features visible being their eyes, which glared upon the spectators from two small holes in each of the pointed hoods which covered their heads. With bare feet, lighted torches in their hands, and a hempen rope round their bodies, these frightful-looking figures went chanting the death-dirge of the poor sufferer, and begging alms in sepulchral and hollow tones for the benefit of the souls in purgatory. Within the wooden barrier was also a little brick building, in which the executioner kept his manacles, cords, flesh-tearing pincers, portable furnace, branding and limb-breaking irons, and all the other inhuman paraphernalia of his hideous ministry. One part of this storehouse of torture was fitted up as an oratory, and served as a *succursale*, or chapel of *ease!* dependent upon the bloody temple of the scaffold. It was specifically called *La Chapelle*, and into it were led to pray those hardened criminals who, having resisted all the ghostly exhortations wasted upon them in the prison, could only be brought to some sense of their awful situation by the sight of the instruments of their death.

An increased noise and agitation amongst the crowd, and every eye turned in one direction, announced that the sad procession had reached the *Morimont*. Helen Gillet alone ascended the scaffold, and took her station near the block, her eyes raised to Heaven, and her heart, to judge from her apparent serenity, firmly relying upon

* A self-constituted confraternity of laymen, who make it a duty to attend criminals to execution in a hideous and appalling masquerade dress. Some of these confraternities are still kept up, and play their lugubrious pranks, in the South of France.

the justice and mercy of God. For several minutes she remained alone upon the scaffold, "the observed of all observers," for Simon Grandjean, the executioner, had not yet appeared. He had remained behind, praying in the chapel of the prison, where he had taken the sacrament that morning. He at length entered the barrier, accompanied by *la bourrelle,* that is, his wife, or, not to profane the holy name of wife, the female of the *bourreau,* who, on important occasions, aided him in his horrible functions. The executioner was armed with a short, broad-bladed, and heavy-backed sword—the *bourrelle* held in one of her hands a long pair of scissors, to cut off the hair of the sufferer. This woman, who seemed to be actuated by the cruelty of a fiend, hurried up the steps of the scaffold, brandishing the scissors above her head; and yet, when she stood by the side of the victim, she seemed, through some unaccountable cause, to have forgotten the purpose for which she had brought the scissors, so that the beautiful hair of poor Helen Gillet remained unpolluted by the touch of this female demon. At this moment Simon Grandjean advanced to the front of the scaffold, and making a sign to the crowd that he wished to address them, (a circumstance unheard of in the history of judicial executions,) the hoarse murmur of the multitude was instantly hushed into a death-like silence. The executioner at that instant appeared an object of pity rather than of horror; for, pale and enfeebled from sickness, and emaciated and hollow-eyed from the macerations and fleshy mortifications which he had voluntarily undergone, in order to prepare himself for the fulfilment of his terrible ministry, he was scarcely able to stand upright, and leaned for support on the sword, the point of which he held against the ground. It was evident to all that a fierce struggle was going on in his mind, between his duty and compassion for the young and beautiful creature that was awaiting death at his hands. At length, with fear and trembling, he exclaimed—

"Mercy! mercy for me! Your blessing, reverend fathers! Pardon me, men of Dijon, if I should fail in my duty, for it is now more than three months that I have been grievously sick and afflicted in body. I have never yet cut off a head, and the Lord God refuses me sufficient strength to kill this young creature! Upon my faith as a Christian, I feel that I cannot kill her!"

As prompt as the lightning's flash was the reply of the crowd—"Kill! kill!" roared out the savage populace.

"Do your duty," said the king's procurator-general; but this mild expression, pronounced with seriousness and dignity, conveyed the same cruel meaning as the inhuman roar of the multitude—"Kill! kill!"

Simon Grandjean then, with tottering steps, and his eyes filled with tears, approached Helen Gillet, and, throwing himself at her feet, and presenting her the handle of the sword, said, "Noble young lady, kill me or pardon me!"

"I pardon and bless you," replied Helen, as she knelt down, and laid her head upon the block.

The executioner, now excited by the *bourrelle,* who overwhelmed him with reproaches, could no longer defer striking the blow. He raised his arm—a deep drawing in of the breath by the multitude was distinctly heard—the priests and the penitents exclaimed JESUS MARIA!—the bright blade gleamed like a lightning flash in the air, and then descended upon the neck of the sufferer. But Helen's long hair, which, as has been already mentioned, had fallen down over her shoulders, turned aside the force of the blow, and the sword cut deep into her left shoulder. In her anguish she turned over on her right side, while the executioner, after dropping the sword, went to the edge of the scaffold, and called out to the crowd to put him to death.

Already a furious clamour began to rise from the multitude, whose sanguinary impatience had now changed its object, and turned into rage against the unskilfulness of the executioner, mingled with pity for the tortured victim. Some of the populace had already commenced throwing stones at the executioner, when the *bourrelle,* taking up the sword, sought to fix it firmly in his hands. While she was thus employed, poor Helen Gillet raised herself, and again laid her head, with her hair all dabbled in blood, upon the block. The wretched executioner, now still more confused by the horror of his situation, made another ill-directed blow, which at first took effect upon the head of the sufferer, from which, after inflicting a deep gash, it descended upon her neck, entering it not more than a finger's breadth. Again the tortured girl turned over, and, rolling upon the floor, covered with her body the sword (another providential circumstance) which the executioner had thrown down after striking the blow. The fury of the multitude now rose beyond all controul; and the executioner, to escape it, jumped from the scaffold, and ran for shelter to the little *chapelle* already described, whither he was followed by the Jesuits, the Capuchin monks, and the penitents, as the populace had commenced pulling down the barrier; and stones, no respecters of persons, were beginning to fly from all quarters, accompanied by the cries of "*Save the sufferer, and kill the executioner!*" The masons who were among the crowd advanced to demolish the little *chapelle,* the door of which had been shut and barricadoed inside; and the members of the merciful company of butchers, who were present, followed close behind, determined and ready to slaughter the man of blood.*

The monks and holy fathers, who had shut themselves up with the executioner in the little *chapelle,* fearing by a protracted resistance to draw the fury

* These circumstances are not imaginary ones, but are expressly mentioned in the *proces verbal,* or official account of the affair, which was drawn up four days after its occurrence, in the council-chamber of the city of Dijon, and which bears the signature of the *échevin* Bossuet, the father of that brightest ornament of the French church, the eloquent Bishop of Meaux.

of the multitude upon their sacred persons, opened the doors, and issued forth chanting the hymn for the dead, as if they were going to their own execution, and holding out their crucifixes as if to conjure and ward off the showers of stones that were falling about them. In this guise they crossed the square of the *Morimont*, not without receiving on their bare and shaven heads some of the many missiles that were hurtling in the air above them. Before they had half traversed the square, they heard the dying shriek of the wretched Simon Grandjean, who had been torn by the infuriated populace from the altar of the little chapel, dragged forth into the light and air, for the purpose of being instantly deprived of both, and put to death in a thousand different ways—by a thousand various wounds and weapons.

Whilst this popular tragedy was being performed close to the chapel, a still more atrocious scene of hellish cruelty was being perpetrated on the scaffold, where poor Helen Gillet was left alone with the *bourrelle*. This fiend, in the shape of a woman, not seeing the sword, which was concealed by Helen's having fallen upon it, took the rope which she had round her neck whilst coming to the place of execution, and again placed it round the sufferer's throat, and tightened it. The unfortunate girl, recovering her senses at the moment, raised her hands, and seized the rope, when her inhuman tormentor kicked her brutally and repeatedly in the bosom and stomach, trampled on her hands, and, drawing her up by the rope, shook her violently five or six times, hoping in that way to strangle her. In this she would most probably have succeeded, but finding herself at the instant assailed by a shower of stones from the multitude, she dragged by the rope around its neck the half inanimate body across the scaffold, and down the eight steps—the late beautiful features now livid and distorted from pain and strangulation, the once finely-formed head now gashed with horrid wounds, and the once-flowing and glossy raven-black hair now a hideously matted and discoloured mass, thick with clotted blood, and gore, and sawdust!

On reaching the stone basement upon which the scaffold stood, the *bourrelle* suddenly recollected the pair of scissors which she had brought with her to cut off the culprit's hair; and, as if excited to still more frenzied cruelty by the remembrance, she drew them from her girdle, and endeavoured to cut the throat of her victim with them; but failing in this, she plunged them repeatedly into the face, and neck, and bosom of the hapless girl.

The wretch would have certainly, and soon, completed her murderous design, had not, at the moment, two men, who had scaled the barrier, rushed upon her, and rescued poor Helen from her fiendish hands. They took the rope from her neck, and, making a kind of *brancard*, or litter, of their arms crossed, carried her towards the house of a surgeon named Nicholas Jacquin. They had not proceeded far with her, when, coming a little to herself, she complained of a burning thirst, and asked for a little water, which being given her, she said, finding her spirits return, "I knew well that God would assist me."

As the saviours of Helen Gillet were bearing her away, the crowd, getting over the barrier on all sides, rushed upon the *bourrelle*, and soon reduced her vile body, by innumerable blows of stones, hammers, knives, and poniards, to a hideous and formless mass of bruised and mutilated flesh, and gore, and shattered bones.

At the house of the surgeon Jacquin (whose descendants, and of the same name, still exercise the same profession in Burgundy), Helen had her wounds visited, after permission had been asked of the municipal authorities. Besides the two inflicted by the sword of the executioner, she had six stabs of scissors;—one which passed between the windpipe and the jugular vein; another through the under lip, and by which the tongue and palate were lacerated; one above the breast, which pierced nearly to the back-bone; two deep gashes in the head, and several wounds from stones; and a deep incision across the loins, made by the sword upon which she had fallen. Besides these, her neck and bosom were cruelly bruised and lacerated by the kicks which the *bourrelle* had given her. Whilst they were dressing her wounds, she asked if these were to be the end of her sufferings. She was told to be of good courage; that God and her judges would take her part; that during the fifteen days of vacation upon which the Parliament of Dijon was then entering, she would have time to petition the king; and that there was little doubt that, after learning the unexampled sufferings she had undergone, his majesty would pardon her.

Whilst this scene was passing in the house of Nicholas Jacquin, the surgeon, (who was soon able to pronounce that none of the wounds of his poor patient, though serious, were mortal,) her wretched mother was stretched on the floor of the chapel of Sister Frances du Saint Esprit, in the stupor of despair. She was roused by the voice of the venerable nun exclaiming, "'Tis well! 'tis well! All is over! There are the people returning joyfully from the place of execution, for the young and the innocent has not perished."

We shall leave it to the imagination of our readers to depict the meeting between this devoted mother and her beloved daughter, thus miraculously restored to her from the bloody embraces of the most hideous death. But even the joys of this reunion were dashed with bitterness, flowing from the uncertainty which hung over the fate of Helen Gillet, she being still liable to the doom of death pronounced upon her; so that the interval—between the forwarding of her memorial for mercy and the return of the messenger that brought the answer—was a continued agony of terror and suspense for both mother and daughter.

To the other singular coincidences which concurred to rescue poor Helen Gillet from her dreadful fate may be added the circumstance of the day of her execution having been fixed for the eve of the

Catholic festival of the Rogation Days, when commenced a vacation of fifteen days for the parliaments and high courts of justice; so that, by the massacre of Simon Grandjean, the functions of the public executioner remained in abeyance during that period, as no successor to him in that odious office could be appointed until the parliament again met. In this interval a memorial in favour of Helen Gillet was drawn up and signed by many persons of the highest rank and most exemplary piety in Dijon.

Powerfully calculated as were the peculiarities of Helen Gillet's case to awake compassion in the royal breast, considerable doubts were entertained as to its success. Louis XIII., the then reigning monarch of France, on whom his flatterers have bestowed the epithet of *Just*, was fonder of wielding the sword of justice than exercising that still more divine prerogative of the crown—mercy. On this occasion, however, he chose the brighter path of his duty, and in due time royal letters of full grace and pardon for Helen Gillet arrived at Dijon. These letters were solemnly received and registered by the Parliament of Dijon, and still exist in the archives of that city. It appears by these letters patent, that one of the causes why the life of Helen Gillet was spared, was to do honour, by an act of signal grace and mercy, to the marriage of the sister of the King of France with Charles I. of England.

The news of the pardon granted to poor Helen Gillet spread universal satisfaction through the city of Dijon; and on Monday, the 2d day of June, 1625, the advocate, Charles Fevret, after a long speech in reference to the occasion, presented to the Parliament of Dijon the royal letters of grace and pardon, for the purpose of being solemnly enregistered.

After so unexampled and sad an experience of the troubles and dangers of the every-day world, poor Helen thought, and wisely, that her proper place was no longer in it: she therefore resolved on devoting herself entirely to God, and for that purpose entered a convent at Bresse, took the vows and the veil, and there lived a long, long life of peace, and prayer, and thanksgiving; for, in 1699, when Father Bourrée, of the *Oratoire*, published his "Histoire de la Mère Jeanne de Saint Joseph, Madame Courcelle de Pourlans," (Abbess of *Notre Dame du Tart*, and a relation of Helen Gillet), he mentions that the latter had departed this life but a short time before; so that she must have been at least ninety years of age.

It thus appears that Helen Gillet, who was to have been decapitated on the very day that Charles I. of England was married to the sister of the King of France, lived, nevertheless, for half a century after a more steady hand than that of Simon Grandjean, the executioner of Dijon, had stricken off the head of the ill-fated monarch in honour of whose happy marriage her life had been spared. Such are the strange events of life, and the inscrutable dispensations of Providence!

THE GHOST WITH THE GOLDEN CASKET.

Is my soul tamed
And baby-rid with the thought that flood or field
Can render back, to scare men and the moon,
The airy shapes of the corses they enwomb?
And what if 'tis so—shall I loose the crown
Of my most golden hope, 'cause its fair circle
Is haunted by a shadow? OLD PLAY.

On the Scottish side of the sea of Solway, you may see from Allanbay and Skinverness the beautiful old castle of Caerlaverock, standing on a small woody promontory, bounded by the river Nith on one side, by the deep sea on another, by the almost impassable morass of Solway on a third; while far beyond you observe the three spires of Dumfries, and the high green hills of Dalwinston and Keir. It was formerly the residence of the almost princely names of Douglas, Seaton, Kirkpatrick, and Maxwell: it is now the dwelling-place of the hawk and the owl; its courts are a lair for cattle, and its walls afford a midnight shelter to the passing smuggler; or, like those of the city doomed in Scripture, are places for the fishermen to dry their nets. Between this fine old ruin and the banks of the Nith, at the foot of a grove of pines, and within a stone-cast of tide-mark, the remains of a rude cottage are yet visible to the curious eye—the bramble and the wild plum have in vain tried to triumph over the huge, gray granite blocks which composed the foundation of its walls. The vestiges of a small garden may still be traced, more particularly in summer, when roses and lilies, and other relics of its former beauty begin to open their bloom, clinging amid the neglect and desolation of the place, with something like human affection to the soil. This rustic ruin presents no attractions to the eye of the profound antiquary compared to those of its more stately companion, Caerlaverock Castle; but with this rude cottage and its garden tradition connects a tale so wild and so moving, as to elevate it, in the contemplation of the peasantry, above all the princely feasts and feudal atrocities of its neighbour.

It is now some fifty years since I visited the parish of Caerlaverock; but the memory of its people, its scenery, and the story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, are as fresh with me as matters of yesterday. I had walked out to the river bank one sweet afternoon of July, when the fishermen were hastening to dip their nets in the coming tide, and the broad waters of the Solway sea were swelling and leaping against bank and cliff, as far as the eye could reach. It was studded over with boats, and its more unfrequented bays were white with water fowl. I sat down on a small grassy mound between the cottage ruins and the old garden plat, and gazed with all the hitherto untasted pleasure of a stranger, on the beautiful scenery before me. On the right, and beyond the river, the mouldering relics of the ancient religion of Scotland ascended in unassimilating beauty above the humble kirk of New Abbey and its squalid

village; farther to the south rose the white sharp cliffs of Barnhourie,—while on the left stood the ancient keeps of Cumlongan, and Torthorald, and the castle of Caerlaverock. Over the whole looked the stately green mountain of Criffel, confronting its more stately, but less beautiful neighbour, Skiddaw; while between them flowed the deep, wide sea of Solway, hemmed with cliff, and castle, and town. As I sat looking on the increased multitude of waters, and watching the success of the fishermen, I became aware of the approach of an old man, leading as one will conduct a dog in a string, a fine young milch cow, in a halter of twisted hair, which, passing through the ends of two pieces of flat wood, fitted to the animal's cheek bones, pressed her nose, and gave her great pain whenever she became disobedient. The cow seemed willing to enjoy the luxury of a browze on the rich pasture which surrounded the little ruined cottage; but in this humble wish she was not to be indulged, for the aged owner, coiling up the tether, and seizing her closely by the head, conducted her past the tempting herbage, towards a small and close-cropt hillock, a good stone-cast distant. In this piece of self-denial the animal seemed reluctant to sympathise—she snuffed the fresh green pasture, and plunged, and startled, and nearly broke away. What the old man's strength seemed nearly unequal to, was accomplished by speech:—"Bonnie lady, bonnie lady," said he in a soothing tone, "it canna be, it manna be—hinnie, hinnie! what would become of my three bonnie grand-bairns, made fatherless and mitherless by that false flood afore us, if they supped milk and tasted butter, that came from the greensward of this doomed and unblessed spot?" The animal appeared to comprehend something in her own way from the speech of her owner: she abated her resistance; and indulging only in a passing glance at the rich deep herbage, passed on to her destined pasture. I had often heard of the singular superstitions of the Scottish peasantry, and that every hillock had its song, every hill its ballad, and every valley its tale. I followed with my eye the old man and his cow: he went but a little way, till, seating himself on the ground, retaining still the tether in his hand, he said, "Now, bonnie lady, feast thy fill on this good greensward —it is halesome and holy, compared to the sward at the doomed cottage of auld Gibbie Gyrape—leave that to smugglers' nags: Willie o'Brandyburn and Roaring Jock o'Kempstane, will ca' the haunted ha' a hained bit; they are godless fearnoughts."

I looked at the person of the peasant: he was a stout hale old man, with a weather-beaten face, furrowed something by time, and, perhaps, by sorrow. Though summer was at its warmest, he wore a broad chequered mantle, fastened at the bosom with a skewer of steel: a broad bonnet, from beneath the circumference of which straggled a few thin locks, as white as driven snow, shining like amber, and softer than the finest flax; while his legs were warmly cased in blue-ribbed boot-hose. Having laid his charge to the grass, he looked leisurely around him, and espying me, a stranger, and dressed above the manner of the peasantry, he acknowledged my presence by touching his bonnet; and, as if willing to communicate something of importance, he stuck the tether-stake in the ground, and came to the old garden fence. Wishing to know the peasant's reasons for avoiding the ruins, I thus addressed him:

"This is a pretty spot, my aged friend, and the herbage looks so fresh and abundant, that I would advise thee to bring thy charge hither: and while she continued to browze, I would gladly listen to the history of thy white locks; for they seem to have been bleached in many tempests."

"Aye, aye," said the old peasant, shaking his white head with a grave smile; "they have braved sundry tempests, between sixteen and sixty; but touching this pasture, sir, I know nobody who would like their cows to crop it; the aged cattle shun the place; the bushes bloom, but bear no fruit; the birds never build in the branches; the children never come near to play; and the aged never chuse it for a resting-place: but pointing it out, as they pass to the young, tell them the story of its desolation. Sae ye see, sir, having nae good-will to such a spot of earth myself, I like little to see a stranger sitting in such an unblessed place; and I would as good as advise ye to come owre with me to the cowslip knoll—there are reasons mony that an honest man should nae sit there."

I arose at once, and seating myself beside the peasant on the cowslip knoll, desired to know something of the history of the spot from which he had just warned me. The Caledonian looked on me with an air of embarrassment:—

"I am just thinking," said he, "that as ye are an Englishman, I should nae acquaint ye with such a story. Ye'll make it, I'm doubting, a matter of reproach and vaunt, when ye gae hame, how Willie Borlan o'Caerlaverock told ye a tale of Scottish iniquity, that cowed all the stories in southron book or history."

This unexpected obstacle was soon removed.

"My sage and considerate friend," said I, "I have the blood in my bosom, will keep me from revealing such a tale to a scoffer and scorner. I am something of a Caerlaverock man—the grandson of Marion Stobie, of Dookdub."

The peasant seized my hand: "Marion Stobie! bonnie Marion Stobie o'Dookdub, whom I wooed sae sair, and loved sae lang!—Man, I love ye for her sake, and well was it for her braw English bridegroom, that William Borlan, frail and faded now, but strong, and in manhood then, was a thousand miles from Caerlaverock, rolling on the salt sea, when she was brided:—ye have the glance o' her ee, I could ken't yet amang ten thousand, gray as my head is. I shall tell the grandson of bonnie Marion Stobie ony tale he likes to ask for; and the story of the Ghost and the Gowd Casket shall be foremost."

"You may imagine, then," said the old Caerlaverlock peasant, rising at once with the commencement of his story from his native dialect into very passable

English; "you may imagine these ruined walls raised again in their beauty; whitened, and covered with a coating of green-broom; that garden, now desolate, filled with herbs in their season, and with flowers, hemmed round with a fence of cherry and plum-trees; and the whole possessed by a young fisherman, who won a fair subsistence for his wife and children, from the waters of the Solway sea; you may imagine it, too, as far from the present time as fifty years. There are only two persons living now, who remember when the Bon-Homme-Richard, the first ship ever Richard Faulder commanded, was wrecked on the Pellock sand; one of these persons now addresses you; the other is the fisherman who once owned that cottage, whose name ought never to be named, and whose life seems lengthened as a warning to the earth, how fierce God's judgments are. Life changes; all breathing things have their time and their season; but the Solway flows in the same beauty; Criffel rises in the same majesty, the light of morning comes; and the full moon arises now, as it did then: but this moralizing matters little.

"It was about the middle of harvest—I remember the day well:—it had been sultry and suffocating, accompanied by rushings of wind, sudden convulsions of the water, and cloudings of the sun: I heard my father sigh, and say—

"'Dool, dool' to them found on the deep sea to-night; there will happen strong storm and fearful tempest.'

"The day closed; and the moon came over Skiddaw; all was perfectly clear and still; frequent dashings and whirling agitations of the sea were soon heard, mingling with the hasty clang of the water fowls' wings, as they forsook the waves and sought shelter among the hollows of the rocks. The storm was nigh. The sky darkened down at once—clap after clap of thunder followed, and lightning flashed so vividly, and so frequent, that the wide and agitated expanse of Solway was visible from side to side—from St. Bees to Barnhourie. A very heavy rain, mingled with hail, succeeded; and a wind accompanying it, so fierce, and so high, that the white foam of the sea was showered as thick as snow on the summit of Caerlaverock Castle. Through this perilous sea, and amid this darkness and tempest, a bark was observed coming swiftly down the middle of the sea, her sails rent, and her decks crowded with people. The carry, as it is called, of the tempest was direct from St. Bees to Caerlaverock; and experienced swains could see that the bark would be driven full on the fatal shoals of the Scottish side; but the lightning was so fierce that few dared venture to look on the approaching vessel, or take measures for endeavouring to preserve the lives of the unfortunate mariners. My father stood on the threshold of his door, and beheld all that passed in the bosom of the sea. The bark approached fast, her canvass rent to threads, her masts nearly levelled with the deck, and the sea foaming over her so deep, and so strong, as to threaten to sweep the remains of her crew from the little refuge the broken masts and splintered beams still afforded them. She now seemed within half a mile of the shore, when a strong flash of lightning that appeared to hang over the bark for a moment, showed the figure of a lady, richly dressed, clinging to a youth who was pressing her to his bosom. My father exclaimed, 'Saddle me my black horse, and saddle me my gray, and bring them down to the Dead-man's bank,' and swift in action as he was in resolve, he hastened to the shore, and his servants followed with his horses. The shore of the Solway presented then, as it does now, the same varying line of coast; and the house of my father stood in the bosom of a little bay, nearly a mile from where we sit. The remains of an old forest interposed between the bay at Dead-man's bank, and the bay at our feet; and mariners had learnt to wish that if it were their doom to be wrecked, it might be in the bay of douce William Borlan, rather than that of Gilbert Gyrape, the proprietor of that ruined cottage. But human wishes are vanities, wished either by sea or land. I have heard my father say he could never forget the cries of the mariners, as the bark smote on the Pellock bank, and the flood rushed through the chasms made by the concussion—but he would far less forget the agony of a lady—the loveliest that could be looked upon, and the calm and affectionate courage of the young man who supported her, and endeavoured to save her from destruction. Richard Faulder, the only man who survived, has often sat at my fire side, and sung me a very rude, but a very moving ballad, which he made on this accomplished and unhappy pair; and the old mariner assured me he had only added rhymes, and a descriptive line or two, to the language in which Sir William Musgrave endeavoured to soothe and support his wife."

It seemed a thing truly singular, that at this very moment two young fishermen, who sat on the margin of the sea below us, watching their halve-nets, should sing, and with much sweetness, the very song the old man had described. They warbled verse and verse alternately—and rock and bay seemed to retain, and then release the sound. Nothing is so sweet as a song by the sea-side on a tranquil evening.

SIR WILLIAM MUSGRAVE.

First Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, why do you weep?
Though the wind be loosed on the raging deep,
Though the heaven be mirker than mirk may be,
And our frail bark ships a fearful sea,—
Yet thou art safe—as on that sweet night,
When our bridal-candles gleamed far and bright."—
There came a shriek, and there came a sound,
And the Solway roared, and the ship spun round.

Second Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, why do you cry?
Though the waves be flashing topmast high,
Though our frail bark yields to the dashing brine,
And heaven and earth show no saving sign,
There is one who comes in the time of need,
And curbs the waves as we curb a steed."—
The lightning came with the whirlwind blast,
And cleaved the prow, and smote down the mast.

First Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, weep not, nor wail,
Though the sea runs low as Dalswinton vale,
Then flashes high as Barnhourie brave,
And yawns for thee like the yearning grave—
Though 'twixt thee and the ravening flood
There is but my arm and the splintering wood,
The fell quicksand, or the famish'd brine,
Can ne'er harm a face so fair as thine."

Both.

"O lady, lady, be bold and brave,
Spread thy white breast to the fearful wave,
And cling to me with that white right hand,
And I'll set thee safe on the good dry land."
A lightning flash on the shallop strook,
The Solway roar'd, and Caerlaverock shook,
From the sinking ship there were shriekings cast,
That were heard above the tempest's blast.

The young fishermen having concluded their song my companion proceeded—

"The lightning still flashed vivid and fast, and the storm raged with unabated fury; for between the ship and the shore, the sea broke in frightful undulation, and leaped on the greensward several fathoms deep abreast. My father mounted one horse, and holding another in his hand, stood prepared to give all the aid that a brave man could, to the unhappy mariners; but neither horse nor man could endure the onset of that tremendous surge. The bark bore for a time the fury of the element—but a strong eastern wind came suddenly upon her, and, crushing her between the wave and the free-stone bank, drove her from the entrance of my father's little bay towards the dwelling of Gibbie Gyrape, and the thick forest intervening, she was out of sight in a moment. My father saw, for the last time, the lady and her husband looking shoreward from the side of the vessel, as she drifted along; and as he galloped round the head of the forest, he heard for the last time the outcry of some, and the wail and intercession of others. When he came before the fisherman's house, a fearful sight presented itself—the ship dashed to atoms, covered the shore ith its wreck, and with the bodies of the mariners—not a living soul escaped save Richard Faudler, whom the fiend who guides the spectre-shallop of Solway had rendered proof to perils on the deep. The fisherman himself came suddenly from his cottage, all dripping and drenched, and my father addressed him,

"'Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, what a fearful sight is this—has Heaven blessed thee with making thee the means of saving a human soul?'

"'Nor soul nor body have I saved,' said the fisherman, doggedly: 'I have done my best—the storm proved too stark, and the lightning too fierce for me—their boat alone came near, with a lady and a casket of gold—but she was swallowed up with the surge.'

"My father confessed afterwards, that he was touched with the tone in which these words were delivered, and made answer,

"'If thou hast done thy best to save souls to night, a bright reward will be thine—if thou hast been fonder for gain than for working the mariners' redemption, thou hast much to answer for.'

"As he uttered these words, an immense wave rolled landward as far as the place where they stood—it almost left its foam in their faces, and suddenly receding, deposited at their feet the dead body of the lady. As my father lifted her in his arms, he observed that the jewels which had adorned her hair, at that time worn long—had been forcibly rent away—the diamonds and gold that enclosed her neck, and ornamented the bosom of her rich satin dress, had been torn off—the rings removed from her fingers—and on her neck, lately so lily-white and pure, there appeared the marks of hands, not laid there in love and gentleness, but with a fierce and deadly grasp. The lady was buried with the body of her husband, side by side, in Caerlaverock burial-ground. My father never openly accused Gilbert the fisherman of having murdered the lady for her riches as she reached the shore, preserved, as was supposed, from sinking by her long, wide, and stiff satin robes—but from that hour to the hour of his death, my father never broke bread with him—never shook him or his by the hand—nor spoke with them in wrath or in love. The fisherman from that time, too, waxed rich and prosperous—and from being the needy proprietor of a halve-net, and the tenant at will of a rude cottage, he became, by purchase, lord of a handsome inheritance—proceeded to build a bonny mansion, and called it Gyrape-ha'; and became a leading man in a flock of a purer kind of Presbyterians—and a precept and example to the community.

"Though the portioner of Gyrape-ha' prospered wondrously, his claims to parochial distinction, and the continuance of his fortune, were treated with scorn by many, and with doubt by all: though nothing open or direct was said, looks, more cutting at times than the keenest speech, and actions still more expressive, showed that the hearts of honest men were alienated—the cause was left to his own interpretation. The peasant scrupled to become his servant; sailors hesitated to receive his grain on board, lest perils should find them on the deep; the beggar ceased to solicit on *awmous;* the drover, and horse couper, an unscrupling generation, found out a more distant mode of concluding bargains than by shaking his hand: his daughters, handsome and blue-eyed, were neither wooed nor married; no maiden would hold tryste with his sons; though maidens were then as little loth as they are now; and the aged peasant, as he passed his new mansion, would shake his head and say, 'The voice of spilt blood will be lifted up against thee, and a spirit shall come up from the waters will make the corner-stone of thy habitation tremble and quake.' It happened during the summer which succeeded this unfortunate shipwreck, that I accompanied my father to the Solway, to examine his nets. It was near midnight; the tide was making, and I sat down by his side, and watched the coming of the waters. The shore was

glittering in starlight as far as the eye could reach. Gilbert, the fisherman, had that morning removed from his cottage to his new mansion; the former was, therefore, untenanted; and the latter, from its vantage-ground on the crest of the hill, threw down to us the sound of mirth, and music, and dancing, a revelry common in Scotland, on taking possession of a new house. As we lay, quietly looking on the swelling sea, and observing the water-fowl swimming and ducking in the increasing waters, the sound of the merriment became more audible. My father listened to the mirth, looked to the sea, looked to the deserted cottage, and then to the new mansion, and said, 'My son, I have a counsel to give thee, treasure it in thy heart, and practise it in thy life; the daughters of *him* of Gyrape-ha' are fair, and have an eye that would wile away the wits of the wisest; their father has wealth, I say nought of the way he came by it; they will have golden portions, doubtless. But I would rather lay thy head aneeth the gowans in Caerlaverock kirk-yard, and son have I none beside thee, than see thee lay it on the bridal pillow with the begotten of that man, though she had Nithsdale for her dowry. Let not my words be as seed sown on the ocean; I may not now tell thee why this warning is given. Before that fatal shipwreck, I would have said Prudence Gyrape, in her kirtle, was a better bride than some who have golden dowers. I have long thought some one would see a sight, and often, while holding my halve-net in the midnight tide, have I looked for something to appear; for where blood is shed, there doth the spirit haunt for a time, and give warning to man. May I be strengthened to endure the sight.' I answered not, being accustomed to regard my father's counsel as a matter not to be debated, as a solemn command; we heard something like the rustling of wings on the water, accompanied by a slight curling motion of the tide.

"'God haud his right-hand about us!" said my father, breathing thick emotion and awe, and looking on the sea with a gaze so intense, that his eyes seemed to dilate, and the hair of his forehead to project forward, and bristle into life. I looked, but observed nothing, save a long line of thin and quivering light, dancing along the surface of the sea: it ascended the bank, on which it seemed to linger for a moment, and then entering the fisherman's cottage, made roof and rafter gleam with a sudden illumination.

"'I'll tell thee what, Gibbie Gyrape,' said my father, 'I wouldna be the owner of thy heart, and the proprietor of thy right hand, for all the treasures on earth and ocean.'

"A loud and piercing scream from the cottage, made us thrill with fear, and in a moment the figures of three human beings rushed into the open air, and ran towards us with a swiftness which supernatural dread alone could inspire. We instantly knew them to be three noted smugglers, who infested the country; and rallying when they found my father maintain his ground, they thus mingled their fears and the secrets of their trade, for terror fairly overpowered their habitual caution.

"'I vow, by the night-tide and the crooked timber,' said Willie Weethause, 'I never beheld sic a light as yon since our distillation-pike took fire, and made a burnt instead of a drink offering of our spirits; I'll uphold it comes from nae good, a warning may be, sae ye may gang on. Wattie Bouseaway, wi' yere wickedness; as for me, I'se gae hame and repent.'

"'Saulless bodie!' said his companion, whose natural hardihood was considerably supported by his communion with the brandy-cup; 'Saulless bodie, for a laff o' fire and a maiden's shadow would ye forswear the gallant trade! Saul to gude, but auld Miller Morison shall turn yere thraffle into a drain-pipe to wyse the waste water from his mill, if ye turn back now, and help us nae through with as strong an importation as ever cheered the throat and cheeped on the crapin. Confound the fizzenless bodie; he glowers as if this fine starlight were something frae the warst side of the world, and thae staring een o' his are busy shaping heaven's sweetest and balmiest air in the figures of wraiths and goblins.'

"'Robin Telfer,' said my father, addressing the third smuggler, 'tell me nought of the secrets of your perilous craft, but tell me what you have seen, and why ye uttered that fearful scream, that made the wood-doves start from Caerlaverock pines.'

"'I'll tell ye what, goodman,' said the mariner; 'I have seen the fires o' heaven running as thick along the sky, and on the surface of the ocean, as ye ever saw the blaze on a bowl o' punch at a merry-making, and neither quaked nor screamed; but ye'll mind the light that came to that cottage tonight, was one for some fearful purport, which let the wise expound; sae it lessened nae one's courage to quail for sic an apparition. Od! if I thought living soul would ever make the start I gied an upcast to me, I'd drill his breast-bone wi' my dirk like a turnip lanthorn.'

"My father mollified the wrath of this maritime desperado, by assuring him, he beheld the light go from the sea to the cottage, and that he shook with terror, for it seemed no common light.

"'Ou, God! then,' said hopeful Robin, 'since it was one o' your ain cannie sea-apparitions, I care less about it.—I took it for some landward sprite!—and now I think on't, where were my een? did it no stand amang its ain light, with its long hanks of hair dripping and drenched; with a casket of gold in ae hand, and the other guarding its throat. I'll be bound it's the ghost of some sonsie lass that has had her neck nipped for her gold—and had she stayed till I emptied the bicker o' brandy, I would have asked a cannie question or twa.'

"Willie Weethause had now fairly overcome his consternation, and began to feel all his love for the gallant trade, as his comrade called it, return.

"'The tide serves, lads; the tide serves—let us slip our drap o' brandy into the bit bonnie boat, and tottle away amang the sweet starlight as far as the

Kingholm or the town quarry; ye ken wo have to meet Baillie Gardevine, and laird Soukaway o' Lallemouth.'

"They returned, not without hesitation and fear, to the old cottage, and carried their brandy to the boat; and as my father and I went home, we heard the dipping of oars in the Nith, along the banks of which they sold their liquor, and told their tale of fear, magnifying its horror at every step, and introducing abundance of variations.

"The story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, flew over the country with all its variations, and with many comments: some said they saw her, and some thought they saw her appear again,—and those who had the hardihood to keep watch on the beach at midnight, had their tales to tell of terrible lights and strange visions. With one who delighted in the marvellous, the sceptre was decked in attributes that made the circle of auditors tighten round the hearth; while others, who allowed to a ghost only a certain quantity of thin air to clothe itself in, reduced it in their description to a very unpoetic shadow, or kind of better sort of will-o'-the-wisp, that could, for its own amusement, counterfeit the human shape. There were many who, like my father, beheld the singular illumination appear at midnight on the coast; saw also something sailing along with it in the form of a lady in bright garments, her hair long and wet, and shining in diamonds; and heard a struggle, and the shriek as of a creature drowning. The belief of the peasantry did not long confine the apparition to the sea-coast; it was seen sometimes late at night far inland, and following Gilbert the fisherman, like a human shadow, like a pure light, like a white garment, and often in the shape, and with the attributes, in which it disturbed the carousal of the smugglers! I heard douce Thomas Haining, a God-fearing man, and an elder of the Burgher congregation, and on whose word I could well lippen, when drink was kept from his head—I heard him say, that as he rode home late from the Roodfair of Dumfries, the night was dark, there lay a dusting of snow on the ground, and no one appeared on the road but himself; he was lilting and singing the cannie end of the auld sang 'There's a cuttie stool in our Kirk,' which was made on some foolish queen's misfortune, when he heard the sound of horses' feet behind him at full gallop, and ere he could look round, who should flee past, urging his horse with whip and spur, but Gilbert the Fisherman! 'Little wonder that he galloped,' said the elder, 'for a fearful form hovered round him, making many a clutch at him, and with every clutch, uttering a shriek most piercing to hear.' But why should I make a long story of a common tale? The curse of spilt blood fell on him, and on his children, and on all he possessed; his sons and daughters died, his flocks perished, his grain grew, but never filled the ear; and fire came from heaven or rose from hell, and consumed his house and all that was therein! He is now a man of ninety years, a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth; without a house to put his white head in, with the unexpiated curse still clinging to him."

While my companion was making this summary of human wretchedness, I observed the figure of a man stooping to the earth with extreme age, gliding through among the bushes of the ruined cottage, and approaching the advancing tide. He wore a loose great-coat, patched to the ground, and fastened round his waist by belt and buckle; the remains of stockings and shoes were on his feet, a kind of fisherman's cap surmounted some remaining white hairs, while a long peeled stick supported him as he went. My companion gave an involuntary shudder when he saw him.

"Lo, and behold, now, here comes Gilbert the Fisherman! once every twenty-four hours doth he come, let the wind and the rain be as they will, to the nightly tide, to work o'er again, in imagination, his auld tragedy of unrighteousness. See how he waves his hand, as if he welcomed some one from sea; he raises his voice, too, as if something in the water required his counsel; and see how he dashes up to the middle, and grapples with the water, as if he clutched a human being."

I looked on the old man, and heard him call in a hollow broken voice—

"O hoy! the ship; O hoy! turn your boat's head ashore, and my bonnie lady, keep haud o' yere casket.—Hech bet! that wave would have sunk a three-decker, let be a slender boat; see, see, an' she binna sailing aboon the water like a wild swan," and wading deeper in the tide as he spoke, he seemed to clutch at something with both hands, and struggle with it in the water. "Na, na! dinna haud your white hands to me, ye wear owre mickle gowd in your hair, and o'er many diamonds on your bosom, to 'scape drowning. There's as mickle gowd in this casket, as would have sunk thee seventy fathom deep," and he continued to hold his hands under the water, muttering all the while, "She's half gane now; and I'll be a braw laird, and build a bonnie house, and gang crousely to kirk and market, now I may let the waves work their will, my work will be ta'en for theirs."

He turned to wade the shore, but a large and heavy wave came full dash on him, and bore him off his feet, and ere any assistance reached him, all human aid was too late; for nature was so exhausted with the fulness of years, and with his exertions, that a spoonful of water would have drowned him. The body of this miserable old man was interred, after some opposition from the peasantry, beneath the wall of the kirkyard; and from that time the Ghost with the Golden Casket was seen no more, and only continued to haunt the evening tale of the hind and the farmer.

EPITAPH

IN LENINGTON CHURCHYARD, NEAR LEAMINGTON.

I poorly lived and poorly died,
Was poorly buried, and nobody cried.

ALI-BEY THE PERSIAN.

SHAH-ABBAS, king of Persia, undertaking a journey, determined to remove himself from court, and to go incognito into the country, that he might behold the people in their natural simplicity and liberty. He took only one courtier with him, to whom he said, "I am ignorant of the genuine manners of men, every thing that approaches us being disguised. It is art, and not nature, that we see in courts; I am resolved to know what a rural life is, to study that kind of men who are so much despised, but who are the prop of all human society. I am weary of seeing nothing but courtiers, who observe me only with a design to overreach me with their flatteries: I must go see the labourers and shepherds who do not know me."

With this resolution he passed with his confidant through several villages, where he saw the inhabitants dancing; he was extremely well pleased to see such cheap and tranquil pleasures at such a distance from court. He dined in one of their cottages, and being very hungry, by reason of his having walked so much, he thought their coarse food more agreeable to the palate than all the exquisite dishes which were served at his own table. Going over a meadow enamelled with flowers, through which a murmuring rivulet flowed, he perceived a young shepherd sitting beneath the shade of an elm, playing on a pipe near his feeding flock. The king accosted and examined him, and found his physiognomy agreeable, his air plain and ingenuous, but at the same time noble and gracious: the tattered garments in which he was dressed did not at all lessen his beauty. The king at first believed that he was of an illustrious race, and thus disguised, for some private reason, till he was informed that his father and mother lived in an adjacent village, and that his name was Ali-bey. Whilst the king questioned him he admired his steady and rational mind: his eyes were lively, yet had nothing in them wild or fiery; his voice was sweet, musical, and insinuating; his face had nothing in it rough, yet was not his beauty soft and effeminate. This shepherd, who was about sixteen years of age, was not in the least conscious of his own endowments; he believed that his thoughts, his words, and every thing in him, were like those of the other shepherds of his village: but without education he knew every thing that reason can teach those who will hearken to it. The king having entered into a familiar conversation with him, was charmed; by him he was informed of every thing concerning the state of the people, and which a king can never truly hear from that crowd of flatterers which surround him. Sometimes he would smile at the ingenuous simplicity of this youth, who never spared any thing in his answers. He made sign to the courtier who accompanied him, that he should take care and not discover that he was king, lest Ali-bey, knowing whom he spoke to, should lose all his freedom of speech, and consequently all the graces of it. "I see plainly," said the monarch to the courtier, "that nature is no less pleasing in the lowest than it is in the highest state of life: never did a prince's son appear to be better born than this lad, who now follows sheep. I should esteem myself happy indeed had I a son as beautiful, as lovely, and as sensible as this youth; he appears to me fit for every thing, and if pains be taken to instruct him, he will certainly one day prove a great man; I will take care to give him a good education under my own eye."

This resolution taken, the king carried Ali-bey away with him, who was very much surprised when he found that it was to the king he had made himself so agreeable: they taught him to read, to write, to sing, and then he was instructed in all the arts and sciences which can adorn the mind. At first he was dazzled with the splendour of the court, and his sudden change of fortune changed his heart a little also. His age and the favour he was in, joined together, somewhat altered his wisdom and his moderation. Instead of his crook, his pipe, and his shepherd's weeds, he wore a purple garment embroidered with gold, and a turban enriched with precious stones: his beauty eclipsed all that was beautiful at court; he made himself capable of the most serious affairs, and deserved his master's confidence, who finding the exquisite taste that Ali-bey had for every thing that was magnificent, gave him at last an office very considerable in Persia, which is that of keeper of all the jewels and precious furniture belonging to the king.

During the whole life of great Shah-Abbas, Ali-bey grew daily more and more in favour, and as he advanced farther in age, he began to recall to mind his former condition, and often regretted it. "O happy days," would he sometimes cry, "innocent days! days in which I tasted the most pure joys, accompanied with no kind of danger: days than which I never saw any more pleasant; he who deprived me of you, by giving me all my riches, has taken from me all I had."

Ali-bey determined to go and see his native country, and he was extremely moved at the sight of every place where he had danced, sung, and tuned the sprightly reed amongst his companions. All his relations and all his friends had proofs of his generosity, but he wished that for the sake of their own quiet and happiness they might never forsake a rural life, never know the miseries of a court, miseries of which he himself was in a little time after made sensible.

Shah-Abbas, his good old master, dying, was succeeded by his son Shah-Sefi, whom some envious courtiers (for such there always are) took care to prejudice against Ali-bey. "He has," said they "made an ill use of the confidence which the late king reposed in him; he has heaped up immense riches, and embezzled several valuable things, with which he was intrusted." Shah-Sefi was young, and was a prince; this was enough to make him credulous, unmindful of any thing, and without foresight. He had vanity sufficient to induce him to imagine that he could reform several of his father's arrangements, and judge of things better than he had done. For a pretence of turning him out of

place, according to the advice of his envious courtiers, he ordered Ali-bey to bring him a scimitar set with diamonds, which the old king had been wont to wear in battle. Shah-Abbas had formerly ordered the diamonds to be taken out, and Ali-bey proved that it was done by the king's order, long before he was in possession of the office. When his enemies found this would not do, they persuaded Shah-Sefi to command Ali-bey to give an exact inventory, within a fortnight's time, of all that he had in his keeping. At the fortnight's end the king desired to see every thing himself; Ali-bey opened every door and chest, and showed him all that was under his care. Every thing was clean and carefully ranged in its proper place, and nothing was wanting. The king, surprised to see so much exactness and order everywhere, was almost reconciled to Ali-bey, when at the end of a great gallery, filled with precious furniture, he saw an iron door, on which were three great locks: upon this, the envious courtiers whispered in their master's ear, "Here it is that Ali-bey has hid all the valuable things he has robbed you of." "Open that door," cried the king, immediately, in a passion; "I will see what is beyond that door: what is there, show me this instant." Ali-bey threw himself at the king's feet, conjuring him by the sacred gods not to take from him all that he had valuable on earth. "It is not just," said he, "that in a moment's time I should lose all that I possess, all that I have to depend on, after having served the king your father for so many years: take every thing else that I have, but leave me this."

Shah-Sefi no longer doubted but that all Ali-bey's ill-gotten wealth was hidden there; wherefore raising his voice, and redoubling his threats, he commanded the door to be opened. Ali-bey obeyed; and having the keys, unlocked it himself: but how surprised were they when they saw nothing but the crook, the pipe, and the shepherd's dress which he had formerly worn, and which he often used to visit, lest he should forget his former condition. "Behold, great king," said he "the precious remains of my former happiness, which neither fortune nor your power can take from me. Behold the treasure which will enrich me, when you have endeavoured to make me poor. Take every thing else from me, but leave me these dear pledges of my pristine state. These are solid riches, which will never fail me—riches which will keep those innocent and happy, who can be contented with necessaries, and never trouble themselves about superfluous things—riches which do not deprive one of liberty and safety, and which never gave any one a moment's uneasiness. O, you dear implements of a plain, but blessed life! you only I love, and with you I am resolved to live and die. Why must deceitful riches thus have deceived me, and robbed me of my quiet? Yes, great king, I freely return you all that I owe your generosity, and will preserve only what I possessed, when the king, your father, by his liberality, made me miserable."

The king, a little recovered from his surprise, was sensible of Ali-bey's innocence; and, enraged against the courtiers who had endeavoured to deceive him, he banished them his presence. Ali-bey became his chief minister, and was intrusted with the most secret and important affairs; but still he every day visited his crook, his pipe, and his weeds, which he kept locked up in the treasury, that he might have them ready, whenever the inconstancy of fortune should rob him of his master's favour. He died in an extreme old age, without having permitted any enemy of his to be punished, or heaped up any riches; so that when he died, he left his relations but just enough to live in the condition of shepherds, which he thought the safest and the happiest.

A GRAVE LAMPOON.

[Fifty or sixty years ago there was a clergyman in Hampshire who rendered himself obnoxious by the severity of his discipline, and the rigour with which he enforced the fees of the churchyard upon all occasions, especially upon the erection of tombs. One morning, looking out of his window, he saw a new monument in the graveyard, of which he had received no previous intimation. His anger was unbounded; but greater still was his rage when, rushing out to look at it, he read his own name engraved upon the stone, with the following inscription underneath.]

He wasn't a Turk, for he drank of the vine;
He wasn't a Jew, for he ate of the swine;
One negative more shall be placed on his grave,
He wasn't a Christian—he never forgave.
In an old rotten chest his carcase was crammed,
The worms had the shell, but the kernel was ——.

Beaumont and Fletcher, and Nicolas De Pechantre.—There is a well-known anecdote of Beaumont and Fletcher, that having concerted the rough draught of a tragedy over a bottle of wine in a tavern, Fletcher said he would undertake *to kill the king*. These words being overheard by a waiter, who had not happened to have been a witness to the context of their conversation, he lodged an information of treason against them. But on their explanation, that the expression meant only the murder of a stage monarch, and their loyalty being unquestioned, the affair ended in a jest.

A similar tale is told of a French dramatist, Nicolas de Péchantré, who died in 1708, at the age of seventy. The composition of his tragedy *La Mort du Néron* occupied him during nine years. He one day left in a small inn, where he had been drinking, a piece of paper, on which several ciphers were scrawled, and the words *Ici le roi sera tué*, "Here let the king be slain!" It is found by the innkeeper; he carries it to the commissary of the quarter, who desires to be informed when the person who dropped it again appears. Péchantré revisits the auberge; the landlord hies to the commissary, and the poor playwright is taken prisoner by a troop of the archers, with the commissary at their head. He produces the paper which he supposed to contain the plot of the conspiracy. "*Ah! monsieur*," cries Péchantré, "*qui je suis charmé de retrouver ce papier que je cherche depuis plusieurs jours! c'est là scène où je dois placer la mort de Néron, dans un tragedie à laquelle je travaille.*"—"Ah, monsieur, I am delighted to recover that paper; I have been hunting for it these some days; it is the scene where I kill Nero in a tragedy which I am composing."

True or false, the incident has furnished the subject of a dramatic piece by M. Servrin, entitled *Péchantré ou une Scène de Comédie*; and a play on a similar anecdote has been performed on our English stage.—*Deliciæ Literariæ.*

FAIRS.

BY J. B. ROGERSON.

This way, this way, for the players, the players; remember, ladies and gentlemen, this is none of your paltry conjuration.

Humours of Bartholomew Fair.

I WELL remember the many delightful associations which the name of a fair used to conjure up in my young imagination. For weeks preceding it did I live in anticipation of the treat. It was a panacea for all my sorrows, and a stimulus to my good actions. If I offended I was terrified into reformation with a threat that I should be kept from the fair, and if my deeds merited reward, a promise that I should participate in its enjoyments cheered me on and incited me to persevere in a proper line of conduct. I can yet recall the time when I was led by the hand of my nurse to this scene of bustle and pleasure. All that belonged to it had a peculiar delight for me. The crowds of people pouring into the place; the stalls of toys and gingerbread with which its approaches were lined, and the groups of astonished rustics, clad in their holiday suits, all furnished me food for amusement. When we reached the heart of the fair I was absolutely lost in wonder and amaze at the splendour and magnificence which greeted me. The spangled jackets and tinselled caps of the figurantes on the outside stages of the shows seemed to me the very essence of finery, and the drollery of the clowns never failed to provoke my risible faculties.

Things wore then a very different aspect at these places of amusement to what they do at the present period. The tinsel and spangles are bereft of their ancient glitter, the music has lost its melody, and the merriment of the clowns seems to have passed away. It may be that the change which has taken place in myself causes me to fancy that these rude festivals are changed for the worse. The loud and clanging gong which announced the dismissal of an audience, is fast falling into disuse; the many witicisms of the clowns, which "were wont to set the rabble in a roar," are seldom or never heard, and the very nature of the exhibitions is totally altered. The outsides of the booths, it is true, are more magnificent than formerly, and their decorations are of a more picturesque and gorgeous character. To me, however, this does not compensate for those pictures of fun and folly, those fantastic representations, and those wild and quaint strokes of humour which created of old such peals of laughter. The figurantes now move about as though their situation was one of too elevated a rank to permit them to bandy epithets with the gaping crowd, and the clowns themselves seem to consider any outside display of humour as detracting from their dignity.

Conjuring has had its day, and the vomiting of pins and needles, and the wonderful operation of drawing out ribbons from the mouth, are fast sinking into oblivion. Strong women, who could sustain ponderous weights by the hair of the head, or endure an anvil placed on their bosoms to be beaten with sledge-hammers, no longer attract observation. Dwarfs, giants, and fat children must soon learn to earn a livelihood by labouring like ordinary mortals. Bears are no longer suffered to caricature the female sex, under the name of pig-faced ladies, and the whole tribe of this kind of impositions will speedily be put to the rout. Dramatic exhibitions are now the rage, and every thing else is abandoned to make way for theatrical representations. From the lowest booth to the splendid pavilion all are embarked in the acting line. The celerity with which these exhibiters get through their performances is actually surprising. A play, two or three songs, and a pantomime being often gone through in little more than a quarter of an hour. Much has been said and written about the decline of the drama, and the departure of public taste for theatricals. Some have ascribed it to a dearth of dramatic authors, others have imputed it to a want of talent in our actors; but I am inclined to think that one of the chief causes of the desertion of provincial theatres has never been taken sufficiently into consideration. The lower is certainly not the most discriminating class, and to the people that compose this class it little matters whether the pieces they see are well or ill performed. Whilst they can gratify their inclination for dramatic entertainments at these penny or twopenny theatres, they will not visit the more expensive ones. Those of a higher order seeing the amusements of the drama so degraded, begin to treat them with neglect and contempt, and seek for some other gratifications in which to spend their leisure hours. To return from this digression:

Even the exhibitions of "wild beasts" are losing their attractions. Formerly, people contemplated these ferocious members of the brute creation in awe and astonishment, and many a heart has palpitated at beholding the blood-thirsty tiger, or on hearing the growls of the captive monarch of the forest, as its daring keeper thrust his head into its capacious mouth. The feats of the sagacious elephant were once objects of intense surprise and curiosity, and the dexterity and docility with which it discharged a pistol, knelt at its keeper's command, took up a sixpence with its huge trunk, or made its bow to the company, were long themes of conversation with the beholders. The famed theatrical elephants have now thrown into the shade all others of their species, and Van Amburg and Carter, with their troops of lions, tigers, &c., will shortly make the public cease to think of the tenants of a cage.

Though fairs have no longer the charm for me which they possessed in my youthful days, I still love to ramble through them, and gaze on these scenes of old delights. I generally too, once during a fair, pay a visit to one of the booths, especially if I can meet with one of the old stamp—an exhibition consisting of balancing, slack-wire dancing, tumbling, and so forth. Whilst I am on the subject of fairs, I cannot forbear introducing to the reader a cha-

racter with whom I became acquainted some years ago, whilst waiting on the outside stage of one of the booths for admission.

Wheedling Joe, as he was nicknamed, had been an exhibiter at fairs all his life. He had been a performer on the flying-rope, a tumbler, a tight-rope dancer, and, lastly, a clown. This last was his favourite character, and he was a complete adept at all the whimsicalities incidental to a correct representation of the part. His method of converting the salt-box into a musical instrument was beyond parallel, and his jokes were unrivalled. When I first saw Joe, he was habited as a clown, and had contrived to become possessed of a small booth of his own. No persuasions could ever induce Joe to give in to the modern practice of dramatic exhibitions. Whilst all his neighbours were adapting their performances to the taste of the times, and hiring a set of rascals to stamp and rage, and tear their native language to tatters, Joe stood firm. With him, balancing, tumbling, and slack-wire dancing were still the order of the day, and ever and anon, amidst the din and confusion around him, might his voice be heard inviting people to walk into the only genuine exhibition in the fair. The people left poor Joe and his genuine exhibitions to themselves, and flocked to witness the innovations of his neighbours. He bore up against poverty with a light heart, and it had not the effect of making him change his opinions. However, it often obliged him to put in practice the art of wheedling, for which he was celebrated. When Joe had almost finished erecting his booth, he was generally short of some trifle, which his pocket was too low to enable him to purchase. A piece of timber or a yard or two of canvass, were sometimes articles absolutely necessary for the completion of his edifice, and these he could only obtain from the generosity of his richer neighbours. When he found how matters stood, away he would post to Mr. C—, the proprietor of the circus, and commence a rambling discourse on the ordinary topics of conversation, until he found a way of introducing his request, at what he conceived to be a favourable opportunity. The end of Joe's harangues was always in language something like the following—"My eyes! Mr. C—, but you have a fine set of prads, (horses)—a beautiful set of prads—I never saw such a set of prads in my life, and I have seen prads before to-day. I say, Mr. C—, you'll draw 'em in this time any how. There's S—, now at the other side with his acting-shop—knock 'em down, blue fire, a ghost, and 'turn out.' It won't do, Mr. C—, it won't do—folks won't stand it—they've had enough of acting. They want to see a bit of horsemanship—that's the thing for drawing 'em in. I've a snug little concern of my own though, that 'ill make one or two of 'em look queer—a tight little thing it is—quite complete—except at the top, where the LITTLEST bit of canvass—you haven't a bit of canvass—the LITTLEST bit in the world, to spare—have you?"

Joe mostly accomplished his object, and then, after having secured his prize, set off to Mr. S—, the proprietor of a splendid booth on the opposite side. "My eyes! Mr. S—, but you've a nice set of men—I never saw such men in my life, and I have seen men before to-day. I say, Mr. S—, you'll draw 'em in this time any how. There's Mr. C—, now, on the other side, with his prads. It won't do Mr. S—, it won't do—folks won't stand it. They've had enough of riding. They want a bit of acting—knock 'em down, blue fire, and a ghost—that's the sort of thing for drawing 'em in. I've a snug little concern of my own," &c. He always ended with a similar request.

Thus did he manage to live, until one unlucky day, in swallowing a sword, (a favourite trick of his) he happened to thrust the blade a little too far, and before it could be extricated, poor Joe was incapable of swallowing any more.

OLD VALE OF WHITE HORSE BALLAD.

[The following ballad is one of the popular songs of the peasantry in the locality to which it refers, in the county of Berkshire. It was taken down from the mouth of an old man in the neighbourhood, and, as far as we have had any opportunity of ascertaining, it has hitherto escaped the notoriety of print. Out of Berkshire, this ballad is altogether unknown. The Old Vale of the White Horse was the scene of the battle of Ashdown, between the Saxons and Danes.]

I courted a fair maid for many a long day;
I hated all those who against her did say;
But now she's rewarded me for all my pain,
She has given herself to another.

When I saw my love into the church go,
The bridemen and maidens they made a fine show,
And I followed after with a heart full of woe,
Thinking what I should do to forget her.

The priest at the altar aloud he did say,
All you that forbid it, I pray you draw nigh.
To tell you the truth, and a good reason why,
It was in my mind to forbid it.

When I saw my love in the church stand,
The ring on her finger, her glove in her hand,
I burst out a crying, no longer could stand
To see how my false love was guarded.

When first that I saw my false love as she sat down
to meat
I sat myself by her, but nothing could eat;
I thought her sweet company better than meat,
Although she was tied to another.

When I saw my false love dressed out all in white,
The tears in my eyes they quite dazzled my sight;
I took off my hat, and I bade her good night.
Farewell to my false love for ever.

I'll dig me a grave both long, wide, and deep,
And strew it all over with flowers so sweet;
And then I'll lie down in it and take a long sleep,
For that's the best way to forget her.

FACULTIES SHARPENED BY USE.

Lyars their odious talents often show,
That they by practice more expert may grow;
So knaves and needles in this point agree,
The more they're used the sharper still they be.

NED WARD.

WACHTER.

The name of Wächter is, we believe, scarcely known in this country, although those acquainted with the light literature of Germany, cannot be ignorant of his *Sagen der Vorzeit*,—"Tales of the olden time," published by him, towards the close of the last century, under the assumed name of Veit Weber. The Sagen der Vorzeit produced a great sensation in its day, and had as many imitators as the Waverely novels in our own. The great object of the writer was to give a picture of the manners of the middle ages, to expose the superstitions, and to hold up to execration the oppressions practised by the great upon their vassals and dependants. In order to enable himself to accomplish this task, Wächter became a diligent student, and in his writings will be found repeated proofs of his industry and research. He contrived to employ with considerable skill his knowledge of the middle ages, and to render that knowledge attractive by making the interest of his respective tales turn upon it. Sir Walter Scott, who was evidently well acquainted with Wächter's productions, adopted his example, and it is needless to add, improved upon the original.

Many of Wächter's stories were written for the purpose of making his readers acquainted with the workings of that mysterious confederation, which at one time possessed such extraordinary power in a great part of Germany — the Secret Tribunal; and which he sometimes depicts, as executing the functions of a court of justice against those imperious wrongdoers, whose wealth, influence, and position, enabled them to set all other human tribunals at defiance; but he also describes the members of this high court as a knot of aristocratical conspirators, employing their agents to carry out their own objects of personal ambition, or of private enmity.

Wächter wrote at a time when the minds of all men were agitated by the outburst of the first French revolution. His heroes, adapted to the age, are, consequently, all political enthusiasts—all reformers—all revolutionists, who make love in the language of the troubadours, fight like so many Orlandos and Rolandos, and declaim like Mirabeau and Robespierre. On the other hand, his villains, to balance the account with the *ancien régime*, are all monks, kings, courtiers, or aristocrats. The worst feature in his works is that spirit of political disquisition which so frequently mars the dramatic interest of his narratives. But he wrote in a period of extraordinary excitement, and felt it necessary to address the prejudices as well as the passions and imagination of his readers; nor is it at all unlikely that those passages which are least attractive to us, were the most popular at the moment of publication.

Notwithstanding these objections, the Sagen der Vorzeit must be regarded upon the whole, as a very remarkable publication. We may possibly return to it, hereafter, for the purpose of exhibiting a more characteristic specimen of the author's genius—such, perhaps, as *Die Teufelsbeschworung*, "The conjuration by the devil," a tale which could hardly have been conceived by any other author, except probably Hoffman.

The life of Wächter had in it one incident at least, which rarely occurs to literary men out of Germany. He had been in battle, and after having won laurels with his sword, retired into private life to increase them with his pen. The following particulars respecting him may be perused with some interest.

George Philip Louis Leonard Wächter was born on the 25th of November, 1762, at Alzen in Lunenberg. He was the son of a clergyman, who subsequently became preacher at St. Nicholas Church in Hamburg. In obedience to the wishes of his father, who early discovered his love of study, but at the sacrifice of his own tastes, he became a student in theology at the university of Gottingen.

He lingered on at the university year after year, his repugnance to the profession daily increasing, while his time, instead of being devoted to the writings of the Fathers, was engrossed in seeking out the traditions of the country, waifs and strays of legends, old poems, and historical ballads. It was about this time the victorious arms of the French republicans approached the borders of Hanover; Wächter's enthusiasm was at once excited, and the cassock was abandoned for the belt and plume. He entered the service of Hanover, and took part in the campaign of 1792 against the French. At the siege of Mayence he was severely wounded, and compelled to return to his father at Hamburg. There, the character he had acquired as a man of letters, procured him the appointment of assistant at the institution of Professor Voight, and after the departure of that gentleman for Riga, he undertook the sole management of the establishment, which he conducted for many years with great advantage to his pupils. But he was not exempt from a failing too common amongst literary men. He was an indifferent manager in pecuniary matters, and thus, notwithstanding his constant industry, and the great success of his works, he ultimately fell

into extreme penury. During the latter years of his life, he was supported by the subscriptions of friends, who had known him in his youth, or who estimated him for his virtues and his genius. He died at Hamburg on the 11th of February, 1837, at the good old age of 75.

We have already indicated the [illegible] of his political opinions. A single sentence, written in 1791, will clearly exhibit the blind ferocity with which he laid about him. It is taken from a story entitled "The Banded Brothers for Freedom and Right."

"Kings and princes are thieves, who steal from the sheep-like patience of their subjects, the wool, out of which is woven the purple mantle of their power. Priests and monks are thieves, who, from the forest of superstition, steal the rods, with which they smite laymen."

This was pretty plain speaking, even in the time of the Revolution.

In the same romance we find a story, or "Märchen," which will excite no little interest amongst such readers as happen to be acquainted with a curious legend well known in Ireland, called "Paddy the Piper," and familiar to every body in Mr. Lover's capital collection of Irish tales. The humour of the piece consists in an Irish peasant family conceiving that a cow had swallowed a favourite piper, to whom they had given shelter in their barn. The manner in which the incident is told by Mr. Lover is excellent; and it ought to be observed, that he never claimed to do more with the story, than to tell it *in his own manner*. It appeared, we believe, originally, in the "London and Dublin Magazine," where many good Irish tales may be found, written by Mr. Whitty, the editor of that publication. There, as in the case of Mr. Lover, it was treated as an old Irish story; but Wächter gives it in his book, published at Berlin in 1791, as an ancient German tale, and it is thus related by him.

THE GERMAN "PADDY THE PIPER."

A freebooter was at one time, during the severe cold of winter, passing by a gallows, when he observed that the person hanging on it had better boots on than he himself was wearing. When he, who was numbed with cold, could not get possession of the boots, in any readier manner, he cut from the body its two legs, and crammed them into his knapsack. On arriving at the nearest shelter, he asked for a night's lodging, and the peasant, who granted it to him, directed him to lie down beside the stove. In the course of the night his host's cow had a calf, and the people of the house took it, and laid it beside the warm stove. As soon as the freebooter had recovered the natural heat in his limbs, he took off the boots, put them on himself, and then got out of the window, leaving the two naked legs behind him. A servant girl, who was the first to come into the room in the morning, saw the limbs of the dead man, and she at once fancied that the calf had swallowed the remaining half of the vagabond (*landstreicher*), and her absurd notion obtained a ready credence in the entire village. The peasantry gathered with spits and stakes, in order that they might at once destroy the man-eater, but as none of them had the courage, not even the bailiff, to attack the monster, they resolved unanimously to set the house on fire. This was done; but the wind effected more than they had intended, for it carried the flames upon the roofs of all the surrounding cottages, and thus calf, house, and village, were completely destroyed.

The difference, as will be perceived, between the German and the Irish story is, that the former has "a moral."

The following is another of the "Märchen," given by Wächter. It is introduced in a romance, entitled "The Mirror of Virtue," and is supposed to be related by a character who possesses the cunning of an Iago, and the profligacy of an Iachimo. The manner in which the story is told is consistent with the ideal of such a character—so consistent, indeed, that we have found it absolutely necessary to soften it down in some passages. It may be accepted, however, as a fair specimen of Wächter's style.

THE SEVEN STARS.

(*From the German.*)

BY WILLIAM B. MAC CABE.

There was once upon a time, a king who had seven daughters, and each and all of them were beautiful as angels, and indeed something better; for they were of flesh and blood—lovely, fair, and enchanting women. The hot fire of love burned out of their eyes, flickered about their lips, and glowed in the rounded dimples of their cheeks, more sweetly and warmly than the flame in a golden censer. Whoever glanced at them felt in his innermost veins the throbbing pulse of passion, and seemed as much possessed as a witch is by the devil.

And now it is to be stated, to the honour of these charming princesses, that they seemed not to feel the slightest pride or pleasure in being courted by princes, dukes, or counts, who came from the farthest ends of the world to pay suit to them. For all such the princesses seemed to care no more than Beelzebub does for a bad exorciser; they yawned

when their lovers sighed, and they turned up their royal pretty noses, when their mighty and grand adorers ogled them; nay, they would hardly even allow one of their admirers to kiss the gloved finger of one of their fair hands—no, nor as much as to scratch the head of one of their hawks. And then, if one of those high-born lords began to talk of the pains of love, and of the cruelty of these ladies, the princesses would perhaps ask them such questions as—

"Did their nurses, when they were children, fatten their pap with oil or with butter?"

"Could people, in the lands on which they were born, catch hold of the moon when it was in its first quarter?"

"Did the hens crow in their country? or would the tired there have even the spunk to yawn?"

All which interrogatories and sneers those high and mighty kings' sons took very ill; but with regard to which, they did not deem it prudent to give expression to their displeasure.

Far different, however was the demeanour of those princesses, when they were approached by a stately sturdy squire, even though wearing the simplest garb that could become a gentleman; then indeed they looked, and looked again on such a man with pleasure, and the notion came into their heads, that after all, Adam was the common father of the human race. Thus passed their days, whilst at night, if one of the old wrinkled ladies of the court attempted to approach them, they remembered the awful lessons of their mother, the queen, as to the respect that ought to be paid to the daughters of a king; and they shuddered with horror if the hand of an old woman touched them; whilst they forgave, like amiable and charitable girls as they were, if a young, impudent, well-grown page, forgetful of their royal dignity, impressed a fiery kiss upon their pouting lips.

In course of time there came to dwell at the court of the king, seven knights, who were generally called "the seven brothers," because they loved each other so sincerely, and were so firmly united in friendship together, that there appeared to be but one heart in their seven different bodies. These seven brothers were right valiant champions, and had, by their gallant deeds, gained the universal respect of all. If a dragon only dared to show his nose above ground, these seven brothers flopped down upon his back, hacked off his head in a minute, and deprived the monster of the power of swallowing any more lambs. If a wicked magician took a fancy to a virgin and carried her off, the seven brothers would set out in pursuit of him, and before the villain could have time to say a prayer, he would be sure to lose his life and his prey together. If any one would undertake, what in knightly phrase is designated "a perilous adventure," then did such an one seek an alliance with the seven brothers, and while others would think of eating their dinner, the dangerous feat would be crowned, through their means, with victory.

These, then, were the very men to please the princesses. When they first arrived at the palace, they came all riding in one row together, all bearing the same arms, and the same colours, and all mounted on high heavy wild war-horses, that seemed to snort forth fire, and to paw the ground with their fore feet as furiously as if they would bore a hole in the earth, and that yet controlled by the mighty thews and sinews of their riders, trembled and panted with fear. To see such a gallant exhibition of chivalry as they presented, crowds gathered upon crowds in the streets; whilst, as to the princesses, they looked out of the windows of the palaces, and then tittered, and lisped in each other's ear, "Oh, little sister, if these were to be our husbands!"

And then, when the jousts began, and the seven brothers took their places in the lists, in the sight of the princesses, it was seen that they tossed their rivals from their saddles, with as much ease as the wind blows the light dust that rests upon a rose leaf; and yet those whom they cast down, seemed to fall with such force as if they would be for ever buried beneath the sand that rose in clouds around them. The iron lances in the hands of those mighty champions were held as lightly, and seemed to be as little burden to them as the thin thread which a maiden grasps, when she holds bound her favourite bird. With one blow of their swords they were seen to rive in twain the thickest plates, and the strongest joints of armour; but when at last, as victors over all the rest, they stood unhelmeted, warm, blushing, and their eyes sparkling, and their manly figures bending before the princesses to receive the prizes which their feats had won, then gave each princess to her knight the rich jewels they had to distribute, made still more rich by the sweet smiles with which they were accompanied.

These then were the very princesses to please the seven brothers. These, they said, were the very women fitted to be the wives of valiant men—these looked like the future mothers of brave bouncing boys, who in the first twelvemonth would willingly change the nutriment of their nurse for that afforded by the wine-gutcher.

Those who are in love require few hints to tell them they are in turn beloved. The seven brothers, with the seven sisters, soon found out the way to the dwelling of a priest, and were privately married.

Not many months had elapsed, when the seven brothers had communicated to them the joyful tidings that there was a certainty the old king would soon be a grandfather. They at once acted like plain honest men as they were, and went in a body one morning to the king, and asked the king for the hands of his seven daughters.

Our good lord, the king, when he heard this, opened very wide his great big mouth, as if he would, at one gulp, swallow down the seven suitors, and then he thus spoke to them.

"Sir knights, where are your dominions? Where are the kingdoms that you can bring as

marriage-gifts for my girls? Kings' daughters can only marry with kings. Wed them, knights, if you have crowns to put upon their heads: if not—you shall never have one of them as a wife."

This seemed to the seven brothers, the fairest, simplest, and wisest proposition in the world; for to real bravery nothing appears difficult. At once they put on their armour, bade their brides farewell, and promised to return back to them within the space of half-a-year, and then to tell them the names of the lands of which they should be queens, and what the designation of the lucky subjects whose good fortune it would be to be subjected to their sway. And thus saying, they clapped spurs to their steeds, and rode out into the great wide world! But, alas! kings' crowns are not as easily to be found as pretty girls, and kingdoms cannot be conquered with the same facility as the tender hearts of women. The six months were passed to a day, and yet the seven brothers had neither crowns nor kingdoms.

Meanwhile the seven sisters sat in their bowers alone, and had all sorts of annoyances which to those unacquainted with their marriage seemed very extraordinary. The skill of the royal cooks was exhausted in dressing up dainties, and procuring strange dishes for them, until at last the royal goodwife of the palace pledged to them her honour and experience that in the course of twenty-four hours the seven sisters would be seven mothers.

Now came there a running to and fro in the palace—now was sent forth messengers to the four quarters of the earth—now was every watch-tower around the king's dominions crowded with sentinels, to give notice of the approach of the seven knightly brothers; but—they saw no one—not a single kingly banner came within the scope of their vision!

What then did the seven sisters? They first talked of the shame and disgrace that awaited them, if they became manifestly mammas, without being at the same time acknowledged wives, and then they feared the deadly rage and cruel anger of their father, the king, when he should all at once be called upon to provide appanages for no less than seven grandchildren, and then—they declared unanimously that they would never face the royal displeasure of their cruel parent, and saying this, they crept down to the palace garden, plucked the dock leaves on which a toad had nestled, wolf's bane, monk's-hood, and hemlock, they compounded all these into a sort of soup, swallowed it up, kissed, embraced each other, and *died!!!*

The compassionate gods took pity on them, and changed their souls into the seven stars, which you may still see blinking over the earth, in search of the seven wandering brothers.

DIOGENES' TUB.

Let folk cant as they will of the cynic of old—
Let them tell how he sneered at good living and gold;
Of his wisdom and virtue, in vain their hubbub,
We very well know 'tis—a tale of a tub.

THE PHYSICIAN'S VISIT.

It was November. Desolate, soul-chilling, rainy, foggy,—miserable November. What spirit can support thy weight, weary, dreary, dirty month?

It was night, rainy and foggy: the gas in the streets of London burnt as dimly as the lamps at Udolpho, seeming but the ghosts of themselves. The few passengers whom necessity forced into the outward atmosphere became sensible of each other's presence only through the conviction of concussion, and an ocean of mud covered the granite of our streets, earning to them the well-deserved appellative of the Black Sea.

The equipage of Dr. Sutheran had been long striving to make its way through an obscure route of narrow, plebeian streets, towards some unknown point of the compass, seemingly as difficult of attainment as the North Pole. Patiently had Dr. Sutheran sat, speculating possibly on some of the pharmacopœian mysteries unknown to our pen; but at length, his chariot-wheels ceasing to revolve, the sudden check gave likewise a sudden check to his meditations, and he roused himself to share morefairly the dilemma of his servants.

"What now, Adams?"

"There is no getting further, sir. I have almost swallowed the wisp of straw, and here is the street dug up for the sewers."

"I will walk. Inquire for——"

Adams entered a shop, where the dim light showed that the dignified inhabitant was licensed to sell wholesale and retail, and came back to his master with the perspicuous information, that two turnings to the right, and three turnings to the left, and on a piece, and then down a court and up a lane, and three turnings this way and so many turnings that, and then straightforward, and then two to the right, and one to the left, and he would be in——

Thankful for so luminous a direction, particularly on so obscure a night, Dr. Sutheran for a moment paused whether he should proceed or return. We will not say whether compassion or a fee impelled him forward; but certain it is, that a black silk stocking, and a brilliantly black pump, in another moment emerged from the carriage, which, after receiving a dismissal, left the physician standing in the Stygian lake, and having evolved a halo of mud, whirled off, leaving its late master to all the horrors of his *dark* fate.

Long did Dr. Sutheran walk. Many were the dark alleys which he explored—many the labyrinths which he threaded; but at length, after a weary wandering, he found that he had gained his desired haven.

It was in consequence of a little note, which had been put into his hands that evening at dinner, that Dr. Sutheran had undertaken his present expedition; and as it seems that women hold by charter a tenure for the credit of all mischief done in the world from Adam's days to our own, it may be

concluded that this little note was in the handwriting of a woman. In fact, the characters were traced in a little feminine hand, and it told simply, but touchingly, that the mother of the writer had been long afflicted with a malady which country practitioners had pronounced incurable; but hearing that Dr. Sutheran had turned his particular attention to this peculiar disorder, and had been eminently successful in the restoration of some distinguished individuals, Helen Lee had brought her suffering mother from a distant county to the metropolis, in the hope of benefiting from his skill.

Dr. Sutheran knocked at the door of a humble dwelling, to which his inquiries had conducted him. He was admitted, and conducted to a chamber on the second floor.

On a low and humble bed—how different from the downy pillows and luxuriant couches of the affluent!—lay a pale and haggard woman, whom suffering more than time seemed to have hurried into the vale of years. The hollow eye—the wan and sunken cheek—the pale waxen shrivelled lips—Oh sin, what sorrow is thy fruit!

The lowly bed was hung with a dark, sickly-looking drapery, and covered with the same, while, on its harsh texture, one of the thin attenuated hands of the poor sufferer was lying. On a finger of that shrunken bony-hand, affecting thought! was the circling hoop, the bond and pledge of wedded love. Could this be the same bright, happy creature, who had once been the object of love, of hope, of desire! Alas, mortality!

And of love still the object. Blessed light! that burns in the faithful heart more brightly as misfortune darkens round. Blessed love! that follows us with eyes of fondness when sickness makes us objects of loathing to all the world beside. How different in thy nature from the vain, selfish passion, which men feign!

We have said that this lone and suffering woman was the object of love still. By her bedside a young girl was kneeling, whose aspect and countenance plainly showed that the sufferings of the mind might fully equal those of the body. She was thin almost to attenuation. Thin with care, and anxiety, and suffering, and watchfulness—thin with protracted hopes and delayed fears. Hope or fear deferred, which makes the heart most sick?

She was kneeling by the bedside. Her cheek was very pale, though a vermilion line skirted her eyelid; and the tears, the unbidden, irrepressible tears, were streaming with all the violence of youthful feeling—feeling that experience had not had time to blunt, or make more difficult of excitation—down on an open page upon which one hand was resting. The other supported a head that was aching and throbbing with its sense of suffering. Her hair, simply parted over her brow, was confined behind without the slightest attention to grace or ornament, yet suiting the solemn and sorrowful character of her countenance, was not ungraceful; while the black dress, coarse in texture, and not unworn in condition, suiting the *ensemble*, gave her somewhat the aspect of a weeping Madonna. The dim light of a faint lamp alone rendered the scene partially visible, leaving it sufficiently obscure in its wretchedness for sadness and imagination; and there Helen Lee knelt, with the fast-falling tears of a daughter's love dropping, like gems, upon the pledges of a Father's mercy; for the volume which her hand was pressing, and which she had been striving to read until the tears blinded her sight and choked her utterance, was none other than the sacred word of promise.

Dr. Sutheran entered: he was accustomed to scenes of sorrow, but there was a something so desolate, so forsaken in the scene before him, so different from the grief of the high-born and wealthy, where, if sickness or death come, there rallies round a hundred sustaining friends, all anxious to press consolation on the survivors, and where even bereavement brings circumstances of occupation, letters, condolements, and that dearest of all dear things, sweet money-spending, that grief is often only another name for occupation: a different thing entirely from the deep and awful apprehension which had settled over that narrow chamber.

We have said that Dr. Sutheran entered. At the sound of his footstep Helen rose with precipitation. It seemed as though the climax of her destiny was approaching. There are moments when the timid are bold. Helen, bashful and fearful as a child, turned to meet Dr. Sutheran without a remembrance of herself.

"You are, I presume—I hope—Dr. Sutheran?"

Dr. Sutheran bowed. His eagle eye had rested for a moment on Helen's kneeling figure, and he was now busy in taking in its accompaniments.

Helen motioned to her mother, and again burst into tears.

Is that peculiar rapidity and perspicuity of vision, which distinguishes the medical profession, the effect of a quickened intellect, or a part of education? We know not, but we have observed in nearly all who are of the staff, that one of their rapid, eagle, furtive glances, has comprehended more than half an hour's scrutiny from other eyes.

Dr. Sutheran approached his patient. She was under the influence of opium, taken to lull the consciousness of pain. Helen might lay aside the compulsion with which she suppressed her fears, for her mother lay in too heavy a stupor to be affected by any thing she could say.

With what unutterable, what thrilling anxiety, Helen watched Dr. Sutheran's countenance as he took the withered hand in his own, and proceeded to make himself acquainted with her state. She would not speak—she could have shrieked, but she so subdued herself, that not a sigh escaped her; and she leant towards him, almost devouring him with her large gray eyes, from which the heavy drops were falling, and with a parted lip as pallid as her cheek.

A few clear, luminous questions the doctor asked of Helen. She answered him concisely, without a superfluous word, for she had heard that he detested

volubility. A few minutes' investigation to his quick eye and clearly organised mind made him master of all the circumstances of the case needful for him to know. He then turned his eye on Helen. "You are alone?" he asked, inquiringly.

"Yes."

"And your father?"

"Is ——." Helen's convulsed lip could not utter—"*dead;*" but her eye glanced down over her mournful attire.

"You must send for some friend to lighten your nursing cares, poor girl, or you will be ill yourself."

Helen's whole soul was in her face. With a burning complexion, and upraised hands and eyes, the figure of breathless earnestness, she cried, "Is there hope? May I hope? Can you give me hope?"

The thrilling power of the most passionate feeling was in Helen's voice and eyes, and her agonised expectation made the moment's pause of his reply seem to her interminable. It was but a moment, however, before his deep quick voice clearly and distinctly said—"Yes, *hope.*"

The physician himself, who had seen not a little of the world, was startled by the passionate vehemence with which Helen threw herself upon him, and embraced his hand. The warm tear glittered on it, and the fond caress passed over it before he could clearly know that he had been so honoured. It was but a momentary impulse, but it was like a fresh leaf in life to Dr. Sutheran. He was a reserved and a laconic man, and those who knew him best, seldom approached him with familiarity.

He wrote, however. Helen watched the motion of his pen, but she did not dare to speak, even to ask him to forgive her. He rose to retire, and Helen timidly and softly dropped a fee into his hand. She could not speak; it looked so like insult to *pay* for such obligations. The physician looked on his fee, which glittered through his fingers, then on Helen, and then around the room; and, it might be, the thought of returning it came across his brain, but the remembrance of Helen's note, written with orthography and diction of a gentlewoman, gave him the fear that he might wound more than benefit. The hurried movement with which it seemed that he was about to transfer the doubtful gold into his pocket, however, defeated his intention—it dropped through his fingers, and rolled on the floor.

"Do not trouble yourself," cried the doctor; "I have not time. I have another patient to visit to-night." And so saying, he hastily left the room.

"I was right," said the doctor, to himself, as he descended the stairs, "it was the last, or she would have offered me another."

"Anastasia, my dear, put on your shawl. That knock—it was the doctor. There, lie down on the couch. No, do not quite lie, it is ungraceful; only recline. Here, dear, take your vinaigrette. Emilia have that lamp removed; it is too near."

"There is not time, mamma, to summon a servant."

"Then do it yourself. You are unsisterly, Emilia."

Emilia obeyed, but rather dilatorily. "I have a great mind to throw it down," she murmured to herself. "What a delightful hurry we should all be in! But no, it would seem so awkward: and I hate to seem awkward."

"So the French lamp, which was shedding too vivid a light, was removed; and the fair Anastasia *reclined* upon the couch. It is true, that Anastasia was very pretty, and all her adjuncts were so arranged as to enhance that prettiness as much as possible. She was naturally very fair, and as it was now her particular desire to be pale also, she had not on a particle of rouge, though its presence at other times had left the sallowness which always follows on its use. A low cap—not one of your three story high caps—but a pretty, modest, cottage cap, laced with pink satin ribbon, and pink satin strings—*tied*, not *streaming*—a striped white muslin dressing-gown, fastened down with bows—(we like to be particular in the minutiæ of ladies' dresses, it is so *important* and so *interesting*,) and black satin slippers sandled with white, completed the equipment of the fair Anastasia St. Vincent.

"That will do," said the fond, the tender, the anxious mother; that will do charmingly—stay, a book. It looks too much like arrangement not to be occupied. A book, Emilia, a book! The Loves of the Angels! Psha, girl, not that! How I wish we had Hervey's Meditations; but here is Mrs. Chapone, we will make that do; so now-"

And all this for a grave, serious doctor—a fusty, musty, crusty doctor. Ah! but this doctor was not above five-and-thirty, and he had a practice of twelve thousand a-year.

Dr. Sutheran entered. Mamma met him at the door with a head surmounted with a cap, and a cap surmounted with bows at least a yard high. Her welcome inundated him with words, but it was doubtful whether or not he heard them, as he walked straight up to Anastasia and her sofa. Anastasia looked soft as—as—Circassian cream; and her few murmured words were as sweet as her lyre, and as silvery-sounded. It must have been Dr. Sutheran's want of taste, if he thought they breathed of affection.

Anastasia relinquished the book which she had been *studying*, laying her golden vinaigrette upon the open page, and then daintily presented her soft, white hand, to the doctor. He felt her pulse, but saw no more of the beauty of that hand than a blind man; or, at least, if he saw he heeded it as little. He listened with a sort of desperate patience to the tender fears of the mother, and the murmured symptoms of the patient. The mother implored him, with a white handkerchief to her eyes, to tell her if there were danger; while the daughter fixed her soft, inquiring, patient eyes upon him, and looked beautiful with all her might.

"Danger! no, certainly: nothing but nerves," said the doctor; "but, however, let me have pen and paper."

"Nothing but nerves!" thought Anastasia, to herself. "What an unfeeling, insensible wretch!"

Mrs. St. Vincent took care that the required pen and paper should not appear too promptly, and employed the interim in persecuting the doctor with civilities. She had doubted at first whether it would be polite to notice his muddy shoes, but decided at length on making them the pretence of additional courtesies; so she took occasion suddenly to perceive them, and to feel great alarm lest Dr. Sutheran's valuable health should be endangered. She offered to his choice and use every possible variety of stocking which had ever been manufactured, from the coarse knitting days of our antediluvian ancestors to our own, without even implying that they might be too small; but Dr. Sutheran was inflexible, and in spite of her soft solicitude, after waiting for the means of writing nearly as long as though he had desired a pen from the Roc's wing, he at length said, and said it like a bear, as Anastasia afterwards affirmed, "Your paper, madam; do you know the value of my time."

We need not say that the implements of writing were not long in forthcoming, after this uncouth speech. The nauseous mixture was soon inscribed, though destined to advance no further in approximation; for Anastasia had no design further to punish herself by approaching her fair lips to such vile decoction; the doctor had received his fee, and transferred it to his pocket, without the slightest mischance, and, with an inflexion of the body that none but the most observing eyes could have discovered, had left the room.

But mamma had not done with him yet, bear though he was. She followed him down stairs, conducted him into the parlour, and there opened to him the fulness of her maternal heart, imploring him to be quite candid, and dwelt upon the manifold perfections of her dear Anastasia as the cause and excuse of her extreme anxiety—so good a daughter, so sweet a disposition, so angelic a temper, &c. &c.. &c.

Dr. Sutheran chafed internally; all the relief that he afforded to her agonizing solicitude, was comprehended in the brief words, "Madam, your daughter will be as well as yourself in a few days, if she be not so now."

Mrs. St. Vincent returned up stairs. "Remember, Anastasia, that I cannot afford more than twenty guineas. Ten visits, two guineas a visit. You must make the most of them."

Very different, meanwhile, had been the effect of his visit in that abode of misery which he had last left. Like May, he had caused flowers to spring up where he had trod—a simile for which Dr. Sutheran ought to be very much obliged to our pen, considering that he was not particularly remarkable for an elastic foot.

Helen Lee lived again. All her powers rallied—all her strength revived. Dr. Sutheran's word "*hope*," seemed the ægis which was to shield her from all harm, to support her under every exigence.

O happy stage of life! would that we could feel again but one of thy up-springing thoughts, one of thy bounding hopes, one of thy fearless emotions, one of thy full-trusting feelings, one of thy generous confidences! One of thy glowing thoughts were worth a year of the life of him who hath tasted of the tree of knowledge!

And much need was there for Helen Lee's exertions, and nobly did she make them. Nobly, we say, though it was in the mean detail of daily cares, poor and trifling in themselves, yet making up the sum of daily comfort, if not of daily happiness. It was Helen, that with sylph-like step hovered round that miserable bed, fruitful in contrivances and resources to make it less miserable. Helen, who supported the aching head, and made the nauseous cup less bitter with the sweetenings of her love. Helen, who could now smile away poverty and want, sickness and sorrow.

Dr. Sutheran's medicine had produced an instantaneous change in the state of his patient. When he entered that obscure apartment on the ensuing day, he saw, at a glance, that a change had passed over its aspect. The neatness of arrangement had materially lessened the dismalness of its poverty; while Helen's glad eyes welcomed him, and consciousness was in the countenance of the sufferer. In spite of the rigidness and reserve of his character, Dr. Sutheran never felt a sweeter emotion than when sitting by that lowly bed with the thankfulness of relieved suffering before him, and followed by the adoring gratitude of Helen's looks.

A faint streak of the fairest sunshine gleamed through the narrow casement, and fell on Helen's figure as she stooped over her mother's pillow, opposite to where Dr. Sutheran sat. The physician's eye took in both patient and attendant; and, while looking in the glassy eyes, and feeling the parched hands of the one, a something like comparison glanced across his mind, as the fair image of his fair patient Anastasia presented itself. He thought of the soft affectation of the one, and he saw the noble disregard of self displayed in the other. He *had* seen Miss St. Vincent's white hand and pretty foot, her flowing robe, and her cottage cap, for few things escaped the doctor's observation: and he now saw as clearly Helen's simply braided hair, and her serge-like black dress—a garment but one degree removed from poverty.

"And what sort of night?" asked the physician. "No, do not you attempt to speak;" for the pale lips of the invalid opened to reply. "You can tell me, perhaps," said he, as he nodded over the bed to Helen.

Helen told him, in her fervent words, that the stupor had not passed away till morning.

"Who watched her?"

"I did," said Helen. "I could not leave my mother in a stange place."

"She never leaves me," murmured the poor sufferer.

"You will disable yourself," said the doctor; "I told you last night to send for some friend."

"We are without friends," said Helen; "the unfortunate have no friends."

"The unfortunate!" repeated the physician.

"Forgive me," said Helen; "I am ungrateful to Heaven and to you. You bid me '*hope;*' and can I call myself unfortunate? I should have said, we are strangers in London."

Dr. Sutheran lingered a moment in silence. Helen thought that he waited for his fee, and she hastened to present his first and second in company together. The doctor, however, laid the two on the table, hastily saying, "We do not take fees from widows, so never mention it again;" and before Helen could clearly understand his meaning he had gone.

It was a fortunate circumstance that our physician did not take fees from widows, for Helen's exertions could scarcely keep pace with her necessities.

Still she sank not, but upborne by the spirit of hope, she was cheerful under a load of bodily fatigue and destitution, the extent of which she never paused to contemplate.

Day after day did Dr. Sutheran visit the poor widow and her daughter. To Helen his visits were the golden moments of life. All that he said became to her the hoarded treasure of memory—and let men say what they will, the memory of some hearts is sweet, ay, even sweeter than their hopes.

Dr. Sutheran, too, learned to unbend. Reader, take it on your philosophy, that the rigid without are seldom the austere within. The aspect is only one of those natural deceptions which nature innocently assumes to hide its own sensibilities. The heart veils itself from the gaze of the unfeeling, because its feelings are too proud for exposure, too delicate for sympathy.

Dr. Sutheran knew that he was repulsive, knew it while he continued the habit, for we have said it was the disguise under which his softer nature hid itself. It was his torment, for the softness of that nature required sympathy, which its own repulsive veil for ever distanced.

But Helen's nature, on the contrary, was all fresh, all open, undisguised. Her mother had been long a sufferer, and Helen, through her girlhood, had been chained to her sick pillow. Their little family had resided in Northumberland in comparative competence, until some twelvemonths back, when, on her father's sudden death, their income had died with him, and Helen was left to struggle with poverty, and to maintain her parent.

That parent was to Helen's affectionate heart its all. She had never through her life left her for a day, scarcely for an hour—and that she should die! O death, thou art the crowning curse!

She had exhausted the medical skill of their country vicinity, when the hope of Dr. Sutheran's skill was suggested to her. Helen had decision. She immediately converted their household treasure into money; had her mother conveyed on board ship; endured a suffering voyage; entered London as a stranger, and sent to Dr. Sutheran.

Through all this Helen's trusting hope had borne her, but when, through an aching day and night, she had watched her mother lying in stupefaction, unable to exchange a word of sympathy, without a human being to feel interested in her sufferings, and alone in a vast and inhospitable metropolis—then Helen's heart gave way, and despair was fast possessing her soul, when Dr. Sutheran's "*hope*" anew inspired her.

He had given her back her parent from the grave, as far as human means can act under the divine will; that parent who could now smile upon her, talk with her, and enter into her plans and hopes; and Helen loved him, innocently and gratefully loved him, as the kindest and greatest of human beings.

It is sweet to be loved. Love, the highest and dearest gift of the Deity. It is sweet in every change, at every time, in every place. Sweet from all and to all. Oh disgusting feignings, what are ye to the light of true affection, though it beam in the eye of an infant, without interchange of intellect, and resting only on the divinity of its emanation! Of an infant said we? ay, even in the caress of a dog it is sweet.

To Dr. Sutheran the consciousness was precious. He carried about with him an acmé of happiness which he had never known before. Helen's eyes, her large, full, trusting, loving, innocent eyes, followed him wherever he went, and our physician was *happy*. All the world had respected Dr. Sutheran. Thousands had done justice to his talents, but it was the first time he had known how very sweet it was to be disinterestedly loved. He could even smile at Anastasia and her folly, and sympathize with Mrs. Vincent's maternal fears.

It was at this period that that dreadful scourge, which ravaged not only Europe, but most of the portions of the earth where man had fixed his dwelling, burst out among ourselves in its most fearful violence. Dr. Sutheran was one of those philanthropic men who had offered to incur the hazard of its investigation in that place where its virulence was the most fearful, its form the most terrific.

It was needful that these patriotic men—patriots not to their country, but to their species—should be culled from those most distinguished in talent; it seemed to be a costlier sacrifice, but "verily they had their reward." At the time when Dr. Sutheran had made his offer of service, he had not paid his first visit to the solitary dwelling of Helen Lee; in the interim, arrangements had been making; they were now completed, and the physician proceeded to pay that visit which might happily be his last.

Their little apartment was arranged with even more than its ordinary care. Helen's mother looked more grateful, Helen more happy. We have said that our physician had unbent in his intercourse with Helen, and the consequence was, that Helen had forgotten all her awe, her fear, her reserve towards him. There was something in her open-hearted innocent confidence, so cheering, so amusing, from the aching study of his life, that he had insensibly learnt to think that his chatting with

Helen was the relieving sensation of his existence. Independent of her grateful affection, there was a raciness in the natural suggestions of her unsophisticated thoughts which carried a peculiar charm to his philosophical and somewhat metaphysical mind.

On this day it would not have displeased him to have found Helen sad. On the contrary, she was gay. She smiled in his face, and told him he was grave.

He denied the charge.

"Then worse, Dr. Sutheran—you are sorrowful."

"No, Helen, no."

"No, doctor, no. You may be grave and even sorrowful in every place in the wide world, but never here, never in this little room. At balls, at banquets, and in palaces, but never in our little chamber. O, how I should like to be rich, and then I would build such a beautiful temple over this place, and dedicate it to you, as the ancients used to do to their heroes."

"You little heathen."

"Oh, I don't mind your calling me names: but no, I would not change this dear room. I would not move an article of furniture. I would keep it all precisely as it is, to remind me where you had been, and what you had done. But I think I should like to be rich too, but then you must be poor, or else it would be of no use."

"Would it not be as well, Helen, for me to be rich?"

"No, not quite, because then I could give you nothing."

"Might I not give to you? Would not that be the same?"

"No," said Helen, "no. It would be such a delightful thing to make presents to you. And yet," surely the thought was womanly, "perhaps you are so proud that you would rather *give*. You would not have the kindness to *take*. It is only women who have affection enough to be the inferior. So it is better perhaps as it is;"—and Helen breathed a discontented sigh.

"Perhaps it is better, Helen, as it is," replied Dr. Sutheran, "but remember that affection knows no inferiority; and now, tell me, could you be content to take? Be candid, my little Helen?"

Helen felt instantly that Dr. Sutheran was forsaking imaginary ground for their real position. Her cheek flushed as she said, "Would you place me on ground upon which you would not stand yourself? Unkind Dr. Sutheran!" And she tried to speak playfully.

"Unkind Helen," responded Dr. Sutheran, in a reproachful tone; "and more than unkind, thus to embitter my farewell visit."

"Helen's face turned from the deepest crimson to the deadliest white. She rose and left the room.

Dr. Sutheran kindly and calmly repeated to Mrs. Lee all those directions which he thought might conduce to her final reestablishment. He told her that he should be absent for a time, as he was going a journey, but that she should hear from him again on his return; and he took his leave.

Dr. Sutheran had carefully concealed from Helen the nature of his absence. He wished not to prove her feelings by her misery. He wished to save her from all anxiety.

Our pyhsician went home and wrote a codicil to his will. He would gladly have saved her from present toil. Helen's interdict did not reach the future.

Dr. Sutheran's hope was futile. Helen saw in a public paper the nature of his expedition; saw his name, his talents, his philanthropy, his self-immolation, lauded to the skies. From that hour Helen's energy had gone. Her soul withered, her spirit died within her. She thought of that one word "*hope*," but it was only to loathe a feeling that she could not feel. Pale, sickly days succeeded to each other. Her duties round her mother were performed mechanically; but where was the buoyancy that had once lightened them?

Helen was sitting by the lonely window. She was working. It was for their subsistence.

"Cease, my dear Helen," said her mother; "the light is too dim. You will blind yourself."

Helen knew it, and it was therefore that she dared not weep. Not weep even for him, lest she should see her mother starve. How are we governed!

Her head drooped upon her hand. She was living in the past, and probably the din of battle would not have aroused her, when an indistinct sound, a measured footfall, that to indifferent ears would have been scarcely audible, struck not on her ear alone, but on her heart. The blood rushed to its stronghold in eddying whirls, the brain reeled—Helen felt and knew that Dr. Sutheran had returned.

Women are strange compounds. A month ago, Helen would almost have thrown herself into his arms. Now, she knew that she loved him; and with that sudden hypocrisy that, it may be, delicacy teaches, she controlled her deep delight, her passion of joy, and was in a miraculously little time prepared to receive him with an indifference that would have disgraced the commonest acquaintance.

Had Dr. Sutheran had time to see that frigid indifference, he might have doubted Helen's affection, and suppressed his own. Happily they had for a time exchanged characters. The cold, the austere physician, abandoning himself to his happiness, took Helen's hands within his own, and in a voice of unutterable affection, said, "Welcome me, *my* Helen. You, who have been so good a daughter, will not as a wife be less precious. *Be mine!*"

INSCRIPTION

IN FEVERSHAM CHURCH.

He who would him bethoft
Immediately and oft,
How hard it is to flit
From death unto the pit,
From pit unto the pain
That ne'er can cease again,
He would not do one sin
All the world to win.

SIR HUGH, THE FORESTER.

BY MR. BULLER, OF BRAZEN-NOSE,

Author of "Provence and the Rhone."

It is the mid-watch of a Yule-tide night,
By Oxford's leagur'd walls; the sleety snow,
Driven thick by howling whirlwinds, blinds the sight
Of the numb'd sentry, pacing dull and slow.
And dimly by the struggling watch-fire's light
The frozen river's wide-spread overflow
Shows like an Arctic sea for many a mile,
Girdling one lone and turret-crested isle.

And yonder from a secret postern—hist!
A white-rob'd form, like a pale gliding ghost,
Steal's o'er the broad expanse through snow and mist,
Unheeded by the warder at his post.
Oft pausing each unwelcome noise to list,
It gains the rearward of King Stephen's host,
And, safe at length from foeman's sight and sound,
Drops its white mantle on the frozen ground.

The pilgrim (for as such her russet stole
Bespoke her) scans with careful eye each trace
Of paths that center'd in a rising knoll,
Bordering the woodlands wild of Cumnor Chase.
Anon, a low and solitary toll
Comes from the westward.—"Ha! I know the place—
Yon sound—'tis from the ruined convent's bell;
Eustache St. Maur is watching there: 'tis well.

"The storm has ceas'd, and see, the setting moon,
Cloudless, and chequer'd by yon oakwood sere,
Points out the onward track: a welcome boon
Were rest and shelter."—Loud, anon, and clear
She winds her silver call; replied to soon
By fast approaching footsteps.—"He is here:
Welcome, true heart; thou see'st the danger's past;
Confess, ye all despair'd of me at last."

"I'm dumb with joy and wonder, gracious dame:
Alone, and unattended, thus?" "So best
I judg'd it for the nonce. Count Stephen's aim
Is baffled by the wit in woman's breast.
The braggart now may eat his hilts for shame;
And to his Bretons issue his behest
For winter quarters, ere yon aguish fen,
And scanty fare, have thinn'd his choicest men."

"What of my brother Gloster and my son?"
"Yestr'en with gallant levies, newly rais'd,
They camp'd on Wittenham hills, near Abingdon."
"St. Edmund and our Lady dear be prais'd!
To-morrow then!"—"May't please your Grace—move on."
"Thou say'st aright, good Eustache; I were craz'd
To linger in this chilly wind; short space,
I trust, will bring us to some resting-place."

"We must yet onward for two miles or more—
Know ye what here befel?" "From Oxford's tower
I saw the flames." "Not without blows good store,
It fell before the Breton captain's power.
For Saxon churls, Ralph Head and Southby bore
Themselves right manful in the mortal stour
With their rough vassals; but they came too late
To save the holy fathers from their fate.

"Shun we yon open glade, it leads foreright
Upon the scene of murder, where the bones
Of good and saintly men,—wo worth the sight!
Mingle amid rude heaps of blacken'd stones
With ruffian corses, for the wolf and kite
To gorge on undisturb'd; unearthly groans,
The peasants say, are heard at this dead hour,
And corpse-lights glimmer in the ruin'd tower."

—"Yet 'twas thy hand that toll'd the signal bell?"
—"Good faith, your Grace's need, and the strong sense
Of my liege duty, was the only spell
That kept me to my night watch sans defence
Of holy taper, cross, and sacring-knell:
Yet nought to my poor ken gave evidence
Of greater horrors than yon sight itself,
Which needs, God wot, no aid of ghost or elf."

The pilgrim shudder'd, wrapt her in her cloak,
And quicken'd pace to shun the fated ground;
A minute's space elaps'd ere Eustache spoke.
"Thus happens it that the church vassals round,
Their winter store destroy'd, from Stephen's yoke
Have fled beyond this friendly forest-bound
With their few chattels; and no roof is near
Save Hugh Mauleverer's, boasting fire and cheer.

"On the third night I was the convent's guest
Chanc'd the fell onslaught; with the half-arm'd few
To yeoman-service bound, I did my best,
When, at our sorest need, in dash'd this Hugh.
I ne'er saw armour yet on back or breast
Would stand his huge two-handed strokes; then too
Those Saxon franklins to the rescue came,
And drove the ruffians back into the flame."

"Know'st thou the man for good and true?" "Full well.
At least he sav'd my life. From northern parts
His name bespeaks him. Fit in strength to mell
With Ascapart of old; he knows all arts
Of woodcraft in fair forest, wold or fell.
I deem in England beat no truer hearts
Than his and one fair daughter's, with a touch
Of gentler breeding seldom seen in such."

The knight's voice falter'd for a moment's space.
"Beshrew these nightly frosts," in hurried tone
He mutter'd, and resumed, "Right well your Grace
Might trust them both, but nothing need we own
Touching your quality to leave a trace
For those Walloon and Breton bloodhounds; none
Of human heart, ev'n in this evil day,
Molest the humble pilgrim on his way.

"So fear not—For this Hugh, he long hath been
Ranger of these crown lands, and careth not
Unto all semblance, whether count or queen
Enjoy the venison which his arblasts' shot,
Unerring, doth purvey in woodland green,
At the Lord-Verderers' summons: not a spot
Is safe for bold marauders on his beat;
So finds he favour, and protection meet,

"And, by the rood, did not a holy cause
Constrain me, and my rank as belted knight,
These times would tempt me without let or pause
To take arles with him, as he hop'd I might
When we first met; enforce the forest laws,
The only laws now valid,—and requite
His trustful love."—"How now? thou'rt alter'd quite;
Sworn brother thou in arms to prince and peer!
Eustache St. Maur, there is some mystery here.

"I am not in the mood for idle jest,
As when thou wert my saucy page of yore;
But my son Hal would never let thee rest
For quips and gibes, were he but to the fore,
On damsel's errant—May his cause be blest.
My gallant boy! wer't not for him, no more
I'd risk blood-guiltiness, but all resign
To Adela of Blois' detested line."

The pilgrim-lady's change of tone and theme,
As one recall'd to sad and serious thought,
Was in no wise distasteful, it did seem
To the proud knight; but answer he made nought:
And if, perchance, in the dim twilight's gleam,
His cheek had redden'd, as if sore bestraught

By converse-matter he would fain eschew,
The musing dame mark'd not its changeful hue.

"What spake we of e'en now?" at length she said,
"That ranger's lodge—and shall we reach it soon?
I feel me that the rudest pallet spread
With fern or heather, were, indeed, a boon;
For I, with sleepless eyes and aching head,
Have for this last three nights outwatched the moon,
Waiting such chance as heaven vouchsaf'd at last,
In the wild pelting storm which now hath pass'd."

"Your Grace must lean on me—God's pity! how
Her footsteps falter! Think upon your son,
And bear ye up a moment's space. Now, now
We top the hill; two-thirds at least are won
Of your forc'd march; and see, beneath the brow
Of yon disused quarry, over-run
With massive ivy, your glad shelter lies.
We shall find entrance, for betimes they rise."

* * * * * *

The sun hath nearly ris'n an hour; his ray
Strikes level on the white expanse below,
Where the dun deer, oft plunging in their way
Through frozen drifts, as hunger-pinch'd they go,
To share the yeoman-fodderer's dole of hay,
Show like dark spots upon the glittering snow;—
From the grey lodge's porch Sir Eustache viewed
The morning-scene in grave and absent mood.

Hid by his surcoat of rough frieze, a bright
And massive jazeran of temper'd mail
Sat close to limbs of stately strength, in fight
Or stress of travel moulded ne'er to fail;
A barret-cap with secret steel-plates dight:
Shaded his calm bold features, somewhat pale
With night-watch, and a cast of anxious thought,
As if some secret purpose inly wrought.

On the broad hilt of his two-handed blade
He lean'd, as courting mind and body's rest.
"The morning air bites shrewdly here," he said;
"'Tis want of sleep.—Since that same night unblest
Eight days have pass'd: seven times I've crossed this glade;
Not quite a constant, though a welcome guest;
Yet five-and-twenty years, my past life's space,
Claim not in memory's page so wide a place."

He turn'd him with a melancholy smile
To the broad holly-tree beside the door,
Where jocund wren and red-breast, to beguile
The pinching season, caroll'd o'er and o'er
Their winter roundelays, and shook the while
From every bough the mantle crisp and hoar
Of snow-flakes, which had cumber'd in the night
Its polish'd leaves, and scarlet berries bright.

"Fair forest-rose!" he cried, "right well she tends
And loves ye both, brave bird and gallant tree,
And styles ye in quaint phrase her winter friends,
Ye hardy types of heart-fast constancy,
And cordial never-failing cheer, which lends
A warmth to life's best charities! To me
Such thoughts are bootless; I must bide my lot—
What ails Mauleverer, that he cometh not?

"'Tis well that I am summon'd hence per force;
Heart-whole she is, and heart-whole shall remain;
They say time heals all death-blows but remorse,
And I have 'scaped as yet that worst of pain.
Three hours, and I shall back my own good horse,
Hear, as on battle-field, that sound again,
'St. Maur a la rescousse!' and look upon
My father—friend—chief—comrade—all in one.

"Such ever! and who doth not love and fear
The noble, frank Count Thiebault? him, whose trust
So boundless in whate'er he deigns hold dear,
Friend, horse, or sword, must humble to the dust
The son who dare betray it. 'Twas a mere
Nine days' illusion. Well, what must be, must;
He is the proudest of our own proud race,
And misalliance in his heir were base."

He started, turned him to the opening door,
And met an eye, whose clear and sunny brown
Might match the mountain stream, from mossy moor
And wold, careering in its gladness down;
A smile of open confidence, secure
Seldom to meet requital in a frown;
Then check'd his voice to whispers, for the maid
Upon her lip one warning finger laid.

"She sleeps then, Blanche?" "Right sound: ere I could bring
Such fare as a short summons could command,
Or smooth her pillow, she was slumbering
Like an o'erwearied child; her fair white hand,
Stretch'd powerless, bore an emerald signet-ring,
Betokening more a lady in the land
Than a poor wanderer; such in voice and mien,
As my untutor'd fancy paints a queen."

"Thou art quick-witted, gentle girl; thus much
Know thou; she braves her weird of pilgrimage,
For her vow's sake; her blood is noble, such
As doth her mien avouch; her heritage
Was noble too, till reft by war's fell clutch.
Her son, a gallant youth of tender age,
Is my sworn brother, and with Heaven's good speed,
Bids fair to win his own by warlike deed."

"And thou too, Eustace"—"Blanche, I read aright
Thy looks, and thus far answer to thy thought.
My lineage equals that of many a knight,
By his good sword to lands and honour brought
In stirring times, although in this rude plight
I follow fortune's track; it matters not
The calling of my fathers, or their name,
Suffice it, they were all of honest fame."

"Thou need'st not tell me that; nor would I seek
More than it suits thy pleasure to disclose"—
"Nay, spare me the reproach thine eye doth speak;
A barren story, Blanche, of feuds and blows
Were hardly matter for a maiden meek;
And such from childhood hath been mine, Heav'n knows.
Nay, were it even worth the pains to tell,
What boots it, when the end must be 'farewell.'"

"Eustace?" "Thou know'st not then that I must wend
Forthwith to do the bidding of thy guest,—
That done, depart with her?—she was the friend,
For whom I watch'd—in brief, we must not rest
Till dusk here." Breaking short unto an end
He clasped his mail'd arms strongly on his breast,
As if to crush, at once, and in the core,
Some master-feeling which oppress'd it sore.

"Tears, Blanche? nay, let them freely flow; the tears
Of maidens are like morning dews, that lend
Freshness and grace to their young hopes and fears,
And pleasingly with life's first sunshine blend.
I would not bid thee, child, in future years,
Forget thy father's lov'd and loving friend,
But think of him as one whom civil strife
Hath sever'd from each fonder tie of life.

"The liegeman's duty, Blanche, is as his fate
To hearts of the true mould, and doth accord
In civil troubles with his houseless state,
Wed like the wandering Templar to his sword,
And fated haply to lay desolate
His dearest kinsman's roof-tree—God record
The traitor-prelate's doom, whose glozing art
Lur'd frank Count Stephen to so base a part!"

He grasp'd his trenchant weapon with a frown :
  " One hour of Lincoln-field ! Yet if again
'Twere 'Je me rends, Eustache,' could I hew down
  My sire's old comrade? I remember when
In our own hall—How now! her colour's flown ;
  What hath come o'er thee, gentle Blanche? nay, then,
Forgive my absent humour ; it doth seem
My thoughts have wander'd in some waking dream.

" Eustace (I still presume to call thee so,
  Guess how I may thy station), not a breath
Escapes me; one day thou mayst haply know
  That I too am of blood whose ancient faith
Hath in sore stress, alike by friend and foe,
  Been boldly prov'd, and trusted to the death."
" Say on—thy father——" " It imports not now;
I have my secrets, knight, as well as thou."

" Nay, nay, say on, and I will bless thee for 't ;
  Did I offend thee, Blanche? I would die first."
" Eustace, though strange to fashions of a court,
  I am not quite the child thou deem'st me, nurst
In quaint and idle fancies ; nor in sport
  Wear I my maiden smiles and tears, as erst
Thou mayst have seen in some ; nay, not a jot
Didst thou offend me, for thou meantst it not.

" Now mark me; men of noble birth like thee
  Lie not 'mid owls and bats by night perdue
For less than liegeman's duty, which to me
  And mine hath been for years, ay not a few,
A master-word of power: not boastingly
  I speak it, but to bid thee now pursue
Thy quest in safety; for her Highness there,
As for my own dead mother, will I care."

" —But touching thy dear self"—" This would I say,
  My vow doth with thine own in some wise chime;
My father wills I take the veil, which may
  Alone protect me in this troublous time:
Nor, trust me, Eustace, will I fail to pray
  For him and thee in some more peaceful clime.
Now God be with thee, wheresoe'er thou art,
And speed thee on thy way—'twere best we part."

" We part not thus"—But with the speed of light
  The maid was gone, the non-stanchion'd door
Fasten'd within; he bent to listen, caught
  The sound of weeping—" Blanche, one word, no more."
At once the sobs were hush'd, she answer'd nought;
  " I linger here too long," he cried, and tore
Himself away; " Heav'n and our cause to aid !"
And off he struck amid the tangling glade.

" Stand, who goes there ?—Ha, Eustace, is it thou ?
  Why in such speed, man ? pale too as a ghost !
I deem'd thee sleeping after thy quaint vow
  Of nightly vigil at the spot thou know'st—
God rest the good monks' souls ! I care not now
  To pass the spot—Come, turn thee back, our roast
Waits us ere long, and troth I well could eat;
All night have Ulph and I been on the beat."

" —My vow is ended, Hugh, and 'twas thereon
  I fain would speak with thee"—" Ulph, wind thy horn
From yon high bank; 'tis time that Piers and John
  Relieve us, for two hours have past since morn,
And they have rested; when they come, speed on
  And break thy fast with us.—Why so forlorn
And woe-begone, beau Sire ? come, thou wert best
Turn ranger, as I urg'd thee half in jest.

" Here stand I, four, ay, five-and-forty soon,
  And man enow for any o'er-sea spark
In Stephen's host, those michers of the moon !
  Thou saw'st me nick the known Mauleverer mark
On Schwartzbach's poll, the godless, foul Walloon !
  Sdeath ! to fire holy cloisters in the dark
Like hornets' nests ! the king's gone mad, 'tis clear,
To take no order with such rascaille gear."—

" — Yet serv'st thou him"—" Ay, lad, or whomsoe'er
  The foul fiend will to wear this ill-starr'd crown;
The Frank is generous, bold, and blithe of cheer;
  A better woodsman too on fell or down
Ne'er cheer'd a hound, or struck a far-off deer:
  I care not for his title;—every clown
Knows well he cannot on such score, I ween,
Be nam'd with that proud peat, the Empress Queen."

" Mauleverer, fame hath wrong'd her in some wise,
  " I could give reasons"—" Faith, and of my own
I have some store, to my poor ears and eyes
  Too sorely manifest in times by-gone,
Else should this good brown bill soon play its prize
  In battle for young Harry's rightful throne:
Folk say the boy's true English lith and limb,
Of English heart too—mine half warms to him."

" Turn back with me, Mauleverer, a short space,
  I am in haste upon a sudden quest
For one in whose name I would win thy grace;
  E'en now I left her an unlook'd-for guest
With thy fair Blanche"—" Go to with thy starch'd face,
  Deem'st thou fit matter for such grave request
What Arab hounds of heathenesse grant to all ?
Stint these fair fashions, lad, of bower and hall.

" I marvel how thou gott'st them; time enough
  For that, whenever thou art in the mood;
And I too, simple as I stand, and rough,
  Could rede thee from experience true and good
Some subject matter haply all too tough
  For thy young credence, touching fiery feud
And faction and vile treacheries of the court—
—A murrain blight such dens of ill resort !"

" The Court ? of England ? how then"—" Nay, 'twill keep
  Till such time as we crack our evening flask;
Thou wilt return, lad, wilt not, ere we sleep—
  But hark thee now, some counsel I would ask.
My freedman Ulph hath warn'd me that full cheap
  Men hold my chance of life, for that the mask
Of midnight mêlée stood me in no stead
When I knock'd Ritter Schwartzbach on the head.

" Then Guy Throckmorton, Southby, and the rest
  Who help'd us well and stoutly at our need,
Apprize me in all kindness that 'twere best
  Turn Maud's-man for protection, and in speed
Follow their banner; and thus runs their jest,
  That some knaves' carcasses who got their meed
In that same onslaught, cloven to the chine,
Attest no lighter handywork than mine."

" Then why not band with them ?"—" No matter why—
  I'd brave the Provost-Marshal's axe as soon:
Thus stands it then; Blanche and myself must fly
  The camp's rough outskirts ere to-morrow's noon:
The Bretons have ta'en up the hue and cry
  Touching their leader's kinsman, yon Walloon,
And the Lord-Verderer could not, an he would,
Shield his poor ranger from their lawless feud.

" But tell me (for I must be turning back)
  Thy route ?"—" To Wittenham camp." " And who our guest ?"
" —One who can best advise thy future track,
  A pilgrim southward-bound. I go in quest
Of horse and such things as her need doth lack,
  O'erspent with travel; ere the hour of rest,
God willing, I return in fitting plight
To mount ye all, and aid ye on your flight."

" Heav'n speed thee, Eustace—What a change of cheer
  Came o'er the lad in one brief minute's space !
There goes he, bounding like a ten-tin'd deer
  Over yon brushwood fence: I mark'd his face
Light up at once, when hints, a thought too clear,
  Escap'd me as to by-gone times; my race,

My tale, all in a breath he fain would know:
I marvel how it should concern him so."

The sun now verges to his noon-day height,
O'er-shining the broad oaks, whose load of snow
Is melting slowly in his bright cold light;
The ruminating deer crouch close and low
Beneath yon sheltering southern bank in sight
Of the rude grange; within, the hearth doth glow
With brushwood faggots blazing high and clear,
And the oak board is heaped with rustic cheer.

Refresh'd by rest, the pilgrim wore the air
Of one who oft had sat at board of dais;
Her cowl and Cyprus veil, disposed with care,
Shaded the better portion of her face;
Her converse, like her appetite, was spare,
But worded with a high and social grace,
As if, for her own pleasure, she did seek
Rather to play the listener than to speak.

"Now, Blanche, let Ulph and Judith clear the board;
The lady doth commend thy household thrift;
And hie thee for a flask to that same hoard
Of the old Beaune, our late good Verderer's gift;
Thank heav'n that our poor spence is snugly stor'd
When better folk are driven to many a shift
In these fell times. Yet must we flit, I fear;
But this anon, child, for thy private ear.

'Lady, the youth now gone on quest for thee
Bears the true stamp; I lov'd him from the time
When late I saw him, pitted one to three,
Strike like Sir Bevys in the ancient rhyme.
His dark grey eye, brent brow, and courage free,
Recall a friend I knew in foreign clime,
And fought abreast with." "Might I crave the name?"
"Count Thiebault de St. Maur, of martial fame,

"Strange for a rusted woodsman, thou wouldst say;
But as thou know'st most countries from the Tweed
To the far Danube, in some former day
Thou may'st have heard of th' old Mauleverer breed
By Wharf and Penygant, whose mortal clay
Is buried upright in the warlike weed
They wore as knights; our name's a passport good
To camp or court, which I have long eschewed."

"I knew the elder branch near Caen, mine host,
Your Wharfdale kin won fief at Hastings?" "True;
And what should shame a man, albeit he boast
Of gentle blood, all scot-free to pursue
The sport which princes buy at lavish cost,
Winning good perquisite and guerdon too
As the King's ranger! we're a half-wild race
At Arncliff tower, whose vital breath's the chase."

"Might I be free to speak," the pilgrim said,
"Men of thy fearless eye and knightly mien
Not oft abide of choice in forest glade
But banded in the cause of King or Queen,
Cleave their own way to fame with trenchant blade.
Thou speak'st of flitting, haply to some scene
Of worthier action—can I aid in aught?
I may be trusted with thy secret thought."

"Why, thus—we all join company some space,
Eustace our guide—Ho-la, Blanche, have a care!
How thy hand shakes! do with thy wonted grace
Thine office: the kind lady's presence fair
Need not bring all this colour to thy face.
Come, pledge me both. I leave Dame Judith heir
To my few flasks, and such things as remain
Where are the byzants, Blanche, the spurs and chain?"

"In the lock'd casket, father, as before."
—"Go, stow them in my wolfskin hunting-bag;
We have a sumpter-mail, or had of yore;
Throw in thy body gear; but not a rag
Superfluous; speed thee, child; ere dusk be o'er
We shall be safe, if Eustace doth not flag:
Lady, thy pardon; our enforced haste
Mars manners—on which question spake we last?"

"This briefly, can I aid thee? With the Queen
And Earl, our order is in high esteem,
Thy gentle child, now verging on eighteen,
As I should judge at sight, may need, I deem,
Some fit protection, far from this wild scene
Of godless violence. Thou dost not dream,
To be plain with thee, that a maid so fair
Can journey safe in thy unaided care?"

He shook his head, a deep and labouring sigh
Swell'd his strong chest: "The veil's the thing; of late
I've thought on't, and this new perplexity
Which haply dooms us to a houseless state,
Brings on the upshot; yet my child and I
Have never yet been sunder'd. Well, our fate
Must take its course: I thank thee from my heart,
Lady; remains it where and when we part.

"There was a convent in my younger days
Near Harfleur"—"The good abbess is my friend,
And would care for her like a mother"—"Praise
Be to its Saint and thee!"—"Yet would I lend
Some better aid. Thy name, thy arm might raise
Thy present fortunes; mine be't to commend
Thy Blanche unto Queen Maud's fair household train,
I promise nought I cannot well obtain."

"Say'st thou?"—"What doubt hath blench'd thy visage bold?
Strange things ere now have by heav'n's hand been brought
To pass, and ere a score of hours be told,
The leaguer'd queen's deliverance may be wrought,
As when she gave her foes the slip of old
Swath'd on a bier"—"'Twas not of that I thought,"
He paus'd, he caught the pilgrim-lady's eye
Through her dark veil, fix'd on him searchingly.

And he her gaze as searchingly did meet:
"Thou art true-hearted, and of noble race,
Else, certes, surly Odin at thy feet
Had ne'er with such frank instinct ta'en his place:
Lady, my trust hath ever been complete,
When giv'n at all. I care not that her Grace
Be troubled on my matters, nor have I
Much cause to love her—thou shalt hear for why."

"Where? how can she have wrong'd thee, man? or when?"
—"'Tis an old tale; some twenty years ago
I mix'd with other scenes and other men
Than these rude forest-serfs, who nothing know
Of my true grade. A bold aspirant then
To knightly rank, at Noyon and Alost
I won it, with my spurs and belted brand,
My Blanche's heir-looms, from King Henry's hand."

"Her mother—can it be then—nay, proceed."
He paus'd inquiringly; the stranger dame
Veil'd her yet closer in her pilgrim weed,
And sighing deeply, reassumed her frame
Of fix'd attention. "Yes, in word and deed,
He was a king; his dreaded power and fame
Died with him, and his wilfulness and pride
Descended to his child, of nought beside."

"She was a fair young widow then, anew
Pledg'd to Count Geoffroi, and with right ill grace
Brook'd the descent from Almaine to Anjou,
Empress to countess; for in pride of place
She was most absolute, forgot no due
Of stiff court homage, which her warlike race
Held in the camp or council better paid;
—Men grasp the substance, women prize the shade."

"—God help them, what have queens to prize beside?"
  Abrupt the lady answer'd—"all the charms
Of friendship, ease, wedlock's free choice, denied,
  Not ev'n the bold companionship in arms
Is left them, which your true king courts with pride
  And joyance at the risk of mortal harms;
Forc'd actors in a barren heartless show,
And butts for censure's bolt to high and low!

"Say on, sir knight."—"The king was fix'd as fate
  Touching the Anjou match; in all beside
Of pomp, observance, appanage of state,
  His daughter's wishes were her only guide,
Nor were such idle matters of debate
  Heeded by Adelais, his young bride,
Who, gentle, prudent, and by choice retir'd,
Gave all the solace his crush'd heart requir'd.

"Maud was of noble nature, though perverse;
  Yet so it was, the pickthanks of a court,
Alike the sovereign and the subjects' curse,
  Who find in leasing-making food and sport,
Had warp'd her spirit to a mood averse
  From her step-mother; in repulsive sort,
Haughty and cold, she bore her to the few
Who form'd the staid queen consort's retinue.

"Of these was I, then master of the horse,
  And brook'd not that the rival household-train
Should ape in such ill sort the ungracious course
  Ta'en by their mistress. Wrapt in cold disdain,
Maud ne'er forgot herself, nor in discourse
  Stoop'd to the petulant and sneering strain
Her suite indulg'd in—all at least but one,
The pride and flower of all, of whom anon.

"Of this ill-govern'd tribe the head and front
  Was Foulques de Tracy, Maud's lord-chamberlain,
High-born and gifted, and in battle's brunt
  Bruited for prowess, but misproud and vain:
And I, good faith, as is our Northern wont
  Repaid him back his insolence again
With interest—for the wayward woman kind,
Their humours were to me as last year's wind.

"One taunt produc'd another; in the end
  Stung to the quick, he tax'd me openly
As the depos'd Duke Robert's secret friend,
  Claim'd battle's wager to maintain his lie;
Rash, headstrong fool! he drove me to defend
  My honour, nay, my life—I sought not, I,
To harm him, and I feel at times his blood
Sit heavy on my heart in solitude.

"Maud grew on this inveterate"—"Justly so,
  Her foster-brother slain, her own good name
Aspers'd—are princesses alone to show
  No touch of feeling?" "How? her Grace's fame
Aspers'd by me?"—"Said'st thou not, yes or no,
  That thy good sword had widow'd the proud dame
A second time?"—"By heaven, a base court-lie!
All deem'd her true and chaste; none more than I.

"Twas this then steel'd her in such evil sort
  Against my wife;—thou may'st remember sure
The orphan Blanche de Morville at the court?"
  "No one could e'er forget her, lovely, pure
And noble, well-belov'd by Maud;—in short
  The first void female fief's investiture
Had dower'd her, if she had not clung to one
At feud with her sworn sister—Nay, say on."

"At feud? 'twere treason and dishonour both;
  Not ev'n in these ill times by overt act
Have I once forfeited my liegeman's oath
  Which we stiff-neck'd Mauleverers hold intact;
'Tis but that men bereav'd like me are loth
  To quit a cherish'd grief—Were but the fact
Assur'd me, that Queen Maud once own'd regret,
I'd serve her to the death, and love her yet."

"—God's patience, man! dost in thy soul believe
  Queens are not flesh and blood unless they wear
Their inmost hearts pinn'd on their boddice-sleeve
  For the cold world to point at and to stare?
But granting that the Empress deign'd to grieve,
  Her presence as the troubled duchy's heir
Was crav'd at Rouen then; in haste she went,
And left ye both at leisure to repent.

"How chanc'd it with ye? Blanche's powerful kin,
  And thy own name, dependence needed none
On Maud's poor aid"—"Small favour could we win
  From them; they worshipp'd aye the rising sun,
And shunn'd her as a child of shame and sin
  When banish'd from the presence; ne'er a one
Bade her God speed; but 'twas the coward part
Play'd by her own twin-brother, broke her heart."

"Is she alive? but ye are here alone,
  Forgive the ill-tim'd question"—"She is dead;
The shaft had told, her health and spirit's tone
  Was broken, and she sought to hide her head
Far from the court. For my sake and her own
  She wish'd to live, but scarce a year had sped
Of wedlock—Well, she's past all mortal care,
And I have learn'd perforce my weird to bear.

"For her sweet sake I could have fought my way
  To princely fief and bâton, for his grace
The king upheld me still; but rank and sway
  What were they then? all in a twelvemonth's space
Was over,—I had liv'd—lov'd—had my day:
  The court was irksome too, for every place
And precinct tainted by vile flatterers' breath
Recall'd the cause of her untimely death."

"Thou dar'st not lay the blame on Maud?"—"At least
  Her coldness set th' example"—"Heaven and Earth!
How ill doth servile mummery, pomp and feast,
  Repay the victims doom'd to royal birth!
Almighty favour hath not yet increas'd
  In tenfold scale their wisdom, wit, or worth,
Yet the least slip of temper or of tongue
Doth unforgotten and unpardon'd wrong!"

"Unpardon'd? no, she lov'd her, I allow,
  Once, and right truly—Ha! thou'rt mov'd indeed,
Wherein can this so touch thee then, or how?
  Judith, bring water, ho!"—"It doth not need;
I lov'd thy wife too, nor e'er knew till now
  She died so young. How cam'st thou here? proceed."
"I shunn'd the castles of my northern race,
And wandering west, took fancy to this place.

"De Lisle, the then Lord Verderer, as whose squire
  I first donn'd harness, after much ado
Of kind remonstrance, humour'd my desire
  To seek in scenes and doings wholly new
Some solace; for my spirit did require
  Relief from thinking; and the outlaw'd crew
Who wasted this fair forest of the crown,
Demanded a strong arm to put them down."

"The crown? I'll tell thee how to serve the crown:
  One dubb'd by the king's sword knight-banneret
On Noyon's stricken field, hath of renown
  Too deeply tasted ever to forget
His former self in sports of brake and down
  Like a dull franklin. Now that vain regret
Is soften'd, might not thy fair child, sir knight,
Claim of thee all her living mother might?

"I hear her on the stair. Approach and take
  My blessing, Blanche; thou hast thy mother's face:
What ails thee like an aspen-leaf to shake?
  —My hand?—no, come at once to my embrace.
Mauleverer, for thy own, thy daughter's sake,
  Whose fortunes ought to match her worth and race,
The Empress (she unveil'd her stately brow)
Craves thy forgiveness;—dost thou know her now?"

"—How, 'scap'd! King Henry's child!—Forgiveness?—say
Rather my life, my heart's best blood—O shame
To spurs and manhood! 'tis for me to pray
Pardon for those bold taunts, which on thy name,
I cast unwittingly—God send the day
Right soon, when on a hard-worn field of fame
I may strike home for thee, and prove by zeal
In thy just quarrel, that my heart can feel."

"Nay, stint the cold observance of thy knee,
True liegeman of our race; thy hand—no more—
A parent and a sufferer now, like thee,
I am not the same Maud thou knew'st before
In her proud hey-day." "The more cause with me
To bring those dreams to pass, which o'er and o'er
My waking will disown'd, that as a knight
I did my devoir for Prince Henry's right."

He paus'd, as in a sudden stress of thought:
"Pray Heaven your Grace may first rejoin your son,
And Blanche were safe! the jeopardy were nought
Which from yon Breton rascaille I may run
In my own person, had but Eustace brought
The means to speed ye both. 'Tis half-past one—
Eustace! why thought I not on this before?
His bearing, brow—my life on't, a St. Maur."

"Son of thy friend, and as it seems, Sir Hugh,
Bound thrall to thee and thine; of this anon,
And of my last night's strange escapement too.
But the time waxes; once past Abingdon
And we are safe: I feel my strength anew,
And am prepared this instant to set on
Without more let." "Right well your Grace doth say;
We scarce can fail to meet him on the way."

* * * * *

Night hath set in; the roosting rook and daw
Have ceas'd their clamour in the forest near,
Sure token of a bleak and gusty thaw.
The pale and labouring moon in mid career
Is darken'd o'er by storm-clouds;—cold and raw
The rain drives thickly from the Atlantic drear,
Widening to perilous breadth the snow-fed rills
That pour adown the westward White-Horse hills.

Amid that howling waste a genial sight
Crowns the twin lofty knolls that far and wide
O'erlook the Thames by Wittenham; towering bright
O'er the broad White-Horse valley's eastern side,
Yon beacon flares defiance to the night,
With timber-lop and crackling furze supplied;
And trumpet-blast, and shouts that rend the air,
Arise from Glo'ster's vanguard, posted there.

And here, as in the camp by Wallingford,
Largesse of slaughter'd beeves and nut-brown ale
Feasts the rough host; the captains at their board,
Apart, on the earl's Gascon wines regale;
And in the fire's broad radiance, helm and sword,
And massive battle-axe, and glittering mail,
Of busy groups that throng the beacon-ground,
Are redly trac'd upon the darkness round.

"On with more beechwood, ho!" the warder cried;
"Let the flames roar, boys, half-way up the sky,
To tell her Grace's safety loud and wide.
Look out there west by north; methinks I spy
A distant blaze:—on Faringdon hill-side
They answer us; and, by the mass, mine eye
Traces two more south-westward, ist not so?
On the White Horse, and the Nob of Cuckhamslow.

"Hie to the corps-de-garde there, some of ye,
And tell our quarter-master that ere day
The Delabeche and Achard both will be
True to their signals: the De Lisle, too, may,
If the swoln fords permit. Make room! I see
The captain of the escort. By my fay,
Welcome, Sir Mervyn Touchet!—in the tent
Their worships wait thee; but thou seem'st sore spent."

A cheer of joy at once from every voice
Rose as the knight of Lancashire withdrew
The wet tent-curtain. "Touchet, we rejoice
To see thee safe; thou hast had work to do,
And tokens too, to show Earl Robert's choice
Was fitly made."—"Mere flesh-cuts—one or two—"
"What think'st thou, Clapham? by our Lady bright,
Thy long-lost coz, Mauleverer's come to light."

"What! Henry's banneret, Sir Hugh the strong?
He who unhors'd King Louis?" said a knight
Of elder mien. "My kinsman all along,"
Replied Sir John; "disclaimed it, nor aright
Was it known who: though no man at Noyon
Had likelier chance for't. Touchet, if thy plight
Permit thee, tell us whence he came, and how
Connected with the Queen's escape e'en now."

"Some wine, then. Ye all know, my small array
Has been some days prepared, and to the fore,
Since secret missives told the brave essay
Her Grace did purpose: the young Sire St. Maur
Came in hot haste, on foot, ere noon to-day,
To guide us to her, but the drifts were o'er
Our destrier's housings. Salusbury, for such quest
Thy Marchmen's light Welch hobbies had done best.

"Howbeit, we flounder'd on five miles an hour,
Shunning the Culham-road; for there we heard
The bridge was garrison'd by Stephen's power,
And St. Maur thought no risk should be incurr'd
To needless purpose. Sounds of distant stour
Reached us in Cumnor-forest; on we spurr'd,
And found her Grace; her retinue was poor,—
A girl, a wolf-dog, and a Saxon boor.

"A man in forest-ranger's frock of gray,
'Gainst some half dozen in a neighbouring dell,
Was shifting like a wild-cat hard at bay,
With bush and snow-drift's vantage; proving well
Thy adage, Legh, that nought for pith and sway
Matches your Saxon bill: each stroke did tell
Through jack and steel-cap with the speed of light
On whomso fac'd him in the running fight.

"This was Mauleverer. Ye may well suppose
Th' assailants did not long await the tramp
Of thirty barded horse: they were of those
Who form the cut-throat refuse of a camp.
Withheld till then from his fair share of blows,
The boor, one Ulph, a churl of the right stamp,
Struck off with axe and wood-knife on their track,
And swell'd the tale by two, ere he came back.

"Three more we found mark'd off like straggling deer
With arblast-bolts: it seems this cool Sir Hugh
Stole through the thicket round upon their rear,
And thus unwelcomly their notice drew
Off from the Empress, giving her a clear
Fair start. 'Twas well devis'd, for, once in view,
It might have far'd but roughly with her Grace.
The knaves had found, and follow'd on her trace.

"But, curse on them! they fled and gave alarm
During our halt; for some things caus'd delay;
First, when she saw her father safe from harm,
The fair young creature fainted dead away.
St. Maur had to revive her; we, to arm
Mauleverer in more suitable array,
To back a spare steed; next, the Queen's command
Detain'd us till this Ulph came safe to hand.

"While the men sought him, first she seem'd to check
An impulse strong, as it appear'd to me,
To fall and weep upon the rough knight's neck,
Then nam'd him to us with due courtesy,
As her friend, host, preserver from the wreck
Of life and limb. St. Maur was in high glee

To hear his style and titles; and surprise
Came o'er me to behold him in such guise.

"And then Mauleverer made abundant phrase
  Disclaiming all his derring-do; he said,
He took unto himself more shame than praise
  To have drawn peril on his liege's head
By his own private feud. It seems, some days
  Now past, he struck a Flemish captain dead
Who slew some monks, and wrapp'd their home in flame;
For Stephen's men have neither ruth nor shame.

"Well, after all this coil, we got away
  By half-past three: the thaw had then set in,
And, saddle-deep, though keeping good array,
  We dash'd o'er Shippon-marsh through thick and thin;
But hard by Sutton, near the close of day,
  It seem'd we scarce should sleep in a whole skin
Without some fighting; for a strong vidette,
Detach'd from Culham-bridge, our flank beset.

"I had not car'd, but for the maid and Queen;
  For often had I heard of young St. Maur
And his bold deeds; but never yet had seen
  The springald fight within my ken before;
And the foe scarce out-number'd us, I ween—
  In the proportion—say, of five to four,
All arm'd in proof, as half an eye could tell;
Stout Hainaulters, who knew their business well.

"The maid turn'd pale; but, sign'd to by her sire,
  Sat saddle-fast, as one who would not flinch
At trifles;—as for Maud, her eye struck fire;
  Ye know her lion-temper at a pinch.
'Sir Hugh,' she said, 'curb in thy old desire
  For stour and mêlée; stir thou not an inch
From Blanche's rein, or she may come to ill.
Keep by us, Ulph; thou hast thy master's bill.'

"Then, as the foe were forming in our front,
  She smil'd, and said, 'Sir Mervyn of the North,
We need not tell thee now to do thy wont
  As erst at Lincoln; for we know the worth
Of the staunch Touchets. Forward to the brunt,
  Gentles and liegemen! we shall yet win forth.
St. Maur à la rescousse! n'est-ce pas ton cri,
Mon Eustache?—would I were a man like thee!"

"To cut a long tale short, we cut our path
  Right through them; more than half their men went down
Ere they turn'd bridle. That lad, Eustache, hath
  Some chance to match his Norman sire's renown.
As for the banneret, the man of Gath,
  Arm'd with my heaviest mace, he crack'd the crown
Of a bold squire, who push'd too near her Grace,
With such enforcement that the rest gave place.

"Count Thiebault met us with three hundred horse
  Soon after; he had felt but ill at ease,
And sought for tidings from some certain source
  Touching his son; the usual courtesies
Ensued, and when Sir Hugh was in due course
  Nam'd by the Queen, th' announcement seem'd to please
The Count so that his eyes half fill'd with tears.
He sets great store by friends of former years.

"He kiss'd the maid too: she is passing fair,
  And a De Morville by the mother's side.
I heard some talk of dower and title there,
  Which her Grace promis'd shortly to provide:
So busk ye, gallants, who would win and wear
  Luck and court favour, and a lovely bride.
But the leech waits me, and my story's sped,
One cup, Sir John De Clapham, and to bed."

Sir John, the captain of the watch, arose;
  "Sir Mervyn, we all thank thee for thy tale,
And drink to thee. One pledge I now propose,
  Last, but not least, to crown our night's regale,
Ere we prepare for marching and hard blows.
  Sink we or swim we, conquer we or fail,
Still be our pledge and our device the same
With my ring's posy,
  'Vive la Reyne quand même.'"

THE BLACK CHAMBER:

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE GERMAN.

In the small town of D——, in which I resided for some years, we had established an amusing periodical work, of which the physician of the town (Dr. Augustus Barmann,) the magistrate, (Mr. Wermuth,) and myself, were the conductors. Mr. Wermuth furnished the learned articles, Barmann the elegant, and I those which were neither the one nor the other, or both, as occasion warranted. In the evenings we met to arrange the choicest subjects for our own publication, and to discuss and dispute the comparative merits of others; one of these, (the Universal Advertiser,) had just fallen under my censure for publishing an absurd ghost-story; and one evening, as the doctor and myself were alone, expecting Wermuth to join us, I employed the idle time in condemning the stupid Advertiser, and its more stupid editor, not only for the trash which he had forced upon us, but the insult offered to our understandings by the solemn and dogmatical tone in which he had told the story. I was not much surprised, though considerably amused, to observe that Barmann took up the cudgels for the editor, and condemned the over-wise (as he called the unbelievers) for pretending to know so much more than their betters; "You think," added he, warmly, "that you only are qualified to look upon nature's fingers, and ascertain exactly how much she can do with them. You chatter, and chatter on, till you weary your hearers to death; and truly, the less you understand of a thing, the more you have to say about it."

"But, in the name of common sense," demanded I, "who can patiently listen to such bare-faced stuff as this about walking skeletons; or grant any ghostly dignity to the spiritual Gertrude, who walks about, lights candles, and allows herself to be touched as freely as any corporeal chambermaid?"

"I repeat to you again," said Barmann, that we know so little of what nature can do, that——"

"I am almost inclined to believe," said I, "that you are a bit of a ghost seer yourself. Did you ever, at any time, really stumble upon a spectre?"

"Although I do not intend to be posted for a visionary, Frederick," replied Barmann, "yet I will acknowledge to you, that a circumstance somewhat similar to this of the Gray Chamber actually happened to me some time ago, and singular enough it appears, that the room in which it occurred was called the Black Chamber——" "But I must hear the circumstance," observed I. Barmann hesitated for some time, but at length consented to gratify my curiosity, which he did in the following words:—

"Some time ago, while I was still studying medicine under Dr. Wenderborn, it was his practice to reserve the town patients for himself, and as I was esteemed a good and fearless horseman, to send me to those who resided at a distance in the coun-

try. On one occasion (the illness of a daughter who had a violent nervous fever,) I was despatched some miles into the country to Colonel de Silverstein's, where, although very little could be done for the patient, I was obliged to remain during the night, in order to satisfy the anxiety of the parents. A chamber was accordingly prepared for me, and as my patient was perfectly tranquil, I bade good night at an earlier hour than usual to the family, and retired to rest. The whole mansion had a most dreary aspect, and my chamber was by no means the most inviting apartment in it. The clumsy, old-fashioned doors were painted black; so was the ceiling, and the grotesque carved woodwork which ornamented the windows and walls. In short, nothing pleased me but the bed, which, with a fine white coverlid upon it, stood majestically against the wall, behind the rich and massive folds of ponderous green silk curtains.

"I had determined to write down a circumstantial account of the progress of the young lady's disorder for my master's inspection, and had actually sat down to my task, though yawning heavily at every period, when something suddenly knocked at my door. I started at first, but soon recovering my composure, told the visiter, in as big a tone as I could assume, to 'come in;' he did so, and for this time at least there was nothing very frightful; it was merely the colonel's gamekeeper, a handsome young man, who came to inquire if I had any further commands before I retired to rest. I mention all these trifling circumstances just as they occurred; for, in order to insure belief, it is necessary to be particular in these relations, even to pedantry. The gamekeeper was a pleasant sort of fellow, and we conversed very cheerfully upon several different subjects. Among other civilities, he asked me whether I should not find it very dull in this dreary apartment, and offered at the same time, if I wished it, to remain with me all night. I could not forbear laughing at this sacrifice, for I observed that he was himself most horribly frightened at the dismal prospect of passing the night in the chamber, and that he often started and looked round anxiously, and repeatedly, at the very slightest noise. At length he informed me that the apartment was called the Black Chamber, and that many strange stories were reported of it, none of which they dared to repeat to their master, lest it should give him some disgust against the mansion. He then related to me several of those ghostly stories, and finding that I was an attentive auditor, offered again either to remain with me all night, or divide his own sleeping-room with me, which he assured me was a much pleasanter one. I would not, however, accept either of these proposals, since I foresaw such acceptance might probably bring my reputation for courage into question; and finding that I was firm in my determination, he very gladly retired, once more giving me a caution against incredulity and fool-hardiness, which he averred had brought many a hardened unbeliever to destruction.

"Well! I was now alone in the evil-famed Black Chamber. At that period I thought very lightly respecting ghosts and goblins. I was aware that several enlightened men had gained everlasting laurels by detecting impostures, and tearing the mask from supposed spectres, and I awaited with pleasure the same opportunity in the approach of the midnight hour; but first I made a strict scrutiny of my chamber; I locked both the doors, and bolted them with bolts which were entirely separate from the lock, I barricaded the windows in the same manner; and, to complete all my preparations, I poked with my travelling sword repeatedly under the bed, the tables, and into the closets; and then, when I had thoroughly convinced myself that it was quite impossible for either man or beast to pay me a visit, I undressed myself and prepared to go to bed; the night-light I placed in the stove, so that my chamber was in reality enveloped in darkness, for I found that the light only increased my terror instead of diminishing it.

"After these preparations I laid myself quietly down, and, fatigue overpowering me, went to sleep much sooner than I had anticipated. I was still in my first dose, when I fancied that I heard my own name pronounced very softly; I started up and listened—and again plainly heard a soft voice call 'Augustus.' The sound seemed to proceed from behind the curtains of my bed. I stretched my eyes as wide open as possible, but could see nothing around me but the thick darkness. Terror had now thrown me into a cold shivering fit—I shut my eyes closely, slipped under the bed-clothes, and endeavoured to steep my senses in forgetfulness. All at once I was aroused by a rustling of the curtains, and the repetition of my name breathed more plainly, and still nearer to me; I again opened my eyes—the chamber had undergone a strange transformation—a wonderful light glimmered through it, and enabled me to discover that near the bed by my side stood a ghastly pale apparition, wrapt in a shroud, which stretched its cold hand towards me. The impulse of my first terror made me cry aloud and start back; when, at that moment, I heard something like the report of a violent blow. The apparition vanished, and I saw nothing around me but the usual gloomy darkness. I drew the counterpane over my head, and shivered with horror as I heard the turret clock strike; I counted it—it was the dismal hour of midnight.

"After a little time, however, I regained my courage, and I instantly jumped out of bed in order to convince myself that I had not been deceived by a dream. I lighted two candles and again narrowly examined the apartment; every thing was as I had left it—not a single bolt withdrawn, neither at the doors nor windows. I was already inclined to ascribe the apparition, plain as it appeared, to a dream, or at least to the excitement of my own imagination, which had been heated by the gamekeeper's stories; when, in order to leave nothing undone, I held the candle to look into my bed—to my utter confusion, there was a beautiful long lock of dark hair lying upon my pillow—this certainly

could not have got there in a dream, nor through a delusion of my mind. I took it up, resolving to preserve it carefully, and was just going to write down the whole occurrence of the night, when a distant noise attracted my attention.

"I soon distinguished an alarming confusion, and an opening and shutting of doors; at length it approached my room, and a hasty and loud knocking was made at my door. 'Who is there?' I demanded. 'Rise directly, Mr. Barmann,' was the answer, 'the young lady is dying.' I threw on my clothes as quickly as possible, and hastened to the sick chamber—it was too late—the young girl lay dead before me. Shortly before midnight, they said, she awoke from a deep slumber, and after a few quick gasps instantly expired. Her parents were inconsolable—they themselves now required my professional assistance, particularly the mother, who would absolutely not leave the body, so that they were obliged to employ force to separate her from it. At length she listened to their entreaties, but I was obliged to allow her to cut off a lock of hair of her deceased daughter, as a relic of this beloved child. I was present, and imagine my horror when I observed in the long dark curls, which fell from the head of the corpse, the very semblance of my midnight present. The following day I became dangerously ill; and, singular as it may appear, of the very same fever of which my patient had died! Now, Frederick, what have you to say to this matter-of-fact relation, the truth of which I can attest with my most solemn oath?"

"It is unquestionably very extraordinary," answered I, "and if it were not that you speak so seriously, and if you had not declared that you had searched the whole apartment so carefully, I should be almost inclined to think it was a trick." "As I have told you," interrupted Barmann, "deception was impossible; I saw and heard in my waking senses, and surely the lock of hair must remove all doubt upon the subject." "Nevertheless, I must confess to you," replied I, "that it is this very lock of hair that is the stumbling-block to my faith; if your apparition was not a deception, it must have arisen from a spiritual cause, or whatever else you choose to call it, but this is rendered suspicious by the intervention of a corporeal lock of hair; a spectre which leaves corporeal articles behind becomes very suspicious, and makes the same disagreeable impression upon me that an actor would, who departs from the dignity of his character, and falls into the vulgar and ungraceful."

"Glory be to self-conceit!" exclaimed Barmann, impatiently. "First of all, you have no belief whatever in the existence of ghosts; and, secondly, you have at your fingers' ends a theory of their characters; and, according to that, you criticise all apparitions."

At this instant Mr. Wermuth entered, wiping his brows. "From the theatre, doubtless," we both exclaimed at once, and held the money-box for fines towards him.

"It is very easy talking," answered he; "only put yourselves in my place, and take the examinations of rogues, vagabonds, and such vermin, the whole day, from morning till night. Yesterday, they brought me in a precious pair of vagrants, who have cost no small exertion of my lungs today."

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Barmann, "let us have none of your rogue and vagabond stories tonight; we have been disputing for the last hour, and there lie *The Advertiser* and *The Liberal* still unread."

"I will only give you the counterpart to the Gray Chamber," interrupted Wermuth, "and you may send it to *The Liberal*, if you choose, under the imposing title of the Black Chamber." "The Black Chamber!" exclaimed both Barmann and myself, though each in a very different tone of voice. "Just so," replied Wermuth; "pray listen, 'tis a most instructive history of ghosts and vagabonds. You are both acquainted with the lawyer Schroeder, the little buffoon, who is always capering after the women. Well, he had some business lately at Rabenau, in the jurisdiction of Silverstein, which detained him so long that evening approached before he could get away. By nature, you know, he is none of the most courageous: and, at present, the many stories of robbers, and cutters out of tongues, have made him so fearful, that all the inducements in the world would not tempt him out upon the road at night. The Silversteins are good sort of people; and, as they observed his terror, they offered him a bed in the mansion. Schroeder accepted it with the greatest joy, and retired, after making an apology for being obliged to disturb them early in the morning, as he would be compelled to depart at daybreak; but the next morning there was no Schroeder to be seen or heard of. Hour after hour passed by, and yet he did not make his appearance. They knocked at his door, they called, they made the most outrageous noises, but nobody answered. At length the affair became so serious that the door was, by Silverstein's order, broken open. They soon discovered poor Schroeder, pale and senseless in his bed; and looking as if just about to breathe his last. With much difficulty they revived him, and he immediately began to relate the most frightful story of what he affirmed had happened to him during the night. He had retired to bed at an early hour, in order that he might be enabled to depart betimes in the morning. He was still in his first sleep when a knocking at his door awoke him. Poor Schroeder, whose brain was immediately filled with all the horrible tales he had ever heard, squeezed himself as close as he could to the wall, and pulled the bed-clothes tight over his head. He had hardly, however, began again to slumber, ere he was, a second time, alarmed by a hollow rustling noise close to his bed; and, on looking up, perceived a figure in white standing before a closet, which, till that moment, he had not even observed in the apartment, and in which there was a glitter as if it were full of gold, silver, and jewels. The spectre counted its riches, rattled the

money, and, after locking the closet, gravely approached the bed. Schroeder then observed the small pale face of a corpse, with an old-fashioned head-band bound round her black hair. He felt the air become ice-cold about him. Terrified to death, he turned himself round, shut his eyes as close as he could, and moved as far from its vicinity as possible. At this moment it uttered a tremendous scream, and something fell down violently, close to him, which finally deprived him of his senses. In this state he had remained until the morning, when, as I have already informed you, he was found half dead in his bed.

"You may easily imagine what an amazing disturbance this affair made in the house. The Silversteins, who, without this, were already complete visionaries, and were continually conjuring up goblins, began to talk of an old aunt, whose apparition had been seen gadding about in former times, and of some concealed treasures which a rod-diviner had proved to their satisfaction a former possessor of the estate must have concealed there. Schroeder also vouched for the truth of every word of his story, and declared that he was ready to seal his affirmation with a thousand oaths: he actually did make a deposition of his adventure, but the magistrate before whom he deposed it, and who belonged to the unbelievers, insisted upon a local examination of the chamber where Schroeder had slept. Old Silverstein could hardly be prevailed upon to consent to it; he declared that he did not like to affront a spirit in his own house, who honoured him with its company; that he could do very well without the Black Chamber, and would be perfectly satisfied to have it shut up, and leave it to the service of the spectre, provided it would be moderate enough to content itself with the use of that one, and not go rambling about the rest of the mansion. But the magistrate, still insisting, carried his point, in opposition to the proprietor of the estate. The Black Chamber, therefore, was opened. Schroeder found it difficult to point out the place where the closet with the treasure was said to have stood, for opposite to the bed there were windows, and not a spot was to be found where a closet could have stood, visible or invisible: the whole of the chamber was carefully examined, but not the slightest trace of any thing suspicious could be discovered. The magistrate, therefore, and all present, asserted that if the thing had really happened as stated, it could not have been through any human agency. Schroeder begged to have an authenticated copy of the protocol, and of his deposition, in order to substantiate himself in all the newspapers, and to all inquirers as a true and sincere visionary, provided with the judicial attestation of his abilities:—but it suddenly entered the magistrate's head to examine the bed in which the visionary had slept; he shook it, pushed it, turned it round, examined it, and hammered about it, till all at once, while striking hard upon the wainscotting, against which the side of the bed had stood, it moved up like a slide, and a communication was discovered with the second bed on the other side of the wainscot, and through the curtains of it a peep into a neat pretty little room."

"Zounds!" interrupted Barmann, with considerable vexation, and giving himself a smart slap on the forehead; but Wermuth, who had no conception of the true meaning of his exclamation, quietly continued his story. "With no less astonishment, my dear Barmann, did Schroeder cry out at the unexpected prospect which appeared before him. All the company passed over both the beds into the adjoining room; there Schroeder immediately recognised the closet of his spectre, and the master and mistress of the house the bedroom of the lady's maid. The closet was opened, which contained, not exactly what Schroeder pretended to have seen, jewels, gold, and silver, but still several pretty articles of plate, some ornaments, and a few rolls of money. It was now advised to call the pretty inhabitant of the room to an account, both concerning the treasure and the apparitions; but it was soon discovered that both she and the colonel's gamekeeper, had, during the bustle, quietly retreated together."

"The gamekeeper!" repeated poor Barmann, quite thunderstruck, "the gamekeeper did you say?" "Yes, the gamekeeper of the manor, Augustus Leisegang," insisted Wermuth. "Was the rogue's name really Augustus?" again interrupted Barmann very earnestly, "are you certain of that?"

"To be sure I am," answered Wermuth, pettishly, "have I not just examined him and his fair one? why does the name strike you as singular?"—"Oh, not at all, not in the least singular," muttered Barmann, peevishly jerking up his cravat, "he is only my namesake, that's all—but pray go on with your story."—"Well, the rest you may easily guess," continued Wermuth; "the moving wainscot, which might in ancient times have been of service to the lords of the mansion, had been forgotten, and was lately discovered by the loving couple, Schroeder, in his sleep must have pressed against the spring, and the slide opening, made the noise which awoke him; the damsel, when instead of the gamekeeper she found a stranger in the bed, screamed out and let the slide suddenly drop, and this was the fall which Schroeder had so distinctly heard: thus every thing was explained naturally enough. A description of the pair was sent about the country, and yesterday they were brought in by our police officers, and I have passed this whole morning in attending to their examination. But the highest sport was, that Schroeder came in by accident, and was ready to cut his throat when he saw the pretty, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed girl, against whose beauties he had shut his eyes in the night, believing her to be the ghastly corpse of the miser. 'It shall not happen again to me, however,' said he, and he endeavoured to make up for one of the kisses which he had lost; but the little black-eyed rogue turned herself about so quickly, that Schroeder's lips exactly fixed themselves upon the red nose of the magistrate's clerk. 'Take care, sir,' said she, 'the

first of April comes back every year, and always has its due.'"

"The little rogue," said Barmann, laughing, and who now goodnaturedly gave his adventure, for the further amusement of the party—"but," continued he, when he had finished, and we had ceased our mirth, "if I have given up my Black Chamber to you, there still remains the ghost of the Gray—you cannot dispute all marvels out of the world. And now for our task."

He took up *The Liberal* and began to read "The Gray Chamber," but before he had got through half-a-dozen sentences, he dashed the paper violently upon the table; for it contained an explanation as clear as the sun, of the celebrated goblin of the Gray Chamber!—

"Alack-a-day," said he, despondingly, "we live in villanous times; every thing venerable is going to decay,—not even a respectable ghost can remain undisturbed in his own territories, but somebody will arise to disprove and displace him. Let nobody come to me again with a story of a spectre."

"And why not," replied Wermuth, "it is not till the period when ghosts are banished, that men begin to tell their histories; but, through all these stories that appear wanting in probability, the reader, if he be either lucky or witty, will readily discover the truth."

A MAY MORNING IN ITALY.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,
A morn the loveliest which this year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees,
And when you listen you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil;
And all the scene in short—sky, earth, and sea—
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships lifting their sails of white,
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light—
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

LEIGH HUNT.

A HUE-AND-CRY AFTER FIDELITY.—Boccalini tells a story of a hue-and-cry after fidelity, and proclamations issued out, and dispatched through all the camps, courts, and governments, upon the face of the earth, to find her out. They met with impostors, and counterfeits of good faith, every where in abundance, but not one word of the original, till after a serious search every where else, to no manner of purpose, this illustrious princess was found at last in a dog-kennel.—*Sir Roger L'Estrange.*

THE LOVERS OF LYONS.

Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn, one mind, one heart, one dust.
BYRON.

TRACING the course of the Saone to some distance above Lyons, its banks become most enchantingly romantic: secluded valleys open at intervals on the view, and leave the spectator to penetrate their recesses. These, within themselves, frequently disclose a little world of beauty, where rocks, waterfalls, woods, and streams, are intermingled with scenes of a gentler cast; where the grape blushes, the grain waves, and the cottage rears its peaceful aspect, with white walls, and flattened roof, half hid by the embowering foliage.

The most distant of these valleys, to which my little excursion extended, surpassed all others in magnificence and loveliness. The uplands, where too steep for culture, were crowned with fine trees; here thin and scattered, showing between their tall gray stems the most luxuriant herbage, on which sheep were browsing; there, closely planted and umbrageous, they shed a delicious coolness. Along the bottom, and irregularly indenting the acclivities, were stretched out, in every variety of shape, patches of the richest cultivation; while a stream of considerable magnitude, pursuing its devious course through these scenes of beauty, by its sound and motion, diffused over the whole an ever-varying charm. Far up the vale, on the summit of a rocky promontory, round whose base swept the stream, in dark eddies, stood the ruins of what had once been a feudal mansion. Though of no great extent, and, as usual, very irregular in its plan, yet the high and pointed gables and turreted embattlements, the massive walls and corner towers, aided by the commanding situation, gave an air of lofty grandeur to the pile. Behind the castle, extending backwards from the stream, was a level tract of considerable extent, gradually subsiding from the slope of the valley. On the nearer portion of this little plain, might still be traced the remains of a garden, its long stone terraces and flights of steps being partly removed, and partly visible among the long withered grass, while all around

Was clothed in living emerald.

In nearly an opposite direction flowed the stream, with the violence of a torrent, being confined in a narrow channel, by lofty and precipitous banks. Across this gulf, considerably above the castle, there appeared to have been a bridge, of which a rude pillar still remained on a mass of rock, rising to some height from the middle of the current. By this means the opposite sides were united, as will appear in the sequel, by a wooden platform.

I had lingered long amid these scenes, and the shades of evening were approaching, before an opportunity occurred of making any inquiry respecting their former history. Meeting at length with one

whose appearance bespoke the easy circumstances of the small *proprietaire*, I began to question him on this subject. His information, however, extended no farther, than that the castle and its domains had originally belonged to the family of de Monthillier, but were now the property of a nobleman who resided in a distant part of the country. To this account a request was added, couched in the politest terms, such as in France frequently surprises the traveller as above the rank of the speaker, "that Monsieur would honour his humble cottage and plain supper, in which case his niece, Augustine, a very good girl, *et qui avoit du sentiment*, would doubtless have much pleasure in relating to Monsieur the history of the last baron." The invitation was too agreeable, and too kindly offered, to be refused. On arriving at a large and substantial cottage, the old man led the way into a very neat apartment—the floor of shining tiles, scrupulously clean—the walls coarsely but not inelegantly painted in arabesques, to imitate paper-hangings—the bed, the principal ornament, white as snow, and the pillows edged with lace. Augustine soon made her appearance, with a supper of bread, milk, and grapes, and was in truth deserving of the praises bestowed by her uncle. She was very pretty; and with that frank and lively *naiveté* of manner which so peculiarly distinguishes her countrywomen, was united an expression of intelligence and feeling highly interesting. Our rural repast being soon finished, she gave, with much propriety, a recital which furnished the subject of the following narrative:—

The Baron de Monthillier, the last remaining representative of an ancient and illustrious house, after serving with honour in the armies of his sovereign, had retired to spend, on his paternal domains, the evening of his days, and to superintend the education of his only daughter, the lovely Adelaide. She had been deprived, while yet an infant, of that greatest of all blessings to a youthful female—the care of a tender and accomplished mother This circumstance had thrown a shade of melancholy over the character and pursuits of the baron, and only in his daughter did he seem to acknowledge the tie which bound him to life. In her he beheld the only solace of his grief, and in watching her improvement he found the most pleasing occupation. Nor was she unworthy of his care. Talents, such as fall to the lot of a few, a disposition the most engaging, and a form the most lovely, marked the rising years of Adelaide.

The baron, his daughter, and her *gouvernante*, an elderly lady, of elegant manners and accomplishments, the widow of an officer who had served under her present protector, had for many years composed the only inmates of the castle. At length in the twelfth year of Adelaide's age, a new event introduced an addition to their domestic circle.

The only sister of the baron had early in life formed an imprudent match,—for such the world presumes to call these connexions, which are hallowed by affection, though not recommended by the meaner advantages of wealth or rank. Her husband was by birth a Swiss, in which country he possessed a small property, where his family lived happily, though not splendidly.

His sister had never ceased to be an object of warm affection to the baron: but the hereditary pride of birth, and dislike of every thing like plebeian connexion, were among his strongest prejudices. His sister and her husband were equally, but more rationally proud, in disdaining to solicit what they deemed unworthily denied. No intercourse, therefore, had ever been maintained between the separated relatives. In the happiness of domestic duties, in the conversation of the man she loved, and in the education of her only son, this sister, however, never once found cause to regret the sacrifice of useless pomp, for real though humble happiness. But, in this life, there is no permanent felicity. Before their son, the little Theodore, had attained his seventh year, this kind husband and affectionate parent died.

To his widowed mother Theodore now remained the only comfort, and to his education she directed all her care. For such a duty, both from ability and affection, no one could be better qualified; and her son was thus enabled to acquire accomplishments which would have graced any rank. But misfortune seemed to pursue the youthful sufferer. Scarcely had he attained his fourteenth year, when his mother, who had long been in a declining state, breathed her last. Thus, at an age when it is most important to bend the incipient passions to their proper objects, and to accustom them early to control,—at an age where so much may be done towards forming the future character, was he deprived of both his guardians. These were the only reflections which seriously disturbed the deathbed hours of his mother. She would not leave him, indeed, in want: but who was to watch over his growing years—to conduct him, with honour and propriety, to manhood? "My brother," she would say, "was ever generous and noble,—he once loved me; and though he in some measure disowned our little circle, because I preferred happiness to splendour, he never used me unkindly: surely he will not refuse the dying request of an only, and once-dear sister. He will not, he cannot deny protection to her orphan child, whom, as the last act of her mortal existence, she recommends to his care." Accordingly she traced, with trembling hand, a few lines to the baron. "Theodore, my child," said she to her son, a few hours before her death, "when you have laid me by the side of your honoured father, bear this letter to France,—to your uncle, the Baron de Monthillier; and, as you have ever been obedient to me, be equally submissive to what your uncle may determine. He is noble and generous; endeavour to merit his approbation, as you would have laboured to deserve my esteem."

The Baron de Monthillier was one evening seated in the apartment where he usually spent that portion of the day with Adelaide and her aged governess, when he was informed that a youthful stranger

wished to be introduced. Theodore—for it was he, dressed in the deepest mourning, tall and slender, yet elegant in person, his dark locks curling in profusion round a countenance, sweet, indeed, in its expression, but still retaining the strong impress of recent sorrow—then advanced, and presented his mother's letter. A struggle between pride and feeling seemed for a moment to agitate the mind of the baron; but the kindlier affections soon obtained the mastery, and he folded his nephew to his bosom.

Theodore had not long been established an inmate in the family of his new protector, when he became a general favorite. In the handsome youth, the baron beheld the image of a long-lost and beloved sister: and in admiring his noble and generous disposition, he almost forgot the imaginary stigma derived from his father's plebeian birth. To the aged friend of his fair cousin, Theodore rendered himself no less agreeable, by the respectful manner in which he was ever solicitous to pay those attentions to which her years and sex entitled her,—attentions not less acceptable, that circumstances no longer enabled her to command them. Respect is ever valued in proportion as it is voluntarily shown, and doubly grateful, in adverse fortune, to those whose undoubted right it once was.

Between the youthful cousins an intimacy still more close was soon established, and cemented by the equality of age—by the agreement of taste—and in some measure, by the similarity of their persuits. While Theodore followed his severer studies, with ardent application, under a learned monk of a neighbouring monastery, he was not neglectful of more elegant accomplishments, the principles of which he had acquired from the instruction of his excellent mother. These were now prosecuted in company with Adelaide. Thus excited, he found himself capable of exertions hitherto unknown, or deemed unattainable. The books which they perused,—the languages which they studied,—the poets which they read together, possessed charms not to be discovered in their solitary and divided pursuits. Never did music breathe sounds so meltingly sweet. Scarcely, indeed, was there harmony to them, when they played not in accompaniment to each other. But, above all, their walks, amid the beautiful and romantic scenery surrounding the château, constituted the most delicious moments of existence. Theodore being fully two years older than his cousin, and the age of the baron, as also of Adelaide's instructress, being such as leads to prefer repose, the youth was taught to consider himself as the protector of the young and lovely being who, on these occasions clung to him for support. It was, in truth, a sight capable of awakening the deepest interest in their future fate, to behold two beings so young so beautiful, so amiable, so pure, regarding each other with looks of unutterable affection; each beholding in the other all that was necessary to the happiness of both, yet unconscious whence these feelings sprung, save from the connexion of mere relationship.

Years thus flew rapidly away, unmarked in their flight, and both the cousins were approaching to that maturer age, when conscious nature takes the alarm, yet leaves the bosom ignorant of the cause of fear, and dubious of its own feelings. A warmer blush suffused the cheek of Adelaide when pressed by the lips of Theodore, in commendation of some sentiment which she had uttered, or observation she had made; and she dared not, as hitherto, yet knew not why, return his caresses. Again, when the hand of his fair cousin pressed affectionately, or by accident, that of the youth, a thrilling sensation, "half ecstacy, half pain," pervaded his whole frame; so sweet, yet so powerful, he hardly knew whether to court or to fear its indulgence. In short, both felt, without knowing it, that most delightful of all passions, a first, an early love,—a state of felicity in which the human breast can be placed but once, and which is perhaps the purest, the most unalloyed enjoyment which it is in this life destined to feel.

But such happiness must be transitory. Theodore was the first to discover the state of his mind, and to perceive his danger. External circumstances, indeed, forced this knowledge upon him; as the flash amidst the darkness of night may disclose to the mariner the ripple on those breakers of which he slumbered in forgetfulness. War had some time before been declared by France against Switzerland, and had continued to be carried on with that violence and cruelty which ever marks a contest between the oppressor and the oppressed, when the latter has once been roused to arms. Theodore loved dearly his country. He therefore began to consider it as dishonourable, thus to forsake her in the hour of danger. What detained him in France? Alas! must he confess, even to his own heart, that Adelaide was the cause of his delay. He started at this discovery, as if an abyss had opened at his feet; and the reflections which naturally arose on the occasion, filled his mind with anxiety and regret. He wished to be gone, yet knew not how to mention the subject to the baron, who intended that his nephew should carry arms in the service of France; although reluctance to a separation had hitherto procrastinated that event. To have now entered into these views or even to remain inactive, Theodore considered in the highest degree culpable; while his uncle's prejudices, in favour of this service, were, he knew, very great; and that the execution of the designs which he now meditated, would for ever forfeit his friendship. But were not these views correct, and would not his sainted mother, whose dying words had inculcated obedience to his uncle, have approved them? In the meantime, he could only temporise, without resolving on any thing but to conceal his intentions both from Adelaide and from her father.

Circumstances, however, produced a crisis sooner than was anticipated. The melancholy and restraint now visible in the deportment of Theodore, could not escape the observation of his cousin, whose penetration was rendered acute by the state of her own heart. One evening, while seated in a

small summer-house, which standing on a romantic steep near the extremity of the grounds surrounding the château, usually terminated their walks, the cousins were insensibly betrayed into a conversation, which disclosed to each other their mutual love. Theodore alone concealed his intention of joining the patriot bands of his countrymen.

"But, my dear Adelaide," continued he, "I must leave Monthillier; both prudence and duty dictate my departure. Your father will never consent to our union, and I cannot think for a moment of betraying the confidence of my benefactor, or your peace of mind. I am not worthy of you; I should then be less so. When you no longer daily see me, your bosom will recover its wonted serenity."

"Theodore, cruel Theodore!" replied Adelaide; "do you indeed wish to break my heart? Alas! how can I, even were it my desire, forget you? Have I not, for many happy years, been taught to love you as a brother? Wretched greatness! why should I not forsake all? let me go with you to Switzerland,—your parents were happy there—happy in each other,—can we not be so likewise? Ah! what have I said? wretch that I am, do I forget the duty which a father, a generous and indulgent father, claims?"

Here she burst into tears, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly; then resuming, in a calm and subdued tone of voice,

"Theodore, you are right; duty and prudence demand our separation; obtain your uncle's approbation of your future plans, and the sooner you leave Monthillier, the better for us both."

A long silence was only interrupted by the opening of the door of a small *oratoire* attached to the summer-house, from which the baron entered. Induced by the beauty of the evening, he had, contrary to his usual custom, extended his walk so far; and while engaged in his devotions, the youthful cousins entered the summer-house, to whose conversation he had thus been made an unwilling listener. The trembling lovers now concluded themselves lost, and falling on their knees before the baron, each wished only to implore that his resentment would spare the other. What, then, was their surprise, when, looking with the kindest expression on both the baron addressed them:

"Rise, my children, and in each other receive the reward of your virtue, and of your filial piety. Cherish those sentiments which have hitherto directed your conduct. Theodore, in this trembling hand which I now place in thine, accept the only precious gift which I have to bestow. Rank, birth, and wealth, are to be valued, when, by our station in life we have to maintain the dignity and the importance of a name, which has descended unsullied to us from illustrious ancestors. Wealth I dispense with. Birth you can claim, at least on one side; rank you may obtain by merit. You are as yet an unknown youth; go and prove to the world that my choice is warranted by nobility of soul; in the ranks of honour acquire renown. You are both young; after a few years' service you may with propriety return to Monthillier, and to Adelaide."

Surprise and astonishment kept Theodore silent; he could only kiss the hand which he still held, and press that of his benefactor to his heart. But short was this gleam of happiness, like the ray, which, for a moment, bursts through the stormy clouds.

"I had written," continued the baron, "without informing you, to the Duke de ——, one of the princes of the blood, my former companion in arms, whose son has been appointed to lead the armies of France against these rebellious mountaineers of the Alps, and you are appointed one of his *aides-de-camp*."

Theodore, summoning all his courage, replied, "I cannot, my lord, accept of this office. I am not insensible of your kindness, nor am I ungrateful; but I cannot, I dare not, even to gain your approbation, and to deserve Adelaide, fight against my own countrymen."

"How, romantic boy!" exclaimed the baron; "dost thou then maintain the part of traitors and rebels, because, forsooth, thou deemest barren mountains and rude glens a bond of union. Thou oughtest to reflect that I am interested in thy fortunes, only as the son of my sister, not as the offspring of a Swiss *proprietaire;* but I give you till to-morrow to fix your determination. Come, Adelaide;" and before the youth had time to answer, his uncle had departed with the weeping Adelaide.

Theodore, great as was the temptation, required not time to consider whether he ought to accept the conditions on which fortune, and, still more, happiness, were offered. After writing to his uncle, and putting himself in possession of the details respecting his little property, the same night beheld him on his way to his oppressed country.

Months rolled on without soothing the sorrows of Adelaide.

Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,
In the wide world, without the only tie
For which it loved to live or feared to die —
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Nor was this sorrow lessened by the addresses of another suitor, in the son of the Count de ——, whose domains lay contiguous to the lands of Monthillier. Her father, without pressing the match, gave her to understand, that an union in every respect so suitable would be agreeable to him. Externally, this young nobleman appeared to possess all the qualities which could render a woman happy; but this appearance of virtue was merely superficial; he was selfish and avaricious, though addicted to pleasure. He beheld, indeed, with admiration, the beauty of Adelaide; but her fortune was to him the greatest charm. Adelaide in part penetrated his character, but to the baron he appeared unexceptionable, and his daughter only beheld in delay a dubious and temporary belief.

In the meantime, the power of the invaders proved irresistible in Switzerland; and Theodore,

[illegible] had formerly [illegible] him [illegible] indebted for his [illegible] liberty, to the [illegible]—the very noble [illegible] appointed to serve [illegible] the imminent risk of his [illegible] attended only by a few [illegible] had retreated to some [illegible] the purpose of observing [illegible]. This being observed by Theodore [illegible] a conspicuous station among [illegible] he quickly assembled an active [illegible] party, with which, taking a circuitous route, he succeeded, after a sharp conflict, in carrying off the general, and several of his officers prisoners. A short time previous to this event, some [illegible] officers either were, or were reported to have been murdered in cold blood by their invaders, and it was now determined to retaliate this barbarity. Theodore stood bravely forward in defence of his unfortunate captives, and declared, that only with his life would he cease to defend those who had submitted on his pledge of security. A bad action frequently requires only one vigorous opponent to be defeated. So it was on the present occasion, and the prisoners were allowed to be ransomed.

Abandoning his enslaved country, where he now possessed nothing, and actuated by that restless anxiety which, in misery, urges us to revisit the scenes of former happiness, Theodore, almost without intending it, found himself in Lyons. So near, ought he not to trace once more the walks and shades of Monthillier—might he not be allowed to gaze, for the last time, on Adelaide, while he himself remained unseen? Such were his reflections; and the rays of the evening sun were falling brightly on the little summer-house, the scene of his last delusive interview, as he gazed upon it from the opposite bank of the stream. To [illegible], except by going close to the castle, there was [illegible] passage, over a narrow bridge of wood, which here spanned the gulf, at a great height above the torrent. By the shade of impending rocks and overhanging woods, this place was gloomy even at noonday; but when the shadows of evening had [illegible], the rustic bridge was involved in almost total darkness. By this path, which long habit had rendered at all hours familiar to him, Theodore [illegible] these precincts so often trodden with [illegible] and soon found himself at the door of the [illegible] building, which still continued to be the favourite retreat of Adelaide.

[illegible] there, but a book lay open on the [illegible] Theodore recognised as an Italian [illegible] he had frequently read with Adelaide. [illegible] the unconscious volume to his lips and [illegible], and ere he was aware, Adelaide herself [illegible]. In mute astonishment she suffered [illegible], and led her to a seat. She [illegible] came to her relief. [illegible] discourse, without [illegible]

The interview had not passed without observation. The new lover of Adelaide had gained over to his purposes a confidential domestic in the family of the baron. This person, agreeably to his instructions, watching every movement of Adelaide, had discovered the meeting of the cousins, and had also traced Theodore to a neighbouring cottage, where he intended to remain concealed for a few days, as he hoped soon to receive letters which might facilitate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Informed of Theodore's return, and of the meeting with Adelaide, the young count set no bounds to his desire of vengeance, and resolved, at all hazards, to remove his rival. Yet he was at a loss how to proceed. Should he inform the baron, the young lady would doubtless be confined; but this would rather increase her dislike to the author of such an outrage. Again, should he challenge his opponent—for the count was deficient neither in skill, nor in that vilest of all qualities which has obtained, through prejudice, the name of virtue—mere courage; still the consequences, as regarded the aversion of Adelaide, would be the same, while the issue might prove fatal to the contriver. No other method then remained but to take off Theodore by some secret means.

In order to mature his purposes, he determined himself to be a witness of the lovers' second interview. The sun was just sinking beneath the western horizon, when he beheld Theodore hasten along the narrow and half overgrown pathway across the deep ravine, and enter the summer-house. A few minutes after Adelaide appeared in an opposite direction, proceeding from the castle. Still lurking amid the underwood, the count continued to expect the termination of their conference. At length the youthful pair were seen advancing from the pavilion. They approached so close to the spot where the count lay concealed, for he had come nearer, on purpose to overhear their discourse, that he caught the softness of Adelaide's voice in a subdued manner, urging her lover to suffer in patience, adding in such accents as a ministering angel would employ to soothe the troubled soul—"My father is not inexorable, and the interest of those friends whom you mention I know to be great: at all events, the happiness of another interview awaits us—we meet again to-morrow." The sounds were now indistinct, but the count had obtained the desired information. He continued to watch their motions. Theodore accompanied Adelaide [illegible] within view of the castle; then, bidding a [illegible] adieu, he struck into a more secluded path, which conducted to the bridge across the [illegible] to the [illegible] he had fixed his temporary abode.

The [illegible] resulted in the [illegible] accomplish his designs. The lovers were to meet on the succeeding eve. Theodore had but one way to pass [illegible] the [illegible] of the torrent, and the bridge [illegible] could be [illegible]. Nothing [illegible] than [illegible] a [illegible]

after exertions which had greatly signalised him, saw his unhappy country totally subdued. A wanderer and an exile, he was indebted for his personal safety, as well as present liberty, to the gratitude of the French commander—the very nobleman under whom he had been appointed to serve, whose life he had saved, at the imminent risk of his own. The French general, attended only by a few officers, and a small escort, had advanced to some distance from his camp, for the purpose of observing the enemy's position. This being observed by Theodore, who held a conspicuous station among the patriot leaders, he quickly assembled an active and intrepid party, with which, taking a circuitous route, he succeeded, after a sharp conflict, in carrying off the general, and several of his officers prisoners. A short time previous to this event, some Swiss officers either were, or were reported to have been murdered in cold blood by their invaders, and it was now determined to retaliate this barbarity. Theodore stood bravely forward in defence of his unfortunate captives, and declared, that only with life would he cease to defend those who had submitted on his pledge of security. A bad action frequently requires only one vigorous opponent to be defeated. So it was on the present occasion, and the prisoners were allowed to be ransomed.

Abandoning his enslaved country, where he now possessed nothing, and actuated by that restless anxiety which, in misery, urges us to revisit the scenes of former happiness, Theodore, almost without intending it, found himself in Lyons. So near, ought he not to trace once more the walks and shades of Montlullier—might he not be allowed to gaze, for the last time, on Adelaide, while he himself remained unseen? Such were his reflections: and the rays of the evening sun were falling brightly on the little summer house, the scene of his last delusive interview, as he gazed upon it from the opposite bank of the stream. To this, except by going close to the castle, there was only one passage, over a narrow bridge of wood, which here spanned the gulf, at a great height above the torrent. By the shade of impending rocks and surrounding woods, this place was gloomy even at noon-day; but when the shadows of evening had closed around, the rustic bridge was involved in almost total darkness. By this path, which long habit had rendered at all hours familiar to him, Theodore now entered those precincts so often trodden with pleasure, and soon found himself at the door of the elegant little building, which still continued to be the favourite retreat of Adelaide.

No one was there, but a book lay open on the table. This Theodore recognized as an Italian classic which he had frequently read with Adelaide. He pressed the unconscious volume to his lips and to his bosom, and ere he was aware, Adelaide herself entered. In mute astonishment she suffered him to take her hand, and lead her to a seat. She could not speak—tears at length came to her relief. Of many things did the lovers discourse, without coming to any resolution, save to meet again.

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The count now exulted in the certain prospect of accomplishing his designs. The lovers were to meet on the succeeding eve. Theodore had but one way to pass; total darkness would then involve the bed of the torrent, and the bridge by which alone it could be crossed. Nothing could be more easy, than, before the youth's return, to remove a few of